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CASSELL'S
FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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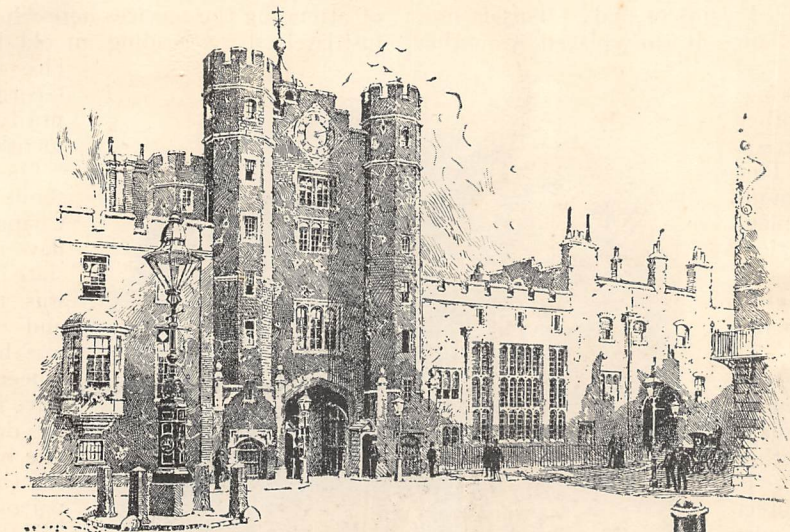
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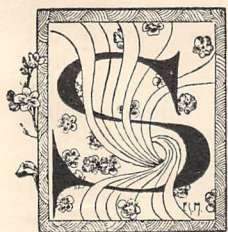
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CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.



The Royal Palace OF St James

BY MARY SPENCER WARREN.



T. JAMES'S PALACE—it is no exaggeration to say—is better known by name than any other palace throughout the world. The very mention of it—in countries remote, and amongst peoples who speak other languages and have different

manners and customs—wins instant respect and recognition; for does not its Court wield a mightier influence than any other court, and are not its accredited emissaries the representatives of a Power than which none is mightier?

Being, then, what we may term the official headquarters of a nation on whose realms the sun never sets, St. James's Palace must ever possess a singular interest to the great majority. This is further enhanced by its past associations, indissolubly connected as it is with monarchs, statesmen, and generals famous to history.

This paper, which is illustrated from photographs by the author, was written by express permission of her Majesty the Queen.

To go back to the beginning: it was probably about the year 1100 when the first building on the present site of the palace was put up as a sort of hospital, being a lazaret house for women. The site was known as St. James's Fields. The home was, it is said, dedicated to St. James the Less, Bishop of Jerusalem. This seems to have flourished until the time of Henry VIII. Then this monarch, liking the position, purchased the ground, turned the occupants out, razed the hospital, put up a mansion on the spot, and, enclosing the neighbouring fields with a brick wall, surrounded himself with a fine park, at that time well stocked with game. This was at the time he married Anne Boleyn, and some of the interior still shows evidences of their joint residence within its walls.

The building, of course, has been much added to at later periods, chiefly by Charles I., Queen Anne, George II., and George III. It has a somewhat rambling appearance, and is of mixed architecture—chiefly Gothic. The front centre shows much of the original, comprising the clock-tower and gateway, and the Chapel Royal. No doubt far more of the place in its antiquity would have been

standing to this day, but for the fact of a great fire nearly ninety years ago having worked wholesale devastation. According to all accounts, the building was never replaced in its entirety, but has since presented a considerably reduced appearance in size.

The clock-tower originally carried a clock with dove-tailed wainscot dials. This is now at Hampton Court. It was replaced by another in the reign of the sailor king, and still another some thirteen years ago. This is of enormous weight and splendid construction, and has a dial measuring seven feet six inches across.

Going through the old gateway, with its guard posted on either side, one is brought direct into Colour Court—so named from the fact of the Queen's Guard having been formerly mounted there each morning, the colours being affixed to a staff in the centre. This stately ceremony now takes place in Friary Court, of which we shall get a view later on.

But we are at the doors of the Chapel Royal, and cannot do better than enter for the close view so well worth taking. The building, apart from its architectural interest, has many associations which make it more interesting still. In the first place, the Liturgy, as now used in the Church of England, was rendered here for the first time. Secondly, King Charles I. attended in these walls his last service on earth, just prior to setting out for his journey to Whitehall and the executioner's block. Here were married George IV. and Queen Caroline; and, coming down to our own times, here it was our beloved Queen was both confirmed and married (the fittings and decorations of the palace and chapel for the latter occasion costing

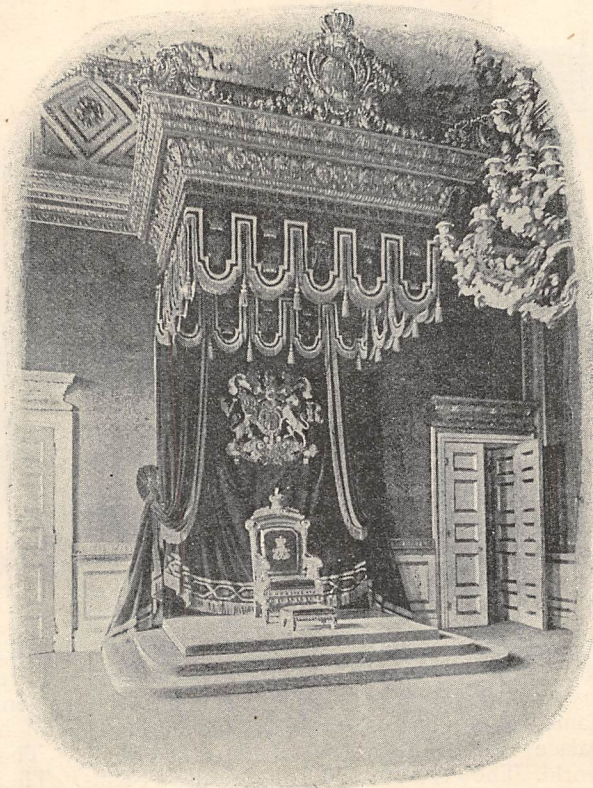
£9,000). Later on, the Princess Royal and Crown Prince of Prussia were also married here; and at a still more recent date the marriage ceremony of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, and Her Serene Highness the Princess May was performed.

Various monarchs have been in the habit of attending the services here when in town; just lately, I was reading an old historian of the time of George III. who made special mention of it. "The King attended the Royal Chapel every Sunday morning in state; but so long was the service, and so devout was he, that the Queen and family were in the habit of dropping off one by one, leaving the King, the parson, and his Majesty's equerry to freeze it out together."

Certain it is that not all the attendants were so devout as the King, for the same historian goes on to tell how a celebrated duchess and her daughter, coming hither one Sunday, found the chapel quite full—not a seat to be had! Look-

ing round and finding the case hopeless, the duchess somewhat audibly observed—"Come away, Louisa; at any rate we have done the *civil* thing!"

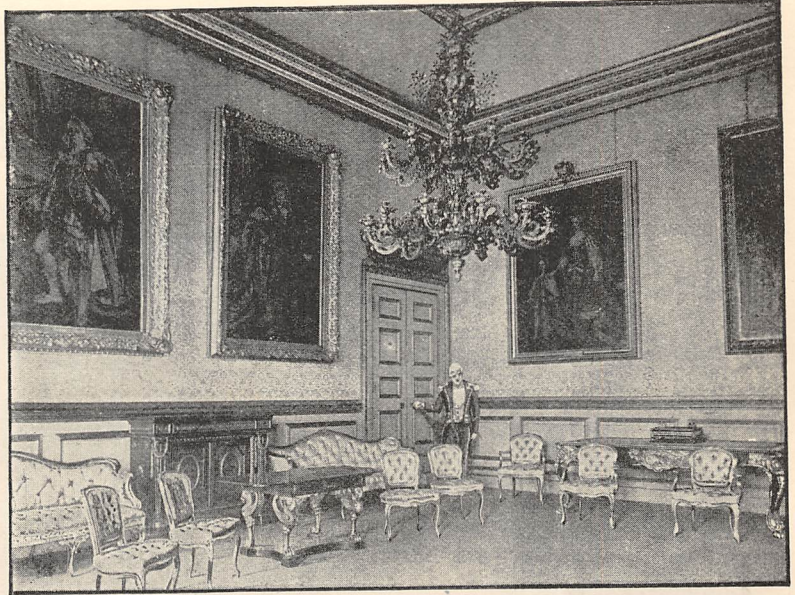
Prior to the erection of the private chapel at Buckingham Palace, the Queen, Prince Consort, and the Court also attended here when in London. As is fairly well known, the Bishop of London is Dean of the Chapels Royal, the Sub-Dean being the Rev. Edgar Sheppard. Some forty-eight Chaplains-in-Ordinary are also appointed, whose office is almost a sinecure, their services only being called into requisition for one Sunday service per year. At the same time, the appointment is generally considered a stepping-stone to



THE THRONE.

something better. At one time, dinner was laid daily in the palace for the chaplains. This has long been obsolete; but I remember hearing of an amusing incident connected with the custom, which happened during the reign of Charles II. A report of the discontinuance of this daily dinner was in circulation, when one day the King chanced to honour the chaplains with his presence. It was the witty Dr. South's turn to say the usual grace—"God save the King and bless our dinner," but, mindful of the rumour, he quickly substituted, "God bless the King and save our dinner," to the amusement of the King and the consternation of the company. However, I believe the dinner *was* saved—at any rate, for the time being.

The interior of the chapel is oblong in shape, with a roof divided into small painted squares, termed panelled renaissance, showing Tudor emblems and mottoes. The H. and A.



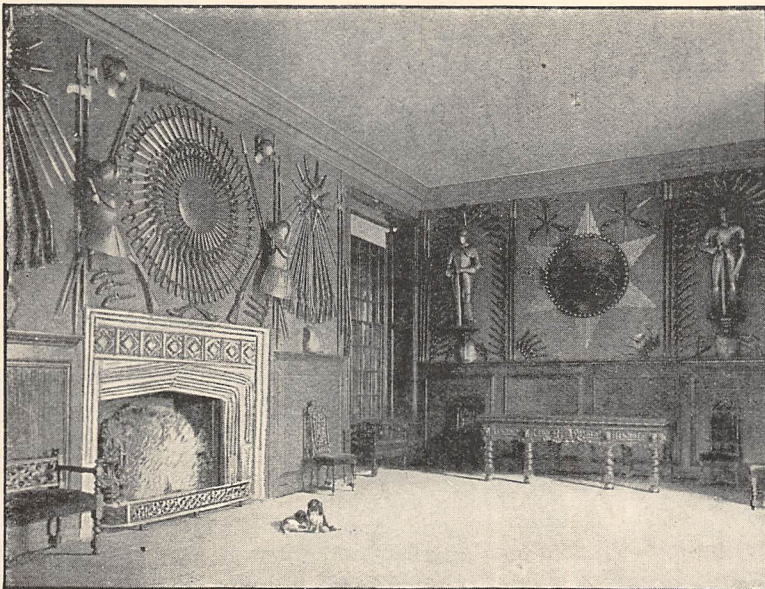
THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

which are evident, are by some supposed to refer to Anne Boleyn, and by some to Anne of Cleves; at any rate, the date inscribed is 1540. The entire decoration was designed by Hans Holbein.

The hangings and upholstery of the chapel are all crimson, the seats of oak. The services are open to the public; but the accommodation for such is extremely limited—

consisting of one small gallery only—admission to which is by an order from the Lord Chamberlain. With this exception, the entire building (which is very small) is occupied by the Royal Family, great officers of State, and the household, peers and peeresses, and guards, even the Bishop of London having only one seat at his disposal.

Very superb and antique-looking is the so-called Queen Anne plate, bearing date 1660 and "A. R.," which seems to have been altered from "C. R." This the Sub-Dean most kindly ordered to be placed

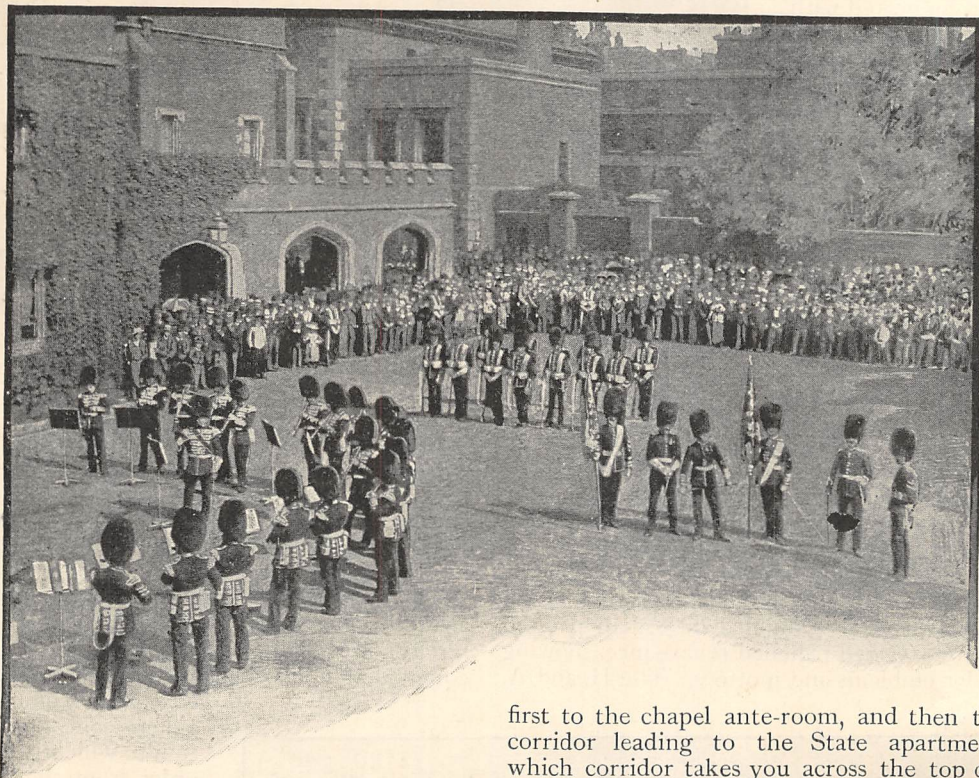


THE GUARD ROOM.

in the Chapel in order that I might include it in a photograph of the interior. It is indeed only a portion of a quantity of the most valuable church plate to be met with; but to attempt any description here would be useless, as anything at all adequate would demand considerable space. The choir, known as the

small chairs have crimson velvet seats and over-burnished frames, four arm-chairs having frames in white and gold, with crimson brocaded seats and backs. Immediately beneath are the single seat pews of the Lord Bishop and the Lord Chamberlain.

Stepping out of this Royal pew, you come



MOUNTING "QUEEN'S GUARD."

"Gentlemen and children of the Chapel Royal," sit in stalls on either side of the Chapel, the organ being in a gallery on the left. Needless to say, the singing here is a very special feature—always, in fact, perfection. The dress of the boys is picturesque in the extreme, the scarlet and gold of their long coats, and the Elizabethan ruffles at neck and wrists giving them a quaint and old-world appearance. These choristers assist at State concerts at Buckingham Palace; and a fact worth recording respecting them is that they performed the first oratorio ever heard in England, namely, Handel's "Esther" in 1731.

The Royal pew is a gallery at the rear of the chapel immediately facing the altar; it is hung with crimson velvet curtains with gold embroidery, the foot-stools are covered to match. The lower front of the pew is faced with crimson silk curtains behind pillars, some

first to the chapel ante-room, and then to a corridor leading to the State apartments, which corridor takes you across the top of a double staircase.

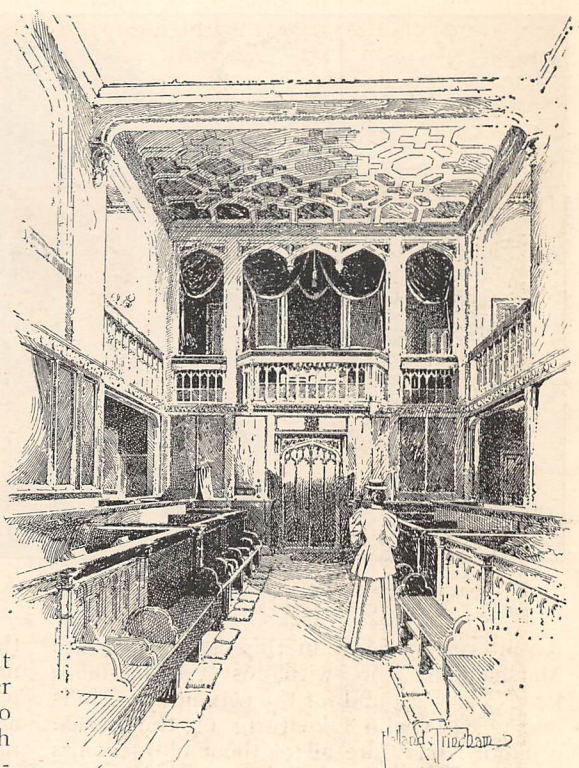
The first room seen is on the left, and is known as the Guard Room. Its walls are in deep terra-cotta, with a high dado of green. All around these walls are arrangements of armour, offensive and defensive. The chimney-piece is antique carved stone, the furniture is of heavy carved oak, with upholstery in crimson brocaded velvet. When Drawing Rooms were held at St. James's, the Yeomen of the Guard on duty assembled in this room. It is many years now since such a function took place within these walls, I believe not since 1865. Buckingham Palace—which has since been used for the purpose—is much more adapted for it, having a greater number of State apartments, most of which are also much larger.

Coming from the Guard Room, the first one of a continuous suite which is entered is the Armoury. This has its ceiling papered in gold and white, the decorations of the room being entirely of Henry VIII. period. The

collection of armour is here very fine, showing daggers, swords, muskets, in the form of stars, circles, vandyke borders, and other designs, including also two or three complete suits. The upper part of the walls is painted in deep terra-cotta, the continuation being a dado of green, red, and gold; the furniture is carved oak with upholstery of crimson, and settees in crimson silk and gold frames. The curtains are crimson cloth with borders of Royal blue. The carpet, woven in one piece, is of green, gold, and white.

Now we come to the Tapestry Room, one of the most historical rooms of the palace, being, I believe, the only one which in its entirety is part of the old palace as built by Henry VIII. It was formerly known as the Presence Chamber, but has for some considerable period derived its name from the very fine tapestry with which the walls are covered. This is an exquisite specimen of work, and is representative of the "Amours" of Venus and Mars. Historians seem to differ as to the period of its manufacture; one says it was specially made for Charles I., another assigns it to Charles II.; I should incline to the latter from the fact of the two C's beneath the crown appearing in the bordering. Which-

ever monarch it was made for, however, it was at a considerably later period when it was hung, for, from some unaccountable cause, it was hidden away, and not discovered until 1795, when it was found in an old chest, and put up for the marriage of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. The mantel-piece in the room is a genuine Henry VIII. In the small squares surrounding it may be seen the "H.A.," the fleur-de-lis of France, the portcullis of Westminster, rose of



THE ROYAL PEW IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL.

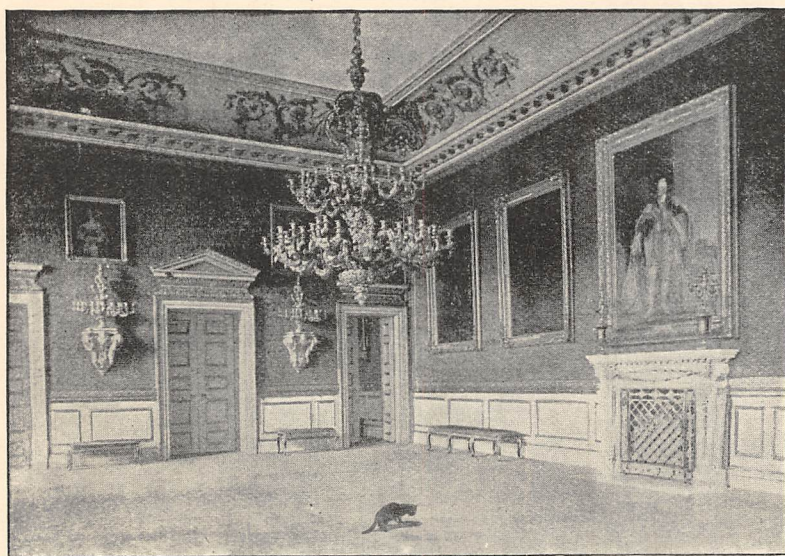
Lancaster, and the true lover's knot which Henry was then so fond of, but which he had no compunction in severing with an axe about four years later. Some of the mural decorations are of quite modern date, as about eight or nine years ago the State rooms were redecorated. But I may here say that nearly the whole of the fine cornice and beading to be seen in these apartments was from designs of Sir Christopher Wren.

In this room the cards are received of those who are attending the Levees, for these are still held in St. James's Palace, as most people are aware. From the window of this room the accession of a monarch is proclaimed, and it was here so many years ago that our Queen stood and looked out on the surging, cheering crowd who had assembled to listen to the proclamation of her accession. The curtains are crimson felt, settees and chairs are covered in crimson silk and have carved gold frames; from the papered ceiling hangs a very handsome ormolu chandelier.

Here one has a splendid view of the daily imposing military ceremony known as "Mounting Queen's Guard," when flags are exchanged, and keys handed over, while the finest of music is discoursed by the band.



MARSHALMAN RAYNER.

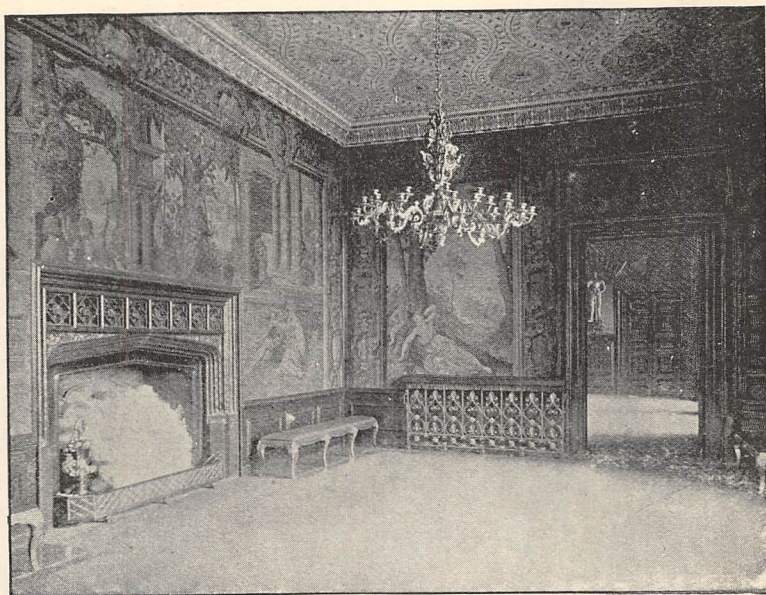


THE ENTRÉE ROOM.

Queen Anne's drawing-room is a fine spacious apartment, beautifully decorated, the walls being hung in gold brocaded satin with a wainscot of white and gold, the doors and window recesses being painted in the same manner. The furniture and curtains are also gold brocade, giving the room a very rich appearance. The ceiling is of the concave order, with floral painting and gold carving. The ormolu chandelier is very massive, and

An interesting figure in this ceremony is the Marshalman, who, with his staff of office keeps clear ground for the ceremony. He is one of eight who take turns on the parade ground. They are all of them old servants of Her Majesty, and hold this office as a reward for faithful performance of duties; two of them may be always seen at the House of Lords when that House is sitting; they, in fact, hold the important position of representatives of the Royal dignity. Their dress is picturesque and quaint: originally introduced long ago, it has existed without alteration until this day. I had a little conversation with Marshalman Rayner, the one present on this occasion. He told me he had been servant to the Queen for fifty-four years—was, in fact, in the Royal Household prior to the birth of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. He wears two medals—the Jubilee, and the Long Service. He is a well-known figure, too, and a great favourite in the Royal Household.

there are also six large candelabra of the same material. Several magnificent pier glasses, which come from the roof to the side tables, add much to the effect. The very handsome marble mantelpiece in grey and white, supported by Caryatides, is of George I. period. On the walls are several portraits of former Kings and Queens. George I. is after Vanduyck, George II. by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was in this chamber that Frederick Duke of York laid in State in 1827, and I may here



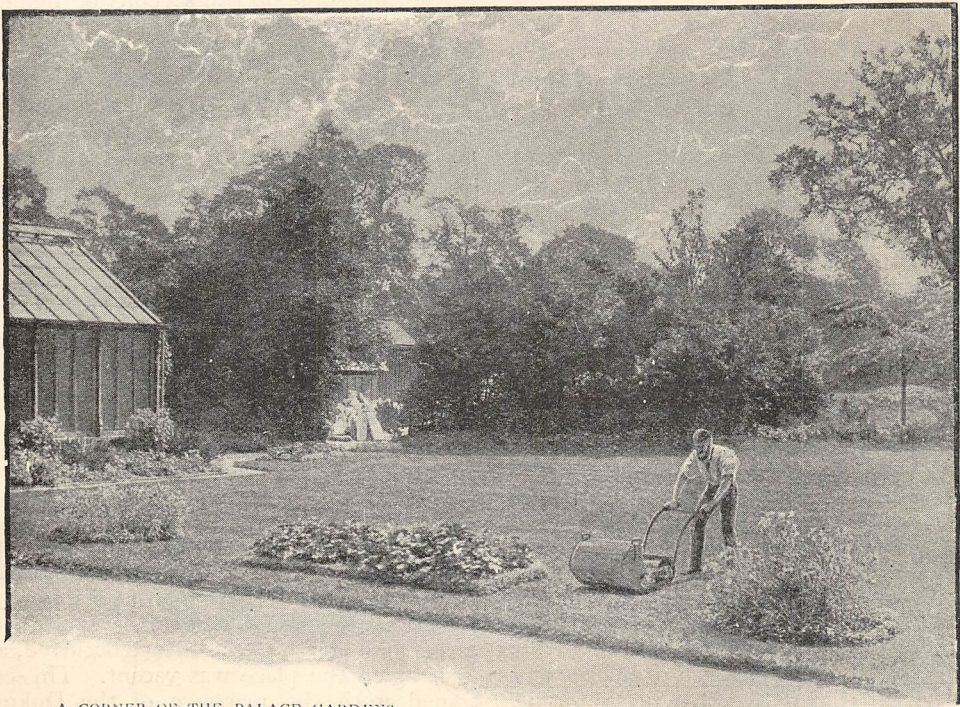
THE TAPESTRY ROOM.

say that in this palace also died Queen Mary, two children of Charles I., Queen Caroline—wife of George II., the Princess Elizabeth—daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, and other celebrities.

Although the palace has only now and again been the residence of the reigning monarch, some have also been born here, amongst which may be mentioned Charles II. and George IV.

Charles I. in 1628 gave up the palace as

painted and decorated in green and gold—the prevailing colour used in the room is crimson—walls, settees, curtains, and furniture, being brocade of that colour. Here are also some fine plate-glass mirrors, and a handsome ormolu chandelier. The candelabra are French, having fine lily branch lights of ormolu and bronze of Louis XVI. period. Then there are some porphyry vases with ormolu mounts of the same period; these latter standing on side tables with marble



A CORNER OF THE PALACE GARDENS.

a residence for Marie de Medici, his mother-in-law, thereby incurring much unpopularity, her presence being so obnoxious to the people that at last Parliament voted her some £10,000 if she would leave the country. She went to Cologne, which was a free city, and is reported to have died there in a garret only one year after, with scarcely the bare necessities of life. Here Charles took the last farewell of his children (who had been fetched hither for the purpose) on the morning of his execution. But to proceed through the apartments. We come next to the *Entrée Room*, formerly known as the *Great Council Chamber*; here it was customary in the last century to sing and perform the *Birthday and Accession Odes* of the *Poet Laureate*. The ceiling of this apartment is

tops, the centre table showing a very costly time-piece by Vulliamy. King William IV. is the central painting on the walls, and Admirals Nelson, Barrington, Rodney, and Lord St. Vincent are ranged around, together with two or three portraits, the originals of which do not seem to be known. We come now to the *Throne Room*, or *Presence Chamber*. Here the Queen formerly held the *Drawing Rooms*, Her Majesty's first one being held one month after her accession. To go back to the time of the first function of this sort taking place at St. James's Palace is to go back to the time of Queen Anne; but they seem to have been very informal affairs, generally with a very small attendance, as one historian records the fact of his presence when there were only about twenty

people there. Our Queen was presented here to Queen Adelaide, when she herself was only twelve years of age. The Prince of Wales now receives here the attendants of the Levees.

Of course, the principal interest is centred on the Throne itself. It has a magnificent canopy, which was made after the union of Ireland with Great Britain; it consists of crimson velvet with embroidered crowns set with fine pearls, bordered by costly fringe, the whole supported with a framework of massive gold carving, on the summit the crown and V. R. The outer portion of the canopy has embroidery in the same character, and shows the crown, rose, shamrock and thistle, harp, lion, and V. R. The chair is of massive gold framework, surmounted by the crown, the crimson velvet back being embellished with the crown and letters done in the same costly manner as the canopy. This Throne was used at the opening of the Royal Courts of Justice by Her Majesty in 1882, and that I believe was the only occasion when it has been used apart from the State ceremonies at the palace.

By the doorways on either side we enter direct into the Council Room or Royal Closet, this being the actual Cabinet of St. James's. Here the Queen formerly gave audiences to Ambassadors, and here it was customary for her Majesty to receive an annual address of congratulation from a deputation of Church clergy. The decorations are very fine, showing a gold relief of fruit and leaves, and a covering of blue brocade satin to walls and furniture. The white marble mantel has over it an immense pier glass set in massive gold carving, while facing it is a French timepiece of marble and ormolu, with cameos inserted in the front. Over at one side of the room stands a most costly cabinet of ebony and platinum, and in another part is one of very handsome tulip-wood and gold inlay, having massive mounts and decorations; on the latter is a Vulliamy timepiece in ebony and ormolu, and behind it a large and handsome mirror.

Of the Picture Gallery little can be said, unless I were to indulge in a descriptive catalogue of paintings, for the walls are literally covered with portraits of former Kings and Queens of England. The apartment itself is eminently an old-world one; the settees, the curtains, and the narrow marble mantelpiece, have the appearance of days gone by. The prevailing tone is a crushed strawberry, door lintels, recesses, and dado showing a painting of bronze green.

The Banqueting Hall is of large dimensions, some 63 feet long and 30 feet

wide. It was constructed by George IV. in 1822, no dining hall of adequate size being previously in use at the palace. The decorations are in Louis XIV. style; the ceiling is gold and cream, with sunk shafts for light and ventilation, and carved and gilded cornices, the frieze showing the "G. R." with crown and motto surmounts. The walls are covered in green, gold, and crimson, with a wainscot continuation of mahogany and gold. The gold-framed settees are upholstered in crimson. Around the room may be seen a number of large oil-paintings, some representative of battles, and some portraits: chief of the latter may be mentioned Charles II., by Sir Godfrey Kneller; and William, Prince of Orange, by William Wissing.

These are the whole of the State rooms—a small number for so large a palace; but it must be remembered that Clarence House and York House are each of them part of the building. Clarence House was formerly the residence of the Duchess of Kent, afterwards being placed at the disposal of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, and for him considerably enlarged and greatly improved. It is still the London residence of the Duke, who is now the reigning Sovereign of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

In York House formerly lived the ex-King of Hanover; he was succeeded by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, who died here some years ago. The apartments were vacant for a time, and were then placed at the disposal of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence and Avondale by her Majesty; but almost as soon as the preparations were commenced for the refitting, the melancholy death of the Prince occurred, and once again the place was vacant. This continued until the marriage of the Duke of York and Princess May; York House then becoming the town residence of their Royal Highnesses.

An opportunity is afforded me of seeing the historical garden of St. James's Palace. This is of no great size, but beautifully shaded and secluded. Here is the entrance always used by Royalty, and many of the State apartments have an outlook in this direction; also the best view of Clarence House is obtained from here. Up at one end is the studio formerly used by the late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, and now used by his daughter, who is also remarkably gifted in sculpture.

To walk round the courts of the Palace takes up some considerable time; each one is famous for something. The Ambassadors' Court is one of the larger ones; it is so named from the entrance there situated which is available for ambassadors and ministers only.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S LEVEE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

who are attending the Court Levees. The ordinary attendants of these levees have entrance under the colonnade opposite Marlborough House. York House takes nearly the whole of one side of the Ambassadors' Court, and continuing round you come to the Lord Chamberlain's office, a place where more business is transacted than any uninitiated personages may be aware of: for the duties of the Lord Chamberlain are so numerous and so far-reaching that to recapitulate them would fill a fair-sized volume. Returning by York House, and so on into Engine Court—thus passing the Guard Room and the old kitchens of the palace—we wend our way round to Friary Court, the scene of the Mounting Queen's Guard which we watched from the window of the Tapestry Room.

On this site there was formerly a Friary of Capuchin priests, who came into England with Catherine of Braganza on her marriage with Charles II. These priests seem to have been so numerous, and to have created so much dislike, that, according to history, the King one day gave orders to the Yeomen of the Guard to drive them out, and also to clear the place of the numerous French people whom the Queen had about her. On this we are told "the Queen became so angry that she broke the glass windows with her fist." Of course, at that time the building had a very different aspect, and much more space was occupied then in this direction than is now. The German Chapel, for instance, was

formerly connected with the palace buildings instead of with Marlborough House. This chapel was founded by Queen Anne. Its beautiful altar-piece of "Christ in Gethsemane," by Remberg, was presented by Queen Caroline, as was also its organ. The altar itself is somewhat plain, is covered in red, and bears on it a gold plate and two gold candlesticks. The Royal pew is a gallery facing the altar; the ambassadors' pew being another small gallery on the right. It was long the wish of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales that a Danish service should be held here; accordingly this was initiated at the commencement of the year 1881. The choir of the chapel is small and good, but voluntary. Both the German and the Danish services are comparatively plain, when considered by the side of those of our own Church. The Dowager Queen Adelaide attended here habitually, as did also her late Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent when residing at Clarence House.

The Palace of St. James's is one of the most valuable relics of old London, but its interior is very little known to the public; and therefore I trust that the opportunity graciously afforded for the preparation of a magazine article may be as much appreciated by the readers as it was by the writer.

Who, on looking back upon the happy and prosperous reign of Queen Victoria, will not join me in the wish that she may long be spared as Sovereign of "Our Court of St. James's"?

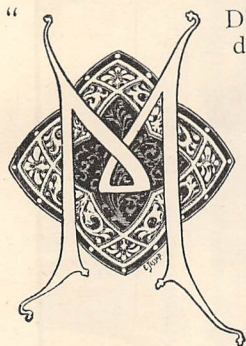


THE GARDEN FRONT.

THE DEVIL'S MANUSCRIPT

BY S. LEVETT YEATS,* AUTHOR OF "THE HONOUR OF SAVELLI," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I—THE BLACK PACKET.



DE BAC? De Bac? I do not know the name."

"Gentleman says he knows you, sir, and has called on urgent business."

There was no answer, and John Brown, the ruined publisher, looked about him in a dazed manner. He knew he was ruined; to-morrow the world would know it also,

and then—beggary stared him in the face, and infamy too. For this the world would not care. Brown was not a great man in "the trade," and his name in the *Gazette* would not attract notice; but his name, as he stood in the felon's dock, and the ugly history a cross-examination might disclose would probably arouse a fleeting interest, and then the world would go on with a pitiless shrug of its shoulders. What does it matter to the moving wave of humanity if one little drop of spray from its crest is blown into nothing by the wind? Not a jot. But it was a terrible business for the drop of spray, otherwise John Brown, publisher. He was at his best not a good-looking man, rather mean-looking than otherwise, with a thin, angular face, eyes as shifty as a jackal's, and shoulders shaped like a champagne-bottle. As the shadow of coming ruin darkened over him, he seemed to shrink and look meaner than ever. He had almost forgotten the presence of his clerk. He could think of nothing but the morrow, when Simmonds' voice again broke the stillness.

"Shall I say you will see him, sir?"

The question cut sharply into the silence, and brought Brown to himself. He had half a mind to say "No." In the face of the coming to-morrow, business, urgent or other-

wise, was nothing to him. Yet, after all, there could be no harm done in receiving the man. It would, at any rate, be a distraction, and, lifting his head, Brown answered—

"Yes, I will see him, Simmonds."

Simmonds went out, closing the green baize door behind him. There was a delay of a moment, and M. De Bac entered—a tall, thin figure, bearing an oblong parcel, packed in shiny, black paper, and sealed with flame-coloured wax.

"Good-day, Mr. Brown;" and M. De Bac, who, for all his foreign name spoke perfect English, extended his hand.

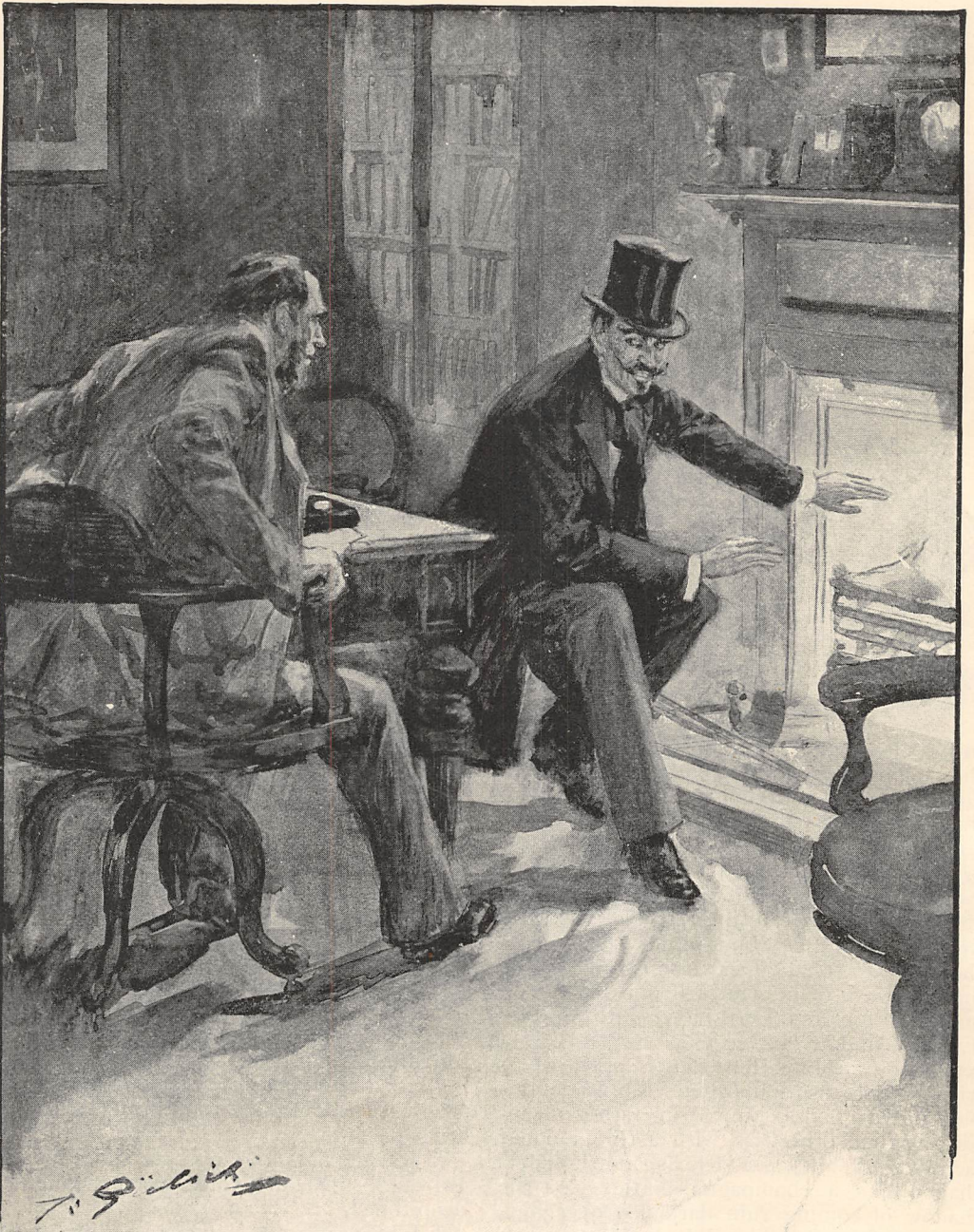
Brown rose, put his own cold fingers into the warm grasp of his visitor, and offered him a seat.

"With your permission, Mr. Brown, I will take this other chair. It is nearer the fire. I am accustomed to warm climates, as you doubtless perceive;" and De Bac suiting his action to his words, placed his packet on the table, and began to slowly rub his long, lean fingers together. The publisher glanced at him with some curiosity. M. De Bac was as dark as an Italian, with clear, resolute features, and a moustache, curled at the ends, thick enough to hide the sarcastic curve of his thin lips. He was strongly, if sparsely built, and his fiery black eyes met Brown's gaze with a look that ran through him like a needle.

"You do not appear to recognise me, Mr. Brown?"—De Bac's voice was very quiet and deep-toned.

"I have not the honour——" began the publisher; but his visitor interrupted him.

"You mistake. We are quite old friends; and in time will always be very near each other. I have a minute or two to spare"—he glanced at a repeater—"and will prove to you that I know you. You are John Brown, that very religious young man of Battersea, who, twelve years ago behaved like a blackguard to a girl at Homerton, and sent her to—but



"AN INVISIBLE HAND SEEMED TO DRAG HIM BACK
INTO HIS SEAT."

no matter. You attracted my attention then ; but, unfortunately, I had no time to devote to you. Subsequently, you affected a pretty little swindle—don't be angry, Mr. Brown—it *was* very clever. Then you started in business on

your own account, and married. Things went well with you ; you know the art of getting at a low price, and selling at a high one. You are a born 'sweater.' Pardon the word. You know how to keep men down like beasts, and go up yourself. In doing this,

you did me yeoman's service, although you are even now not aware of this. You had one fault, you have it still, and had you not been a gambler you might have been a rich man. Speculation is a bad thing, Brown—I mean gambling speculation."

Brown was an Englishman, and it goes without saying that he had courage. But there was something in De Bac's manner, some strange power in the steady stare of those black eyes, that held him to his seat as if pinned there.

As De Bac stopped, however, Brown's anger gave him strength. Every word that was said was true, and stung like the lash of a whip. He rose white with anger.

"Sir!" he began with quivering lips, and made a step forwards. Then he stopped. It was as if the sombre fire in De Bac's gaze withered his strength. An invisible hand seemed to drag him back into his seat and hold him there.

"You are hasty, Mr. Brown;" and De Bac's even voice continued: "you are really very rash. I was about to tell you a little more of your history, to tell you you are ruined, and to-morrow everyone in London—it is the world for you, Brown—will know you are a beggar, and many will know you are a cheat."

The publisher swore bitterly under his breath.

"You see, Mr. Brown," continued his strange visitor, "I know all about you, and you will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that you deserve help from me. You are too useful to let drift. I have therefore come to save you."

"Save me?"

"Yes. By means of this manuscript here," he pointed to the packet, "which you are going to publish."

Brown now realised that he was dealing with a lunatic. He tried to stretch out his arm to touch the bell on the table; but found that he had no power to do so. He made an attempt to shout to Simmonds; but his tongue moved inaudibly in his mouth. He seemed only to have the faculty of following De Bac's words, and of answering them. He gasped out—

"It is impossible!"

"My friend"—and De Bac smiled mirthlessly—"you will publish that manuscript. I will pay. The profits will be yours. It will make your name, and you will be rich. You will even be able to build a church."

"Rich!" Brown's voice was very bitter. "M. De Bac, you said rightly. I am a ruined man. Even if you were to pay for the publication of that manuscript I could not do it now. It is too late. There are other houses. Go to them."

"But not other John Browns. You are peculiarly adapted for my purpose. Enough of this! I know what business is, and I have many things to attend to. You are a small man, Mr. Brown, and it will take little to remove your difficulties. See! Here are a thousand pounds. They will free you from your present troubles," and De Bac tossed a pocket-book on the table before Brown. "I do not want a receipt," he went on. "I will call to-morrow for your final answer, and to settle details. If you need it I will give you more money. This hour—twelve—will suit me. *Adieu!*" He was gone like a flash, and Brown looked around in blank amazement. He was as if suddenly aroused from a dream. He could hardly believe the evidence of his senses, although he could see the black packet, and the neat leather pocket-book with the initials "L. De B." let in in silver on the outside. He rang his bell violently, and Simmonds appeared.

"Has M. De Bac gone?"

"I don't know, sir. He didn't pass out through the door."

"There is no other way. You must have been asleep."

"Indeed I was not, sir."

Brown felt a chill as of cold fingers running down his backbone, but pulled himself together with an effort. "It does not matter, Simmonds. You may go."

Simmonds went out scratching his head. "How the demon did he get out?" he asked himself. "Must have been sleeping after all. The gov'nor seems a bit dotty to-day. It's the smash coming—sure."

He wrote a letter or two, and then taking his hat, sallied forth to an aerated bread-shop for his cheap and wholesome lunch, for Simmonds was a saving young man, engaged to a young lady living out Camden Town way. Simmonds perfectly understood the state of affairs, and was not a little anxious about matters, for the mother of his *fiancée*, a widow who let lodgings, had only agreed to his engagement after much persuasion; and if he had to announce the fact that, instead of "thirty bob a week," as he put it, his income was nothing at all, there would be an end of everything.

"M'ria's all right," he said to his friend Wilkes, in trustful confidence as they sat over their lunch; "but that old torpedo"—by which name he designated his mother-in-law-elect—"she'll raise Cain if there's a smash up."

In the meantime, John Brown tore open the pocket-book with shaking hands, and, with a crisp rustling, a number of new bank-notes fell out, and lay in a heap before him.

He counted them one by one. They totalled to a thousand pounds exactly. He was a small man. M. De Bac had said so truly, if a little rudely, and the money was more than enough to stave off ruin. De Bac had said, too, that if needed he would give him more, and then Brown fell to trembling all over. He was like a man snatched from the very jaws of death. At Battersea he wore a blue ribbon; but now he went to a cabinet, filled a glass with raw brandy, and drained it at a gulp. In a minute or so the generous cordial warmed his chilled blood, and picking up the notes, he counted them again, and thrust them into his breast-pocket. After this he paced the room up and down in a feverish manner, longing for the morrow when he could settle up the most urgent demands against him. Then, on a sudden, a thought struck him. It was almost as if it had been whispered in his ear. Why trouble at all about matters? He had a clear thousand with him, and in an hour he could be out of the country! He hesitated, but prudence prevailed. Extradition laws stretched everywhere; and there was another thing—that extraordinary madman, De Bac, had promised more money on the morrow. After all, it was better to stay.

As he made this resolve his eyes fell on the black packet on the table. The peculiar colour of the seals attracted his attention. He bent over them, and saw that the wax bore an impress of a V-shaped shield, within which was set a trident. He noticed also that the packet was tied with silver thread. His curiosity was excited. He sat down, snipped the threads with a penknife, tore off the black paper covering, flung it into the fire, and saw before him a bulky manuscript exquisitely written on very fine paper. A closer examination showed that they were a number of short stories. Now Brown was in no mood to read; but the title of the first tale caught his eye, and the writing was so legible that he had glanced over half a dozen lines before he was aware of the fact. Those first half-dozen lines were sufficient to make him read the page, and when he had read the page the publisher felt he was before the work of a genius.

He was unable to stop now; and, with his head resting between his hands, he read on tirelessly. Simmonds came in once or twice and left papers on the table, but his master took no notice of him. Brown forgot all about his lunch, and turning over page after page read as if spellbound. He was a business man, and was certain the book would sell in thousands. He read as one inspired to look into the author's thoughts and see his

design. Short as the stories were, they were Titanic fragments, and every one of them taught a hideous lesson of corruption. Some of them, cloaked in a religious garb, breathed a spirit of pitiless ferocity; others were rich with the sensuous odours of an Eastern garden; others, again, were as the tender green of moss hiding the treacherous deeps of a quicksand; and all of them bore the hall-mark of genius. They moved the man sitting there to tears, they shook him with laughter, they seemed to rock his very soul asleep; but through it all he saw, as the mariner views the beacon fire on a rocky coast, the deadly plan of the writer. There was money in them—thousands—and all was to be his. Brown's sluggish blood was running to flame, a strange strength glowed in his face, and an uncontrollable admiration for De Bac's evil power filled him. The book, when published, might corrupt generations yet unborn; but that was nothing to Brown. It meant thousands for him, and an eternal fame to De Bac. He did not grudge the writer the fame as long as he kept the thousands.

"By Heaven!" and he brought his fist down on the table with a crash, "the man may be a lunatic; but he is the greatest genius the world ever saw—or he is the devil incarnate."

And somebody laughed softly in the room.

The publisher looked up with a start, and saw Simmonds standing before him.

"Did you laugh, Simmonds?"

"No, sir!" replied the clerk with a surprised look.

"Who laughed then?"

"There is no one here but ourselves, sir—and I didn't laugh."

"Did you hear nothing?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Strange!" and Brown began to feel chill again.

"What time is it?" he asked with an effort.

"It is half-past six, sir."

"So late as that? You may go, Simmonds. Leave me the keys. I will be here for some time. Good-evening."

"Mad as a coot," muttered Simmonds to himself; "must break the news to M'ria to-night. Oh, Lor'!" and his eyes were very wet as he went out into the Strand, and got into a blue omnibus.

When he was gone, Brown turned to the fire, poker in hand. To his surprise he saw that the black paper was still there, burning red hot, and the wax of the seals was still intact—the seals themselves shining like orange glow-lights. He beat at the paper with the poker; but instead of crumbling

to ashes it yielded passively to the stroke, and came back to its original shape. Then a fury came on Brown. He raked at the fire, threw more coals over the paper, and blew at the flames with his bellows until they roared up the chimney; but still the coppery glare of the packet-cover never turned to the grey of ashes. Finally, he could endure it no longer, and, putting the manuscript into the safe, turned off the electric light, and stole out of his office like a thief.

CHAPTER II.—THE RED TRIDENT.

WHEN Beggarman, Bowles & Co., of Providence Passage, Lombard Street, called at eleven o'clock on the morning following De Bac's visit, their representative was not a little surprised to find the firm's bills met in hard cash, and Simmonds paid him with a radiant face. When the affair was settled, the clerk leaned back in his chair, saying half-aloud to himself, "By George! I am glad after all M'ria did not keep our appointment in the Camden Road last night." Then his face began to darken. "Wonder where she could have been though?" his thoughts ran on; "half sorry I introduced her to Wilkes last Sunday at Victoria Park. Wilkes ain't half the man I am though," and he tried to look at himself in the window pane, "but he has two pound ten a week—Lord! There's the guv'nor ringing." He hurried into Brown's room, received a brief order, and was about to go back when the publisher spoke again.

"Simmonds!"

"Sir."

"If M. De Bac calls, show him in at once."

"Sir," and the clerk went out.

Left to himself, Brown tried to go on with the manuscript; but was not able to do so. He was impatient for the coming of De Bac, and kept watching the hands of the clock as they slowly travelled towards twelve. When he came to the office in the morning Brown had looked with a nervous fear in, the fireplace, half expecting to find the black paper still there; and it was a considerable relief to his mind to find it was not. He could do nothing, not even open the envelopes of the letters that lay on his table. He made an effort to find occupation in the morning's paper. It was full of some absurd correspondence on a trivial subject, and he wondered at the thousands of fools who could waste time in writing and in reading yards of print on the theme of "Whether women should wear neckties." The ticking of the clock irritated him. He flung the paper aside, just as the door opened and Simmonds came in. For a

moment Brown thought he had come to announce De Bac's arrival; but no—Simmonds simply placed a square envelope on the table before Brown.

"Pass-book from Bransom's, sir, just come in;" and he went out.

Brown took it up mechanically, and opened the envelope. A type-written letter fell out with the pass-book. He ran his eyes over it with astonishment. It was briefly to inform him that M. De Bac had paid into Brown's account yesterday afternoon the sum of five thousand pounds, and that, adjusting overdrafts, the balance at his credit was four thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds thirteen shillings and three pence. Brown rubbed his eyes. Then he hurriedly glanced at the pass-book. The figures tallied—there was no error, no mistake. He pricked himself with his penknife to see if he was awake, and finally shouted to Simmonds.

"Read this letter aloud to me, Simmonds," he said.

Simmonds' eyes opened, but he did as he was bidden, and there was no mistake about the account.

"Anything else, sir?" asked Simmonds when he had finished.

"No—nothing," and Brown was once more alone. He sat staring at the figures before him in silence, almost mesmerising himself with the intentness of his gaze.

"My God!" he burst out at last, in absolute wonder.

"Who is your God, Brown?" answered a deep voice.

"I—I—M. De Bac! How did you come?"

"I did not drop down the chimney," said De Bac with a grin; "your clerk announced me in the ordinary way, but you were so absorbed you did not hear. So I took the liberty of sitting in this chair, and awaiting your return to earthly matters. You were dreaming, Brown—by the way, who *is* your God?" he repeated with a low laugh.

"I—I do not understand, sir."

"Possibly not, possibly not. I wouldn't bother about the matter. Ah! I see Bransom's have sent you your pass-book! Sit down, Brown. I hate to see a man fidgeting about—I paid in that amount yesterday on a second thought. It is enough—eh?"

Brown's jackal eyes contracted. Perhaps he could get more out of De Bac? But a look at the strong impassive face before him frightened him.

"More than enough, sir," he stammered; and then, with a rush, "I am grateful—anything I can do for you?"

"Oh! I know, I know, Brown—by the way, you do not object to smoke?"

"Certainly not. I do not smoke myself."

"In Battersea, eh?" And De Bac pulling out a silver cheroot case held it out to Brown. But the publisher declined.

"Money wouldn't buy a smoke like that in England," remarked De Bac, "but as you will. I wouldn't smoke if I were you. Such abstinence looks respectable and means nothing." He put a cigar between his lips, and pointed his forefinger at the end. To Brown's amazement an orange-flame licked out from under the finger-nail, and vanished like a flash of lightning; but the cigar was alight, and its fragrant odour filled the room. It reached even Simmonds, who sniffed at it like a buck scenting the morning air. "By George!" he exclaimed in wonder, "what baccy!"

M. De Bac settled himself comfortably in his chair, and spoke with the cigar between his teeth. "Now you have recovered a little from your surprise, Brown, I may as well tell you that I never carry matches. This little scientific discovery I have made is very convenient, is it not?"

"I have never seen anything like it."

"There are a good many things you have not seen, Brown—but to work. Take a pencil and paper and note down what I say. You can tell me when I have done if you agree or not."

Brown did as he was told, and De Bac spoke slowly and carefully.

"The money I have given you is absolutely your own on the following terms. You will publish the manuscript I left with you, enlarge your business, and work as you have hitherto worked—as a 'sweater.' You may speculate as much as you like. You will not lose. You need not avoid the publication of religious books, but you must never give in charity secretly. I do not object to a big cheque for a public object, and your name in all the papers. It will be well for you to hound down the vicious. Never give them a chance to recover themselves. You will be a legislator. Strongly uphold all those measures which, under a moral cloak, will do harm to mankind. I do not mention them. I do not seek to hamper you with detailed instructions. Work on these general lines, and you will do what I want. A word more. It will be advisable whenever you have a chance to call public attention to a great evil which is also a vice. Thousands who have never heard of it before will hear of it then—and human nature is very frail. You have noted all this down?"

"I have. You are a strange man, M. De Bac."

M. De Bac frowned, and Brown began to tremble.

"I do not permit you to make observations about me, Mr. Brown."

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"Do not do so again. Will you agree to all this? I promise you unexampled prosperity for ten years. At the end of that time I shall want you elsewhere. And you must agree to take a journey with me."

"A long one, sir?" Brown's voice was just a shade satirical.

M. De Bac smiled oddly. "No—in your case I promise a quick passage. These are all the conditions I attach to my gift of six thousand pounds to you."

Brown's amazement did not blind him to the fact of the advantage he had, as he thought, over his visitor. The six thousand pounds were already his, and he had given no promise. With a sudden boldness he spoke out.

"And if I decline?"

"You will return me my money, and my book, and I will go elsewhere."

"The manuscript, yes—but if I refuse to give back the money?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" M. De Bac's mirthless laugh chilled Brown to the bone. "Very good, Brown—but you won't refuse. Sign that like a good fellow," and he flung a piece of paper towards Brown, who saw that it was a promissory note, drawn up in his name, agreeing to pay M. De Bac the sum of six thousand pounds on demand.

"I shall do no such thing," said Brown stoutly.

M. De Bac made no answer, but calmly touched the bell. In a half-minute Simmonds appeared.

"Be good enough to witness Mr. Brown's signature to that document," said De Bac to him, and then fixed his gaze on Brown. There was a moment of hesitation, and then—the publisher signed his name, and Simmonds did likewise as a witness. When he had gone, De Bac carefully put the paper by in a letter-case he drew from his vest pocket.

"Your scientific people would call this an exhibition of odic force, Brown—eh?"

Brown made no answer. He was shaking in every limb, and great pearls of sweat rolled down his forehead.

"You see, Brown," continued De Bac, "after all you are a free agent. Either agree to my terms and keep the money, or say you will not, pay me back, receive your note-of-hand, and I go elsewhere with my book. Come—time is precious."

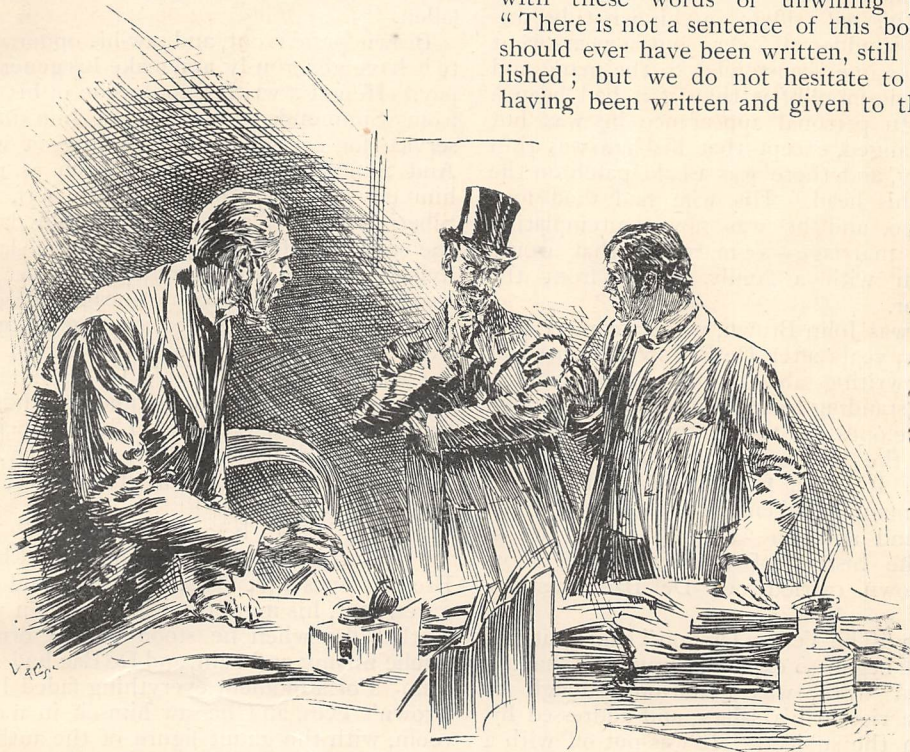
And from Brown's lips there hissed a low "I agree."

"Then that is settled," and De Bac rose from his chair. "There is a little thing more

—stretch out your arm like a good fellow—the right arm.”

Brown did so ; and De Bac placed his forefinger on his wrist, just between what palmists call “the lines of life.” The touch was as that of a red-hot iron, and with a quick cry Brown drew back his hand and looked at it. On his wrist was a small red trident, as cleanly marked as if it had been tattooed

and such-like statements, were poured forth one day to be contradicted the next. Wherever the book was noticed it was either with the most extravagant praise or the bitterest rancour. But friend and foe were alike united on one thing—that of ascribing to its unknown author a princely genius. The greatest of the reviews, after pouring on “The Yellow Dragon” the vials of its wrath, concluded with these words of unwilling praise:—“There is not a sentence of this book which should ever have been written, still less published ; but we do not hesitate to say that, having been written and given to the world,



into the skin. The pain was but momentary ; and, as he looked at the mark, he heard De Bac say, “Adieu once more, Brown. I will find my way out—don’t trouble to rise.” Brown heard him wish Simmonds an affable “Good-day,” and he was gone.

“‘BE GOOD ENOUGH TO WITNESS MR. BROWN’S
SIGNATURE TO THAT DOCUMENT.’”

CHAPTER III.—“THE MARK OF THE BEAST.”

IT was early in the spring that Brown published “The Yellow Dragon”—as the collection of tales left with him by De Bac was called—and the success of the book surpassed his wildest expectations. It became the rage. There were the strangest rumours afloat as to its authorship, for no one knew De Bac, and the name of the writer was supposed to be an assumed one. It was written by a clergyman ; it was penned by a school-girl ; it had employed the leisure of a distinguished statesman during his retirement ; it was the work of an ex-crowned head. These,

there is hardly a line of this terrible work which will not become immortal—to the misery of mankind.”

Be this as it may, the book sold in tens of thousands, and Brown’s fortune was assured. In ten years a man may do many things ; but during the ten years that followed the publication of “The Yellow Dragon,” Brown did so many things that he astonished “the city,” and it takes not a little to do that. It was not alone the marvellous growth of his business—although that advanced by leaps and bounds until it overshadowed all others—it was his wonderful luck on the Stock Exchange. Whatever he touched turned to gold. He was looked upon as the Napoleon

of finance. His connection with the yellow sovereign was remembered. He had a palace in Berkshire; another huge pile owned by him overlooked Hyde Park. He was a county member and a cabinet-minister. He had refused a peerage and built a church. Could ambition want more? He had clean forgotten De Bac. From him he had heard no word, received no sign, and he looked upon him as dead. At first, when his eyes fell on the red trident on his wrist, he was wont to shudder all over; but as years went on he became accustomed to the mark, and thought no more of it than if it had been a mole. In personal appearance he was but little changed, except that his hair was thin and grey, and there was a bald patch on the top of his head. His wife had died four years ago, and he was now contemplating another marriage—a marriage that would ally him with a family dating from the Confessor.

Such was John Brown, when we meet him again ten years after De Bac's visit, seated at a large writing-table in his luxurious office. A clerk standing beside him was cutting open the envelopes of the morning's post, and placing the letters one by one before his master. It is our friend Simmonds—still a young man, but bent and old beyond his years, and still on "thirty bob" a week. And the history of Simmonds will show how Brown carried out De Bac's instructions.

When "The Yellow Dragon" came out and business began to expand, Simmonds, having increased work, was ambitious enough to expect a rise in his salary, and addressed his chief on the subject. He was put off with a promise, and on the strength of that promise Simmonds, being no wiser than many of his fellows, married M'ria; and husband and wife managed to exist somehow with the help of the mother-in-law. Then the mother-in-law died, and there was only the bare thirty shillings a week on which to live, to dress, to pay Simmonds' way daily to the city and back, and to feed more than two mouths—for Simmonds was amongst the blessed who have their quivers full. Still the expected increase of pay did not come. Other men came into the business and passed over Simmonds. Brown said they had special qualifications. They had; and John Brown knew Simmonds better than he knew himself. The other men were paid for doing things Simmonds could not have done to save his life; but he was more than useful in his way. A hundred times it was in the mind of the wretched clerk to resign his post and seek to better himself elsewhere. But he had given host-

ages to fortune. There was M'ria and her children, and M'ria set her face resolutely against risk. They had no reserve upon which to fall back, and it was an option between partial and total starvation. So "Sim," as M'ria called him, held on and battled with the wolf at the door, the wolf gaining ground inch by inch. Then illness came, and debt, and then—temptation. "Sim" fell, as many a better man than he has fallen.

Brown found it out, and saw his opportunity to behave generously, and make his generosity pay. He got a written confession of his guilt from Simmonds, and retained him in his service for ever on thirty shillings a week. And Simmonds' life became such as made him envy the lot of a Russian serf, of a Siberian exile, of a negro in the old days of the sugar plantations. He became a slave, a living machine who ground out his daily hours of work; he became mean and sordid in soul, as one does become when hope is extinct. Such was Simmonds as he cut open the envelopes of Brown's letters, and the great man, reading them quickly, endorsed them with terse remarks in blue pencil, for subsequent disposal by his secretary. A sudden exclamation from the clerk, and Brown looked up.

"What is it?" he asked sharply.

"Only this, sir," and Simmonds held before Brown's eyes a jet black envelope; and as he gazed at it, his mind travelled back ten years, to that day when he stood on the brink of public infamy and ruin, and De Bac had saved him. For a moment everything faded before Brown's eyes, and he saw himself in a dingy room, with the gaunt figure of the author of "The Yellow Dragon," and the maker of his fortune before him.

"Shall I open it, sir?" Simmonds' voice reached him as from a far distance, and Brown roused himself with an effort.

"No," he said, "give it to me, and go for the present."

When the bent figure of the clerk had passed out of the room, Brown looked at the envelope carefully. It bore a penny stamp and the impress of the post-mark was not legible. The superscription was in white ink, and it was addressed to Mr. John Brown. The "Mr." on the letter irritated Brown, for he was now The Right Hon'ble John Brown, and was punctilious on that score. He was so annoyed, that at first he thought of casting the letter unopened into the waste-paper basket beside him, but changed his mind, and tore open the cover. A note-card discovered itself. The contents were brief and to the point.

"Get ready to start. I will call for you at the close of the day. L. De B."

For a moment Brown was puzzled, then the remembrance of his old compact with De Bac came to him. He fairly laughed. To

the madman," he said aloud, "I'll give him in charge if he annoys me." A sudden twinge in his right wrist made him hurriedly look at the spot. There was a broad pink circle, as large as a florin, around the mark of the



"A DREADFUL TERROR AND A PITIFUL APPEAL SHONE IN HIS EYES" (p. 20).

think that he, The Right Hon'ble John Brown, the richest man in England, and one of the most powerful, should be written to like that! Ordered to go somewhere he did not even know! Addressed like a servant! The cool insolence of the note amused Brown first, and then he became enraged. He tore the note into fragments and cast it from him. "Curse

trident, and it smarted and burned as the sting of a wasp. He ran to a basin of water and dipped his arm in to the elbow; but the pain became intolerable, and, finally, ordering his carriage, he drove home. That evening there was a great civic banquet in the city, and amongst the guests was The Right Hon'ble John Brown.

All through the afternoon he had been in agony with his wrist, but towards evening the pain ceased as suddenly as it had come on, and Brown attended the banquet, a little pale and shaken, but still himself. On Brown's right hand sat the Bishop of Browboro', on his left a most distinguished scientist, and

amongst the crowd of waiters was Simmonds, who had hired himself out for the evening to earn an extra shilling or so to eke out his miserable subsistence. The man of science had just returned from Mount Atlas, whither he had gone to observe the transit of Mercury, and had come back full of stories of witchcraft. He led the conversation in that direction, and very soon the Bishop, Brown, and himself were engaged in the discussion of *diablerie*. The Bishop was a learned and a saintly man, and was a "believer"; the scientist was puzzled by what he had seen, and Brown openly scoffed.

"Look here!" and pulling back his cuff, he showed the red mark on his wrist to his companions, "if I were to tell you how that came here, you would say the devil himself marked me."

"I confess I am curious," said the scientist; and the Bishop fixed an inquiring gaze upon Brown. Simmonds was standing behind, and unconsciously drew near. Then the man, omitting many things, told the history of the mark on his wrist. He left out much, but he told enough to make the scientist edge his chair a little further from him, and a look of grave compassion, not untinged with scorn, to come into the eyes of the Bishop. As Brown came to the end of his story, he became unnaturally excited, he raised his voice, and, with a sudden gesture, held his wrist close to the Bishop's face. "There!" he said, "I suppose you would say the devil did that?"

And as the Bishop looked, a voice seemed to breathe in his ear—"And he caused all . . . to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads." It was as if his soul was speaking to him and urging him to say the words aloud. He did not; but with a pale face gently put aside Brown's hand. "I do not know, Mr. Brown—but I think you are called upon for a speech."

It was so; and, after a moment's hesitation, Brown rose. He was a fluent speaker, and the occasion was one with which he was peculiarly qualified to deal. He began well; but as he went on those who looked upon him saw that he was ghastly pale, and that the veins stood out on his high forehead in blue cords. As he spoke he made some allusion to those men who have risen to eminence from an obscure position. He spoke of himself as one of these, and then began to tell the story of "The Devil's Manuscript," as he called it, with a mocking look at the Bishop. As he went on he completely lost command over himself, and the story of the manuscript became the story of his life. He concealed nothing, he passed over nothing. He laid all his sordid past before his hearers with a vivid

force. His listeners were astonished into silence; perhaps curiosity kept them still. But, as the long tale of infamy went on, some, in pity for the man, and believing him struck mad, tried to stop him, but in vain. He came at last to the incident of the letter, and told how De Bac was to call for him to-night. "The Bishop of Browboro'," he said with a jarring laugh, "thought De Bac was the fiend himself," but he (Brown) knew better; he—he stopped, and, with a half inarticulate cry, began to back slowly from the table, his eyes fixed on the entrance to the room. And now a strange thing happened. There was not a man in the room who had the power to move or to speak; they were as if frozen to their seats; as if struck into stone. Some were able to follow Brown's glance, but could see nothing. All were able to see that in Brown's face was an awful fear, and that he was trying to escape from a horrible presence which was moving slowly towards him, and which was visible to himself alone. Inch by inch Brown gave way, until he at last reached the wall, and stood with his back to it, with his arms spread out, in the position of one crucified. His face was marble white, and a dreadful terror and a pitiful appeal shone in his eyes. His blue lips were parted as of one in the dolours of death.

The silence was profound.

There were strong men there; men who had faced and overcome dangers, who had held their lives in their hands, who had struggled against desperate odds and won; but there was not a man who did not now feel weak, powerless, helpless as a child before that invisible, advancing terror that Brown alone could see. They could move no hand to aid, lift no voice to pray. All they could do was to wait in that dreadful silence and to watch. Time itself seemed to stop. It was as if the stillness had lasted for hours.

Suddenly Brown's face, so white before, flushed a crimson purple, and with a terrible cry he fell forwards on the polished woodwork of the floor.

As he fell it seemed as if the weight which held all still was on the moment removed, and they were free. With scared faces they gathered around the fallen man and raised him. He was quite dead; but on his forehead, where there was no mark before, was the impress of a red trident.

A man, evidently one of the waiters, who had forced his way into the group, laid his finger on the mark and looked up at the Bishop. There was an unholy exultation in his face as he met the priest's eyes, and said:

"He's marked twice—*curse him!*"

PICTURES FROM RUSSIAN STUDIOS.

BBROADLY speaking, Russian art of to-day does not occupy a very exalted position ; but there is nothing sur-

prising in that. As a nation, Russia is behind all her neighbours, and Art cannot be expected to be refined amongst a people who, as a whole, attach no importance to the ordinary refinements of daily life. There has been for some time, and is now, a certain official recognition of art, through the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg, but its influence is not felt to any extent outside that city and the older capital, Moscow. These are the two centres of Russian social life ; the country at large exists much as it has always done, still lacking educational advantages, making little or no progress towards the point of civilisation attained by the other leading European nationalities.

In a country where autocracy still holds sway in its seat of government, individuality cannot develop ; and this above all is necessary for a national art.

True, Russia has possessed one or two artists who have acquired fame outside her own borders ; but these have been men of indomitable energy of purpose, who have conquered the difficulties around them by sheer force of character. They have proved that genius must come to the surface, in spite of most adverse obstacles to its development.

One of these was Mark Antokolsky, the Jewish sculptor, whose story takes a front rank among the romances of art. His struggle with poverty, with difficulties of every kind, and his successful issue from them all is a story too long to relate here ; his work bears testimony to his indomitable spirit, and stands out like a landmark



PROFESSOR REPIN.

(From a photograph by Denier, St. Petersburg.)



AUTUMN.

(By K. Kazanovska.)



THE LETTER-WRITER.
(By Professor Repin.)

on the level plain of Russian art. Another name which came prominently before the art world a few years ago was that of Vassili Verestchagin. Not so much because its owner was a great painter, as that he had a message to give through the medium of his art. This ex-naval lieutenant set

Paris has naturally attracted many Russian painters to its schools; but, like numerous others of the cosmopolitan crowd that flocks there, they have sacrificed any individuality they may have possessed, and have been absorbed into that heterogeneous combination that constitutes modern French art. Year after



THE VILLAGE CHOIR.
(By N. Jaroschenko.)

himself to depict the horrors and misery of war, and the large number of canvases which he exhibited in Paris and London attracted the attention of crowds in both cities. Most of his paintings related to the worst side of the military life and history of his country: he showed its defeats and shame, and for this he was duly expatriated by his enraged countrymen. Some of his works were destroyed, but those which he brought here will not easily be forgotten by those who saw them. They were horrible in their realism; he painted the carnage, the blood and fire, without any or the glory of the "pomp and circumstance" or war. It was an unpleasant phase of art, but must be recorded.

year their names appear in the catalogues of the Salons, but the only indication of their nationality is the laconic record therein, "*Né en Russe.*" We reproduce a picture by one of these artists on page 28. M. Pranishnikoff has several times painted such scenes, full of vigour and life, and this is a typical example of them.

All the other pictures we give are by Russian artists, living and working in Russia, and may be taken as being representative of the work produced in Russian studios. It will at once be seen—with the exception of that of Professor Repin, which will be fully dealt with presently—how simple and realistic the work is. There is no idealism,

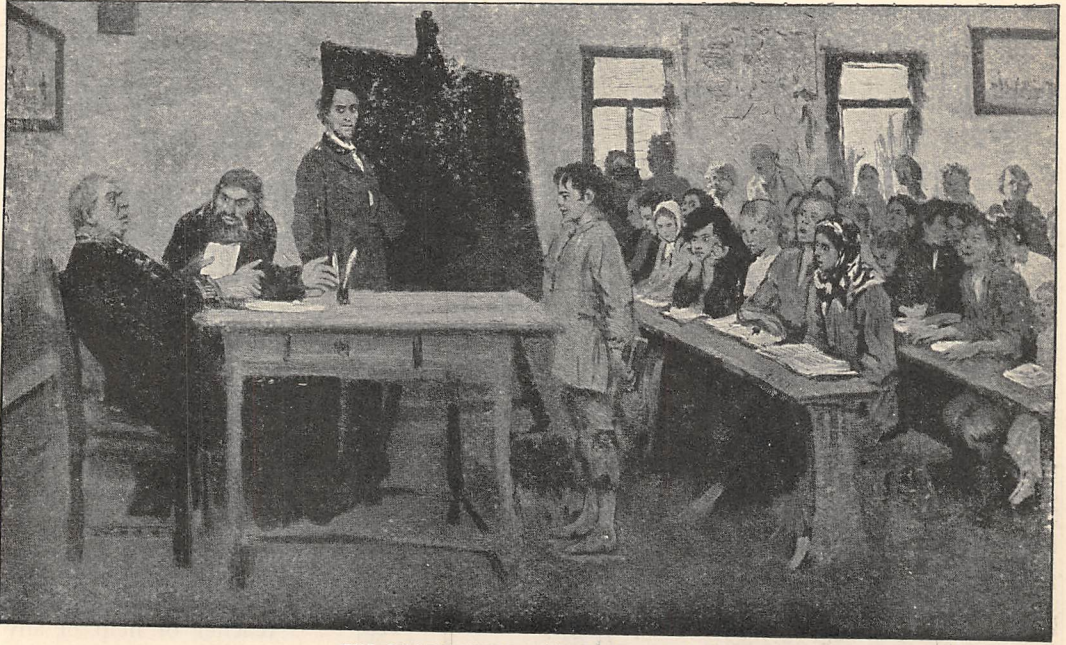


AT A COUNTRY STATION. (By N. Jaroschenko.)

no special exercise of imaginative powers; they are purely illustrations, more or less strongly executed, of incidents of everyday life and scenes. The "homely joys," the labours, the sufferings of the peasantry; not many idylls, not much poetry: it is a representation of a people whose joys are few, whose labour is manifestly hard and plentiful.

That there is plenty of material for picturesqueness may be easily seen even from these paintings, especially by those of M. Jaroschenko, an artist who spends most of his time among the people he paints; and character, too, is strongly marked, but the pervading note of all is sadness. There is no joyousness, no spontaneous vivacity, even in the one love-scene depicted on page 26. The "old, old story" is being told under strange circumstances, and does not suggest anything more than a flirtation or a chance acquaintanceship. There is not much of the sweet poetry of courtship here; it is as rough and uncouth as the participants of its pleasure.

But turn to the picture of "The Letter-writer"—to the portrait of Tolstoi in his rude hut-study, and it will at once be recognised that Russia has at least one painter of ability and power. Here is the talent of the true artist that can enter into the



THE EXAMINATION. (*By Professor Repin.*)

characters of the scenes and subjects he transfer them to canvas so as to present them in all their force.



THE QUARREL. (*By V. A. Golynski.*)

Ilya Jefimowitsch Repin has had an extraordinary career. He is no product of masters or schools; the artistic spirit was born within him, and, spite of uncongenial surroundings,

to give expression to the promptings of his artistic genius by cutting out forms of men, animals, and flowers in paper, which were pasted on to the window-panes. After being

under his mother's tuition for some time, he was sent to finish his schooling under the village sacristan, and later still to a military topographical school. He drew pictures to amuse his sister, and once constructed a horse out of wire, moulded its body in wax, and, with some wool for the mane and tail, formed a fair representation of the animal. In his twelfth year he painted portraits of all he could persuade to sit to him, in water-colours, or sketched them in crayon, and his works were acknowledged successes. Without a teacher or help of any kind, he persisted in his efforts—always dissatisfied, always yearning for improvement. Copies were made of every picture or print which came in his way, until, when he was thirteen years of age, a painter of religious pictures, more artisan than artist, who lived near by, took him under his care and gave him systematic lessons in drawing. He made such rapid progress that at sixteen he was earning his living by portrait painting and the decorating of churches. He was employed by a firm of altar-decorators, and travelled in the surrounding districts, working hard, and for not a particularly large salary. After many vicissitudes, he at length obtained a sum

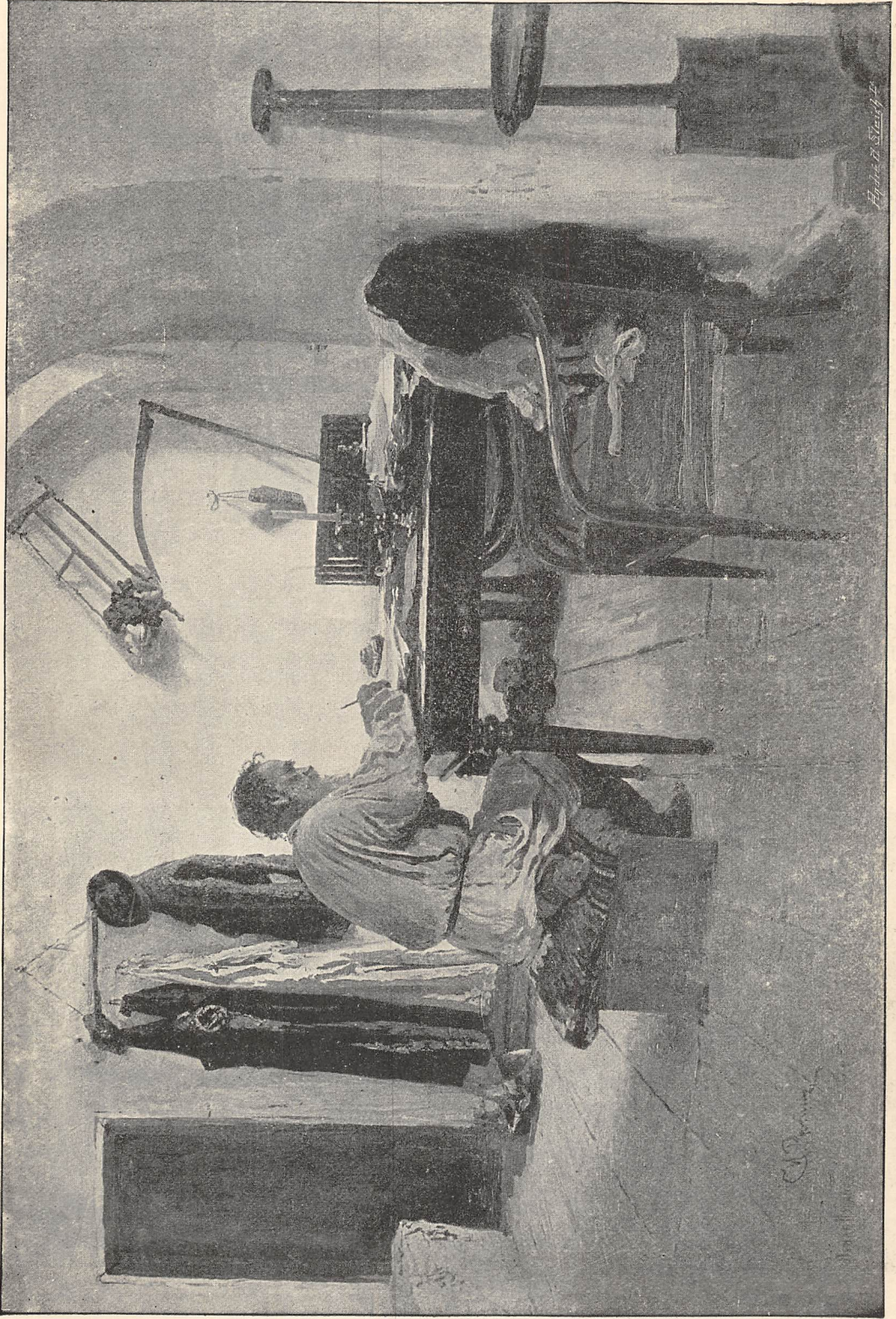


LOVE AT THE FAIR.
(By N. Jaroschenko.)

has forced him into the prominence that all true genius deserves. He was born in 1844 in a Cossack village in the South of Russia, his father being a soldier, and his mother the village schoolmistress. Always sickly in constitution, he became the playmate of his sister and her friends. His parents were poor, and his early education was scanty—such of it as he had being obtained from his mother. As soon as he was old enough to handle scissors he began

sufficiently large to allow him to fulfil the long-desired ambition of going to St. Petersburg, and on November 1st, 1863, he stood at the door of the Academy of Fine Arts in that city, friendless and alone, his only possessions a few sketches and fifty roubles.

"And that 1st of November I consider the most eventful day of my life, and shall always specially observe its anniversaries, for on that day I emerged from darkness into the light of



COUNT TOLSTOI AT HOME.
(By Prof. Repin.)

a new life." So Repin speaks himself. In less than twenty years from that time he had acquired fame and position as an artist. It was a severe struggle, for he would take nothing but instruction from the Academy, and in 1869, having finished the course, he had a record of five medals against his name. In 1871 he gained the gold medal and a travelling scholarship for six years for his picture, "The Daughter of Jairus." The time was well spent. First he went through his own country, a journey down the Volga giving him material for several of his best pictures. From thence he went to Munich, Florence, Rome, Naples, and Paris. But in 1876, before his term was expired, the hunger for the beloved scenes of Russia was too strong to be longer resisted. He turned his face homewards, his sketch-books filled to repletion with scenes of his travels, his



TEMPTATION.
(By M. V. Moloff.)

experience widened, his art broadened, expanded, and invigorated.

He painted picture after picture, which brought him fame in Russia and other countries; he portrayed the celebrities of his nation, and achieved great success. In 1892 was painted "The Letter-Writer," a work of immense force—indeed, it is his masterpiece.

Repin is now Professor and a Companion of the Council of the Imperial Academy, but not an official of the ordinary Russian type. A friend of Tolstōi could hardly be this. He is burning with a high hope of reforming the art institutions of his country; he desires to help on the aspirations of the young artists of his nation until the time shall come when Russian art shall occupy a worthy position among that of other European countries.

ARTHUR FISH.



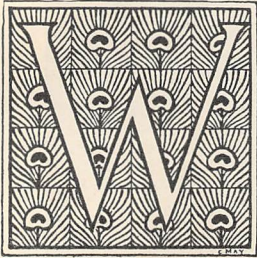
CHARGE OF THE 48TH DRAGOONS (RUSSIAN MANŒUVRES).
(By I. P. Pranshnikoff.)

A MISSING WITNESS.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF DOROTHY HEATHERLY.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Hidden Gold," "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane," etc.

CHAPTER I.—THE ENGAGED FINGER.



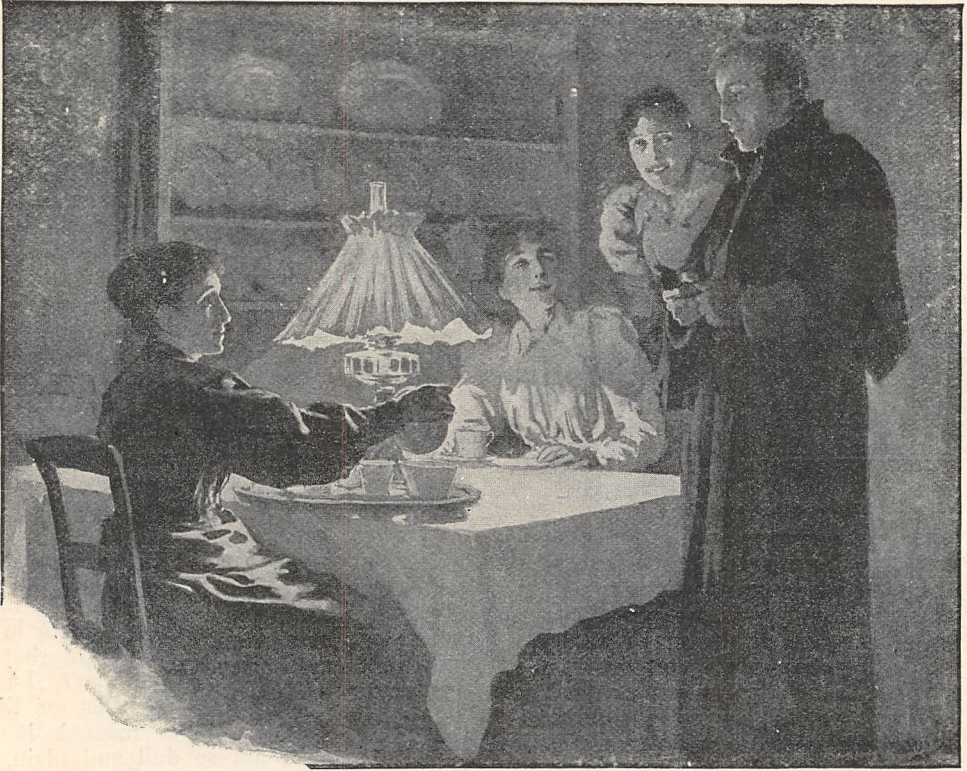
WE lived at Wood Green then. Ours was quite a small house in a new road lined with small houses, all so precisely alike that you could not distinguish one from the other, except by its bearing a more or less imposing name than its neighbour. Our house was called Hawthorndene, which looked very nice as an address, but was deceiving to the visitor, for there are no hawthorns left in Wood Green, and the nearest dene is at Old Hornsey. To make it quite clear that we were not such grand folks as the name of our house might imply, little mother had a brass plate fixed on our gate with her name and occupation upon it—"Mrs. Heatherly, dressmaker." Indeed, we were very poor, and had to work hard at all seasons to make ends meet and keep a respectable appearance, but this being Christmas time, we had so much to do that it seemed impossible to get through it all by the time promised, which was Christmas morning "at the very latest," though we worked day and night.

Dear little mother sat in the small bay-window, bending over the machine, and Elsie and I sat in the corners on each side to get as much light as the winter afternoon afforded, all as silent as mutes, for the rattle of the machine made conversation impossible. Only when a new seam had to be taken up one would make an observation to which another replied, and then the Singer beginning again its "tac, tac, tac, tac," compelled us to follow our thread of reflection in silence.

"How nice it would be to have a good run," thought I, "if it were only to the end of the street and back. I should love to hear the frosty ground ring under my feet. I'd like to trundle a hoop with those children"—the clang of the stick upon the iron reaching my ears above the ceaseless "tac, tac, tac, tac," of the machine. "I'd rather be the muffin-man than sit here eternally over this smelly lining. At least he can stretch his limbs, and breathe the fresh air. It's hard to sit here hour after hour while other girls are running about to

look at the shops and buy good things for Christmas Day. One thing, we must have a day off then. Phil promised to spend the whole day with us, and he's not one to break his word—though I dare say he could find more entertaining society than that of three poor dressmakers. We must get something in for dinner besides the plum-pudding"—that was already hanging in its cloth in the scullery—"I wonder whether mother could afford a chicken. Dear little mother, it's harder for her than for me." Taking a fresh length of cotton, I glanced at her as I bit off the end and knotted it.

There were signs of fatigue in her pale face, and a strenuous expression as if she were resolved not to give in. But for all that, it was the sweetest and prettiest face in the world. Who would have thought that she was nearly forty, and our mother? I could understand people mistaking her for Elsie's elder sister. They never mistook her for mine, because I am so dull and plain, and she so bright and pretty. Her courage and buoyant hopefulness were the secret of her youthfulness, I think—those qualities and the sweetness of her disposition. You could see her gentleness and goodness in every feature, in the softness of her dark eyes, in the delicacy of her nose, in the sweet full curves of her lips, and the pure outline of her cheek and chin. She scarcely looked thirty, dear little mother; in that light one could not see the little lines in the angles of her eyes, nor the silvery threads that we could no longer conceal in the ripple of her hair, when we dressed it for her. Looking at her lingeringly, I wondered how my father could ever have left her, even for all the gold in Africa; how, thinking of her, he could have stayed there all these years—ten years fully now; or how, looking back upon the past, when he used to romp with us children, and turn from us to take our mother in his arms and kiss her, he could become so utterly indifferent to the welfare of us all. "Someone," I said to myself, "someone must have estranged him, and worked upon his weaker nature with terrible power to render him so unfeeling and selfish." For it needed little wisdom on my part to see that he must be both. Why should he stay in Africa if the mining works he went there to conduct failed to bring him the fortune he



"HE PROFESSED TO BE PERFECTLY AMAZED" (p. 32).

expected ; or if it yielded money, why should he send my mother none ? If he had sent her the meanest little present, she would have treasured it, talked of it to us, made much of it. For she loved him still, and would hear no hint of any ill-advised acquaintance to his disadvantage. No, she would fire up with resentment, she who was so habitually gentle and self-controlled, if a word about him could be construed to a suggestion of misdoing on his part. A letter once a month or so was all she ever had from him, and she dared not show us that, for fear we thought that it might betray his lack of kindness, though she never failed to tell us that our father had sent us his dear love. Dear love, indeed ! If he had sent us only a few shillings for boots or gloves !

Elsie dropped her cotton, and the reel rolling to my feet, I picked it up and handed it to her. She nodded her thanks with such a weary smile that it turned my reflections into a new channel.

"Poor Elsie," thought I, "perhaps this life is more wearisome to her than it is even for little mother—ten times harder to bear than

I find it. Mother and I do not dislike the work : she hates it. We are contented with our occupation, because we can do nothing better ; but it's otherwise with Elsie. The organist declared that with her wonderful voice and fine ear for music, she could earn more in a week as a public singer than all three of us could gain in a year by dress-making. He said that a brilliant future was before her—fame and fortune within her reach, if she chose to take it. I wonder if she would have taken it if little mother from the very first had not been so averse ? I think she would if she had not loved us so deeply. With her talent and beauty it seems downright cruel to make her sit from morning till night in this dull room with the incessant rattle of the machine irritating her nerves. And they talk about her being spoilt ! So she is, maybe, but not in the manner ill-natured and unthinking people mean. They can't spoil Elsie : she's too good at heart. All the flattery and praise in the world has not made her ashamed of her position. It's natural she should love to receive compliments on her beauty. She must know when she looks in

the glass that she deserves them. Aren't we, little mother and I, pleased when anyone says a kind word for our work? She's as brave and good as little mother even. All of us lose our temper sometimes, and revolt against the order of things. But how much more reason has she to revolt against this cramped existence, to whom the larger life is possible. Once a dressmaker, always a dressmaker. She knows that. Some of us may escape by marriage, but who in our sphere of life is good enough for Elsie?"

Just then a Pickford's van, loaded with hampers and boxes, pulled up right in front of our window, and we all stopped work to wonder, for the driver jerked his whip at our brass-plate, as he spoke to the lad who was examining the labels on the baskets.

"He can't have anything for us," said little mother, but with a hopeful inflection in her tone of doubt.

"No such luck, dear," said Elsie. "Who would send us a Christmas hamper?"

"But it is for us!" cried I, starting up, as the lad, with a big hamper on his back, swung open our little gate.

And it was, too. There was mother's name and address written in bold capital letters on the label, as Elsie and I read whilst mother with a trembling hand was signing her name in the carman's way-book. We dragged the hamper into the kitchen with the wild excitement of children, for such an event had never happened to us before in our recollection, and there we cut the strings that fastened the lid and tore away the straw from the top, disclosing the contained treasure. The first thing we found was a splendid turkey, and next to it a ham, and below a box of lovely grapes, and under that another box marked, "Don't shake 'em, please" (still in the same capital letters), and containing half-a-dozen bottles of port. Just as if the sender had known that our doctor had told us we ought to drink it. Then right at the bottom was a box addressed to me, in which I found six pairs of gloves—just my number—and all of the very finest quality, and another box addressed to mother, from which we brought out a most lovely lace Marie Antoinette, which we put at once on her dear little shoulders, and in which she looked so sweetly pretty that we were obliged to kiss her.

"That's all," said I, turning the hamper upside down and shaking out the straw.

"No letter to say who sent us all these good things?" inquired little mother.

"Not even a card," said Elsie, again raking over the straw.

"And nothing—nothing for you, dear," said little mother in a tone of regret.

"Why, yes," said she with a forced little laugh. "It's evident all the rest are for me since your particular presents are addressed—the turkey and the ham, and especially the port."

She made light of it, but we could see she was a little disappointed—as well she might be by the omission. But I am sure mother and I were every bit as sorry as she. It damped our pleasure, and we went back to work when we had lit the lamp and drawn the blinds with a feeling of constraint, and for my part I could almost have wished there had been no gloves for me.

"Tac-tac-lac-lac," went the machine again, and we all fell to wondering who could have sent us that wonderful hamper.

"Can it be the doctor?" I asked when the cotton broke and little mother stopped to re-thread her needle.

"What an absurd suggestion, Molly!" laughed Elsie. "Why, he can't find enough money to buy himself a pair of new shirt-cuffs."

"Poor Phil!" sighed little mother. "He'd think of our wants before his own if he had the means."

"Besides——" added Elsie, and she stopped; but we knew she was thinking. "*He* would never have forgotten me."

"Rattle-rattle-tac-lac-lac-lac," said the Singer impatiently, as if to bid us guess again.

But I preferred to think of Dr. Fairfield—Phil, as we had come to call him after two years of intimate friendship. He was dear to us all as if he had been our brother; to one of us he might have been dearer still, but that his poverty compelled him to maintain a certain degree of self-restraint which in itself was a testimony to his manly strength and good feeling. At least, I thought so, feeling sure that he loved Elsie with more than a brother's affection, hide it how he might. Had he loved her less or lacked that fine consideration which distinguishes a gentleman, I believe he would have yielded to the impulses of his heart regardless of what might follow; but he was too poor to think of marriage, and too good to indulge himself in an idle flirtation which might have brought unhappiness to Elsie and broken up our friendship.

He had few friends—intimate friends us only—and no expectations, he told us. His father, after leading him to expect a fortune, died a bankrupt, his family turned their back upon him as a possible incumbrance, and at five-and-twenty, just a few months before we came to know him, he was thrown upon the world with nothing but the diploma he had won for himself. For two years he

had been trying in vain to find a practitioner who would take him as a working partner. He was too young and too poor, and, maybe, too good-looking for the position he wanted.

"A family doctor must be a married man," he told us, "and how am I to get a wife while I've not enough to keep myself?" He did just manage to keep himself by writing articles for a medical journal: without that he would have been obliged to take a situation as a chemist's assistant—a position naturally repugnant to a young man who had enjoyed absolute liberty all his life, and who felt that his capabilities were of a higher kind.

Little mother broke her thread, and took the piece of work I had been tacking for the machine.

"You don't think it *could* be papa, do you, mother?" asked Elsie thoughtlessly.

Little mother looked round with a start, it was so unusual for us to speak of our father—so habitual, indeed, with us to avoid any reference to him as being likely to pain her. Then she shook her head in silence and hurriedly setting the machine in motion, bent low over it, as if the stitches were hard to see. Presently she stopped, and without turning her face, found her handkerchief and used it, brushing her eyes furtively, and putting the handkerchief back in her pocket with a quick little movement of resolution, as if she had said to herself, "I *won't* be silly again."

Than on went the machine once more, "tac-tac-lac-lac," more impatiently than ever. Elsie glanced at me with contrition in her face.

Why had the tears sprung at this reference to our father? Was it the consideration of his heartless selfishness, I wondered; regret that he should be parted from us and so estranged that we could not talk openly about him. "It's more probable," thought I, reflecting on her sympathetic and generous disposition, "that she is pitying him, regretting that she can send nothing to make him happier in his loneliness."

There was no trace of sadness in her dear face when we broke off to have tea. Elsie had set the tray in the kitchen because our little parlour was so encumbered with work, and she had arranged all the treasures of our Christmas hamper symmetrically upon the dresser that we might look at them and thresh out thoroughly the vexed question of our unknown benefactor whilst we sat at table. And our speculations were not yet ended when a good long, hard rap sounded on our street door.

"That's Phil!" cried Elsie, jumping up with alacrity; "only he knocks like that," and

she ran down the passage arranging her hair as she went.

It was he, looking so big and handsome in his old frieze ulster. He took off his knitted gloves, and we shook hands heartily, all laughing and talking at once.

"I am doing duty for a man who has run down to spend Christmas with his friends in Kent," he explained, taking off his coat, "but I've run away for an hour—I wanted a cup of tea so badly. And here I am just in the nick of time."

"But you will spend Christmas Day with us all the same?" said mother.

"Oh, I made that stipulation with Watson: I shall be here to breakfast, and won't be turned out before midnight."

"Look what we've got for dinner, Phil," said I, pointing to the dresser.

He professed to be perfectly amazed; but the only solution he could offer was that Santa Claus himself had sent the hamper. But as he seated himself at the table Elsie cried—

"Why, Phil, you have a gold chain!"

"And a gold watch at the other end of it," said he, pulling it out and looking at it affectionately. "It was the old dad's—the only bit of wreckage I could save."

"But we have never seen it before," said I.

"No; I have been lending it—to a relative. The only one whose door was never closed to me: mine uncle."

We knew what he meant; but it shocked us a little to think he should have had to pawn his watch. How poor he must have been to have had recourse to such means of raising a little money!

"Another cup of tea, mamma, please," said he, "and more bread and butter, Elsie. Don't cut it too thin," he pleaded; "remember it's Christmas."

Elsie cutting the bread and butter, stopped short suddenly, and looking at the doctor with twinkling eyes, cried—

"Phil, it was you who sent us the hamper—I am sure of it."

"I!" he exclaimed. "All those hams and things. Do you think I stole 'em?"

"No; you bought them. You couldn't have got back your watch without money. And it's not Dr. Philip Fairfield who would think of himself before he remembered his friends."

"Well, it must come out, I suppose," said he. "I didn't mean to tell you till after Christmas, but you're too many for me. I've found a fortune—a small one; but, oh, it shall grow, if human energy can make it grow. On the tram last night I heard two men talking about the extraordinary rise in

the value of mining shares; and remembering that my father's misfortunes came through speculation in these matters, I looked among his papers when I got home, and found a pile of shares that at his death were absolutely worthless. I took them this morning to Blake and Rowe in Throgmorton Street, and in less than a quarter of an hour Rowe handed me a cheque for fifteen hundred pounds, the price realised in the open market for paper I might have lit my pipe with yesterday morning."

"Oh, Phil!" from all three of us.

"Why, you can buy a practice for yourself now," added little mother.

"And I mean to," said he. "You are not the only one who shall have a fine brass plate on the gate."

"But I thought, Phil, you said that a family doctor must be—" Elsie stopped in embarrassment. "Married," she would have added, but she had some secret reason for not liking to say it.

"Must be old," Phil suggested, purposely to relieve her. "Well, I shall grow old enough, perhaps, before my practice is soundly established."

"I want you to tell me one thing, Phil," said Elsie, as he held her hand: "I want you to tell me why you would have concealed this good news from us till after Christmas?"

"That needs explanation," said he, holding her hand and looking warmly down into her pretty face.

"If little mother will let me run as far as the tram with you, will you tell me? I wouldn't be ten minutes, mother—and, oh, I'll work so well when I come back. Will you tell me, Phil?"

He hesitated a moment, not relinquishing her hand, and still smiling down into her pleading eyes, and then he said huskily, "Yes, I will tell you, Elsie."

She ran off for her hat without waiting for mother's consent, and presently they left us, she holding tightly to his arm, and seeming as if she could scarcely control her nimble feet to a walking pace; and mother and I went back to our work, and the "tac-tac-lac-lac" once more made our tongues silent.

It was more than ten minutes—more than half an hour—before Elsie came back. Then she was breathless with the haste she had made and with excitement; her cheeks and eyes were aflame with joy, and pulling her hand out of her muff, she cried—

"Look, look! He had not forgotten me after all. Dear Phil!"

And she put her fingers to her lips and kissed the diamond ring passionately that Phil had given her.

"Why, what does it mean?" asked little mother, turning quite white. "It's on *that* finger."

"My engaged finger. Why it means, dear, that he has asked me to be his wife, and I am engaged to him."

And with that she threw her arms round little mother's neck and began to cry from sheer joy. Then, presently recovering herself, she said with a hysterical laugh:

"And think, little mother—the dear, dear fellow didn't mean to tell me till after Christmas, for fear I might refuse him and so spoil our holiday."

"Oh, my poor Elsie!" cried mother, sinking in a chair. Why



"HE HAS ASKED ME TO BE HIS WIFE."

didn't I think of what might happen in time to save you this!—You *cannot* be his wife!"

CHAPTER II.—A MIDNIGHT KNOCK.



WE were thunderstruck, Elsie and I, and could say nothing for some time, but stood looking at little mother in speechless astonishment as she sat, with her face in her hands, in terrible agitation. To me, scarcely less than to Elsie, this proposed marriage promised such happiness for her and for us all. It was quite impossible for us to imagine why little mother thought otherwise, for only in the belief that the marriage would bring unhappiness to Elsie would she have said it was impossible. And how strong that belief was her present agitation too plainly proved.

At last Elsie, seating herself beside little mother and laying her hand upon her arm, asked faintly—

"Why, mother?"

"You are so young, dear," said mother, without uncovering her eyes—as if the futility of the excuse would be read in them.

"But I am nearly nineteen, and you were younger still than that when you married. It is not that."

"You must think, Elsie, of the difference in our positions. We are quite humble little people—only dressmakers. Dr. Fairfield is a gentleman by birth, and connected with very grand people."

"That connection is broken. But for this chance Phil would still be as poor as we. There must be some better reason—tell me."

"I can't; I can't, dear."

Elsie sat in silent wonder for a moment or two, then she said gently:

"Because we are poor you would not have me marry beneath me—or—or die an old maid?" Her voice shook as if she felt that she could never marry anyone if not Phil. "After all," she continued, "it is for Phil to decide whether my age or the difference in our station is a reasonable objection to making me his wife."

"I will speak to him," said little mother, after some reflection, and looking up now with that expression of strenuous purpose and courageous resolution in her face which redeemed it from the suspicion of weakness that usually accompanies gentle sweetness.

"And if," cried Elsie—hope flashing in her eyes—"if Phil finds your reasons no reasons at all, you will let me be his wife?"

Mother took some moments to consider her answer, and then she said—

"Yes, Elsie. I can trust Philip."

"Trust dear Phil!" cried Elsie, springing up and clasping her hands in ecstasy, "oh, so can I, with my whole heart! Why, all the reasons in the world could not make him go back from his offer!"

"Your happiness is mine, dear; you know that," said little mother gravely. "But we will try to say no more about it till I have spoken to him, for fear of bitter disappointment."

Elsie laughed at mother's fears, and kissed her again and again in her overflowing happiness; but as to talking about it that was soon rendered impossible by the machine. When her excitement subsided she shed a few tears furtively—tears of disappointment, I think, caused by little mother's lack of enthusiasm, rather than of apprehension; but they passed like a summer shower, and her face was radiant in the lamplight, and a continual smile played about her pretty mouth—she was so confident in the strong love of Philip. Now and then she would pause to look at her ring, which sparkled wonderfully with every movement of her hand. And she worked rather worse than usual, having to unpick after supper nearly as much as she had done before. It was clear she could think of nothing but Phil. And about eleven, laying down her bodice with a long-drawn sigh, she leaned back in her chair, clasping her hands behind her head to dream more freely. Presently her eyes closed, then her arms slipped and her hands fell in her lap, and her chin falling upon her breast, she dreamt in real earnest.

She awoke with a start when the machine stopped, and, rubbing her eyes, looked in bewilderment about her for her thimble, murmuring excuses; but we would not let her begin again, and, showing that we had but a little more work to do, we persuaded her to go up to bed. She left us with lingering reluctance, ashamed of her weakness; but her light, quick step upon the stair showed how eagerly she longed to be alone, with her ring and her tender thoughts, in the silent room upstairs. I figured her kneeling by her bedside, praying for Phil with a fervour that had never before stirred her heart.

It was past twelve when I began to clear up, but the machine was still working: in a few minutes the last stitch would be done—one must be an overworked dressmaker to know what that means.

"At last!" said mother, with a sigh of relief as she broke off her thread, and, putting her hand behind her, bent back to relax the strained muscles.

Suddenly she turned towards me, grasping the back of her chair, as she looked in terror towards the door.

"Did you hear that, Dolly?" she asked in a whisper.

"No, dear," I answered, frightened by her manner; for when one is over-fatigued one is quick to take alarm. "I heard nothing."

a tall, broad-shouldered man. But it calmed my fears to perceive, by the light of the lamp that hung in the passage, that he wore a clerical dress, and had the clean-shaven face of a clergyman.

"Is Mrs. Heatherly at home?" he asked, but almost in a whisper.

"Mother!" I gasped in terror—for he had



"I GASPED IN TERROR."

"It sounded like someone rapping at the front door."

"I listened breathlessly, but it seemed to me impossible, for at this hour everyone in the street was in bed and asleep save we.

"There!" said she, holding up her finger.

This time I too thought I heard someone tapping with his knuckle at the door.

"It's only fancy, little mother," said I, dreading to go to the door. "We are tired and nervous."

But now the faintest possible tinkle at the bell—as if the ringer were afraid of being heard by the neighbours—put an end to our doubts and my theory.

Mother rose quickly, but I saw that she was deadly white, and had to hold to the chair for support. So, putting on an air of courage, despite my own fears of robbers and such things, I said I would go and see who it was, surmising as I went from the room (to assure myself as well as little mother) that it was doubtless "next door" come to complain of our working the machine at such an hour. It seemed to me, however, that the knock and ring were not those of an angry person, but rather of someone very timid, or weak and feeble. Imagine, then, my surprise on opening the door, to find myself face to face with

pushed his way into the passage and closed the door as he spoke.

"Your mother?" said he, turning to me and laying his hand on my shoulder. "Why, who are you?"

"Dorothy Heatherly," I answered faintly, scarcely knowing what I said.

"My little Dolly," said he in a trembling voice, "grown a woman!" And he drew me to his breast and kissed my head again and again, I having no force to resist nor any will to act.

Then little mother, coming into the passage, tottered forward with outstretched arms, faltering, "George, George! I thought it might be you!" And he quitted me to clasp her in his arms and cover her face with hungry kisses.

And somehow we came into our parlour, where he sank into a chair, and, casting down his broad-brimmed felt hat, wiped the big drops of sweat from his forehead, looking very grey, and as if about to faint.

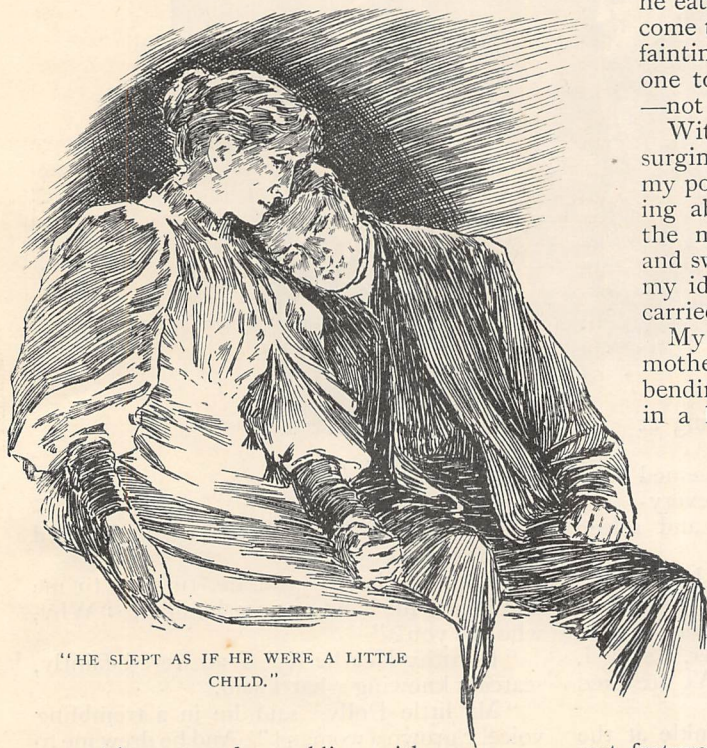
"I have eaten nothing since yesterday morning," he explained, speaking huskily.

"My poor darling!" exclaimed mother; "I will fetch you something."

"No, don't leave me, love, even for a minute," said he, seizing her hand and drawing her towards him. "Who knows how short my time may be? Dolly will find me something—anything. Don't look so frightened, dear child," he added—"I am your father."

"Hush, George!" whispered my mother, looking towards the window in fear. "Go Dorothy," and, following me to the door she whispered in terrible earnestness, "Don't wake Elsie; no one—not even she—must know your father is here."

I went into the kitchen half dazed with



"HE SLEPT AS IF HE WERE A LITTLE CHILD."

astonishment and trembling with excitement, and set some bread and cheese and butter—all that there was in our poor larder—on a tray, making more haste than speed, like one in a dream who finds himself foot-tied when he wishes to run. It was difficult to realise that this was my father, I having been but a mere child when he left us ten years back, and retaining but the faintest recollection of his appearance. That recollection was of a young man in grey, with a short black beard, and a happy, placid expression, entirely different from this man of middle age, with his stealthy, hunted look, his closely-cropped grey hair, his shaven face, and clerical dress. Little mother had led us to believe that he was a mining

engineer: had he changed his vocation without her knowledge? I could imagine no reason for concealment either on his part or hers. But, indeed, little mother's behaviour was not less mystifying than my father's. If she had half expected it was he who knocked so stealthily at our door, why had she displayed such terror, and yet so passionately have clasped her arms about his neck? Why did they speak in whispers; why did my father summon us with such precaution and yet such haste—for the two knocks and the ring were within a minute's interval of each other—and why had he pushed his way with stealthy quickness into the passage? Why had he eaten nothing for a whole day, and come to us in the middle of the night fainting with hunger? Why was no one to know of his coming home to us—not even his own daughter Elsie?

With these unanswerable questions surging in my mind, and bewildering my poor senses, I went helplessly hunting about, for I knew not what, until the memory of my father's grey face and sweating brow forced me to control my ideas to practical purpose; then I carried the tray into the little parlour.

My father was seated before little mother, holding her two hands in his, bending forward talking to her hurriedly in a hushed voice with great earnestness; and mother listened with parted lips and contracted brow, pity in her soft dark eyes and fear in her pale, drawn face. At a quick sign from mother he stopped abruptly, and seeing the cheese as I set the tray upon the table, his eyes glistened with eager avidity, as if it had been the greatest luxury in the world. I noticed that he had a broad, good forehead, and strong, well-

cut features; he would have been handsome but for an expression of animal ferocity about his mouth which was not pleasant to see. It may have been hunger that gave him that look; he ate the food before him in silence and with almost brutal voracity, seeming to forget us for the time and all save the satisfaction of his craving appetite. When that was appeased, he drew a long breath of relief as he pushed his chair back; then glancing round the room, he nodded once or twice and turned to mother with a smile, as if the pictures and ornaments she set such store by were familiar to him. Looking again, as if to revive old memories, his eyes fell upon the time-piece, and he murmured quickly—

"Ten minutes to one. I must be off by

five. Only four hours, dear love." He rose and drew mother to him; then turning to me he continued, "Come, Dolly, let me hold you both in my arms while I may. I am not a bad man, dear."

The tone of remonstrance in which he spoke those last words I felt was not unmerited, for I had given him no sign of affection, shown no emotion at his return after so many years' absence—not from natural coldness, maybe, but because I was too stupefied for my feelings to have their natural play; but the traces of past suffering in his face, the look in his eyes that seemed to appeal for response to his love, were too piteous not to excite compassion and sympathy; and my heart was stirred at once with a tender impulse such as I had not yet felt towards him. Yet, even when his arms were about my waist, I could only murmur his name and press his hand closer to my side. Suddenly, and with a convulsive start, his arms tightened about us, and he glanced toward the window as a sound reached his ears. We heard it also—the grating of our garden gate upon its hinges; and the heavy steps that crunched the gravel just under the window. The white terror in my father and mother's face imparted fear of I knew not what to me, and we all waited in breathless suspense for what should ensue. The window rattled: someone outside was trying the sash. With wonderful presence of mind and quicker than I can write it, little mother seated herself before the machine and set it in motion. Almost simultaneously a single heavy knock sounded on the street door. Mother rose, with an assuring sign to my father—who now stood grasping the back of a chair, as if prepared to defend his life—and leaving the room, went boldly to the door and opened it.

"I beg your pardon, mum," said a voice I recognised.

"Only the policeman," I whispered to my father. He nodded, but still kept hold upon the chair-back with the look of savage determination upon his face unchanged.

"I didn't hear the machine," the voice outside exclaimed, "till I'd kinder dropped the knocker, or I wouldn't ha' disturbed you. Only seein' a light through the blind and it bein' so late, I just thought I'd try the window and see as it was all right."

"Thank you for taking such care of us," said little mother quite cheerfully. "I feared someone had come to complain of the noise; but we're obliged to work late in order to get a holiday to-morrow."

"Rather hard upon you, mum. But I wish you a merry Christmas."

"The same to you," said mother; then she

closed the door and quietly put up the chain. Now that the danger was past, my father's fierce determination by some process of mental reaction, which I cannot explain, gave place to feeble despair; I saw his hand trembling as he raised it to wipe his damp forehead, and he sank heavily into a chair, bowing his head as little mother re-entered the room.

"Courage, George dear," she whispered, bending over him. But he shook his head as if unable to overcome the presentiment of evil that overwhelmed his mind.

"I'm no longer a man," he muttered. "Living the life of a brute all these years has undone me."

"Now that is past you'll be yourself again," she said, and she drew up her chair beside him in front of the fire that she had built up while he was eating. I thought they might wish to say more than I should hear, so I cleared the table and carried the tray into the kitchen, where I lingered for a good five minutes, with all kinds of strange suppositions running through my mind, and strange emotions fluttering in my heart; and I coughed as I returned to the sitting-room not to surprise any confidence. But he was not talking—only sitting quite still, holding my mother's hand in his. He smiled at us from time to time, when our eyes met, with a mournful look that pleaded excuse for his dull silence. After a while his head drooped forward heavily, and mother, seeing that he had fallen asleep, drew it very gently upon her shoulder, and there he slept as if he were a little child. It was so pathetic, this strong man's helplessness and little mother's tender, protective love, that the tears came into my eyes and all was blurred until I had brushed them away. Then my mother motioned me to go up to bed; but I would not leave her. I preferred to bring my chair upon the other side of the dear little soul, and nestle my cheek against her loving arm. And so she held us both; and I too presently dropped off to sleep, exhausted by the fatigues of the long day, and soothed by the glow of the fire, the silence, and the love of my mother.

A little movement awoke me just as the clock was striking four. My father still slept, and so heavily that mother was able to disengage herself, and I, at her silent bidding, to take her place and give support to his head without awakening him. Noiselessly, little mother made tea and prepared breakfast, and, when all was ready, she kissed father's cheek and whispered:

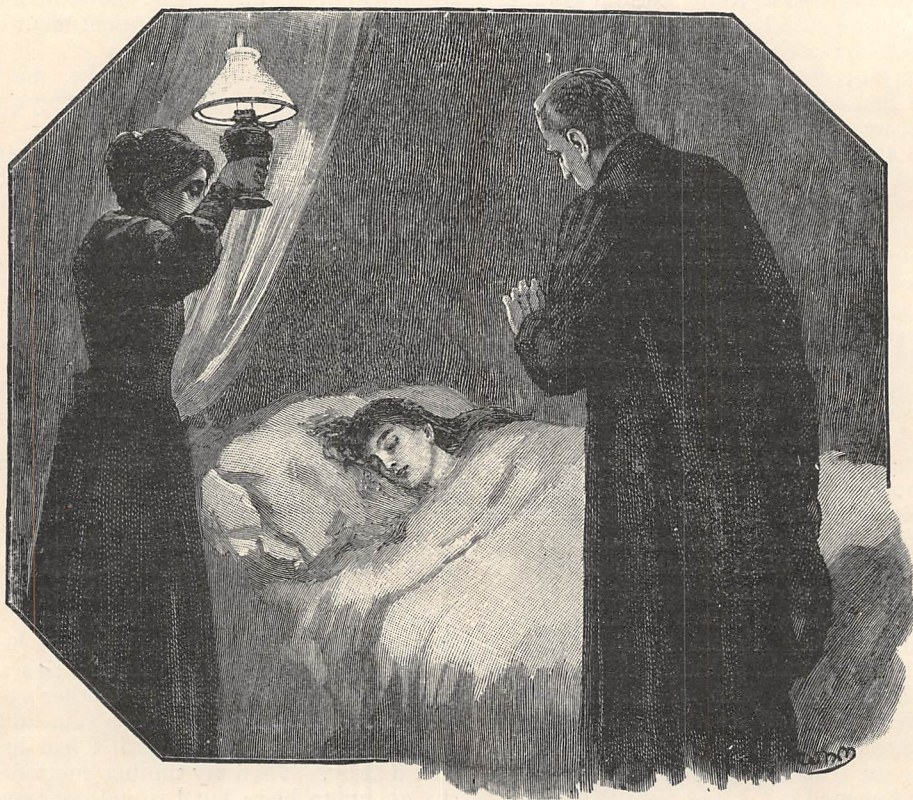
"It is time, darling."

He awoke with a start, and looked about him in fear and wondering; but seeing only my mother and me, and then glancing at the

clock, which now marked half-past four, he realised the situation, and, with a sigh, rose and turned to the meal prepared for him. After the first mouthful he pushed the plate from him impatiently, as if he were wasting time to eat now, and fixed his eyes on us with painful intensity, and that unfathomable look one finds sometimes in the eyes of dumb

lifetime to me. Let me see her. It'll give me courage to begin again. I'll not wake her. Elsie—that high"—dropping his hand to a child's height—"that high when I went away."

Mother took up the lamp and led the way upstairs, father following silently. Elsie's door stood half open. Mother entered the



"ELSIE'S PRETTY FACE LAY BACK UPON THE PILLOW."

creatures. Then his regard wandering from us, and returning after a mystified glance round the room, he said under his breath, in an accent of perplexity—

"Elsie—where is she?"

"Upstairs, dear, sleeping. She had gone to bed before you came," explained mother.

"I did not notice her absence. It is all so strange to me—like waking from a long sleep, or dreaming still. She must be as big as you, Dolly."

"She's a head taller," said I, "and a dozen times prettier. She's like little mother."

"Only twenty years younger," mother added, smiling.

"Twenty years ago, Olive," he murmured, laying his hand upon mother's head, "we were just beginning. Only twenty years—it's a

room, shielding the light with her hand, and, going to the bedside, beckoned him to approach. Elsie's pretty face lay back upon the pillow, her dark lashes, her beautiful arched brow, her delicate complexion, her little white nose, her shining white teeth just showing through her parted lips, her round white throat—all gaining in charm by her perfect repose. One braid of her long, thick, chestnut hair lay upon the pillow; and my father, after bending over her in rapt silence for a minute, lifted it gently and pressed it to his lips. Then he stepped back, his lips trembling with the thought, maybe, that he might never again look upon this sweet face; and we returned as silently as we had come.

"I'll go now; the sooner the better—for

you as well as me," said father huskily, taking up his hat.

"Wait. Let us be sure that it is safe," said mother; and, after going to the door and looking out, she came back to tell us that the street was quite empty. But she had something yet to say to my father, and she bade me watch at the door; and this I did with the greatest keenness, feeling that somehow our happiness was dependent upon his going away unseen.

Soon, my father and mother came into the passage, and there they embraced in a silence broken only by mother's stifled sob. My father took me in his arms and kissed me again and again; and then, without a word, pressing his clerical hat down upon his brows and casting but one furtive glance to the right and left, he went up the road with a quick, firm step. Meeting him, one might have thought he was a clergyman come from visiting a sick parishioner in the last extremity.

When he was out of sight, mother and I went back into our sitting-room, and there on the table I saw the little box, in which she so carefully hoarded her savings, lying

open and empty. I wondered if my father's visit was that "accident" which she had been so long and patiently preparing for.

"Dolly, dear," said little mother earnestly, "you know something of a secret that must never be hinted at to anyone. Your father's happiness and mine—nay more, perhaps our life—depend upon your silence. You will think of that always?"

"You know I will, mother dear."

She hesitated a moment and then said, as if in response to her own self-questioning—

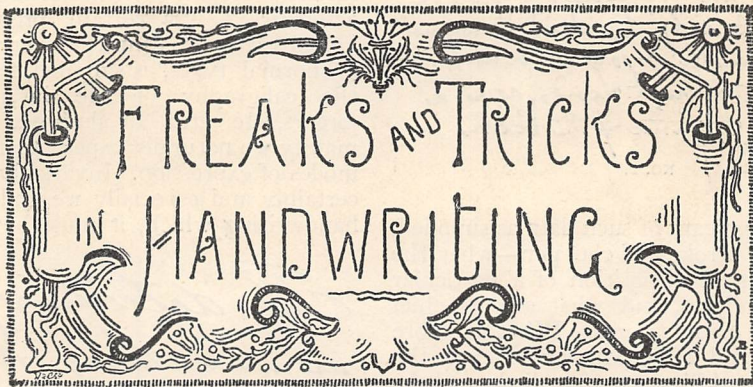
"Ought I to tell you more?"

"Not if you doubt the advantage of it, little mother. I wish to know no more."

"Secrets are heavy burdens," she said with a sigh, "and you, dear, have enough to bear without that. We will speak of it no more."

Would mother trust Dr. Fairfield with the secret she wished to keep from me? I wondered; for dimly I perceived that something in my father's past life was the obstacle that mother believed must prevent Phil from making Elsie his wife.

END OF CHAPTER THE SECOND.



BY AN EXPERT.

IT is now a well-accredited doctrine of physiological science that a very certain clue to individual character may be obtained by means of handwriting. Not only so, but it has been acknowledged that the value of the test of handwriting, as indicating certain hygienic conditions of the penman, especially in their mental and physical considerations, is much greater than many persons imagine.

No doubt much of what is so-called *Character-reading* in caligraphy is little more than a

species of quackery, akin to that which professes to read "fortune" in the lines and general anatomical features of the human hand. For no evidence is, perhaps, more unreliable than that of handwriting when an attempt is made by its help to determine what is the precise moral or physical disposition of the penman, just because there are so many considerations to be taken into account before arriving at a correct conclusion—such as, for example, the degree of haste; the kind of mood or temper; the nature and extent of the accessories of the penman when in the

act of writing, not to speak of other aids and helps for or against the production of a normal specimen of penmanship. There are, of course, certain kinds or forms of handwriting to which this does not apply, but for the most part it will be found to be of

as *literate*, in contradistinction to *illiterate*, penmanship, it is perfectly possible for the expert to define with considerable precision the physical traits of the penman. In the same way, nervous strength or weakness may be gauged with a very fair measure of success ;

*upsets me one thing. I would
ask you to do so to keep away from
the elbow the face of the trunk the
horse shoe or from the horse shoe*

NO. 1.

a featureless, automatic character, and might as well, for that matter, be the product of a writing machine as of the craft of the penman.

In spite, nevertheless, of many difficulties that necessarily confront him, an expert in handwriting may undertake to define—and

*You need not fear that I have forestalled
you, as my book is simply a dictionary.
Without argument, theories, or deductions.
You will find all available statistics on
every possible subject, ordered I suppose
in periods, usually of 10 years, or every 10
years from the earliest records, some as
far back as the time of the Cecurs*

NO. 2.

that simply by means of such data as supplied, say, by a few strokes of the pen—what the moral or physical disposition of a particular penman actually is, and what are its chief characteristics and features. What is more at the command of a penman of even the most ordinary skill than that little, subtle, obedient instrument, the pen? It is that very command or power which, when expressed in written characters, tends almost automatically to unfold the writer's personal identity. Thus, one of the commonest rules for the guidance of the expert—a rule which, however, has its exceptions—provides that a person of strong muscular physique should write with a *strong, heavy style of penmanship*, as in No. 1 ; while a person who has little or no muscular grit to boast of, should in like manner exhibit only a *thin, feeble, and featureless style* (No. 2), corresponding to the degree of physical inaptitude. All caligraphy does not come under this rule, but in nine out of every ten instances of what may be described

for there is nothing simpler, within the scope of this interesting science, than for the expert to differentiate from the bold, round, plump, deliberate pen-strokes of the man whose physique is of the big, bluff, Bismarckian type, the nervous, attenuated, shrinking caligraphy of the man who pins his faith to that slipper-and-pantaloon motto, "The pen is mightier than the sword," and whose actions are all more or less dominated by its gentle teaching.

By unhealthy or abnormal handwriting is meant chiefly such handwriting whose characteristics betray certain pronounced individual variations from the everyday standards or normal types, as supplied, for instance, by the caligraphy of the insane, criminals, forgers, etc. etc. In abnormal types of humanity we naturally expect to find abnormal modes of expression. Invariably we do so, and certainly and especially we find them in the handwriting which, it must be remembered,

*The detectives (who
are manfully hunting
up the entire case) are
of opinion that the thing
has done for a Bet.
by these same gentle
who played the abomin-
able practical joke in*

NO. 3.

is a more deliberate and less mechanical mode of mental expression than speech is, of the criminal and the insane.

There is, therefore, a most interesting field of inquiry opened out by this branch of the art and science of caligraphy, which hitherto has received but scant recognition. True, the

mental stress and strain is most evident. The penman's hurry is extreme, and the writer will, in all probability, "dash off" a similar epistle on the morrow, and the next day and the next again, and so on until the passion exhausts itself or assumes another form or seeks another outlet.

my little Mondrian

as by Britain on my own terms

is certain Economic

elder Dundergraff that the Symbols
from Germany of this Disease
afterwards by Manipulating Wilson
at the hands of Germany.

with him, the uttermost ends of the
Thorough of Europe, which fact is
the well known fact are now employing
to his arms my own death sentence
Kaiser - Recovery from the day here.
For, London, Rev. and Company
is if they lose my protection.

Reuben beneath the writing to
being no longer caused by my
maniacs

£

no become the prey of the D. C. C. C.

for Christ sake. Amen

NO. 4.

caligraphy of the insane has engaged the attention long before now of specialists like Tuke, Clouston, Bucknill, and one or two others. Still, general interest in the subject proceeds slowly, although it is now widely admitted that the progress of certain forms of mental disease can be ascertained, and even the stage of the disease apprehended, by means of the caligraphy of those suffering therefrom. Thus, in cases of delusional insanity, the pen very often readily betrays the mental condition of the penman. Keeping out the madness of the matter written, we find numerous capital letters where none are required, many words strongly underlined, a frequent use of ominous-looking crosses, star or dagger-shaped signs and emblems, and such like peculiarities, all of which more or less emphasise the nature of the mental disturbance of the hand-writers. Here are a few examples:—

In No. 3 we have a striking instance of the insanity of the penman staring at us, as it were, from every loophole and in every curve and stroke of the writing. The degree of

For the frequency of the
sent by you arrived before
your note and I send the
Shakespeare article with
my great interest. It con-
vinced me to an intended
affection for the recovery of
the pen, the world's study
of his works. Yours very faithfully
W. Gladstone
Aug 20. 91

NO. 5.

No. 4 is a remarkable example of "insane" chirography for several reasons: in the first place, for its high degree of caligraphic finish and neatness; secondly, for certain evidences of the mental skill and dexterity of the penman; thirdly, for the almost total absence (barring the nature of the context and some underlining of words) of the usual indications of mental disbalance or unevenness; and, finally and particularly, for its marked resemblance to the handwriting of one of the noblest and sanest men known to this or any other age, viz. Mr. Gladstone.

In No. 5 we show a characteristic specimen of Mr. Gladstone's usual caligraphy, and, in comparing it with No. 4, it is impossible not to be struck with the general features of likeness to each other of both examples. Such instances are, of course, exceedingly rare; and it can only be said of it that it presents to us a very pronounced deviation from the normal types of abnormal handwriting!

As already stated, a profuse display of capital letters, crosses, and other symbolic

marks are prominent features in the caligraphy of many insane persons—especially females!—whose mental weaknesses run to delusional forms. A very prevalent lunacy

Doctor!
+ I will Confide No
More in You +!+ Why should
You Deceive Me and Tell
All My Friends that I
Suffer from the Sin and the
Share!!!! A Delusion
indeed!!!!!! You are
a Liar, Sir - I Mean
Doctor T.T. O My poor

NO. 6.

among females takes the form, as is well-known to all mental pathologists, of an hallucination that they are empresses, queens, princesses, and other high personages. It is only natural that these delusions should sometimes betray themselves in the handwriting; there, at least, they are harmless enough, even though certain words are here and there seen to be flanked and guarded, so to speak, by crosses and daggers and such like emblems of power, if not of authority. No. 6 affords an interesting example of this class of abnormal penmanship, with which experts in mental science are more or less familiar.

In abnormal handwriting, and especially in that of the insane, some examples may be more pronounced and decided than others, but as a rule all are more or less suggestive of the abnormal mental disposition of the writers. In some cases, however, the evidence not only of the existence of active disease, but even of its *stage of progress* is remarkably apparent. Thus, the handwriting of paralytic and epileptic subjects possesses a

pathological interest and value which that of insane persons, otherwise classified, does not possess. Moreover, it supplies a reader clue to the precise nature of the mental disease; indeed, it tells only too well what that is, how far it has gone, and may even suggest whether or not a cure is possible. Here are but a few of the features of such handwriting:—A noticeable *hesitancy* in the formation of the *initial*, and often of the *final* letters of words. This symptom indicates so far the condition of nervous *incompactness* or *attenuatedness* of the person suffering from cerebral mischief, and is sometimes so pronounced that the handwriting in which it is detected is little better than a *scrawl* such as might suggest the *rudimentary efforts of a child* (see No. 7). In cases where this occurs the disease is probably far advanced, if not beyond repair. It will usually be found, on inquiry, that persons suffering from this subtle form of insanity were never, as a general rule, very proficient with the pen—that is to say, clear, bold, and strong caligraphy was never a strong point with them.

When placed side by side with the hand-

make up my mind
to drown myself.
This morning we went
round the garden in a
bunch. I suppose we are
going out of doors this
afternoon.

NO. 7.

writing of persons in sound mental and physical health, it is, of course, often a matter of no ordinary difficulty for an expert to detect the existence of insanity by means of

Dear Sir

Much of the Insanity in the country is
traceable to the abominable practice of Publishers
Journalists & Newspaper Publishers
amongst the number - using double inverted commas
where only single ones are required.

NO. 8.

James J. accepts of
 the job as Cab Washer
 Can give highest testimony
 as to Character and
 ability over the garden
 wall Keep it dark
 can also drive a herring
 of a plate or swallow
 a Hay Rick please send
 answer at once and
 engage me or I will
 Burst

NO. 9.

chirography. The difficulty is, moreover, increased when the insanity belongs to one of the milder types, or, at least, when it does not come within the category of cerebral disease. True, the composition *per se* often readily betrays the mental state of the penman; but, omitting that, the chirography may be of such a normal character as to pass for that of a healthy-minded person, while it may be that of a person hopelessly insane. One or two specimens bearing out this statement are submitted. In

the first (No. 8), the handwriting has every appearance of the penman's mental strength, and indicates, among other good traits of character, method, exactness, decision, strength of will, etc. Yet the writer of the epistle is incurably mad, his hapless condition having been brought about partly by a long course of indulgence in intoxicants, and partly by a hereditary tendency to insanity. The vice may, alas! only be the result of the family taint. In the second specimen (No. 9), the writing is of course that of an "illiterate," but its value lies in this—that there are few signs of deterioration such as we should expect to find in a "hand" unaccustomed to the use of the pen.

Warren J. M.

NO. 10

Walter J. M.

NO. 11

Walter J. M.

NO. 12.

THE EVOLUTION OF A FORGERY.

In such abnormal handwriting as that briefly considered the expert has certain very definite clues to work upon—a few of these we have indicated, but when he comes to deal with such abnormal specimens

Ray B. M.

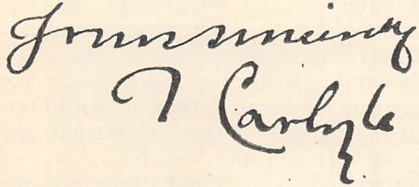
I have much to say to you for underlating to me and
 the enclosed which I send to you to read as there may be some things
 I have omitted which will at once be seen by your critical eye. We
 the last time was not altogether right in his calculations and therefore
 a little delay in the financial part of the arrangement and as in
 two places such as under ground and others in putting them under
 the ground. The other things are related about one third of
 the produce which I think is too low considering the amount of land and
 has produced the really nothing. I am sure you are well to
 this

For me J. M.
 Walter J. M.

Edw. 16 July 1884

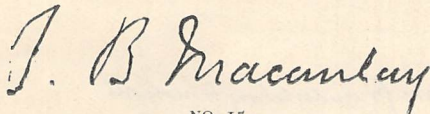
NO. 13.

as those which the caligraphy of certain of the criminal classes are sometimes supposed to supply, his task is by no means an easy one. But it is not the first time a criminal has been "run in," his identity disclosed, his capture made easy, his crime proved to the



NO. 14.

hilt, and his "term" meted out to him, by means of such a clue or clues as his peculiar handwriting supplies. Begging-letter writers have over and over again been convicted of fraud by having betrayed their identity in certain caligraphic peculiarities and oddities not sufficiently disguised, though efforts were made to effect disguise. A case in point may be referred to:—A notorious beggiry-letter writer (he had the cheek to style himself a "man of letters!") who was supposed to earn several hundreds of pounds per annum by means of a facile pen and ready wit, used to adopt many precautions against detection in his nefarious calling. Changes of name, occupation, and address, were only matters of course suited to his exigencies. The stories of his sore necessity had an infinite



NO. 15.

variety about them that almost suggested genius as a gift of their inventor. But his strong point was in his power over the pen, which afforded him almost any disguise. A fairly-well educated man, but an especially expert penman, he could assume almost any rôle in pursuance of his craft. To-day, it was that of a broken-down actor, or artist, or teacher, or commercial traveller, and his style of begging-letter was always suited in diction, phrase, and penmanship, to each profession. To-morrow, it might be as a decayed merchant, whom commercial misfortune and broken health had brought to an untimely old age and to the gate of the workhouse. "Thank God! he wasn't quite there yet, but! *unless kind friends,*" etc. etc. And when the kind friends read the poor shamblingly-written letter, they invariably prevented the broken-

down merchant from becoming a burden to the rates; at least, so "drawing" was the whole get-up of the epistle, that they postponed that sad event for a time. In a word, so suitable were the caligraphic and other disguises in each appeal that, as we have said, the man for a long time did good "business" throughout the length and breadth of the country, as was only possible to a highly capable "man of letters." But—yes, *but*—clever though all his disguises in handwriting were, there were just one or two little trifling matters that he overlooked in a way which eventually proved fatal to the whole scheme and so closed his career for a time. The first was the uniformity of two capital letters—"S" and "M." These were always written thus (no matter how well-differentiated was the rest of the writing):—

"S (as in Sir) and M (as in Madam)"

Even the small letter "s" was written as a capital reduced in size. No matter how in other respects the disguise was changed, the capitals named were always so written. Another feature of his abnormal caligraphy was his uniform method of making the sign "£": for this beggar always aimed at fairish game when on the hunt, and nothing less than a five or ten-pound note would meet his present emergency! So that in "requesting the favour" of that sum, he invariably indicated it thus:—

"£5 or £10."

It will be observed that the sign "£" has here only *one* stroke across the centre of the letter. With our friend there never were two strokes—thus: "£"—and so it was evidently seen to be a peculiarity which, as it never occurred to him to modify it with the rest of the disguise, helped, with other proofs, to set up a theory as to his identity—a theory that stood the test.

Of course, it is only those criminals whose skill with the pen is considerable who can supply the expert with instances of the foregoing kind. And while begging-letter writers have an unquestionable monopoly of this field, "forgers," as they are commonly called, not infrequently contribute a fair share of the expert's data to the question of abnormal handwriting.

In the following interesting instance of what may be described as the "evolution of a forgery," we have evident traces of the growing skill of the penman. It may be

remembered that not many years ago there was discovered, in "a certain city by the sea," what proved eventually to be a veritable manufactory of forged letters, autographs, etc., of eminent persons, dead and living. Many such letters and autographs had already,

*I am
yours sincerely
John Bright*

NO. 16.

before their real value was made known, found eager purchasers throughout the country; of these writings not a few purported to be in the "hand" of the immortal author of "Waverley," to which his familiar signature was of course appended.

Quite a curiosity in its way was a threefold attempt at the signature of Sir Walter, which we produce here (see Nos. 10, 11, and 12) for the first time, and which is, perhaps, one of the most interesting examples of improving forgery we have ever known. No. 10 shows the first attempt, which is not so bad, all things considered. No. 11 is approaching to the right thing, but still a good way from it. No. 12 is a palpable hit! yet only an apocryphal signature, though Sir Walter would have found it hard to disown it as his. And since we have exhibited the signature as an interesting bit of abnormal penmanship, there

*Written with the foot
by John C. Ham Lee*

NO. 17.

is nothing to hinder our putting in evidence (in No. 13) a portion of the letter itself for which, to all intents and purposes, the signature was concocted.

Unhappily or otherwise, the caligraphy of Sir Walter Scott was not the only "writing" thus manufactured. Here are a few other specimens, all more or less like the original, but, in certain points, showing the "hand" of the manufacturer:—

No. 14 is that of Thomas Carlyle. All that is to be said of it is that the sage of Chelsea, in his brightest, best, and least bilious mood, never penned so good a signature as this—at least since he left college!

No. 15 is like the signature of Lord Macaulay, but it is too bold and upright to be an original copy.

No. 16 purports to be a signature of John Bright. The "sincerely" is too abbreviated and slipshod to have been penned by Bright, though the name is fairly-well written. But here we must draw up for the present, though, before concluding, we cannot refrain from showing two very rare and interesting examples of abnormal writing—in one instance done not by the hand but by the foot (No. 17), and in the other instance, *mirabile dictu*, by the mouth! The writer of the latter

*opinion well coincide with
me. but I think that we
there but desired there is
more humanity than in the
other I don't feel. also both
more time to work out.*

NO. 18.

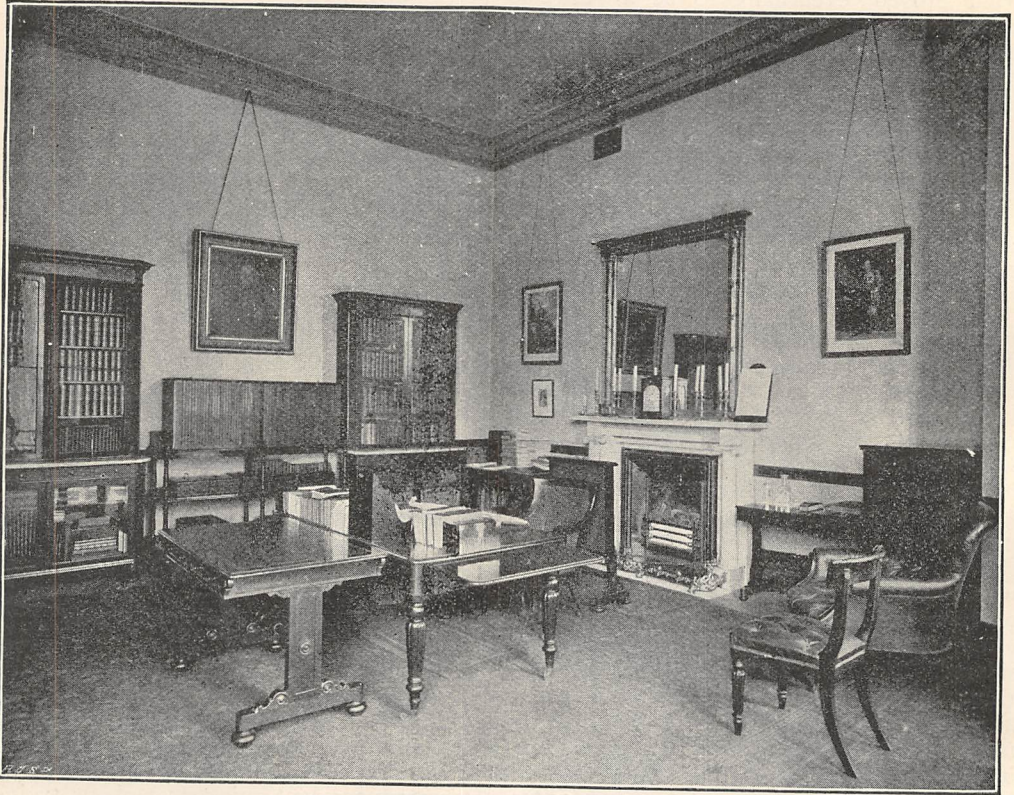
example is also armless, having had the misfortune to lose both arms in an accident some years ago. Yet the youthful victim of the tramway accident quickly set about trying to do with the mouth what formerly was accomplished by the hands. Very soon he succeeded; and was ultimately enabled to win valuable prizes for excellence in water-colour work, among his patrons being her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. To give some idea of the real skill of this armless artist, the reader has only to refer to the design which heads this article, and which is only one of the really excellent bits of work he has executed. A specimen of his caligraphy is also shown in No. 18; and, judging from its fluency and clearness of expression, it would be quite impossible to discern any natural defect in the writer.

The writer of the former (No. 17) is armless and has been so from birth, and yet so expert and dexterous has he trained his toes to be in the use of not only the pen but many other instruments, such as saw, hammer, fork and knife, etc., that he can do almost anything a *handy* man may!

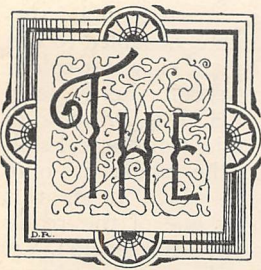
A. C.

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.



LORD WOLSELEY'S ROOM AT THE WAR OFFICE.



VIRTUAL headship of the Army of a great nation is a position of grave responsibility. Of the great departments administered under the Secretary for War, by far the most important is that of the Military Department,

the head of which is the Commander-in-Chief, who is the principal officer of the Headquarter Staff of the Army. Of that body the high functionary who is now its chief has declared that "it can compare most favourably on every point with that belonging to any other army of Europe. It is no longer composed," continues Lord Wolseley, "of men selected through family or political interest, but on account of their well-proved merits and ability." Yet hitherto there has been lacking to the Headquarter Staff an all-important functionary in the person of a Chief of Staff, who should act as the principal lieutenant of

the Commander-in-Chief, and who, in the words of an able writer, "would differentiate between qualifications, develop special talents, recognise individual idiosyncrasies, and turn each and every man to the best account."

The high office of Commander-in-Chief is of considerable antiquity. General Lord Ligonier was its first holder, nominated to the position in 1760; and the office has subsequently been dignified in the possession of it by illustrious soldiers who have won honours and advancement by eminent services on many battlefields. The Great Duke held it during some years of the long peace. Lord Hill, who fought with skill and success during the Peninsular campaigns and on the stubborn field of Waterloo, and who earned the title of "the right arm of Wellington," occupied the post from 1828 to 1842. From 1852 until 1856 it was held by Hardinge, who, entering the Army in 1791, became a field-marshal sixty-four years later; who, when a captain, retrieved the all but lost battle of Albuera; and who, in the Peninsula, at Ligny, and in the first Punjaub campaign, was in the heart

of sixteen general actions, and was wounded again and again. His successor was the Royal and venerable Prince who, after a long term of assiduous service, now retires from his high office, carrying with him the regard and affection of the Army.

Field-Marshal Viscount Wolsley is a scion of the Irish branch of the old Staffordshire family of Wolsley. There are two baronetcies in the Wolsley family. One of these remains in England, a member of which, to whom the Irish property was devised, was in 1744 created a baronet of Ireland; and a descendant of his, the late Major Garnet Joseph Wolsley, 25th Borderers, was the father of Lord Wolsley. The youngster was a student of military history at an early age. He was bent on becoming a soldier when a mere child, and he was scarcely in his teens when his name was put down for a commission. Meanwhile he was engrossed in surveying and in the acquisition of a knowledge of fortification, military engineering, and astronomical science—his proficiency in which became of valuable service to him when, although an officer of infantry, he proved his qualification for acting as an Assistant-Engineer during the siege of Sevastopol.

His actual military career began when, at the age of about nineteen, he became an ensign in the 80th Regiment, in March, 1852. The 80th was then engaged in the second Burmese war, and owing to the losses which it had sustained, young Wolsley was hurried away to the seat of war in charge of a detachment of recruits. An attempt on the part of a combined force to reduce the stronghold near Donabew of a Burmese chief named Mya-toon had miscarried, and it was found necessary to employ a stronger body of troops in the renewed enterprise. Among the requisite reinforcements was a detachment of the 80th, which Wolsley accompanied. On the morning of March 19th, 1853, the Burmese position was approached, and the 80th was detailed to head the assault. While well in front of the men of his storming party and close under the hostile breastwork, Wolsley encountered the first serious risk of his life. The treacherous earth gave way under him, and he fell into a covered pit, the bottom of which was studded with pointed stakes. Between those and the enemy's close fire he had rather a bad quarter of an hour, but finally was able to rejoin his detachment, which had fallen back. Shaken as he was by the earlier *contretemps*, he volunteered to lead a second storming party, and the attempt resulted in complete success. Wolsley, however, and a young subaltern of another regiment, while racing along a narrow path for

the honour of being first over the breastwork, were struck down simultaneously, both wounded exactly in the same place. A large iron jingall ball tore away the muscle and surrounding flesh from Wolsley's left thigh, but fortunately the femoral artery, although laid bare, was not severed. While Wolsley lay helpless and prostrate he continued to cheer on his men, and refused to be removed until the enemy's position had been carried. For months his life hung upon a thread, owing to the constant danger of the artery sloughing; yet, thanks to a sound constitution, no permanent injury was sustained.

Recovered from his Burmese wound, Wolsley was presently posted to a lieutenancy in the 90th Regiment, to which he was destined to belong while he remained a regimental officer. The 90th did not reach the Crimea until the beginning of December, 1854, and on the following morning the regiment marched down into the trenches in face of Sevastopol. The strain on the Engineer officers engaged in the siege operations being excessive, Wolsley was presently summoned to take up the duties of Acting-Engineer, which he continued to perform during the protracted siege. During the nine months of active and continuous service before Sevastopol he was probably as often and as long on duty in the trenches as any officer in the Army. As an Engineer officer of the Right Attack he was in a post of exceptional danger, for of the fourteen Engineer officers killed during the siege, twelve belonged to that position, or were killed when on duty there.

It seemed, indeed, as if, almost to the last, he bore a charmed life. On one occasion his coat was pierced by a ball; on another a round shot struck the embrasure at which he was working, and his clothes were cut by splinters; on a third his cap was knocked off his head by a ball. Twice he was slightly wounded; but it was not until near the end of the siege that he was wounded so severely that his injuries were thought to be mortal. He was holding a gabion when it was struck in the centre by a Russian round shot, and the stones it contained were dashed with great force into Wolsley's face and body. The sergeant working with him pulled back without ceremony what he believed to be a dead body, intending to bury it in camp, when he presently discovered that the life of his officer was not extinct. The whole face of Wolsley, as well indeed as of most of his body, was honeycombed by wounds caused by stones from the gabion which were imbedded in the flesh. A large stone was driven through the cheek and jaw into the neck, where it lodged; the right wrist was all but

smashed, and a serious wound was inflicted on his right shin, the bone of which exfoliated later. Both eyes were completely closed, and the sight of one was permanently destroyed. The surgeon's first casual diagnosis was tersely expressed in the words—"He's a dead 'un," but Wolseley roused himself to exclaim feebly, "I am worth a good many dead men yet!" His estimate of the situation proved the correct one, and, after passing some weeks in a darkened cave while, in a measure, recovering his eyesight, he joined the Quartermaster-General's department, and was one of the last to quit the Crimea. He had attained the rank of captain there after two years' service, and when as yet not twenty-two years of age; but, notwithstanding Lord Raglan's special mention of him in despatches and Sir Harry Jones' recommendation of him for promotion, he did not receive the brevet-majority which his services warranted. He brought home, however, the knighthood of the Legion of Honour and the Fifth Class Order of the Medjidie.

Headquarters and seven companies of Wolseley's regiment reached India in time to form part of the gallant little force with which Havelock and Outram accomplished, after hard fighting, what is known as the "First Relief" of Lucknow. The three remaining companies, one of which Wolseley commanded, were shipwrecked in the Straits of Banca while on the voyage to China. Reaching Calcutta from Singapore, the detachment was hurried up country to Cawnpore. After a skirmish at Bithoor, where Wolseley's dinner was cooked with the legs of Nana Sahib's billiard-table, Barnston's battalion of detachments, to which Wolseley belonged, moved up to the Alumbagh, pending Sir Colin Campbell's advance to the accomplishment of the "Second Relief" of Lucknow. Wolseley missed the desperate struggle in the Secundrabagh, but on the following day was charged by Sir Colin with the task of storming the strong position of the Mess-House with his own company, supported by some detachments. The building of the Mess-House itself was found abandoned, but Wolseley, after some sharp fighting, cleared the surrounding buildings of the hostile marksmen who infested them. Then, with only his own company, he dashed across the fire-swept open space from the Mess-House to the Motee Mahal, broke into that great structure by storm, drove the enemy from room to room, and chased them into the Goomtee.

Still, however, between the Motee Mahal, occupied by Wolseley's company—the leading detachment of the relieving force—and the "Engine House" and "Herrn Khana," the

advanced posts of the garrison, there remained an open space of considerable breadth swept by cross fire from the Kaiserbagh and the opposite side of the river. Wolseley called on his company to follow him across the fire-swept interval and thus earn the glory of achieving the earliest communication with the garrison. Simultaneously with his rush there broke out from the "Engine House" a detachment of the garrison bound on a sortie. Out in the open, about midway between the two posts, the advance of the delivering force and that of the beleaguered garrison joined hands. Strange to relate, relievers and relieved were of the same regiment. Headquarters and seven companies of the 90th belonged to the garrison, within touch of which were now the three companies which had been shipwrecked in the Straits of Banca, but were now rejoining the headquarters of the gallant regiment. And to Wolseley it was that there belonged the distinction of having thus been the first to effect a junction with the Lucknow garrison.

When Sir Colin Campbell gave an order, he hated that it should not be obeyed to the very letter. As soon as the ardour of the moment had died down in Wolseley, he had to recognise that old "Kubbar-dar" would have something very unpleasant to say to him for the offence of exceeding his orders. He tried skulking, but Sir Colin had very keen eyesight. The strength of language in which the chief administered a severe wiggling was quite equal to Wolseley's expectations, or rather apprehensions. When ordered only to take the Mess-House, how dared he exceed his instructions by attacking the Motee Mahal? It was lucky for Wolseley, continued Sir Colin, that he had kept out of the way on the previous night, for he (Sir Colin) declared that he never had been so furious against any man in his life. Then the old chief cooled down, and ended by expressing his intention to recommend the young captain for promotion as a reward for his conduct; and Sir Colin, who was soon to become Lord Clyde, was as good as his word.

On Sir Colin's departure from Lucknow after the final relief of the Residency and the withdrawal of its garrison, Outram remained with a division at the Alumbagh, and Wolseley participated in the many fights with the rebels which occurred in that vicinity from the end of November, 1857, to the beginning of March, 1858, when Sir Colin returned to Lucknow in great force, bent on accomplishing its final and utter reduction. The 90th were early in the Kaiserbagh, and participated in the loot of that wonderful palace. After the capture of Lucknow Wolseley was



Ante a Sleigh. 11

Photograph by Werner & Son, Dublin.

64—N. B.

*faithfully yours
Hoselley*

appointed to the staff of the Quartermaster-General's department of the Lucknow Field Force, commanded by Sir Hope Grant. At the beginning of the summer campaign of 1858 in Oude he had the gratification to learn that he had been gazetted brevet-major for his services during the Mutiny, and at the close of the final campaign in May, 1859, he received the brevet of lieutenant-colonel at the age of twenty-six. He was not long employed in peace work. Sir Hope Grant was appointed to the command of the expedition to China which left Calcutta in February, 1860, in which Wolseley participated in the capacity of Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General in charge of the topographical department. He himself is the historian of that campaign, in which he greatly distinguished himself, and in which he had many interesting and exciting experiences. In the words of his biographer, "during that brief space in Wolseley's military career incidents had been crowded sufficient to make a lifetime eventful."

Few people know that Wolseley was once officially stated to have risen from the ranks. Mr. Low is responsible for the curious story. A fortnight after having been gazetted to his company, the authorities, on the ground that he was too young, cancelled the promotion they themselves had authorised. He promptly intimated his resolution to leave the service if not immediately reinstated, and the order was rescinded. Some time afterwards Captain Wolseley learned the true cause of the strange conduct of the authorities. The father of a young officer had gone to the Horse Guards with the complaint that his son, who was older than Wolseley, had not obtained his company. The official answer was to the effect that the son was too young, and it was explained that the promotion of Captain Wolseley was an exception to the rule, *because he had risen from the ranks*. It was not until later that the authorities discovered the curious blunder which had been committed.

Colonel Wolseley returned to England in May, 1861, after an absence of four years. A lengthened period of leave was before him, and he was hunting in the County of Cork when, in November of that year, he was suddenly recalled to active service. The United States Commodore Wilkes had perpetrated the "Trent Outrage," and the British Government promptly insisted on reparation for the insult. Troops, arms, and military supplies were rapidly despatched to Canada; and a number of selected officers, of whom Wolseley was one, were sent to prepare for the reception and distribution of the troops throughout the provinces. In his capacity as Assistant-Quartermaster-General,

Wolseley was stationed at Rivière du Loup, charged with making arrangements for the accommodation and forwarding of the troops. On the settlement of the Trent affair he determined to visit the Confederate headquarters in the field, and, accompanied by his friend Mr. Frank Lawley, he ran the blockade of the Potomac, and, after a visit to Richmond, where he was received with great cordiality, he proceeded to General Lee's headquarters, where he and Lawley were introduced to the famous chief of the Confederate Army, who received them with kindly courtesy. From Lee's headquarters they passed on to those of General Stonewall Jackson, at Bunker's Hill. With that famous soldier they had a most pleasant interview, and were agreeably surprised to find him very affable, having been led to expect that he was silent and almost, indeed, morose.

It was during his long term of service in Canada, which extended, with intervals of leave at home, from 1862 until 1870, that Wolseley prepared the first edition of that most practical and comprehensive work, "The Soldier's Pocket-Book." It meets every emergency of the soldier's needs on field-service. Naturally it is for the most part technical, but the civilian reader may enjoy many passages of it. For its author is endowed with the rare gift of relieving the driest details with bright flashes of quaint, fresh originality. Every page is suffused with his racy individuality and quiet easy humour. "The sanitary officer on campaign," he writes, for instance, "is a very useless functionary. I have never heard him make any useful suggestions, whereas I have known him make very silly ones. But this is not wholly his fault; for with an army moving it is impossible to drain a town or to carry out any great sanitary measure." Inculcating, as he never tires of doing, the cultivation of the military spirit, he writes:—"The better you dress the soldier, the more highly will he be thought of by women, and consequently by himself." There is a direct frankness in the occasional cynicism of "The Soldier's Pocket-Book," of which the following is a characteristic specimen:—"As a nation we are bred up to feel it a discredit even to succeed by falsehood; we keep hammering along with the conviction that 'Honesty is the best policy,' and that 'Truth always wins in the long run.' These pretty little sentences do well for a child's copybook; but the man who acts upon them in war had better sheathe his sword for ever." The commander who would succeed, it seems, must lie like a Russian diplomat; and Wolseley genially suggests to him that, *inter alia*, "he

can, by spreading false news among the gentlemen of the press, use them as a medium by which to deceive the enemy." The author is a born foe to incapacity. "Do not be contented," he demands, "with any but the best officers and the best men for these small wars of ours; and if some old Adjutant-General Pipeclay refuses to let you have them, be assured the English people will support you; their sound common-sense will be too powerful even for the opposition of poor Lieutenant-General Sir Regulation Routine." It will be seen from such outspoken utterances that even while in comparative obscurity Wolseley was never any respecter of persons. Further quotation is not here possible; but it may be said that strewn over the pages of "The Soldier's Pocket-Book" may be found instance on instance of its author's singular power of dashing in with a few strong strokes of his pen a picture that speaks, and lives, and remains in the memory.

Notwithstanding almost continuous military employment of some kind or other during his nine years of Canadian service, this period of Wolseley's career must have been somewhat dreary. He had got, it was true, a step of rank in 1865, from Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel to Brevet-Colonel; but I have heard—not, indeed, from his own lips, but on what may be regarded as good authority—that there were times of depression when he was all but decided to quit the service altogether and to betake himself to the avocation of a civil engineer, for which he had eminent qualifications. Any such brooding notions were, however, promptly dissipated when, early in 1870, disloyal ebullitions on the Red River became so serious that the authorities determined to despatch a body of troops to restore the Queen's authority in that remote Settlement, and to nominate Colonel Wolseley to the command of the expedition. Supreme command, whether of a great army or of a comparatively small force, is the worthy aspiration of the zealous and ambitious soldier. It was after forty-two years of stagnation and depression that the dearest wish of Havelock's longing heart was at last gratified on the Allahabad parade-ground by the realisation of the dream of his early life, the ambition of his maturity—an independent command of soldiers in the field. More fortunate than Havelock, to Wolseley there had come independent command at the age of thirty-seven, and after only eighteen years of service. With what resolution, fertility of resource, and unvarying cheerfulness he conducted the arduous journey and voyage over a distance of six hundred miles by water and land-portages, the Argonauts whom he had

led testified enthusiastically on their return to civilisation.

Wolseley returned to England towards the end of 1870. But that the interest of the nation was then centred in the mighty struggle between France and Germany, much greater attention would have been given to the progress and successful issue of the Red River expedition. The Queen bestowed on him the well-deserved honour of the K.C.M.G., and while engaged in the expedition he had received the C.B. But routine held its stern sway, and it befell the man who had recently been the leader of a force equivalent to a strong brigade of all arms to revert temporarily to the position of a major on half-pay. Six months later a sphere of duty was found him at the Horse Guards as an Assistant Adjutant-General.

My personal acquaintance with Sir Garnet Wolseley began during the autumn manœuvres of 1871 in the vicinity of Aldershot. He had been sent down, mainly in the nature of an experiment, to act as chief of staff to Sir Charles Staveley, who commanded one of the contending divisions. Staveley did not believe in anything so new-fangled as a chief of staff, and in effect, as I understood, told Wolseley that he had no occasion for his services. A man of a sweet temper, Wolseley accepted the situation blandly, and thenceforth, in effect, filled the rôle of a gentleman at large. One day, during a fight on the Hog's Back, I had been talking with old General Blumenthal, the Chief of Staff of the German Crown Prince in the recent war. As I left him I happened to notice a smart and dapper staff-officer on an exceptionally well-bred chestnut charger. The rider approached, and remarked very genially, "Let me introduce myself. I am Sir Garnet Wolseley, and, if I do not mistake, you are Mr. Forbes?" I believe that I expressed surprise that Sir Garnet Wolseley should care to know a member of a class of men of whom he had written so slightly in his "Soldier's Pocket-Book." He made some rejoinder personally complimentary to myself, and I had the good fortune for many years to have the honour of his friendship.

I may remark a finely chivalrous trait in Wolseley's character. About a year after his return from Canada, the late Duke of Wellington offered for competition among the officers of the Army a prize of £100 for the best essay on "The System of Field Manœuvres best suited for enabling British Troops to meet a Continental Army." The arbiter was the late Sir Edward Hamley, then Commandant of the Staff College, and the author of that military classic, the "Operations of War."

Many essays were sent in, each distinguished by a number and a motto inscribed by its writer. Under the signature of "Ubique" Wolseley competed for this prize, but, although his essay made many novel and bold suggestions and went into considerable detail, he had not the fortune to be the winner of the prize, though he ranked among the first ten after the successful candidate. That deservedly fortunate officer was Lieutenant (now Colonel) J. F. Maurice, R.A. When Sir Garnet Wolseley was choosing his staff in preparation for the Ashantee campaign, he made haste to appoint Lieutenant Maurice his private secretary, and has made a point of having him on his staff in all his subsequent campaigns. I was an invalid at the time and unable to accompany the expedition; but Sir Garnet at my request did me the favour to allow Maurice to fill my place as regarded the correspondence of the *Daily News*, a task which he performed with great brilliancy.

The brilliant success achieved by Sir Garnet Wolseley as the commander of the Ashantee expedition in 1873-74, gave proof to the nation that in him it possessed a general of exceptional gifts and qualifications. The issue of that complex and difficult undertaking made it abundantly clear that Wolseley was possessed of fertility of resource, strength of purpose, self-reliance, high military capacity, and remarkable administrative skill. From the first landing on the pestilential shore of the Gold Coast until the day he led his troops back victorious from the destroyed Coomassie, Wolseley was the heart and soul of the enterprise, its moving and master spirit, its strong backbone. He never faltered or lost his resolution when repeated hindrances threatened to baulk him; harassed by a depressing and almost deadly climate, his buoyant courage never deserted him. Sovereign and nation welcomed him home. The Queen reviewed the Ashantee regiments, headed by their chief. The thanks of both Houses were voted to commander and troops. Honours and crosses were tendered to Wolseley, some of which he modestly declined. The House of Commons voted him a grant of £25,000. Although when on campaign he had held the local rank of major-general, he was still only a brevet-colonel, and his substantive rank was merely that of a half-pay major. But he was now promoted to the full rank of major-general "for distinguished conduct in the field." The freedom of the City of London was presented to him with a sword of honour in recognition of his gallant services.

Constantly abroad myself on service in the field, I merely heard of Sir Garnet casually, at first as Inspector-General of the Auxiliary

Forces, and later, in the beginning of 1875, as having been sent to Natal charged with the task of reforming the administration of that Colony. This expedition was familiarly spoken of in Natal as the "Champagne Campaign." Returning to England in the beginning of 1878, I found that war between England and Russia was considered imminent, and that Sir Garnet Wolseley had been nominated as chief of staff to Lord Napier of Magdala, the designated commander of the anticipated expeditionary army. But the war-cloud passed away, dispelled by the labours of the Berlin Congress. Lord Beaconsfield suddenly announced the annexation of Cyprus, and intimated the appointment of Sir Garnet Wolseley as Her Majesty's High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of that island.

Sir Garnet was good enough to invite me to accompany him, and a week later he and his staff were on the way to Brindisi in a saloon carriage. The rapidity and thoroughness with which "His Excellency" assimilated document after document was equalled only by the alacrity with which, when a batch of papers had been conquered, he went to sleep at a moment's notice. Such a man for alternate work and sleep I had never known. It occurred to me that he must be amassing a reserve of sleep against the prolonged toil which awaited him in Cyprus. On the further voyage in the *Himalaya* work and sleep again alternated, but Cyprus once reached, a period of indefatigable activity set in. Within a week after reaching Larnaca roads, Sir Garnet knew the island as if it had been the palm of his hand. His capacity for work was immense, but he never seemed oppressed. Always cheery under the burden, ever ready with a quaint flash of humour or a light touch of badinage, he was the brightest companion I have ever known.

Very few men, in my experience, are so ready and cordial as is Lord Wolseley in expressing gratitude for any little service which may be rendered. Perhaps I may be pardoned for citing an instance. While Lord Chelmsford was slowly and circuitously moving in the direction of Ulundi, Wolseley had reached South Africa with instructions to take over the civil and military command in the eastern portion of that territory. Time did not serve him to overtake the army drifting towards Ulundi, and I was well aware that he would be on tenterhooks until he should have definite intelligence as to the situation of the army advancing deviously towards Cetewayo's capital. As soon as the victory of Ulundi was accomplished, on the 4th of July, I rode with all haste to the

nearest telegraph office at Landsmann's Drift, whence I wired to Sir Garnet a short account of the victory of the British arms. The message reached him at Fort Pearson on the Natal border. A member of his staff subsequently told me how Wolseley received it. "Thank God," he exclaimed, with a deep sigh of relief, "this is the best news I have received since I landed. My mind is now at rest." He read the message aloud amid cheers. Then he exclaimed, "I must thank Forbes at once. Brackenbury! despatch this message immediately: 'Sir Garnet expresses to Forbes his sincere thanks for his most welcome news, the first intelligence of the success. He congratulates Forbes on his energy.'" An acknowledgment such as that goes straight to a man's heart.

Wolseley's enduring fame as a commander in the field will no doubt rest chiefly on the campaign in Egypt of 1882, and on the less regular but more exciting and vivid struggle for the rescue of Gordon. There can be but one opinion as to the skilful strategy which he displayed in the Egyptian campaign when opposed to an enemy by no means contemptible. He had been suffering from fever before leaving England, and his eyesight was in such a dangerous state that under medical advice he made the journey by sea in a state-room protected from the light by darkened curtains. But he rallied on reaching Alexandria, and his first action was to put in practice the dexterous ruse which was a principal feature of the plan of campaign he had matured in his room in the War Office. He encountered not a few delays and hindrances, yet he fought and won the final and decisive battle of the campaign on the day and on the spot which he had specified before leaving England. The night march from Nine Hill across the desert to within striking distance of the face of Arabi's entrenchment, at the precise moment offering the best opportunity for the assault delivered so vigorously, was a brilliant triumph of tactical skill, and the victory of Tel-el-Kebir worthily earned for its organiser the peerage which his sovereign made no delay to bestow.

Owing to the vacillation and procrastination of the Government of the day, the task enjoined on Lord Wolseley of attempting to rescue Gordon was from the outset very much in the nature of a forlorn hope. He and his whole command strained every nerve to accomplish the relief of their heroic and devoted comrade. How, after desperate fighting, it was finally ascertained that Gordon had perished only two days before succour was approaching, all the world remembers. The skilful and gallant attempt had failed almost

by a hair's-breadth, but through no default of leader or of troops. Gordon and Wolseley had been bosom friends for many years.

To my thinking, apart from his military genius and personal self-reliance, Lord Wolseley's most marked faculty is his perception of individual character. With this intuitive skill in selection as a guide, early in his career of command he began to gather around him a band of devoted adherents, in each one of whom he had recognised some special and particular attribute of which, when the occasion occurred, he has taken astute and purposeful advantage. His circle of adherents Lord Wolseley has always been on the alert to recruit without regard to interest or position, and acting simply on his perception of character. And he has constantly and almost exclusively employed his own men, arguing with great force and sound reason that what he may have to undertake he could accomplish more efficiently and smoothly with instruments whom he had proven, and between whom and himself there existed a mutual familiarity of methods, rather than with new and unaccustomed men of whom he has had no experience.

With Wolseley's first command his mastery over men and things disclosed itself. One of those who knew him best designated him "A sovereign among soldiers." Of the Ashantee campaign another superior officer thus wrote of him: "His means were limited by time and circumstances; with a handful of men he was required to accomplish a hitherto unattainable feat. . . . Our success was due to the leader and his choice of able subordinates, all of whom acknowledged their chief's superior military genius, and he impressed on all his iron will and steadfast determination. Few men, it may be said of him, as of Pitt, made fewer mistakes or left so few advantages unimproved. To all his other great qualities he added that fire, that spirit, that courage, which, giving vigour and confidence to his soldiers, bore down all resistance."

The precise nature of the functions devolving upon the new Commander-in-Chief seems still, for the moment, somewhat unsettled. But a wise public will assuredly enforce the demand of the Army for concentration of responsibility in his personality, subject to the Parliamentary control expressed in the superior authority of the Secretary of State, and loyally supported by the high officers of the Headquarters Staff and the Military Department as a whole. Still in his mature prime, hale, active and energetic as he is highly-trained and intellectual, Lord Wolseley may be trusted to inspire the Army with the zeal and thoroughness of its head.

A CAN OF PEACHES



I.—1893.



“SEEMS to me, Cairra, that Peterson, of the *Gulch Express*, has about hit the mark this time. This is a mighty good article of his. I didn't give Peterson credit for having so much in him. Listen, Cairra.”

The speaker adjusted himself to the proper angle for effective reading, and began—

“We understand our respected townsman, Paul I. Taylor, is about to go round Europe for a spell. With his pile—the height of which no man has yet guessed—he will have no difficulty in entering any society he may elect. The crowned heads will extend to him the right hand of fellowship; the learned of the earth will listen with rapture to his remarks. He will be accompanied by his daughter. This most beautiful and most talented of our girls leaves us to return an English duchess. Of that we are convinced, and on that we are prepared to stake our world-renowned reputation.”

“There's truth in those words, Cairra, 'specially in that as runs, 'With his pile—the height of which no man has guessed.' Now, I'm thinking I'd kinder like you to do Peterson a good turn, and marry a duke straight off. It 'ud be the making of the *Gulch Express*, for here's the *Report* sings smaller.

It 'lows as you're not as homely as a buckthorn hedge, yet stakes *his* reputation that you'll just come back and settle down in Californy. I and the *Report* never could hit it off, and his reputation ain't as good as a rotten pear;

still, I 'ud like you to give him the go-by if you can.”

The girl thus addressed turned and faced the speaker.

“I'm not a racehorse; I'm not a running dog. Why, then, do the *Express* and the *Report* treat me as such?”

“Say, Cairra, if I thought so, we'd hustle away from all the newspaper crowd to-morrow. But Peterson meant no offence. Peterson always 'lows you're the best-looking girl this side the Rockies.”

He paused and gazed at her admiringly. His gaze in no way disconcerted Cairra Taylor. She had been used to outspoken admiration from her cradle. To be told she was beautiful interested her no more than to be told the day was fine.

Custom takes off the edge from every feeling. The gipsy's donkey ceases to shrink from the uplifted stick; Venus ceases to blush at laudation.

“I'll have your picture painted like that,” Paul I. Taylor proceeded reflectively; “standing as you are now, flashing and scorning. In a sorter kind of velvet robe you'd look real handsome. You've got none of my coarse Yankee blood in you, that's certain. You're your mother over again.”

To no one else would he have thus depreciated himself, but before his daughter he was always humble. And his valuation of her was not overrated.

She was one of those tall slight girls with the complexion of a rose-leaf, who look as fragile as a bit of rare porcelain, but who are in reality as good as a man with bridle and rifle. A sweet Western woman full of daring, full of pathos. This is no paradox, for girls of Cairra Taylor's stamp are made up of the strangest mingling of light and shade. Moreover, she was blessed with that choicest gift

of the gods—an unerring sense of the fitness of things.

A thorough American by upbringing, she yet repeated in look, in gesture, in feeling, her great grandmother, the beautiful Marquise d'Enogât, and it was from her that she inherited the name Caira.

When the marquise's mother lay in pain, a hooting, shrieking mob assembled under her window, yelling the popular Parisian street ditty of that day—

“Ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrats à la lanterne;
Ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrats seront pendus.”

“What shall we call the girl?” asked the marquis of his dying wife.

And she replied in the words that were ringing in her fevered brain—

“Ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!”

“But, madam?” exclaimed a scandalised nurse.

“Ça ira!” wearily reiterated the young mother, as with a sigh and a shudder she turned away her head, and spoke no more.

“Call the child by the marquise's last words,” commanded the grief-stricken father.

And the name—Americanised to Ka-eye-ra—had ever been retained in the family.

When Paul I. Taylor declared “You're your mother over again,” the flash faded from the girl's eye. *That* was the only compliment she valued.

“I'll back the *Express* myself,” he continued, still harping upon the subject that was then filling his mind. “Don't you forget it; but which'll you do?”

He waited for her answer with a look of positive anxiety. He never did things by halves, not even imaginary ones.

“Well, pa, I almost think I'll put on the *Report*.”

“Caira, do tell!”

Her reply overwhelmed him. He had not expected it.

Why, Jenkins, of the *Report*, was deacon of the “Congo,” and opposed Paul I. Taylor upon every question, social and religious.

“It isn't—it isn't *young* Jenkins as you're thinking of. Not that he's a bad-looking fellow in his store clothes. But *Jenkins*.”

“No, pa; it isn't. You're right for once. Jim Jenkins never sees me. He only sees my purse. He talks of money, he thinks of money, he dreams of money. At school he'd do any mean trick for a cent, and now he's in the band, this is what he plays.”

Marching round the room, and ratating an invisible drum, she sang—

“I wish I had millions, billions, trillions. I wish I had millions, billions, trillions.”

Paul I. Taylor broke into a loud he-ha! he-ha!

“Now I think of it, I'd like your picture painted like that—all dancing, laughing, and roughish.”

“Why, pa, you change about that picture every day. You'd better have me like Turner's ‘Victory’—three positions in one canvas. But I'm going round now to Mrs. Chester's. So long, so long.”

“Mrs. Chester's!” he meditated. “It can't be that Charles Saltmarsh Masham as she's set on? He just does chores. It can't be a chore boy as my Caira 'ud stoop to. I'll back Peterson yet. Peterson says a duchess, and a duchess it'll have to be.”

There was joy in Mrs. Chester's homestead when Caira burst in, radiant and fresh.

Not that there was much time to express that joy, for scores upon scores of peaches were being canned.

Of the canning of fruit on a Californian farm there seems to be no end. Hundreds do this work, and Mrs. Chester flattered herself she was the best canner among these hundreds. She was a true-type woman—a type of the clever, well-read, cultured Englishwoman, who, marrying a man as clever perhaps, but much less capable, drifts with him from the home where “nothing turns up” to the Great West, where everything good is expected to turn up.

Aided by her nephew, she managed house and farm entirely; and yet when the Gulch Debating Society held its meetings there was to be found there no clearer speaker than “Widow Chester,” as young Jenkins irreverently called her. Her lecture on bacteriology had been circulated throughout the State.

A wonderful woman!

Many as wonderful may be found for the looking on the western side of the Cascades.

It was a pretty picture upon which Caira looked. The sunlight fell in patches on the yellow-painted floor, and heightened the rich warm tints of the peaches that were piled high on every table, some freshly gathered, some ready for the simmering pot, some already shining clear in the syrup. A huge oleander waved beside the door, and mingled its almond-laden perfume with the scent of the cooking fruit.

Mrs. Chester marched backwards and forwards from the stove, spoon in hand, and casting a commanding officer's eye upon her nephew, who was waxing the filled cans. It was her marked peculiarity—almost her marked fault—that of marshalling everybody and everything.

“And so you are really going this week!”

she said, after an odd dozen or so of other topics had been touched.

"Yes," replied Cairra, with a sigh.

It was vastly pleasant watching this peach canning, and Charles standing there, taper in hand, had a *pose* meet for a Thornycroft.

With all her sense of the fitness of things, it did not seem at all pitiable to Cairra that a

of old Map's—'And what ssal cum of thee?' This is singing in my brain all day. I—I don't know. I wish I did."

She turned unconsciously towards Charles; and he returned her look with eyes that plainly entreated, "Yes, come back to us—to *me*."

Then, remembering that she was one of



"AND YOU, CAIRRA, WHAT DO YOU SAY?"

young man, who looked muscular enough for a 'Varsity eight, or for throwing the hammer, should be doing chores under his aunt's supervision.

In California one is not surprised to see even an ex-Christ Church tutor polishing a stove.

Cairra noticed not the meanness of the work; she saw but the manly sinews of the worker.

And so, being a woman, and that a very young one, she sighed.

"And Peterson says you're to be a duchess," continued Mrs. Chester.

"Yes; Peterson says so."

"And you, Cairra, what do you say?"

"I? Ah! well, you know that question

the richest of America's rich heiresses, he withdrew his glance and busied himself once more with the cans that were simmering on the stove with a gentle musical bubble.

It is justifiable to be friendly, very friendly, with the girl who for years sat next to you in class, who helped you in your translation, who walked home with you discussing the merits of the new kitten or the new mare; but to fall in love with her—well, that is another matter.

So Charles Masham reasoned; but, then, reason and sentiment do not always go well in tandem. Sentiment is apt to pull off unto dangerous ground.

"Give me this as a keepsake," she said, reaching for a finished can, hoping by the

action to hide the little tremor the young man's look had produced. "Give me this; I will take it to Europe. Perhaps, if I am sick, it may make me well. I love peaches."

She spoke rapidly. Charles Masham had been her favourite class-mate. And what, after all, is the world but one large class where we are ever learning? A good class-mate is sure to make a good life-mate. Some such logic as this lay deep in Caira's thoughts.

"Yes, take the can," said Mrs. Chester, pleased that her work should be thus appreciated. "I would like you to take it to the old country. If you go into Devon, Caira, write to me, and tell me if the gorse still glows golden on Botor Hill, and if the ferns still grow thickly in every chink, and——"

She stopped. It was long since Mrs. Chester had felt a lump in her throat; but this vivid remembrance of her girlhood's home was fast forming one.

"You'd better go on to Sara Macleod's, Charles, and tell her I want her to take shorthand notes for me to-morrow. You may as well invite her to dine with us."

This was quite an impromptu errand; but with that rising lump Mrs. Chester craved for a quiet hour.

Caira looked at Charles with a shrug and a *moue*.

Sara Macleod was the practical girl of the Gulch—liberally endowed with the virtues of industry and common-sense. But it is not always the most virtuous who are the most likeable, and she and Caira had never "got on."

When Caira walked homeward Charles accompanied her.

"It is quite as near this way as the other to Dr. Macleod's house," he said.

"And you, too, will speak at the Debating, Charles?" Caira asked.

"I? Oh, no. What have I to say?"

"Everything! You know you have. Tell them about Chaucer's Women. Sara will then gather that the world of thinking is as grand as the world of hand-doing; and Jim Jenkins—but why discuss him?"

"If you say I can speak, I will." Then, after a pause, he added—"Do you know, Caira, that I should never have done any real head-work but for you? It was *you* who bid me write that prize essay on the Neolithic age; it was *you* who encouraged me to translate Béranger; it was *you* who egged me on to write for *Old and New Thought*. But for you, I should have fancied myself all muscle and no brain. It has been *you*—*you* throughout."

There was a dangerous inflexion in his voice which, Caira hearing, hastened to counteract by saying—

"Do you remember that piece Hamish Campbell wrote about the English—'They are a slow and stupid race'? How angry Miss Brown was! But I am beginning to think she was right. You are English, ain't you, Charles?"

"Yes," he laughed; "but it's years upon years since I crossed the Rockies. Somewhere near Warwick my father's people live."

Thus laughing, they reached "the parting corner," as they had dubbed it in the old school days.

"I shall see nothing more beautiful than this," said Caira, indicating the scene below—the town with its verandahs and bright gardens; the beach thronged with gaily-attired bathers; the Pacific rolling in quietly, almost sullenly, then breaking on the shoreline into a strip of whitest foam.

She stooped and plucked some many-hued aquilegia.

"These, in memory of Caira Taylor," she said, pushing them into his hand; then, without further word or look, she darted away.

A gloom seemed to fall upon the land, and the Gulch was never in their eyes so bright again.

II.—1894.

THE Cannes season waned.

For two months, Society journals had kept its doings well before the stay-at-home world. They who study the astronomy of the social sphere learned that a new star had flashed forth. *Modistes* contemplated the "Caira hat" and the "Caira cape."

After a time these Society journals began to couple the name of "the beautiful American heiress" with that of a Roman prince—not, certainly, in the bold, crude strokes of a Peterson or a Jenkins, but stippled in with the confidential "tell-nobody-but-you" sort of manner that we all know so well.

And Caira enjoyed her triumphs to the full, for—as it has been remarked before—she was but a woman, and that a very young one. Paul I. Taylor shone brilliantly in her reflected light, and rejoiced daily with the remark—

"We're having a high old time! Seems to me, Caira, that before another week you'll make the *Report* sit up."

"Sit up, pa?"

They had just returned from what everyone declared to be the most brilliant reception of the season. The gaiety of civilisation seemed for the moment to be focussed there, and amidst the gaiety Caira had scintillated more than ever. The lady correspondent of *The Frock Critic* had written a very smart account of her costume; a Royal duke had

especially requested to know her ; the Roman prince had unceasingly hovered around her.

Small wonder, then, that she barely comprehended her father's remark. The strains of the last valse haunted her ; the babel of tongues still rang in her ears.

"Yes, Cairra ; from what the prince said, I guess he'll be calling on me to-morrow. You've panned out your future real well. 'Princess' is a mighty pretty ornament to a name."

"An ornament, pa ? Yes, an ornament ; but——"

"Well, now, you'd better be fixing yourself. Why, even Jenkins must allow that a Roman prince is most as good as an English duke."

"Yes, but——"

"Are you waiting to be asked to be an empress ?" he inquired, with some warmth. Then, almost pathetically : "Don't disappoint Peterson. Think of Peterson's reputation, and think how Jenkins would jeer at us ! No, Cairra, don't give Peterson the go-by. I don't suppose I'll ever be a prince myself, but I'd like to feel there was one in the family. And you look it, Cairra ; you look as though Nature had kinder hall-stamped you princess. I'll allow as empress beats it, but princess is pretty—mighty pretty."

"Well, pa, I'll think it over."

And Cairra rose to bid good-night with the regal movement that was so characteristically hers. The lamplight fell full upon her sumptuous robes, and as Paul I. Taylor looked at her he seemed to look at his dead wife.

"Cairra," he said softly—"Cairra, my child, please yourself—just please yourself. When your mother said she'd marry me, I'd a sorter kind of feeling of being at peace with all the world, and I'm remembering that the feeling was better than any ornament. An ornament, unless 18-carat, tarnishes in the wear. So think it over and please yourself."

In 1894 love-philtres are not much in vogue, but had anyone watched Cairra that night he would have wondered if the fashion were reviving:

Out of one of her many trunks she brought a can of peaches.

"If I am sick they may make me well," she murmured.

Then, with serious deliberation, she opened the can, and taking from a case a silver knife and fork, ate the peaches—ate them with the relish of a Californian girl to the manner born.

And there arose before her, as in clear and distinct mirage, a yellow-floored room, a mass of fruit, a blossoming oleander, a bustling housewife, a young man, fair-haired and large-limbed. She could hear the syrup

simmering on the stove, the break of white surf on the shore ; and then there arose another memory—the memory of some lines she had once heard Charles recite in class :—

"So I shall grieve a little for those days.

Oh, they were sweet !

And none will come just like them."

"But they shall come, they shall," she cried, half passionately.

"Pa," she said, entering her father's sitting-room, a moment later—"pa, let us go away for a spell ; away to where the air is fresh and sharp ; away from all this crowd that want to marry me. Let us go where there are neither Roman princes nor English honourables nor French *flâneurs*."

"I'll write and tell the prince we'll meet him later in Paris," murmured Paul I. Taylor, "although I do bet that Peterson's favourite is scratched."

And so it came to pass that the father and daughter went northward to Tiflisthal. The huge hotel was well-nigh empty, for the annual swarm of tourists had not begun to turn it into the apotheosis of a beanfeast.

A couple of English parsons, a German countess who drank beer by the quart, a party of spinsters who gave tea picnics in the woods, four Austrians who played skittles from dawn to dusk and nap from dusk to nearly dawn, a maiden aunt in charge of two boys sent from St. John's Wood to escape small-pox, a silver-haired squire and his wife—these were all, and with none of them did Cairra make acquaintance. Even a bittern need not be sociable in a Swiss hotel unless he choose. And Paul I. Taylor sat in the garden and smoked—smoked and wondered what luck the next turn of life's wheel would bring.

"Somebody has said that 'maiden aunts are the human angels of childhood,'" remarked Cairra, one day, as she watched the bullyings and wranglings of the boys from St. John's Wood ; "but if those two children go on like that much longer, they'll turn that mother's sister of theirs into a very, very bad angel. I'll fetch down my air-gun to amuse them, and rescue her before she is driven into a fiend of the blackest dye."

"My dear, that was a kind action," said the silver-haired squire's wife, when Cairra returned from what she had flattered the lads by calling "musketry practice." "That was a very kind action, and now come and sit by me. It is good for an old woman to have a young one to chat with sometimes, and it will be good for both of us to watch these mountains. Look at them now, and you will be laying in a mind-treasure to give you joy through many a future year."



"AS PAUL I. TAYLOR LOOKED AT HER HE SEEMED TO LOOK AT HIS DEAD WIFE."

A haze overhung the upland valley of Tifflisthal. High up the haze parted, the sun lighted on snow-crowned summits that flashed and sparkled far overhead.

"I like that old lady," Cairra confided to her father. "She talks of botany and of mountains, and of all manner of things. That Cannes' lot seem to think the world's one gigantic merry-go-round, managed by a company of clowns, but she's different. She reminds me of——"

She did not finish the sentence. Perhaps, after all, its conclusion would not have interested Paul I. Taylor very greatly; but

the sentence was finished in deed when, the next day, she said to her new-made friend—

"Do you know *Old and New Thought*? I have some numbers here. They contain papers that are interesting—yes, interesting and clever. May I read you one or two?"

"William, Miss Taylor will read to us," remarked the old lady to her husband, who was laboriously studying *Le Petit Journal*.

"Clever—brilliant, rather—was the critique. Do you mind giving us another? I like the style. Yes, that is well thought out. Who do you say is the author?"

"A class-mate of mine, Charles——"

"Does chores for his aunt," interposed Paul I. Taylor, who had joined the group. "A big fellow, swims well and rides well."

"And his name is——?"

"Charles Masham — Charles Saltmarsh Masham!"

"Masham! Charles Saltmarsh Masham! William, he must be poor George's son!"

"I guess you know him; say?" asked Paul I. Taylor.

"Know him! Why, he's George's son. Bless my soul. But *he* died."

"And it only seems like yesterday since he was born. For remember, William, we drove over to see poor Lucy. It was in July—the 15th of July. I know; because the day before I found a specimen of *Cynoglossum sylvaticum*. My dear"—turning to Cairn—"I had looked for that plant——"

"And so George's son didn't die?" broke in the husband who had "blessed my soul" for full three minutes.

"Hadh't you better tell us first who George was?" queried Cairn.

"George," replied the old lady, who, not having spent her breath upon ejaculations, was better able to tell the story. "George was my husband's youngest brother's son—our nephew, you know. Didn't I tell you our name is Masham? ah, that was an oversight. He was always reckless, got sent down from Magdalen, and then was constantly taking up something—something that was sure to make his fortune, but didn't. To make matters worse, he married Lucy Saltmarsh, a nice girl, of good family, but delicate and penniless. I was sorry for Lucy, but somehow, after the baby was born, we lost sight of them. A friend told us it died. She must have been mistaken. George would have been our heir, for our own two boys died of diphtheria—on one day."

She paused, and Cairn understood the tragedy of that pause.

"Did this young man—this Charles—ever speak of his father's people?"

"Yes. He told me one day that they live near Warwick. Mrs. Chester, his mother's sister, is from Devon."

"Bless my soul! then, that's Margaret! A pretty girl she was; she, too, married a castle-in-the-air builder. It seemed to be the fate of the Saltmarsh girls to do so."

"William, hadn't we better write? He's our nearest now. Almost the only one we have left."

"Yes, write; write to-day. Tell him and Margaret to pack up and come to us as soon as possible. I never was more surprised—never. George's boy——"

"Come and have a walk. You've had a bit of an upset," said Paul I. Taylor.

The days that followed the writing of the letter to the fruit farm in the Gulch were very sweet to the two women. Mrs. Masham guessed Cairn's secret, and was glad.

"To-morrow there should be a letter," said Cairn.

And there was.

Cairn looked in Mrs. Masham's face, and read there—sorrow.

"Why such a look," she thought; "surely, he is not ill—oh, surely not!"

"My dear, take it, and read it alone—yes, quite alone. My child, have you ever known disappointment?"

"Well, yes; sometimes. Isn't Charles coming till the fall?"

She crossed the raging glacier-born stream that bounded the hotel garden, she climbed up through the wood beyond, and sat down on a boulder to read. To her dying day she will remember that quiet flower-gemmed pasture hemmed in by stupendous peaks.

It was a long letter; how well she recognised the writer in his little, quaint, and clever phrases; and how she enjoyed reading them, until there stared her in the face:—

"And so we hope to be with you in August. I have just told you about Aunt Margaret's unexpected death; therefore, the 'we' may surprise you. On the day she died, she begged me not to let the farm go to rack and ruin; she said that our doctor's daughter would manage it well; that she could can fruit without failure. If a man cannot have the sun to brighten his life he must content himself with a lesser light. This is a mere remark—do not seek to fathom it. Suffice it to say, I am to marry Sara Macleod on Thursday."

And so, in his humility, he had thought the beautiful heiress beyond his reach. Only the still white peaks witnessed the terrible grief of that hour, and looked down upon Cairn as she sobbed.

"And now," she said, "now that I have awoke from this dream, I may as well please Pa—and Peterson."

"Pa," she remarked to him very quietly, as they sat together that evening, "we left an ornament at Cannes; shall we go and fetch it?"

In every Society paper we read about the approaching marriage of "a well-known Roman prince and a beautiful Californian heiress." The subject is becoming monotonous.

K. TANQUERAY.

SO VERY HUMAN!

DRAWN BY HARRY B. NEILSON.



THE BALLAD.



"WRITE ME DOWN AN ASS."



ADVERSITY.

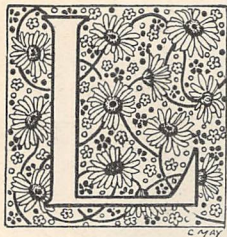


"I KNOW A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE—BEWARE!"

HARRY
B.
NEILSON.

THE FORTUNE OF DUITZIA AND JACOB.

BY A. E. BONSER.



LATE in the afternoon of a glorious summer's day, when Dordrecht lay basking in the sunshine, a girl and a boy leaned upon the parapet of one of the numerous bridges, apparently absorbed in the scene before them.

It was a charming little bit of a water street, which for picturesqueness and colouring, might well have inspired the brush of an artist.

On either hand, garden beyond garden sloped down to the margin of the water which lay placid and brown. Here and there was a little jetty whereto a boat lay idly moored, and yonder was a solitary barge with a pennon drooping from the mast-head.

Farther away, the canal bent round so suddenly that one might have fancied that it formed a *cul de sac*, where stood a large chestnut. The tree overshadowed a cottage, whitewashed, and with an irregular roof of bright red tiles; whilst behind rose the broad buttressed wooden platform of a windmill. The bricks of the tower were of dark brown, and the hood was picked out with green and scarlet. The sails—yellow and old—were furled, and the usually busy arms were motionless, and through the open mesh-work the sky was seen—sky of the loveliest blue, deepening towards the zenith.

Below the cottage, half a dozen steps led down to the water, and right and left was a palisading of brown timbers.

The transparency of the atmosphere heightened the colours, and the sleeping water faithfully reproduced—as in a mirror—the azure sky, the windmill, the green tree, the vermilion of the cottage roof, the white walls, the steps, the palings, the rushes on the banks, the idle boats.

The cottage was the girl's home, and the boy was employed in the mill; but the children were not studying the scenery.

"Duitsia," said the boy, "you are very quiet to-day, what's the matter?"

"Why, I was thinking that it only wants a week to the fair.* Now Anna's sick, there's no one to take me, and I had so looked forward to going! It's so stupid to be a girl; girls can't do anything by themselves. I wish I was a boy!"

* The Kermis, or country fair, is a great institution in Holland.

"Don't you be too sure of that," said Jacob; "girls are a deal more fussed over than boys, and have all the best things given to them, and more time to play. They're not chivvied about either, and made to do things! But I think I'd rather be a boy myself." And then he added philosophically, "I guess, after all, perhaps we're best as we are!"

"Anyway," said Duitsia, "you've been quiet enough I'm sure; and you're not dependent on any Anna to take you to the fair!"

"Enough to make a fellow cross! I was hoping to row in the boat race, but there's an entrance-fee of a quarter guilder. I had the money all right, but there was a horrid hole in my pocket, and I've lost it, worse luck!"

The boy took a small lump of mortar from the parapet and threw it into the water, and the two watched the widening circles that it made, and pondered upon their grievances.

"Jacob," said Duitsia reflectively, "I've got a whole silver guilder that I've been saving up! At the last fair, Anna gave Pieter Kraft her purse, and we three went together. If I gave you my purse you could take me, couldn't you, Jacob, and you would be able to row in the race as well?"

The boy's eyes glistened.

"Why, yes, of course I could: I didn't know you were so rich! But," he added dubiously, "will Anna let you go with me?"

"Oh, I do hope so!" said Duitsia. "At any rate, I can but ask her."

That very evening, the eager girl broached the subject at home, and, after a little persuasion, the soft-hearted Anna gave her consent. The two children had grown up together as neighbours, Jacob was steady and trustworthy, and she could not bear Duitsia to be disappointed. The only stipulation she made was that they should keep out of mischief and not be late home.

The week soon slipped away, and the eventful day arrived, as fine and sunny as heart could wish.

In the afternoon the quay was a wonderful sight to behold. It was difficult to move about for the crowds of people, all dressed in their very best, and all chattering their loudest.

Jacob and Duitsia were there, of course. He, in a short frogged jacket, with ever so many large silver buttons; thick baggy trousers, fastened by a coloured belt, which held an ornamented dagger, and, for head-

gear, a peaked cap. She, in a short serge skirt and print jacket, with a coloured handkerchief crossed over the breast, and on her head a swathing of black stuff covered by a gold casque, in turn surmounted by a white-curtained cap. On either side the cap were

the land. The river Maas is here very broad, and its surface swarmed with all sorts of craft, gaily painted, often in outrageous colours, and flying innumerable flags. There were steamboats, boeiers, tjalks, junk-looking vessels and punts; there were sails, brown, white,



"IT WAS A CURIOUS ROOM IN SEMI-DARKNESS" (p. 64).

little tabs from which hung rosettes of filigree gold. Both children wore wooden sabots.

The costumes varied considerably. Sometimes the casques of the women were of silver; sometimes the casque was replaced by an elaborate cap, or cap and hat, or casque, cap, and hat. The arms of some of the women were perfectly bare to the shoulder, and their skirts were distended from the hips. The occasion attracted people from all parts, and hence the picturesque variety.

The water presented as curious a scene as

and yellow, and, from the committee steamer, a brass band discoursed popular airs beneath the shelter of an awning.

A race between boeiers had just ended, and it was the turn of the rowing boats. This was for boys under fourteen years of age, and there were fully a score of competitors. The boats were strongly built, clumsy, flat-bottomed, and square ended, and, like the larger craft, were painted in glaring colours, red, blue, or green. The oars were hooked by a staple to a single thole-pin, so that feathering

was impossible, and the blades were painted in a wavy or crossed pattern the same colour as the boats.

Jacob took his seat, and the twenty being ranged in place, the signal was given to start.

The course was about half an English mile, and when the boats turned to come back, seven of them seemed to be on pretty even terms, and among the seven was Jacob. But the pulling now was all against the tide which had commenced to ebb, and, as the swift current increased, victory became a question of strength and endurance rather than of skill.

On nearing the goal three boats led, and each made desperate efforts to pull clear of the other, but apparently without success. The crowd of sympathetic onlookers waved and cheered, and Duitsia, too, waved and cheered in her excitement, for was not Jacob one of the three?

Then, suddenly, the race was over, and when the result was made known officially, the winner had won by a quarter length, the second boat was half a length ahead of the third, and the third was Jacob's! The three boys were almost equally cheered, for the race was wonderfully plucky and close.

Poor Jacob! It was difficult for him to bear his disappointment, although Duitsia consoled him as well as she could. He refused to be comforted, and his defeat—though most honourable—cast a gloom over the happiness of the afternoon, which not even the excitement of the horse-racing could chase away. This horse-racing had little resemblance to our English sport, for the animals engaged were great, clumsy, black cart-horses, which it was difficult to urge beyond an ordinary trot.

The interest of the fair now centred beside the church, and the large space beneath the trees was crowded with booths and sightseers. A roundabout in full swing with organ accompaniment was the great attraction. It had for a motto "Lust en Rust" (Pleasure and Repose), and Duitsia and Jacob, mounted on hobby-horses side by side, went round and round until they were tired.

A rifle range next claimed their attention, and then a giant, reputed nine feet high—doubtless a liberal estimate. After that they saw some marionettes, and then a six-legged pig.

Having refreshed themselves at a sweet-cake* stall, they approached a booth that bore the attractive legend; of which, this is the translation:—

MYSTERY! NECROMANCY!! ASTROLOGY!!!
PRESTIDIGITATION!!!!

THE WANDERING WIZARD!!!!

25 CENTS AN INTERVIEW.

* A great feature of the Kermis are "Poffertjes"—a kind of cake which is extremely popular.

Jacob gazed open-mouthed as Duitsia laboured through the difficult word. She ended by saying—

"What money have you left?"

Her companion showed the purse.

"Only twenty cents!" he said ruefully.

The buxom-looking dame who took the money, noticed the children and said—

"Won't you go in, my dears?"

"Please, ma'am," said Duitsia wistfully, "do you charge less for children, because we've only twenty cents, and there's me and Jacob?"

The woman smiled good-naturedly; perhaps she had a Jacob and Duitsia of her own.

"All right, my dears, you can go in; but you needn't tell anyone what you paid, and," she added, "don't be frightened at anything you see."

She nodded pleasantly, and the children entered hand in hand.

It was a curious room in semi-darkness, but there was light enough to see a large plan of the heavens, a splendid Persian cat, and a variety of strange objects such as they had never beheld before. The wizard, an old man with a long white beard, sat cross-legged on an Eastern carpet; he was dressed in flowing robes, and had a turban upon his head. He beckoned to the children, and they timidly advanced.

"If you please, sir," said the girl, "this is Jacob, and I am Duitsia, and would you please tell us our fortunes?"

"Your fortunes are largely in your own hands to make or to mar, as you act by my advice," said the wizard in a deep voice. "Come near that I may see your hands."

He examined the small brown palms, muttering to himself in some foreign tongue. Then he said—

"When I have eaten I will talk with you again."

For food, he then mixed some white feathery stuff, and setting fire to it, put it burning into his mouth. The children were alarmed, but remembering the woman's words, stood their ground, though Duitsia clung tightly to Jacob's hand when she saw the flames issuing from the wizard's throat.

When he had finished this strange repast, he tapped his chest, and then—wonderful to relate—drew forth a scroll from his mouth. This he folded, and placing it in two envelopes, one inside the other, gave it to Duitsia.

"In two days," said he, "do you two go to Groote Kerk (church) at two o'clock, and sitting in the second choir-stall, open the two envelopes, and read twice the contents. Remember! I have spoken."

The interview ended, the children were not

sorry to get into the open air, and as they did so, the chimes pealed nine o'clock. Calling to mind Anna's words, they set off homewards, and when they separated, it was with the understanding that they should meet again two days hence.

On Friday, therefore, Jacob and Duitzia might have been seen making their way together to the church.

"But shall we be able to get in, do you think?" asked the boy as they went along.

"Oh yes!" replied his companion, "I know Maria the koster's* daughter well, and told her about this yesterday, and she said she would let us in, and when we want to go we have only to knock at their door."

Arrived at the koster's house, Maria answered their ring.

"You are punctual!" was all she said; and without more ado led them down a passage, and selecting a key from a great bunch at her girdle, opened a door which at once admitted them to the sacred building.

It was a novel experience to find themselves alone in the vast place, with its musty smell and dim light, and they walked along on tip-toe until they reached the pretty golden gates, through which they passed into the disused choir, the wood carving whereof is the glory of Holland.

"Which second stall shall we sit in?" asked Jacob, pointing right and left.

"Oh! that one, I should think," said Duitzia, in an awe-struck whisper, for their voices and foot-falls roused ghostly echoes. "See," she continued, "it's the procession of Charles V.; Maria told me all about it. Isn't it wonderful?"

The children seated themselves, Duitzia with the envelope in her lap. Their hearts beat fast as they waited impatiently until the chimes rang out the hour. Then the girl

* The keeper of the church.

opened the envelope and took out the scroll, and read aloud twice to the wondering Jacob—

"Study to be Happy, and Avoid being Out of Temper, or thy Life will end in Misery."

"Is that all?" asked Jacob in a doleful voice. "Is that our fortune? Did the old wizard eat fire to tell us that?"

But Duitzia was silent, for she was turning the advice over and over in her mind.

Ten years had passed away, and a young man and a maiden leaned upon the parapet of the bridge from whence could be seen the windmill and the whitewashed cottage. Again Jacob threw a lump of mortar into the water, and he and his companion watched the widening ripples that it made.

"Duitzia," said he, "do you remember the fair of ever so many years ago, when a wizard told us our fortunes?"

"Ah, yes indeed!" she replied, smiling. "Do you know, I have the scroll by me yet!"

"And do you remember," he went on, "how disappointed I was? But, I have often thought since, that he was a wise wizard after all! I never recognised that it was our duty to cultivate a happy disposition. I do now, and it was so impressed on my memory at the time that I shall never forget the advice."

"Nor I," said Duitzia, "though it is a hard saying, and very difficult to carry out. But it is right! I try, and fail, and try again to be contented and happy; I am sure I have everything to make me so!"

"I too," said Jacob, "try, and fail, and try again. How would it be if we were to study it together, Duitzia, for the rest of our lives? for it was our fortune—yours and mine."

"Then," she said, turning to him with eyes full of love, "then it would surely be very easy, dear Jacob."



PLAYING OCCUPATIONS for Gentlemen

HOME WORK

BY ELIZABETH L. BANKS, AUTHOR OF "CAMPAIGNS
OF CURIOSITY," ETC.



H, I am weary of hearing about the condition of working girls and the doings of lady lawyers, lady doctors, lady journalists, and lady engineers. They don't need sympathy and suggestions half so

much as we poor gentlemen. Why doesn't someone tell us what to do to earn our daily bread with an occasional bit of butter on it?"

This touching plaint came from an English-woman, educated, refined, and aptly described by the word "domesticated" or "homely." To her I made the suggestion that she start a boarding-house for American visitors in London, and now again, in taking up the subject of home work for gentlemen, I will first refer to the establishment of a boarding-house for my country people, who in the spring, summer and autumn are to be found in London by the hundreds wandering about with their eyes full of tears and their pockets

full of money, complaining that since they left home they have not had anything "fit to eat!" By that expression they mean to imply that they are unable to find real American cookery in London, and that in all the Metropolis there is not a place where they can obtain a typical American meal. They may order what their appetites crave, but according to their tastes it is spoiled in the cooking, not properly seasoned, underdone, or not hot enough, and so I put to several dozens of domesticated gentlemen the question, why do you not establish some boarding-houses where these people's wants may be looked after, and the ladies receive in exchange a very liberal supply of American dollars?

It may be said that in London, especially in the Bloomsbury district, there are hundreds of boarding and lodging-houses carried on for the benefit of American visitors. These places, according to the advertisements by which they entrap my all-too-trusting and unsuspecting countrypeople, pay "particular attention to American cooking." But the fact is, that neither the proprietors nor their servants know the first principles of American cookery.

Taking it for granted that the gentleman has her house which she can fit up for the reception of boarders, or is able to secure a furnished house, she must first either prepare herself to be her own cook by studying and practising the recipes of a genuine American cookery book (written by an American and not an Englishwoman), or make an effort to secure the services of an American negro cook, for personal observations of the English

"plain" and "professed" cooks lead me to believe that they can never learn American cookery. The coloured cook may be obtained by advertising in a New York, or better, a Southern paper. Her steerage passage over must be paid, but in the long run her wages will not amount to more than those paid to a professed cook. The next step is to advertise for boarders, and above all things to avoid placarding the house. Let the newspaper advertisement state that genuine American cooking (either by the lady herself or an American servant) is to be had, and that good prices are asked for first-class accommodations. The house will soon be filled by guests who will remain during their whole stay in London, and will send over a horde of other Americans the following season, provided the lady of the house does not attempt to economise on them. Let her once attempt any petty economy that is apparent to her boarders, and she is lost. She herself may not approve of American cooking, or the American style of keeping house, but that is no reason why she should not cater to the wants of her boarders, and when their wants are once understood, it is an easy matter for a clever woman to gratify them.

I have in mind the case of a New York woman whose husband was entertaining an Englishman. She discovered that her guest ate no breakfast, always politely refusing the tempting hot biscuit, lamb chops, coffee, and buckwheat cakes, and she was greatly distressed over the matter. When she afterwards learned that he could have been made happy with a wafer of bacon, some marmalade, and a cup of tea, she exclaimed, "What a pity I did not know that; so simple and so cheap!"

Now, the Englishwoman who attempts to cook for American boarders will not, perhaps, find it "so simple and so cheap," but she can, nevertheless, supply what is wanted for a consideration. The American man wants his peas "smothered in butter." He wants his coffee with pure cream from the dairy, and not condensed in jugs. He demands hot rolls or pancakes every morning for breakfast. All his vegetables, to suit him, should be boiled very much longer than is the custom in England. He likes peas and beans cooked slowly for an hour instead of twenty minutes, all soups seasoned before being brought to the table, fish cooked until it is soft, chickens thoroughly cooked, and with all the hairs singed from them before cooking. The American man complains that when he spends a few months sight-seeing in London he is able to find none of these things in the hotels or boarding-houses. Let a number of gentlewomen undertake to supply him with them. They need not develop into typical

landladies, even though they become cooks. With the assistance of kitchen maids to do the rough work and clear away, the mere matter of cooking would not be unpleasant. Attention should also be paid to the heating of the houses if the American boarders are to remain throughout the winter. Every room and landing in the house should be heated by gas grates, since no American was ever known to keep warm by means of a fire-place. Then, too, the fitting up with gas grates will make a great saving of time, and so diminish the number of servants who would be required if hearths needed attention. But let no one start out in such an undertaking without first being familiar with American methods of cooking and housekeeping. That is the greatest essential.

Another occupation which it has often occurred to me might be taken up by gentlewomen to their own advantage, and that of a large part of the public, is laundry work. By this, of course, I do not mean the actual washing and ironing of clothes, but the establishment of a small laundry where they might supervise the work. I speak of this under the department of "Home Work," with the idea that it could be carried on by those gentlewomen who reside, not in London, but in the country, or in the smaller towns outside of London which are easily reached by train.

Who among us has not become disgusted with the ordinary ignorant washerwomen, and the managers of the large steam laundries, who every week send our finest cambric and linen home to us with the lace torn from too violent scrubbing and boiling, and, worse than that, disfigured with great ugly letters and numbers done in red, yellow, blue or green coarse cotton, which tears holes in our clothing, besides taking away its dainty appearance? Even real lace handkerchiefs are subjected to this objectionable style of "marking," and not a laundress or laundry proprietor but insists that it is absolutely necessary for purposes of identification. Stockings, too, are seldom washed in clean water, and so are returned with lint adhering to them, and the towels are ironed with the fringes in knots, instead of being properly combed out. The highest class laundries do their work in this objectionable way.

Laundry work has been looked upon as something requiring physical strength instead of education or refinement. Hence, when I advise gentlewomen in the country to start laundries, there may be some who will look aghast at the very idea. Yet the running of a laundry would be a lucrative business for them, and one which would require but

little capital for its starting. Even a London woman might move to the country, hiring a most comfortable and convenient little house with a sunny garden for fifty or sixty pounds a year, or even less. She could secure the services of two washerwomen at low wages, and two girls for ironing, one for plain and one for finely trimmed clothes. She needs no steam-engine to run her works, only tubs, boiler, wash-boards, clothes-pegs, and clothes-lines. All of which would cost her little more than two pounds. In order to secure customers let her either write personally to her friends or advertise. Hundreds and thousands of people would prefer to have their linen washed and dried in the good old-fashioned way, and if in the advertisement an assurance is given that no cotton is to be used in marking the clothes, that one statement will bring many customers. For purposes of identification, the Chinese system of attaching by a single thread a small tag when the clothes are received, and removing it before they are returned, is all that is necessary. The gentlewoman who herself has suffered from the handling of the ordinary laundress, will understand how linen should look after it has been laundried, and her chief business will be to instruct her workwomen in the proper way and to insist that they *follow* those instructions. The clothes may be returned either by train or messenger to their owners. If the latter method is decided to be the best, there would be little difficulty in securing a country working man to undertake the receiving and delivery of the clothes, giving up to this work two days in the week.

In connection with such a laundry there might be a mending department. This part of the work the lady herself could do, and thus add materially to her profits. Bachelors and busy professional women would particularly appreciate this department, and would be only too willing to pay an extra sixpence or shilling for the pleasure of having their clothes always in repair.

There are two employments in which American women are quietly engaged which are, I think, quite unknown here. One of these is glove-cleaning and glove-mending, which may be done at home quite as well as in a shop. Benzine, or Benzine Collas, and a large amount of patience are needed for the cleaning, while for the mending, one may purchase little packets of silk, including about two dozen different shades for one shilling. Here, again, let the lady wishing to undertake this work advertise for customers. Indeed, the advertisement column is the best and often the only medium for obtaining employment in all of the occupations to which I refer.

The ordinary cleaners are in the habit of retaining gloves for a week or ten days, so let the gentlewoman be careful to advertise that she will return them in two or three days. Let the price for cleaning and mending long evening gloves be sixpence, and for short ones threepence.

There are in all the large cities of the United States various branches of an association which is known as "The Woman's Exchange," to which ladies may send hand-made underwear, laces, artistic decorations, and home-made bread, cakes, pies, canned goods, preserves, jellies, and pickles, to be sold on commission. Although there are places of a similar kind in London, there is one respect in which they differ from the American "Woman's Exchange." That is, the neglect of the matter of home cookery. Hand-painted ornaments and beautiful specimens of needlework are to be found at these London markets, but as yet no one seems to have thought of making the Exchange a means of disposing of culinary dainties. Might not a number of English gentlewomen add materially to their incomes in this way, or indeed, make a business of creating and supplying a department of this kind? If the Exchanges now established should refuse to lead in this new departure, an enterprising woman with business ability and a very small amount of capital at her command, might do well to start such an Exchange, inviting gentlewomen to send her specimens of their skill in the culinary art, to be sold on a commission of eight or ten per cent., as is done in America. A very little advertising would call the attention of the public to the existence of such an Exchange, and there can be no doubt that it would be well patronised.

Needlework is a thing in which the majority of English gentlewomen excel, yet I think there are but few of them who have thought of attempting a rivalry with the Frenchwomen who send their hand-made underwear to the London shops to be sold for fabulous prices. Now, in the matter of fine hand-sewing of this kind, there would seem to be no reason why purchasers should not be supplied with dainty *lingerie* made by Englishwomen. At any rate, there is nothing to prevent Englishwomen from advertising their skill in this direction, and by that means obtaining a number of private customers. Even a perfectly plain hand-made night-dress or petticoat is looked upon as far daintier than a much ruffled and tucked machine-made article, so that if gentlewomen who are skilled in this direction would advertise their prices as being low, they would no doubt secure customers. It may be very humbling and

trying to one's pride to be obliged to do things cheap in order to obtain work, yet it is the only way to attract custom at the start, after which one's price may be raised and the custom still retained on account of the excellence of the work.

There is another department of needlework which merits the consideration of gentlewomen who are wishing for employment. It is the re-making of old-fashioned dresses into garments of the latest style. London is over-run with so-called "Court dressmakers," but ladies who have tried to find among them any who would take the necessary time and trouble to convert an expensive last year's dress into one of the present year's style, know how nearly impossible it is to get such work done satisfactorily. Might not gentlewomen undertake this work in their own homes? Not being myself an accomplished seamstress, I am unable to give full particulars as to how the transformation is brought about; but I have heard a bright little Englishwoman assert that she has this year remade three old dresses into fashionable gowns by putting into the skirts gores cut from the sleeves in order to give them the required width. To be sure, there are always to be found numerous seamstresses who go out by the day "re-making and repairing" dresses, but they are usually devoid of all intelligence or ideas concerning style. The gentlewoman, however, having been herself accustomed to dressing well and associating with well-dressed people, is in a position to undertake work of this kind, and, by a little judicious advertising would be able to carry it on quietly at home, with one or two assistants, without even so much as having a sign on her door.

I have recently heard of a London girl who is clearing a profit of between two and three pounds weekly by making and selling that toilet preparation which nearly every woman has on her dressing-table—cold cream—to a number of customers whom she has obtained through friends and advertising. Reverses of fortune having made it necessary for her to economise in every direction, she decided that unless she could make her own cold cream she must do without it. She found it very simply and cheaply made by the thorough beating together of certain proportions of almond oil, spermaceti, white wax, and rose-water. Having found herself able to make for eightpence an amount for which a chemist would charge about four shillings, it occurred to her that she might turn her knowledge to account; so she made arrangements to supply her friends with the article at a much cheaper rate than they had been accustomed to paying, and with a good profit

to herself. The article she manufactured was superior to that sold by many chemists, because of her conscientiousness in stirring and beating the mixture five times as long as most chemists do. This, and other simple toilet preparations, for which recipes are easily obtained, would be a source of great profit to those who would venture upon them.

Type-writing is a home occupation which, notwithstanding the many engaged in it, is not yet over-crowded. Starting out with a good, common sense education, a knowledge of spelling and punctuation, and clever fingers, there is no reason why a gentlewoman should not become an expert typist in from six to eight weeks—that is, provided she devotes from three to six hours a day to practice. She may either buy a machine on the cash or instalment system, or hire one for thirty shillings a month. All necessary instructions will be given her by the parties from whom she purchases or hires the machine, so that she need expend no money in learning. If she has a large acquaintance among business and professional men she will doubtless find patrons among them; but if not, she must invest a few shillings in advertising; and, while speaking of advertising, I would lay stress upon the importance of an originally worded advertisement. The hackneyed "officer's widow" or "clergyman's daughter" who "appeals most earnestly," etc., is not the kind of advertisement to insert. Let the advertisement appeal, not to the sympathies, but to the business ideas of her desired customers or employers. Only a day or two ago I noticed in one of the papers an advertisement which stated that "an army officer's widow wanted employment of any kind." No particular line of work was indicated, and I doubt if any answers were received. Let the gentlewoman who advertises be careful to state just what she can do. For example, if she should decide to start a laundry such as I have indicated, let her lay particular stress upon the fact that she does not mark her clothes with cotton; if she advertises as a maker of cold cream, say it is thoroughly beaten; and if as a typist, it would be well to refer particularly to her abilities in punctuating. This is a matter of the greatest importance in type-writing. Fortunes may be made or lost for one's employer by the use or misuse of a comma. So let the gentlewoman who essays to get type-writing to do at home advertise the fact that she understands the rules of punctuation. Let her remember, in advertising for any employment, that she should not be backward in calling attention to any point in which she excels.

NEW DRESS FOR OLD.

VERY small things bring about great events. Our "great event" was the making of our own costumes. It came about in this way. Chatting to a girl friend, she imparted to me the delightful secret that her own industrious fingers had made the dress she then wore, but deplored the fact that as she was quite unequal to the tying of a bow, her dress lacked the style any little fashionable touch of the kind gives to the wearer. Now, tying bows and making buttonholes are my strong point, so we then and there decided to work together each supplying what the other lacked; and so it was agreed to set apart two afternoons a week, and to bring together a little group of friends whose willing fingers and united interest should mutually benefit each the other. Socially and financially it proved a great success.

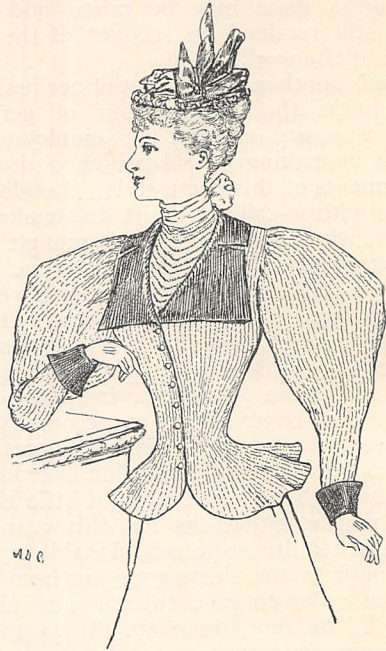
We set to work, the clearest headed of the party, with the help of paper patterns, cutting out the costumes and another tacking out the bodice; these two items we considered important to the success of a well-made costume. How well our buttonholes were made too! cut to the grain of the cloth, exactly the same distance apart and in the right position within the edge, with rounded hole to take the button without creasing the two close edges of the hole. We all agreed to finish off well—leaving no ends—and for that a board and a well-heated flat iron were two of our best allies.

To make our work homely and practical, we gave our first attention to remodelling and reviving dresses that were worthy of the distinction of being brought up to date; and even the frocks of our small sisters had their full share of our kindly attention.

I will give you an example and a sketch of what can be done in this way. A double-breasted jacket bodice, in wear last autumn, with deep basque and large pleated sleeves, we remade to look quite fresh and stylish, with what success the sketch will give you some idea.

In this way we set about it; first taking the sleeves out of the bodice and running a tacking thread along the line of the V-shape made by the revers turning out, and cutting them away to within half an inch; then, taking another thread up the centre of the front from a little below the line of the waist, we cut away the double-breasted piece, just leaving sufficient to turn in for the buttonholes, which you will observe are taken straight up the centre.

The basque next received attention; and measuring five inches down from the waist by



RENOVATED BODICE.

a line of tacking and rounding off the corners, we smartened it up with a facing of red and gold shot sarcenet—the cloth was nut brown. With the help of the remaining pieces and the old revers unpicked, a lining was obtained for the pretty new fawn corduroy revers; in the sketch the direction of the lines show the grain by which the material is cut. Then with a few new whalebones the jacket was ready for the sleeves; these had been carefully prepared by opening the seam, and smoothing out and pressing face downwards on the ironing board. The paper pattern placed on the old sleeve required a seam up the back, and the front seam cut off to the modern shape; cuffs are now worn, so we added a pretty pair made in corduroy. The little vest, which was entirely of new cream satin lined flanellette, we worked with rows of green-blue jet, and made a folded collar of satin; and I can assure you when all was completed the old bodice was not recognisable.

I should like to show you a sketch of the pretty round cape worn in the cold weather over this jacket; it is made in the brown cloth and lined with grey squirrel. At one time it had been long to the heels, but skimpy, and this is how we altered it. Cutting it away 5 inches like a yoke around the neck, we shaped the seam down the centre of the back,

and measuring 28 inches up from the lower edge, we fixed this cape to the yoke; with the pieces left making a large high collar lined with squirrel.

As a memento of the success of our dress-making plan, we have cut out and pinned on our screen the sketch our artist has made for the model of our new evening dresses. We had set our hearts on going to a musical soirée, but how to accomplish it was a hard question. My one evening dress was a light green silk, a lovely colour by gas-light, covered with black lace, but with a bodice past all remedy. By dint of talking the matter over with all the girls in conclave, it was arranged that, with a little outlay and all their willing fingers to help, two pretty dresses should be ours. Taking this sketch for our model, I bought $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of black silk merv: it lasts so long and looks so well, and, looking ahead, I can see it making a serviceable summer dress. A paper pattern of the new-shaped skirt, measuring $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards around the hem, made the cutting-out very easy, as this pattern shows one where the small pieces are put in, what grain the silk is cut, and even where the pocket should be placed. Each piece of the skirt will be lined with a thin black linenette, and inside the edge—not to show, but we know it is there—a fresh pink muslin gathered frill. When cutting the skirt from the pattern we allowed 2 inches beyond the length for turning up at the hem, and closely tacked the lining in and over-sewed the edges before stitching up the seams. Our table not being large enough to spread out the entire skirt when cutting and shaping, it was spread out on the floor, and amidst much fun and merriment, down went one of us on her knees, declaring that was the most thorough way of doing things, as we were not professionals with all our requirements supplied.

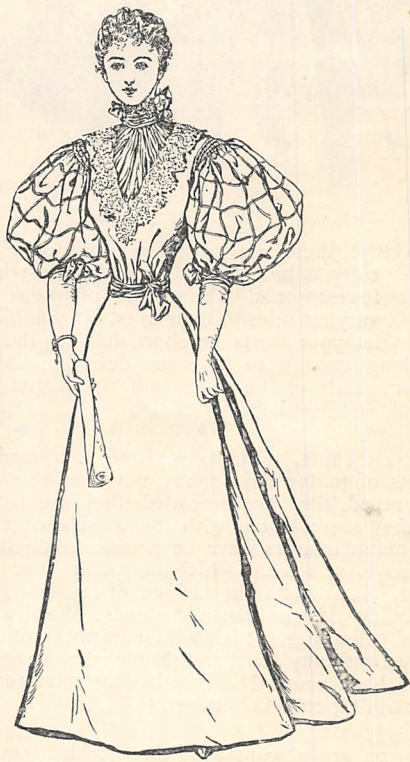
A white linen bodice lining was fitted to my figure, and the green silk foundation I have told you of was duly smoothed and pressed, and the best piece cut out and gathered on to the lining to make the vest and folds down the centre of the back; the half yard of black silk and the cuttings from the skirt were next tacked and arranged on the front and back, and the under side-piece taken out, covered with the silk, tacked in again, and all stitched (for we have a good sewing machine), pressed, and the whalebone put in, and the hooks and eyelet holes made down the fastening at the back.

The lace that trims the bodice was not at all costly, but I had tinted it to a lovely shade

with cold tea, and had at odd times beaded the pattern with gold, red, green, and a few dark blue and brown beads, and here and there a green sequin until it looked like a piece of cashmere embroidery, and now it came in most usefully, looking quite handsome with the green and black silks: two little corner pieces, you will see by the sketch, turn out over the full green silk collar in front, and in the bow at the left side I shall wear red roses. The sleeves cut into a large quantity of my green silk, and of course the seams came in all the wrong places; to remedy this, I thought of a narrow black velvet sewn very closely to lie quite flat in cross-lines up the seams, hiding them, and looking when all was finished like a large check pattern. Three rows of threads run around the top gauged the sleeve, and gave it a long-shouldered style, and one drawing-thread confined the fulness at the elbow under the folded band and bows of green silk.

BIZZIE BEE.

Our paper patterns, with directions for cutting out, are ready in four sizes. The prices are 6½d. for bodice or skirt, and 1s. 1½d. for the whole costume. Address: Bizzie Bee, c/o Editor, Cassell's Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.



SILK EVENING DRESS.

DRESS TIPS.

BY A WOMAN WHO KNOWS.



TIPS! there are so many; my only difficulty is how to give you the most in the fewest words. The women of to-day have varying sides to their lives. If you bicycle, let your skirts be short, full on the hips, and long enough to hide the desirable knickerbockers made of the same stuff, useful, not ornamental, and best kept out of sight.

If you skate, wear velvet and furs, and the velvets of to-day have many novel aspects—they are créped, they are brocaded, they are painted, and they are coloured with the most perfect dyes that manufacturers have been able to discover—and so is velveteen, which may suit your purse better. It is quite the fashion of the hour, often printed in designs like a cashmere shawl and in varied colourings. It is used for warm, comfortable blouses with any skirt, and people who, a year ago, would have scouted it, are having velveteen tea-gowns in Oriental colourings.

If you are a woman of the world, accept the advantages of the situation: dress has never been more bewitching, more extravagant, and, forsooth, more becoming. A wife at fifteen, a queen at nineteen, a beautiful woman and a most unfortunate

one, Marie Antoinette is almost as much the arbiter of fashion at the present moment as when she ruled the destinies of France. The charming toque, with its soft crown, upstanding feathers, and surrounding ruche, proves as becoming to the women of the nineteenth century as to the Queen's contemporaries, although they do not enhance their charms by powder. The fichu that she wore, made in soft chiffon, has come back to us, and all the pretty ruffles and bouillonnées which are so graceful. Even the jewellery is a replica of the Renaissance designs that held good in those days.

Fur has all its own way this year, and I am envious of all women who are possessed of chinchilla. Sable is always the mode and ever in demand, but chinchilla is what everybody is asking for; it appears as collars, boas, and trimmings generally, and those who cannot afford it have to be content with the soft moufflon, which is new and closely resembles it. Dresses are much trimmed with fur as well as millinery, but quite the newest fur garment I have seen is a mink jacket, full back and front with a very shallow basque, held in place by a jewelled girdle of the rococo style with a handsome turquoise clasp—no stone is more in favour. It had large velvet sleeves and a high collar, as have nearly all the outdoor mantles.

I want not only to tell you what is the current fashion, but what fashions have passed away. English women have always shown a predilection for high dress collars, but you cannot be content only with these now, for, over the straight band, scollops of silk fall downwards on either side of the throat, or a box pleat stands up boldly beside the ears, or a frill of lace must turn downwards from the neck, filling up the interstice to the chin completely, as though you were a china figure with your head stuck on.

Sleeves are larger than even three months ago; in Paris, the more balloon-like the more fashionable. They are stuffed with swansdown, or a scollop of silk edged with wire is introduced between the outside and the lining. Sometimes they have broad perpendicular bands of stitching at intervals, but they are all tightened from shoulder to wrist. The newest are slightly pointed over the hand, and many are slit up at the side with ruffles at the opening.

You must no longer be content with a four yards wide skirt; double that would be nearer the mark and made on quite a new principle; the only fulness at the waist being a box pleat in the centre of the back, while round the feet it falls in voluminous folds, a triumph of extravagant cutting. Skirts, as a rule, renounce trimming, but the bodices are covetous in that respect, with shoulder capes as broad as broad can be. Long and narrow epaulettes figure above some of the sleeves, which have gatherings at the top. The backs of bodices are often cut without any seams at all, and there is a disposition to return to princess dresses and polonaises.

A Pastoral.

Words by NORMAN GALE.

Music by THOMAS ELY, B.Mus., Lond.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

1. A - long the lane be-side the mead, Where cowslip-gold is in the
 2. A mile or twain from Var-ley Bridge I pluck'd a dock-leaf for a
 3. And now the vil-lage flash'd in sight, And clo-ser came I to her

Andante.

p

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Simile.*

grass, I match'd the milkmaid's ea-sy speed— A tall and spring-ing coun-try lass: But
 fan, And drove a-way the con-stant midge, And cool'd her fore-head's strip of tan. But
 side; A flush ran down in-to the white, The im-pulse of a pink-y tide: And

Cantabile.

p

Basso sostenuto.

*Ped. **

though she had a mer-ry plan To shield her from my soft re-plies,
 though the maid-en would not spare My hand her pret-ty fin-ger-tips,
 though her face was turn'd a-way, How much her pant-ing heart con-fess'd!

cres.

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

Animato.

rit.

Dal S.

Last verse.

Love play'd at Catch-me-if-you-Can..... in Ma-ry's eyes.
 Love play'd at Kiss-me-if-you-Dare..... On Ma-ry's lips.
 Love play'd at Find-me-if-you-May..... In Ma-ry's breast.

f

f

a tempo.

Dal S.

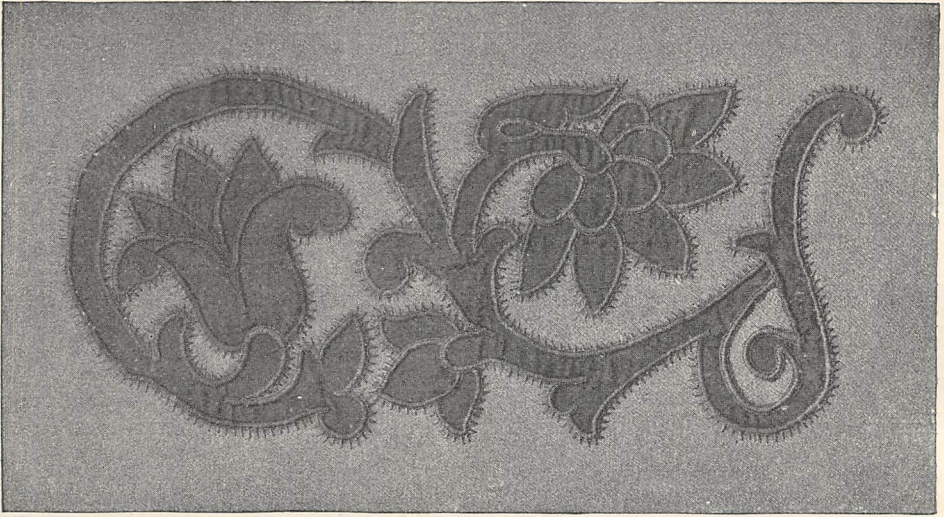
Last verse.

rit.

FINE.

*Ped. * Ped. **

THE POSSIBILITIES OF TURKEY TWILL.



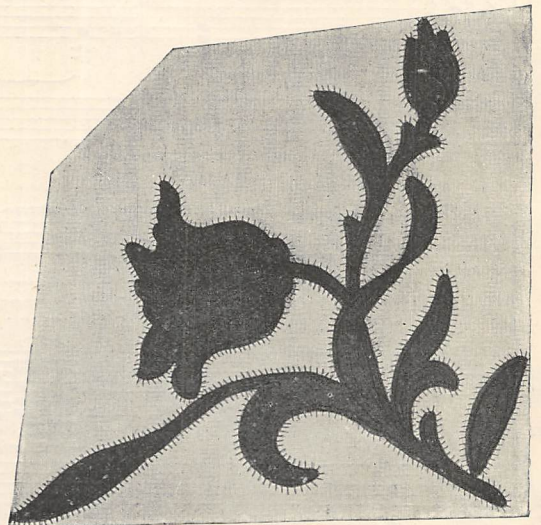
APPLIQUÉ BORDER.

MANY a worker who is not good at ordinary fancy work and feels she can never grasp the many stitches new and old of which she is always hearing, may take heart of grace and learn to her comfort that there is a kind of work called *appliqué*, which she can do and do well, even if she is competent only to work buttonhole stitches and back stitches. *Appliqué* is, of course, a very ancient form of embroidery. A well-known authority says :

"In the sixteenth and seventeenth century cut-work was much employed in Italy for large-flowered arabesque designs, commonly in velvet or silk, making columnar wall hangings, which are often very effective—giving the rooms an architectural decoration, without interfering with the arrangement of works of art, pictures, statues, and cabinets placed in front of them. Besides, it was supposed that the utmost effect of richness was thus accomplished with the least labour, and very large spaces and very high walls covered without losing anything of beauty by distance, as must be the case when the work's highest merit is the delicacy of the stitches and the details of form." From this to *appliqué* on Turkey twill seems a far cry, and yet most charming and certainly very inexpensive articles can be made for the decoration of homes, big and little, with it. When well done, it is effective, handsome, and as worthy of a place in the well-appointed houses of the rich as in the smaller homes of those whose means are limited.

The corner of a bedspread, which you see given in our illustration, is a capital example of this work. The bold design is done in red Turkey twill upon what is called poorhouse sheeting, a material which is easy to work upon, and is of a soft creamy white. Curtains, bedspreads, and many articles can be made with it, and it is satisfactory to know that both the sheeting and the twill wash remarkably well. This latter advantage is to be considered by those who live in towns.

Each corner of the bedspread is decorated



CORNER OF BEDSPREAD.

in the same way, and a large design to correspond is placed in the middle.

Turkey twill *appliqué* is very effective for sideboard cloths, and many articles of the kind.

Bolton sheeting and art serge, which can be had in a great variety of colours, are capital as foundations for this *appliqué*.

The border before you is a very handsome design suited for a bedspread, the pattern running all the way round, or else as an edge for curtains.

The serge upon which it is done is of a dull art green, and the design is well thrown up by it.

Now come directions for working this.

Choose conventional, bold designs. Many of the transfer patterns so easily procured answer admirably for this work.

Having your Turkey twill—which, by the way, should be of the best quality—laid very flat on a table before you, you should iron off your design, being careful to place it perfectly straight. When you have done this you next place it upon your sheeting, serge, or whatever material it is to go upon; and here again I cannot too strongly urge you to be careful in putting it on very straight, for, once applied to the foundation, if discovered to be crooked, there is no remedy but to cut it all out and join on a new piece as best you can.

Tack your twill then down very carefully, and see that there are no wrinkles, and that the one material lies flatly and closely upon the other.

Ingrain embroidery cotton (not a very fine number) is the best for using, and a coarse needle, with eye large enough to carry the cotton easily, is also requisite.

Buttonhole your design down in a buttonhole stitch not quite a quarter of an inch deep. This must be perfectly regular, the upper part of it having no even stitches marring the line, and the edge being firm and even. Each stitch must be close to the preceding one, and, of course, as you see in Fig. 1, you work from left to right. The amount of buttonhole that you put in must be regulated by the character of the design.

Examine the border and spray, and that will guide you, for a good deal more than the mere outline is treated in that way.

When you have completed this, take a pair of sharply-pointed scissors and cut the Turkey twill away from the foundation close to the buttonhole border.

This being done, put stitches, which are nothing but back stitches, all along the edge, as you see in the examples before you.

Work as you see in Fig. 2, from the buttonhole to the foundation, not *vice-versâ*, keeping your thread over your needle.

In Fig. 3 you see another way of proceeding in which the buttonhole stitches are nearly a quarter of an inch apart. This is the first stage in the stitch you see completed in Fig. 4.

Push your needle up through the material about a quarter of an inch from the border.

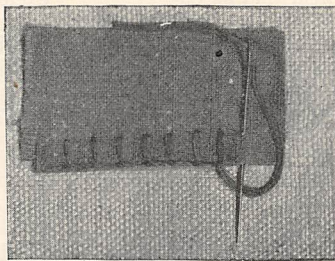


FIG. 1

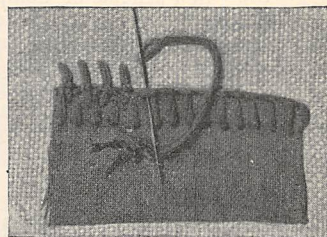


FIG. 2.

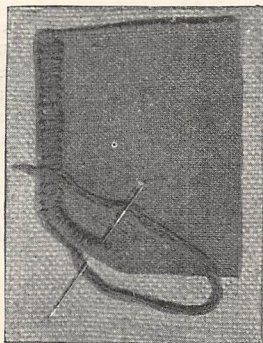


FIG. 3.

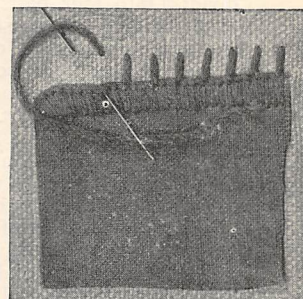


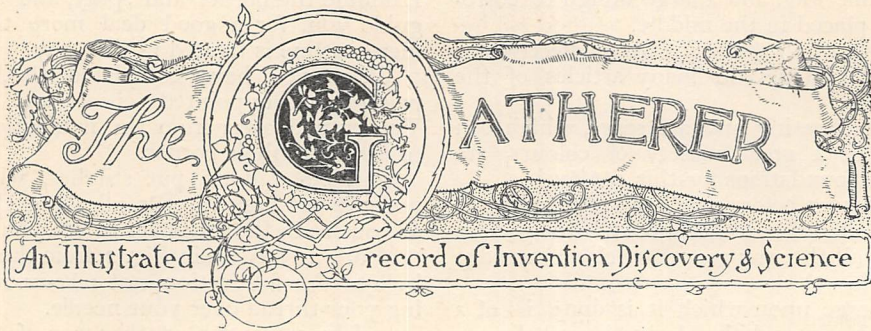
FIG. 4.

HOW THE STITCHES ARE MADE.

Then put it in just behind the thread at the edge between the two buttonhole stitches, keeping your working thread to the left.

Draw through, and then secure by a short stitch the bar just formed.

Turkey twill used thus in *appliqué* is capable of being very decorative, and many very handsome articles can be adorned with it.



Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in *THE GATHERER* may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OUR readers will be pleased to hear that an entirely new scheme of Competitions has been arranged for 1896, and we give below particulars of the first series. In order to be as comprehensive as possible, the Competitions are grouped in such a manner as to include LITERARY, ART, and DOMESTIC subjects; and we would draw special attention to the necessary Rules and Regulations which are to be found on page 80 of this issue. Further Competitions in each series will be announced from time to time.

(a) *Serial Story*.—Two Prizes of £50 and £30 respectively, are offered for the best and second-best Story of 40,000 words in length, suitable for serial publication in this MAGAZINE. Each MS. must be divided into four parts, each containing 10,000 words, and must be accompanied by (1) a short outline of the plot of the story, not exceeding 500 words in length, and (2) a plan showing how the plot is developed in each part. All MSS. must be legibly written, and be in the Editor's hands not later than June 1st, 1896. Brightness of style as well as originality of plot will be taken into consideration.

(b) *Summary*.—Two Prizes of One Guinea and Half-a-Guinea respectively will be given for the best and second-best Summary of the Serial Story by FRANK BARRETT, entitled "A Missing Witness," which is commenced in this number. The summary must not exceed 1,000 words in length, and should be in the Editor's hands by July 30th, 1896, before which date the story will have been concluded. A long date is given in order that foreign and colonial readers may not be debarred from competing.

(c) *Photographs*.—Two Prizes of £5 and £3 respectively are offered for the best and second-best Snap-shot Photograph of any outdoor scene, humorous or otherwise. The photographs should be mounted silver prints; but any photographs which have previously been publicly exhibited, or to

which any Prize has been awarded, are excluded. May 15th, 1896, is the latest date for the receipt of photographs in this Competition, which is open to amateurs only.

Laundry-Work.—*Best Collars*.—Two Prizes of One Guinea and Half-a-Guinea respectively, are offered for the best and second-best got-up Gentleman's Collar, which may be of any shape. The collars should be packed in a cardboard box to prevent damage, and should reach the Editor not later than January 16th, 1896. No competitor is allowed to send more than one collar.

Needlework.—*Handkerchiefs*.—For the encouragement of needlework amongst young people, we offer two Prizes of One Guinea and Half-a-Guinea respectively, for the best and second-best Hemmed Linen Pocket-Handkerchief (gentlemen's), which should be received not later than February 17th, 1896.

The Titan's Bridge.

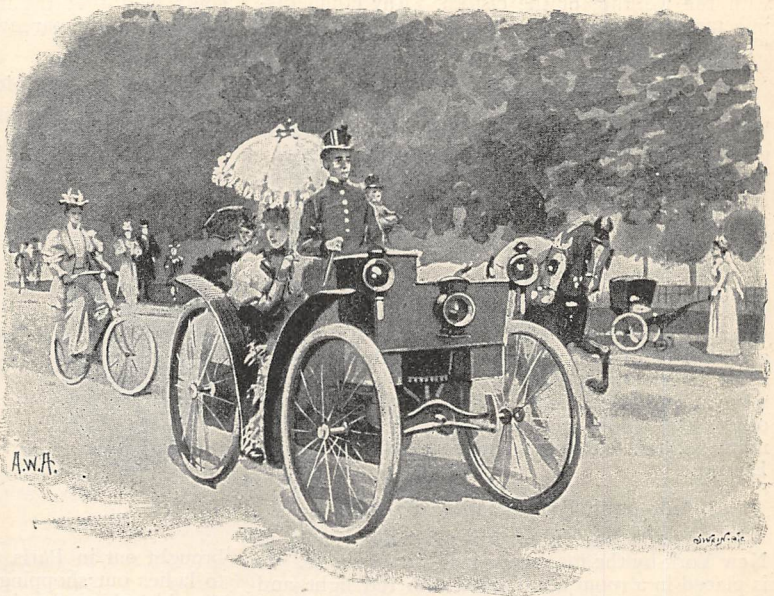
Oregon has a natural bridge which rivals that of Virginia. The "Titan's Bridge," as it is called, was discovered by Mr. Magee, about 18 miles from Oakland, in Douglas County, Oregon. It spans a cañon 91½ feet wide, at a height of 95½ feet above the stream below. The stratum of rock and soil forming the arch is 30 feet thick, and bears a few trees or bushes. The bridge is now a resort of tourists, and a hotel is about to be erected for their accommodation.

A Photographic Eye.

M. Lippmann, the well-known photographer, has devised a plan of observing the stars by means of an instantaneous photographic plate in lieu of the eye, thus eliminating the tendency to error which is inseparable from human organs. In order to fix the position of the star, it is necessary to mark the meridian on the plate, and this is done by an ingenious system of flashes every second which record themselves on the sensitive surface as it is moved by clockwork at the rate of the heavens—that is to say, of the rotation of the earth.

Pneumatic Tyres on Carriages.

There is every prospect of the pneumatic tyre, so common in bicycles, being applied to hansom cabs and other carriages. As it is, one of the self-moving or "automotive" carriages which took part in the recent race between Paris and Bordeaux was fitted with these tyres, as may be seen from our illustration, which represents the Michelin carriage. We may add that in our own country Sir David Salomons has taken up the subject of self-moving carriages, with the result that prizes will be offered for the best at the Agricultural Show to be held in Tunbridge Wells next year.

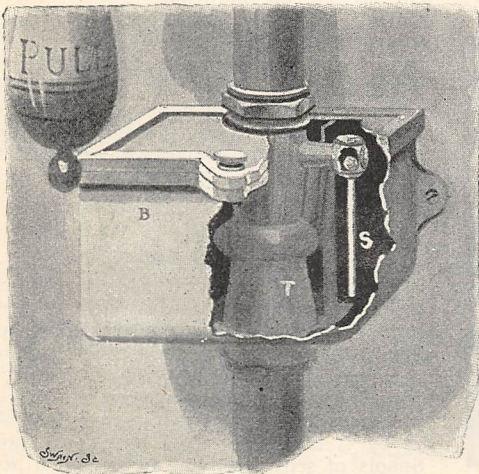


PNEUMATIC TYRES ON AUTOMOTIVE CARRIAGES.

Bicycle Riding in Winter.

The shortness of the hours of daylight and the frequently wet condition of the roads throw difficulties in the way of bicycle riding in winter. But if fairly faced, these difficulties will not prove insuperable. The rider should, in the first place, know exactly at what hour it will be dark, and be sure to take a lamp if he expects to be still out within an hour of lighting-up time. On returning from a ride in the dark, he should at once attend to his lamp, so that it may be ready next time if wanted in a hurry. The charred part of the wick should be cut off, the receiver filled up with oil, the glass and lenses polished, and the accumulated smoke wiped from the top of the lantern. The wet condition of the roads necessitates the use of a non-slipping tyre, of which many patterns are in the market. Any rider whose machine has smooth

tyres is recommended to have that efficient substitute, a non-slipping band, fitted at once to his back wheel. He should also ride slowly whenever the road is wet, because in the event of a "side-slip" the injury to self and machine is minimised. It is well to bear clearly in mind that "side-slip" is caused by the tyres suddenly losing grip of the road, and, therefore, that the rider courts disaster if on a wet surface he swirls round a corner, leaning his body sideways, or steers fast in and out of traffic with his machine on a slant, or rides on the slope of a road which drops considerably, as most town roads do, from the centre to the edge. These evolutions, though perfectly safe when executed on a dry surface, are very risky when the roads are greasy, wet, or muddy, and especially in towns.



A SELF-ACTING DISINFECTOR.

A Self-acting Disinfector.

An automatic disinfecting-box which will satisfy a felt want is shown in the wood-cut. It is intended to disinfect closets, and can readily be applied to those in ordinary use. As will be seen, it consists of a small iron box B, about three times the size of the illustration, which contains a brass tube T. A small syphon-pipe S, closed above by a ball valve as shown, communicates with the tube T. The box is fixed by the tube to the fall-pipe of the closet between the cistern and the pan, and filled with a liquid disinfectant. When the cistern is brought into action, the water rushing down the fall-pipe through the box makes the syphon act, and draws about a teaspoonful of the disinfectant into the tube and fall-pipe, and from thence into the pan. When the cistern ceases to act, the ball valve closes, and no more disinfectant is drawn out. The lid of the box is detachable, so that it can readily be removed for filling when required. Should the box become empty, it will not interfere

with the working of the cistern. Any liquid disinfectant may be used, but the makers recommend "kreasole."

Killing Weeds by Electricity.

On some of the American railways the weeds growing along the track are now killed by spraying them with water from the locomotive and then giving them a powerful shock of electricity from the electric light machinery, which acts on them like a small flash of lightning and destroys them. We may also mention that the "shade trees" in an American city have been seriously blighted by the electric current. It appears that electric light wires run through the leaves of the trees, and after a shower of rain the leakage of electricity is such as to shock and "blast" the foliage. It is never wise to run bare electric wires through trees or other vegetation, but American electricians are more reckless and not so well-trained as those of Europe.

Automatic Photographic Printing.

Photographs are now printed automatically in New York by the machine which we illustrate. It is placed in a room illuminated with red light, and consists essentially of a broad band of sensitised paper, shown, which travels under the negative to be photographed. An electric lantern above the negative illuminates it by flashes, and at each flash an image of it is impressed on the travelling paper, which passes into another room, and is developed, cut into separate pictures, and mounted in the usual way.

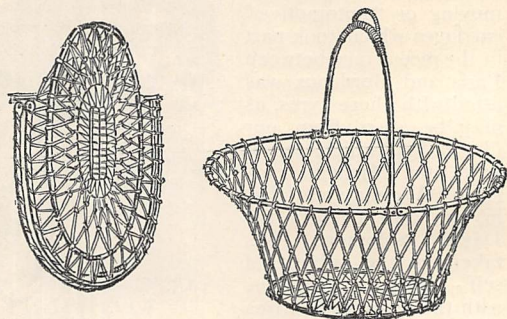
Danger from Fast Trains.

Not long ago a child of eleven years was thrown down by a passing train and killed in St. Louis, United States, and in the lawsuit arising from the accident, Professor Nipher, of Washington, showed that a moving train draws with it a great volume of air. The displacement of the air increases with the speed of the train, and as its pressure on a person standing near is greatest on the side next the train, there is a danger of his being turned round and upset so as to fall under the train. The

court held that the railway company should pay damages to the parents of the dead child.

A Folding Basket.

A light and elegant wire basket which can be folded up as shown in our wood-cut has been



brought out in Paris. It cannot fail to be useful to ladies out shopping, and is an improvement on the old-fashioned reticule.

The Honey Guide.

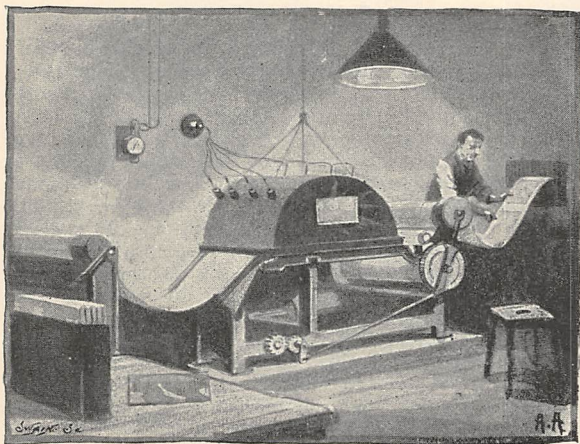
The "honey guide" is a small bird in South Africa which by its flight and peculiar cry, "chicken chicken, chik churr churr," conducts the white or black man to the honey of wild bees. The object of the bird in thus warning and leading persons to the hive of the bee is to obtain the young larvæ, of which it is very fond. There are three or four varieties of the honey guide, but the *indicator major* and *indicator minor* are the best known. They are brown-yellow birds about the size of a starling, and belong to the cuckoo family.

Oxygen from Water.

Pure oxygen and hydrogen gases are now obtained from water by means of the electric current on an industrial scale. Signor Garutti, of Naples, has erected works for the purpose at Naples, the electricity being passed through the water from metal grids plunged in it. The liberated gases are stored separately and employed for various purposes, but chiefly for producing the oxy-hydrogen limelight which has been tried for lighting the streets of Naples, and for search lights on board Italian men-of-war.

A Pocket Kodak.

The "kodak" camera is too well-known to require any description at our hands, and some of our readers may be pleased to hear that a small size intended for the pocket has been brought out. Fig. 1 will give an idea of its appearance, and when we add that its weight is 5 ounces, its dimensions $2\frac{1}{4}$ by $2\frac{3}{4}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, we need hardly say more. Spools of sensitive film are supplied at a nominal price, and these can be inserted



AUTOMATIC PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTING.

into the camera or withdrawn from it in broad daylight. Another portable camera which has made a name in France is the "photosphere" shown in Fig. 2. It is constructed of metal and fit for travelling even in wild countries. Moreover, it is a magazine-camera, and so contrived that twelve pictures can be taken in rapid succession without readjustment. It may also be mentioned that the "photo-jumelle," or field-glass magazine camera described in a former GATHERER, is now adapted to take panoramic views all round the horizon.

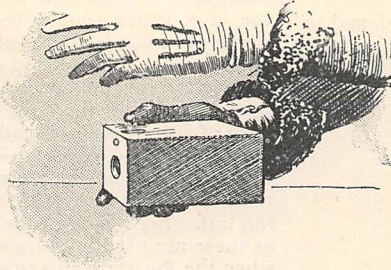


FIG. 1.—A POCKET KODAK.

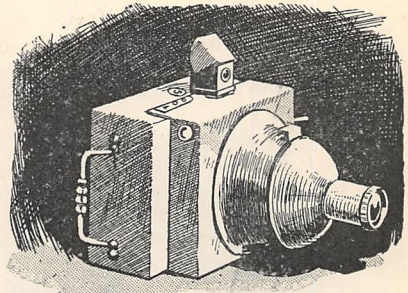
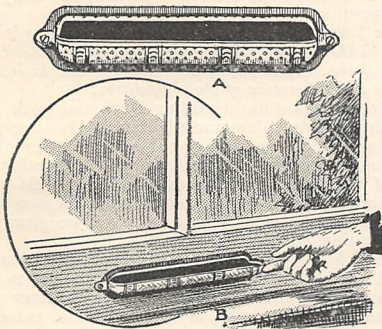


FIG. 2.—THE "PHOTOSPHERE."

A Window Ventilator.

A simple means of ventilating rooms by the windows without opening them is shown in our illustration. A hole or slot is cut through the lower sash rail of the window, and the ventilator



A is fastened in it as seen at B. The ventilator can be opened or shut as desired to admit or exclude the fresh air whether the window is locked or not.

The "Mammoth" Coal Vein.

What is believed to be the largest vein of coal in the world occurs at Shenandoah Stopping in the United States. It is fifty feet thick, and so near the surface that it is simply quarried like stone. No fewer than 7,415,000 tons of coal were extracted from it last year by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company. While upon this subject, we may mention that the largest "black diamond" or carbonado yet known, was recently found in the mines of Bahia, Brazil. It is the size of a closed hand, and weighs 3,000 carats. Its internal structure is similar to the artificial black diamonds made by M. Moissau, the French chemist, by heating sugar in the electric furnace. The stone is too valuable to waste, it seems, and is to be cut for industrial purposes; but a model of it will first be made.

Some Household Novelties.

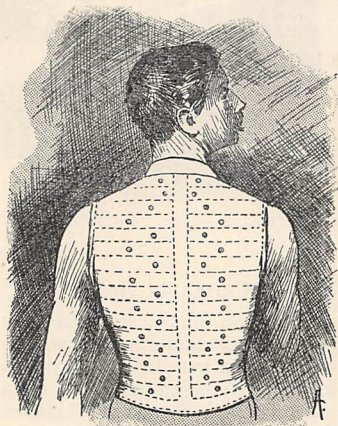
A reversible brush has just been patented to meet the need of those householders who complain that one end only of a handbrush is worn out when the brush is usually condemned. To equalise the wear the inventor has fitted the bristles into a detachable piece of woodwork, secured by two screws at equal distance from either end of the brush back; so that, when one end of the brush is worn out, the frame may be reversed so as to bring the fresher end into use.—The "Budget" Letter Cards offer a novelty in stationery which all who travel will appreciate, for they combine the advantages of the now familiar letter-cards with the convenience of an additional four-page sheet of note paper securely and neatly attached.—The "Dome" Beetle Trap should appeal to all householders who suffer from the unwelcome presence of such insects. It is simple in its action, is strongly made of metal, and is covered by a shield which takes away from the unpleasantness generally associated with the sight of such useful appliances.—Some simple egg-beaters have recently been brought out which are made of a single well-coiled spiral of carefully finished wire. They are very pliant, very easy to use, and of course have nothing to get out of order.

Seasonable Cards and Games.

We have all of us heard for a good many years that Christmas cards were going out of fashion, but judging from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Son's productions for this present season, there is evidently a good deal of honest and very excellent work being still put into them. It would be impossible in the space at our disposal to attempt anything in the nature of a detailed survey of the very varied works which this firm has produced, but while their autograph and other cards are excellent, the palm must, we think, be given to the "Festive Hours" screen, and to a wonderful reproduction of Noah's Ark under the title of "The Animals Walked In Two by Two." Cards, calendars, and booklets, all alike, display well-chosen designs and careful execution.—A new series of games for children is produced by Messrs. Meissner and Buck under the title of "Dressing Figures," the principle of which is the substitution, or rather superimposition of different costumes upon the same figure, and thus producing lightning changes provocative of much mirth and astonishment.

A Hygienic Vest.

The waistcoat which we illustrate is designed to protect the lungs, especially at the back, where they come nearer to the surface of the body. It is



composed of two layers of woollen cloth and one of silk perforated for ventilation and prepared with a chemical possessing sanitary virtues. As a safeguard against cold and rheumatism the vest has been recommended by Dr. Andrew Wilson, and other medical authorities.

FLOWERS, BEES, AND POULTRY.

PEOPLE in all conditions of life think more of the flowers and country than a few years ago. A healthy awakening to the keen delight of having flowers constantly with us has arisen, and not only is there joy in looking at and working amongst such treasures, but they bring healthy appetites, ruddy cheeks, and a sharp perception of the beauties of Nature.

Each month we shall have something to say about three hobbies—flower gardening, bees, and the poultry yard. Flowers are within the reach of all who possess a strip of garden, but one needs the country to indulge much in hives or poultry runs. Not a few, however, of the readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE reside in quiet English villages where Gloire de Dijon roses clamber over the doorposts, and "Honesty" makes purple patches in the borders.

GARDENING.—There is little to be done in the garden at this time. The principal thing is to thoroughly dig up the soil, incorporating lime with heavy manure-filled ground. Leave the soil exposed for rains and frosts to sweeten. Never over-water plants, as moisture does not dry up quickly, unless the greenhouse is left to the tender mercies of an evil-smelling, air-consuming stove. Keep window plants away from draughts, and even in winter sponge the leaves weekly to remove dust and dirt.

BEES IN WINTER.—If the beekeeper thinks a stock is short of food, place candy cakes on the frames under the coverings. Never supply liquid food, as this gives the bees dysentery. It is

important to maintain a regular temperature in the hive, which should be in a dry position. A zigzag entrance is very useful in preventing, during mild weather or gleams of sunshine, the bees from leaving the hive under the supposition that spring has arrived. If the hive is not fitted with this form of entrance, fix a shading board in front.

POULTRY IN WINTER.—The house for poultry must be free from draughts, and now is a good time to thoroughly cleanse the run, scattering lime on the turf. See also that the perches are kept clean, as these are used more in winter than in summer, when the fowls are able to scratch about in meadow and yard. An important winter meal for poultry is the hot early breakfast, to consist of boiled potato parings, scraps from the table, and a pinch of poultry spice occasionally. Give a feed of mixed corn in the afternoon, and a little later on also, if that previously given has been picked up. Never waste.

GENERAL REGULATIONS FOR THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS. (See page 76.)

1. Every reader of the MAGAZINE (not being an ordinary contributor to its pages, or the winner of the first prize in a former competition of a similar nature, in connection with this MAGAZINE) is eligible to enter the competition. No competitor is allowed to send in more than one entry for the same competition.

2. The Editor cannot undertake to answer any inquiries. *The particulars given under each head are sufficient for the purposes of the competition, and everything else is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors.*

3. All communications regarding MSS. and work entered for the above competitions must be sent in the same packets with the work. No previous or subsequent communications (except under Rule 7) can receive any consideration. The award of the judges will be published in the MAGAZINE as soon after the close of the competition as possible, and no information respecting the award will be given before this publication.

4. Every MS., photograph, or other entry must have inscribed on it, or otherwise securely attached to it, the name and postal address of the author, together with a declaration that *the work is original and entirely the sender's own, and that the competitor is an amateur*, to be signed by the author and countersigned by some other trustworthy person—i.e., a magistrate, minister of religion, or householder—with the postal address in both cases.

5. The copyright of the prize work, or works, will become the property of the proprietors of this MAGAZINE.

6. Should two MSS. or other entries be, in the opinion of the judges, of equal merit, any prizes may be divided between their authors at the discretion of the Editor. Any, or all, of the prizes may be withheld in the event of no entries in the competition being thought by the judges to be worthy of distinction.

7. All packets containing MSS. or other entries should be prepaid. The Editor will not be liable for loss or miscarriage of any work. Unsuccessful competitors (except in postcard competitions, or where special means of disposing of the entries are announced) may have their work returned to them at their own risk, upon application to the Editor, *after the publication of the award*. Any such application must be made within *one month* of the publication of the award and be accompanied by stamps to defray the cost of carriage. (Competitors should *not* send stamps, or instructions for return, *with their MSS.*, as no notice can be taken of any communications of this nature made before the award is published.)

8. All entries should be addressed—The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. Each packet should bear on the top left-hand corner of the envelope or wrapper in which it is enclosed the name of the Competition for which it is sent.

IRRALIE'S BUSHRANGER:

A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN ADVENTURE.

By E. W. HORNUNG, Author of "A Bride from the Bush," "Tiny Luttrell," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY S. BEGG.



CHAPTER I.

ARMS AND A MAN.

“OOOOOOO-EEEEEE!”

The voice was very hoarse and far away. But Irralie had fancied she heard something before. And this time she felt sure enough to stop the horses in their own length, while she herself stood up to peer this way and that across the tufts of salt-bush and the spaces of pure sand.

Yet at first no sign of life intervened between the buggy and the Seven-mile Whim whose black timbers stood out like a gallows against the setting sun. The whim, however, was a league away. Irralie accordingly looked right and left; and on the right a five-wire fence ran east and west into twilight space; but on the left a clump of box-trees grew a couple of hundred paces from the track. Clearly the clump was the place; and, even as she turned her horses, the girl saw a flash and a puff on its outskirts, followed by a sharp report.

Irralie Villiers was used to firearms. A dead Riverina turkey and an empty fowling-piece lay at her feet at the present moment; and the shot from the clump only made her urge her horses the harder in its direction. It was obviously a signal of distress, and a little rough driving showed Irralie who had fired it. A tall, ragged fellow stood with his back to the trees, as still as they; his wide-awake was on the ground in front of him, and the wet hair clung to his white forehead. Also on the ground, in separate heaps, lay a shrunken bay horse and a singularly shabby saddle, bridle, and valise.

The girl drove up with a single word:
“Water?”

“Have you got any?” cried the man, spitting out a leaf as he came forward.

“No; but jump up, and I’ll drive you straight to the tank. Can your horse move?”

“We’ll see.”

And the man knelt over the helpless animal, slipped on the bridle, and coaxed it to its four feet.

“Now tie him on behind,” said Irralie, “and put your saddle and valise under the seat. There’s a tank not a mile from this spot.”

“If only I’d known!”

“You couldn’t. How long have you gone without?”

“Oh, for hours; not that there’s much wrong with me; it was the poor brute knocked up, not I.”

“I should have said you were at death’s door by all that shouting and shooting!”

The man laughed, showing beneath a heavy moustache a row of teeth more than presentable. He had fallen asleep beside his horse, and awoke only just in time. Another moment, and the buggy would have been out of earshot; there was no time to give chase, but only to do as he had done. Certainly he felt queer for want of water; but that was all.

Meanwhile, Irralie was steering her horses across country to the tank, and that as fast as the bay could follow. Leaning back at her side, the man scrutinised his deliverer with a glance bold to insolence. The girl was very young, and tall and slim; yet bodily weakness was as little apparent under the close-fitting sleeves of that period as infirmity of purpose in the alert, good-tempered, sunburnt face. Her hair and eyebrows were absolutely black; the latter, indeed, a little heavy for her sex; but the eyes themselves were the blue, continual havens of a smile no lips could equal, and the girl was written fearless and frank by her mere expression. A hearty voice and a blunt way of speaking were further characteristics, duly noted by the time the tank was reached, and man and beast drinking ravenously side by side.

The former was dressed like a common stockman—with a difference in the stockman’s favour. He wore the orthodox rough shirt and baggy mole-skins; but the humble legging was replaced by a

riding-boot of piratical length ; and from a pocket of the dilapidated, loose coat there peeped the butt-end of the revolver recently discharged. Now, revolvers were not even then in everyday use in the bush ; nor were long boots often seen in the stirrups of the common stockman ; and the girl felt a puzzled awe in thus encountering so new a type. She was taken, however, with her *protégé's* appearance, which was quite romantically devil-may-care ; and she chiefly viewed him with a very genuine curiosity as he returned to the buggy, dashing the water from his long moustache.

"Now we can push on for ourselves," said he. "You have saved us both, and we are grateful. Allow me to relieve you of my saddle and valise."

"But may I ask where you are going?"

"Surely ; to the station."

"This station? Arran Downs?"

"Why, yes ; but I really can't think of putting you to any more trouble. I am quite well able to ride——"

"Nonsense!" said Irralie. "Your horse isn't quite well able to carry you. What *do* you ride?"

"Fourteen stone or so."

"Then tie him on again, and jump up at once."

It was done with a shrug—and subsequent alacrity.

"Then you belong to this station?" said the man, reseating himself in the failing light. But Irralie preferred to regain the track in safety before replying ; and the question was put again.

"Oh, yes! I'm the manager's daughter. I beg your pardon ; now it's all right, we're in the straight."

"You are, then, a Miss Villiers?"

"I am."

"And you think nothing of driving about alone with a buggy and pair?"

"Nothing in the world. The gates are the only drawback. Do you mind opening this one?"

"Not in the least."

She waited for him in the further paddock.

"You're not coming for work, I suppose?"

"Well, I wasn't."

"To stay?"

"Yes, if I can be put up."

"No doubt it can be done. But you're a parlour man?"

"A parlour man!"

"I mean to say you're for the house, not for the hut?" said Irralie, judging him by the ear rather than the eye, and not very certain of him yet. "You see, we put up everybody ; only the men go to the travellers' hut, and the—the——"

"Exactly! Well, I had thought of the house ; still, if you're full——"

"We are fuller than usual ; but of course there'll be room. And you will be welcome to it. But

I wish you would tell me one thing : why on earth do you carry about a loaded revolver?"

In the buggy there was silence. Irralie glanced over her left shoulder, but now there was darkness too.

"Isn't it the proper thing to do?" he asked at length.

"Far from it," replied Irralie, severely.

"But what about bushrangers?"

"Bushrangers! There are none. They are all dead and gone."

"What about—Stingaree?"

"Stingaree! I forgot him. He's the man who stuck up the Mount Brown gold-escort. Oh, yes, I've heard a lot about Stingaree."

"I wonder what you have heard."

"That he's a bit of a duke—in fact, an Oxford man!"

"Would you know him by sight?"

"I shouldn't ; but, as it happens, we have a man here who would."

"A man I shall meet to-night?"

"Oh no! a whim-driver—the whim-driver at the far end of the last paddock—our Seven-mile. 'Deaf Dawson,' the men call him. He once knew Stingaree, he says ; but he hardly ever comes into the home-station. You must go out to the Seven-mile if you want to interview him, and you've got to do that through his ear-trumpet! He'll tell you Stingaree never came so far south as this in his life ; and I tell you he'd better not."

"You would give him a pretty bad time, eh, Miss Villiers?"

"My word!" said Irralie.

"I'm glad to hear it," replied the other devoutly, "for I carry that pistol solely on account of Stingaree! I wasn't to know he drew the line at a given degree of latitude."

"I don't say he does," returned the girl. "I only say he better had!"

Again they drove in silence into the night ; then the moon got up in their teeth, and licked the barrels of Irralie's fowling-piece.

"Why, you carry firearms yourself! I'd forgotten that, Miss Villiers."

"I do ; but not revolvers," said Irralie, "and not because of Stingaree."

"I see!"

"But to shoot fair game," concluded Irralie severely. "To-day it was a fatted turkey for the great occasion of to-morrow's Sunday dinner."

"It is to be a great occasion, then?"

"You bet it is!" cried Irralie Villiers. "You mayn't have heard that this station has been bought by a new chum of an Englishman with a handle to his name? But it has, though ; and much we care about the handle! A beggarly younger son, that's all he is ; but if he was a lord and a duke in one it would make no difference to

us! He'll make a fine mess of it, that's one thing sure. Fullarton his name is--the Honourable Greville Fullarton! Put that in your pipe and light it!"

"And--and what do you expect him to be like?"

"Don't ask," replied the girl warmly. "Nice words couldn't tell you. However, we shall find him at the homestead when we get in; and there are the lights."

Her companion looked sidelong at Irralie; then, hesitating, at the constellation of lights which had burst upon them unawares; and so made up his mind.

"We shall *not* find him there," said he, with a nervous laugh. "I'm sorry to confirm your worst suspicions, but the fact is, Miss Villiers, I'm the man himself!"

CHAPTER II.

A BAD IMPRESSION.

WHO was the Hon. G. Fullarton, and what did he want with a station in New South Wales? These and kindred questions were banded from block to block of the honoured territory; but only the first was susceptible to a plain, straightforward reply.

The pedigree of the young man could be ascertained from accessible sources; his motives (when he had any) were somewhat farther to seek. Pleasure, idleness, and adventure were the gods of this reactionary offspring of a peer who was also a divine; yet the *mauvais sujet* of this ancient family would have been the stainless pride of many another of equal antiquity but inferior ideals. Greville Fullarton had never been bankrupt, nor party to a scandalous suit, nor a living excuse of any sort or kind for the blasphemies of the half-penny evening enemy. On the other hand, he was the impious member of a family otherwise united in piety—a goat among sheep, a wanderer, a ne'er-do-weel, and a chronic grief to good grey hairs.

How he came by the money for Arran Downs—which was purchased in a good season, when the head of sheep ran very nearly into six figures—was as great a mystery in the old country as in the new. Yet in London they told a little story, which rather lent itself to deduction, where one happened to know how little the old Earl had spent on himself, and how much he must be worth.

It was said that Mr. Greville had dropped from the clouds into his father's town house one morning in time for prayers, but clad in Californian rags, and such boots that even the Earl could not permit him to kneel down before the servants. He had been two years away, and in all that time had written not at all. But it was said he related his adventures on this occasion with so much frankness and vivacity that the old peer was moved to lament the purposeless character of his son's exploits rather

than those exploits themselves. And here the story ends; but that same season saw the purchase of Arran Downs through London agents, and Esau started at the summer's end for another summer in one of the few wildernesses he had yet to explore.

The day had been hot indeed for the end of October, when the thermometer rarely touches a hundred in the shade; but even at that temperature Mrs. Villiers had not rested from sorting linen, selecting napery, cleaning silver, and watching over the Chinese cook in the wattle-and-dab kitchen. All day the storekeeper had been cleaning out his store, the overseer running up fresh horses from outlying paddocks, and Mr. Villiers himself fixing new ropes on two of the whims. For the rest, Miss Villiers (as we have seen) had been following the chase, and her younger brothers and sisters a less exciting routine with their raw, strict, public-school tutor.

At Arran Downs a single note had been received from the new owner naming the day he was likely to arrive. As the hour was not mentioned, all things were ready by about the middle of the day; and by evening the feeling of the garrison expressed itself in a universal inability to sit down. The verandah was paced as though it had been a vessel's deck—the horizon swept as though it had been the sea. At six there was open dissatisfaction, and the young Villierses, who had been decently dressed, and even partially subdued, for some hours—these young ruffians broke out, and drove their tutor in despair to the schoolroom, because his jurisdiction did not extend beyond those weather-board walls.

But when night set in, Mr. Villiers (a blue-eyed man with a fair beard and bad teeth) was heard to close his watch with a snap and to announce that he would wait no longer. The new owner might be given up for that night; as for Irralie, she had no business to be so late, but something could be kept hot for her. Luckily, however, they had not sat down when Irralie and the owner arrived together, evidently on the best of terms already. For Irralie introduced him, briefly explaining what had happened, but dwelling very lightly (it was noteworthy) on the incident at the clump, and never mentioning the pistol-shot at all. Fullarton shook hands all round with the utmost geniality. It was too dark in the verandah for his extremely rough exterior to be appreciated, and Mr. Villiers made his prepared speech with a glibness which he afterwards regretted.

"I must apologise, Mr. Fullarton, for being still here with my belongings; but as I didn't know your arrangements, I thought we had better all hold on till you came. They thought so in Melbourne too. Everything is ready for you, however, and I think I may say in no bad order either."

The new owner slapped the other on the back.

"My dear sir, I hope to goodness you aren't thinking of deserting me? Do you expect me to run this place by myself, and without knowing how? Let things go on as they are for another year at least; then, if we must, we can talk of it again."

In the same manner he very properly declined to take the head of his own dinner-table; and the impression was distinctly favourable until the rough shirt and ragged coat came to anchor immediately under the lamp. There fell then an embarrassed silence. Mrs. Villiers had made herself a new gown for the occasion. The tutor had saved up his tallest collar. Everybody had made some little difference, and the condition of the Englishman was an inexplicable insult to one and all.

Heavy, excellent George Young, the overseer, was perhaps the most indignant spirit at the table. But the English tutor, Hodding by name, endured the keenest disappointment. The overseer and the storekeeper were natives of the colony; so were the entire managerial brood. Hodding had counted upon the arrival of an even newer chum than himself; he had pictured a sufficiently taking type, in rough English tweeds and ponderous boots. The same lively fancy had painted every cornstalk green with envy; and what had happened? Jevons, the storekeeper, was kicking him under the table; honest George Young looked green, indeed, but not with envy; and the son of an Earl was eating as heartily as if he looked what he was, instead of calling to every mind the common, ruffianly, pound-a-week hand.

"There is one more thing I must apologise for," said Mr. Villiers, a little tactlessly, before they left the table. "We hardly thought to see you before the Cup; and we expect a few folks here on Monday night, on their way down to it."

"To the Melbourne Cup?" said the owner, with his mouth full. "Yes, I hear it's a great race; but the turf's about the only evil I ever steered clear of." And he continued to eat, as he had eaten from the beginning, like a half-starved man.

The manager hummed. His confession was not yet complete.

"The fact is," he continued, "we thought it an opportunity to entertain our friends—possibly our last. To tell you the truth, we have something like a party on the day after to-morrow. When I got your letter I did think of putting it off. But, on second thoughts, that struck me as all the more reason for a general muster of such society as we can boast in these wilds. It was an opportunity for the country-side to meet you, Mr. Fularton."

The owner looked up aghast.

"To meet *me*?" he cried.

"Why, yes, to be sure. They are all most anxious to make your acquaintance. You must

know that you have supplied our papers with a topic for these many weeks past."

"But look at my clothes!" cried the other. "You must have noticed them; and I would have apologised for them before, Mrs. Villiers, had I not felt too ashamed. It is all owing to a mistake. I have nothing better in my valise. But I believe my portmanteaux are on the way up by the coach."

"That's all right; then they'll be here to-morrow," said the manager, with relief only second to that of the tutor. "And now if you'll join me in a pipe on the verandah—for I haven't a cigar fit to offer you—I believe the Company have furnished you with some little papers which we ought to look into together?"

All had risen from the table, and with a fortunate precipitancy the younger men had left the room. There were witnesses enough, however, of the painful flush which now suffused the features of the new owner. And Irralie was one.

"I am very much afraid," he stammered, "that I have lost the papers you—you——"

And without finishing his sentence, he fumbled nervously in the pockets of his disreputable coat.

"Hadh't you an overcoat?" asked Irralie, calmly.

"Yes, yes! I had!"

"Then they may be in that."

"They were—now I think of it. But I have lost the overcoat. I—I must have left it behind me when my horse knocked up!"

"Then think no more about it," said Villiers instantly. "It'll be as safe in one of these paddocks as on your own back; it's only a question of knowing where to look for it, and that we can do at our leisure to-morrow morning."

So there the subject dropped; but it was something more than fortunate that not one of the younger men was present; for—in fact—the three of them were engaged already, in the tutor's school-room, upon a systematic mutilation of the new owner's character and pretensions.

"So now, George," said Jevons, "the joker we've heard so much about has come and been seen; but I'm jolly well hanged if he has conquered! These native English are an almighty rum race!"

"I'll race him," said George Young venomously. "And I'm bled if I come in second!"

The creature had driven in with Irralie Villiers. As yet this was his rankest offence in the nostrils of good George Young.

"I don't care what you fellows say," cried the fuming tutor. "That brute's not what he says he is. I've been at school with 'em, and I know!"

Jevons winked at Young.

"We know that school, eh, George? We've heard it before. We'll hear of it again; but, my faith, we'll hear a little less of the home-brewed, full-grown Englishman after this!"

"Come outside!" roared the tutor in a frenzy.

"What are you givin' us?"

"Come behind the pines and take off your coat. I don't care whether you hide me or whether you don't! I know you're the better man, but I'm not going to sit still and hear you talk like that!"

He flung open the schoolroom door, which looked upon a plantation of young pines, and allowed a flood of moonlight to fall upon the floor. At the same moment a couple passed the opening, walking side by side, and in striking silhouette against the moonlit trees.

"My faith!" said Jevons softly.

"Who was it?" cried George Young, bounding to his feet. "Not Irralie and that—"

"Unrepresentative new chum?" said Jevons, with a laugh. "So help me never, old man, but it was!"

And the fight fell through after all.

CHAPTER III.

THE BROKEN COLUMN.

THE plantation of pines formed three sides of the station yard, which, indeed, suggested a clearing on the edge of a natural forest rather than a single acre left exactly as it was found. The square was completed by the first and foremost of the homestead buildings: a long, regular structure, framed in the customary verandah, but containing (what was less conventional) the family quarters and the station store beneath one vast, white, corrugated roof. Other offices had buildings to themselves, such as the kitchen and the cook's room, the school-room and those of the three young men, wash-house and dairy, iron-store and blacksmith's forge. All these stood in hollow square, looking inward on the yard. And with the moon shining like a tempered sun on every roof, and the pine-trees whispering on all sides but one, there were worse tasks than learning the names of things from the mouth of Irralie Villiers.

"But if I *am* to show you the ropes," said the girl, "I may as well show you the lot. The stables are quite separate. The stock-yards are further still. Would you care to see them to-night?"

He cared considerably, and appeared to find refreshment in the freedom of the situation. The father had gone into the store to write a letter for the outgoing mail; the mother had beaten a retreat earlier than usual after the burden and surprises of the day. The stranger and the girl were left to their own devices, without a hint of vulgar espionage in the name of a too self-conscious propriety. The stables were inspected. A handful of oats was taken to the night-horse in the yard. The men's hut was pointed out on rising ground still further from the house; also a natural lawn-

tennis court, marked out in a clay pan; and here Irralie descried a racket which had been left out, and picked it up.

"So you actually play lawn-tennis up here!" exclaimed the owner.

"Actually!" repeated Irralie, with fine scorn. "Goodness! do you think we are so far behind you as all that?"

He laughed. "I beg your pardon, Miss Villiers. Still, your rackets are behind us—just a season or so."

"What do you mean?"

"That one is bent. They are now made straight as a die!"

"I don't believe you," cried Irralie warmly; and the argument ensuing was lively to the last degree. It ended, however, in laughter, swiftly followed by some consideration on the girl's part that cut her laughter short. It was as if she had suddenly found herself in church or in the presence of death. She stood quite still in the moonlight, and looked him very thoroughly up and down.

"You have lived here always?" he said at length, as if unconscious of her inquisitive gaze. She withdrew it by an effort.

"I wish we had! No; most of us were born in Tasmania; and that's a lovely country, far better than this, though personally I prefer the back-blocks. There's room for you to turn round up here!"

"I wonder what you would think of England."

"Not much! I should spend my time on St. Paul's Cathedral—throwing stones into the sea! Follow me, Mr. Fullarton; there's something else I want to show you before we go in; and we can get back this way."

She led him to a fence, squeezed through the wires, and crossed an open space dividing them from the fringe of the same plantation which extended to the house. This space was the width of a racecourse, and struck the stranger as being planted with innumerable scarecrows shorn of their last rag. He asked what they were, and Irralie answered, "Our spare rooms."

"Your *what*?"

"Our spare rooms for Monday night. On Monday you will see this strip turned into a street of tents; these are the poles. When you go to a dance in the bush you stay the night. And the ladies take up all the rooms; and all the men camp out."

"I see," said the other; and he followed Irralie's lead among the pines.

"You aren't exactly keen about our party!" cried the girl, over her shoulder. "Can't you dance?"

"Not much."

"I thought not! But there is something else?"

"Yes; there are my clothes."

"I understood they were coming to-morrow?"

"Well, I expect them, certainly."

"*I wonder if you do!*"

And with the words the girl wheeled round and boldly regarded him by the light of the moon.

"Really, Miss Villiers, you take my breath away. Why should you doubt my word?"

He laughed, but he had coloured first.

"Because I can't help it!" replied the girl, with a little gasp which she would have given her few possessions to prevent.

"Be frank with me, Miss Villiers. Tell me candidly what it is that makes you suspect me of—of whatever you do suspect!"

She shook her head; she would not or she could not speak; but her fine, unfaltering eyes never left his nor relaxed for one instant their soul-searching scrutiny.

"Was it about those papers?" pursued the other.

"That—for one thing."

"I see. You think I never had them at all!"

"I think you never would have thought of a lost overcoat if I hadn't put the words into your mouth!"

There was a pause; and the man's face showed as plainly as rent sail or splintered spar that the shot had gone home.

"Why did you do it?" he cried unwarily.

"You may well ask! Goodness knows—not I!"

"But I *have* lost a coat," he added vehemently, perceiving his mistake. "I give you my word I lost one to-day; and those papers were in it as certainly as that moon is in the sky. You may believe or doubt it as you like. It is the case, and you will know it by-and-by. What else is there suspicious about me?"

Evidently he had forgotten his revolver; but Irralie knew that it was in his pocket still, though she did not intend to remind him of that. His tone was both angry and injured, but the injury appealed to her more than the anger. It destroyed her self-confidence, and, in doing so, restored some confidence in him. Then she recalled her earliest prejudicial observation, and smiled at her momentary misgivings.

"There was your horse!" said she—and saw him wince at the word.

"What about my horse?"

"It had come further than you said; it had gone longer without water. A horse can go twice as long as a man; yet you were only thirsty, but your horse was hollow as a drum and nearly dead!"

For some moments he either could not or would not face her eyes; when once more he did so it was with a recovered calm, and something more than his former urbanity of speech.

"Will you then kindly tell me what you think?"

"I cannot!" cried the girl. "I think one thing

one moment and another thing the next. I give you up; but as I had never any right to attempt to unriddle you, I also beg your pardon. Consider unsaid every word I've spoken; and forgive me if you can."

He laughed aloud.

"Forgive you, Miss Villiers! That's taking it a little too seriously, I am sure. But—the fact is—you are right! And upon my word I've a good mind to tell you everything on the spot!"

Irralie looked in the handsome, reckless face, and involuntarily drew back. "You must do as you please," she said.

"I could trust you? Yes, yes, I could trust you with my life. *You* are not the one to give a fellow away!"

"I hope not. But that would depend."

"That—would—depend," he repeated slowly. "On the nature of the confidence, of course! Well, well, let it rest. There was something else you were going to show me before we went in?"

"There was," said the girl. "Come this way; it's something that I think is certain to appeal to you."

And once more she led him through the moonlit pines, with a heart in chaos, and thoughts so tangled that unravelment seemed as distant as the day of doom. This much she knew: there was a loaded pistol in his pocket, and the crackling of each twig was like the cocking of the hammer behind her back. And, again, this much she knew even better: that she would have felt no safer out shooting with her father than here and now under the eye of this privily armed man.

So she led him through the soft sand between pine and hop-bush; and the moon peeped over one shoulder now, and now the other, until at last it shone with startling brilliance on white palings, and on a granite column in the midst of them, broken as a tree by the wind.

"A grave!" said Irralie's companion. But the girl said nothing. And when she looked at him his head was bare.

Indeed the unexpectedness of the spot and its memorial compelled an unpremeditated awe; nor could a stranger or a sweeter place have been chosen for the repose of human ashes. Homestead and outbuildings were alike beyond sight and sound. Here was no music but that of the constant cricket and the wind among the trees; and here, for days or for weeks together, no eyes save those of heaven itself. Companion of a thousand pines, yet still with a stillness which exaggerated their every sound and motion, stood the painted palings, the simply storied pedestal, the granite column snapped like a mast. And the spirit of the sepulchre, which all who came there must feel, was one unattainable in sunlit, sweet-smelling cemetery or cool cathedral crypt. It brought the living

nearer to the dead ; it left the dead more convincingly at peace and rest for ever.

Still bare-headed, the man crept forward and read—

SACRED

TO

THE MEMORY OF

CECIL GORTON GILES,

BORN AT HAMPSTEAD, LONDON,

May 15th, 1853,

DIED AT ARRAN DOWNS, N.S.W.,

January 4th, 1875.

"How sad!" murmured Fullarton. "I know of nothing in life like the pity of a young fellow cut off in all his sins and all his joy. And suddenly, too! I think this is the most touching tomb I have ever seen. Who was he; and how did it happen?"

Irralie was watching him with keen eyes.

"It was before our time," she said; "but he was a young fellow almost straight from his public school, like Mr. Hodding; only he came up here as storekeeper. His people had the memorial sent up from Melbourne. But it was by his own request that he was buried here; he lived some hours after it happened."

"But what *did* happen?"

"A bushranger shot him through the lungs."

He looked at her sharply; she was more than looking at him. Without a word he signified his readiness to return to the house; without a word she led the way.

CHAPTER IV.

NIGHT AND DAY.

THIS was one of Irralie's bad nights. Like most strong characters, the girl had her complement of unexpected weaknesses, and one of these was an irritating inability to sleep in the least difficulty or the smallest vexation of the spirit. Another and a weaker trait was a certain tendency of Irralie's to meet the vexations half-way and to double the difficulties; but this was less generally known; for an unruly imagination was balanced by a reserve almost stoical, and yet little suspected by those who knew only the high-spirited outward girl.

Imagination and reserve were, indeed, characteristics of a nature otherwise breezily courageous and independent to a fault. They were the two quarrelsome elements in a harmonious whole. And not for the first time did they prey upon each other to-night and tear the heart of Irralie in two between them.

She imagined, or suspected, so much; and was so ashamed of her suspicions, or imaginations, that

she would sooner have died than betray a word of them to living soul. So she reasoned with herself through the long slow hours, and would prove her visions baseless, only to see them plainer than ever for her pains.

Here was the humour of it. The man was not the man he represented himself to be. Very well; then he must have an object for his imposture; and what possible object could there be? Exposure must follow soon or late, and if robbery were the design, how could impersonation expedite that? Plain robbery was easy enough in the bush, when there was anything to rob; but what was there here? Gold escorts were one thing, sheep-stations another. And a drove of pure merinos were surely an unwieldy equivalent for a few handfuls of yellow dust.

Again, if it was a case of impersonation, what had become of the impersonated? He must be somewhere—then where? Irralie thought of novels that she had read with plots founded upon this idea; at the bottom of most there was a murder; but murder was the one suspicion which did *not* plague her on the head of the real or *soi-disant* Greville Fullarton.

Yet again; in such a case there would be reasonable precautions on the villain's part; but this villain took none. He showed his weapons, and he came just as he was, in his rough bushman's clothes, and with his candid, impudent, dare-devil smile. And at the conjured portrait the girl smiled too, for could a calculating desperado look like that? But the smile froze; for could a man who looked like that be the real owner, and an Earl's son?

No; there was something sinister and wrong and underhand; moreover, the man had nearly confessed to her what it was. He had been within an ace of throwing himself upon her mercy! Well, she was thankful he had not done that. Her suspicions she might keep to herself, but not the guilty confidences of the most attractive villain unhung. On the contrary, if she once knew him for that—well, then she would know also how to act.

And yet—and yet—had she not taken his part—taken it actively—already? Instinctively she had kept to herself his possession of arms; instinctively also she had come to his aid with the ready suggestion of a lost overcoat. And what did these instincts mean? She was a girl who looked things in the face: did they mean his innocence or her own infatuation? In an instant she was out of bed, and kneeling in the moonlight, and praying with all her soul that it might be the innocence of the man which alone put her on his side without her will. For she forgot to allow for a certain large, unreasonable chivalry in herself, ever likely to create in her a wilful sympathy with the unorthodox and the ungodly; more probably, however, she

was unaware of the growth in her heart of this particular weed of original wickedness.

Morning came, and with it a few minutes of fevered sleep; but the girl's dreams were worse than her waking imaginations; they had the added terror of vagueness; and she fled, rather than rose, from her bed. The outer verandah, whereon her room opened, was as still and private as her room itself. From it she saw the red Riverina dawn, across a sea of sand flecked with sage-green salt-bush; and the touch of the dawn upon her face and feet gave her new strength and a first surcease from her shameful suspicions.

And shameful was no word for them a little later, when cold water and clean sunshine had done their work, and the station day had begun with all its immemorial humdrum regularity. It was a Sunday, and the girl knew it by all the old, unmistakable signs. On Sundays her young brothers ran up the horses; she heard their spurs in the verandah, their voices thick with biscuit, and finally their ponies cantering towards the horse-paddock gate. Irralie had then just shut her door; and when next she opened it the boys were returning with the drove of horses in a cloud of sand. The thunder of their hoofs was like the charge of cavalry, with stockwhips cracking for musketry. Nor was it possible to see and hear it for the thousandth time and to harbour one moment longer the preposterous notions of the night.

She walked round the house. The Chinaman was smoking his early morning pipe and bringing wood from the wood-heap for the kitchen fire. Irralie was greeted on every hand with the reassurance of the normal and the unromantic. A couple of chairs stood side by side on the verandah, an empty glass within reach of either. It was as though Irralie had seen her father and the owner drain and rise and part for the night at the latter's door. A little after she had occasion to pass the door herself, when she heard the owner whistling as he dressed. And a little later yet she met her father in his Sunday suit. Irralie kissed him, but left her palms upon his shoulders, and searched him with a smile that made him wonder what was coming.

"Well, father, what do you think of our friend?"

"Fullarton?"

"Yes."

"A very excellent fellow," declared the manager, with a conviction that brought a thankful flush to the girl's face. "We sat up quite late, and I haven't enjoyed a chat so much for a long time. But, mind you"—and he lowered his voice—"the man's no more like an Earl's son than you or I."

"How do you mean?" asked Irralie, paling in a moment. Luckily she was dealing with no close observer; indeed, this very thought contributed to

her pallor: here was also the least suspicious of men.

"How do I mean?" he said. "Well, it's a bit difficult to explain; I like him, and all that, much better than I expected; but then I expected a lot of gloss, and this fellow has less than none. It's all the jollier—only somehow it doesn't seem quite the thing. Look at his clothes, for instance!"

"He must have picked them up from some tramp and put them on for a joke," said Irralie on the spur. "But I'm glad you like him—and here he is!"

And there he was: in clothes which fitted him uncommonly well to have been picked up in the way suggested, but which looked worse than ever in the full glare of day. He was also unshaven, and a grimy blue from ear to ear; the gross effect, in the words of Mr. Villiers, was decidedly not "quite the thing."

Irralie returned a formal greeting and slipped away; her heart was once more throbbing with the black doubts of the night; and this time it was slower still. Her father and Fullarton drove off after breakfast to look for the lost overcoat. They returned before lunch without it; nor was Irralie surprised. She had known exactly what to expect; and anticipated with confidence the like result of a cognate quest, undertaken by the store-keeper, who had gone with the spring-cart to meet the mail and to bring back the new owner's luggage.

"I only hope it's there," he said to her, with deep meaning.

"I only hope so too!" she replied, with a deeper yet.

"Then in ten minutes you won't know me: I shall be shaved and clothed and in my right mind."

"You are certainly not in it now."

"Indeed?"

"Or you would never tempt Providence as you are doing!"

And the girl turned on her heel, loathing herself for the unpremeditated warning, and him for the inexplicable attraction which compelled the words in her own despite. Then for Irralie it was the night all over again—with its suspicions, doubts, arguments, lapses of involuntary introspection, and agonies of acute self-contempt. Only now she could wander and rend her spirit in the open air; she was no longer imprisoned in the dark between burning sheets. The scent of the pines was in her nostrils, the shadows of the pines striped and fluted the whiteness of her cool attire; and to look at her, with bent head and red sunshade and raven hair, her maiden meditations, if not fancy-free, might have been guaranteed free as a child's from grave concern. Yet there was mischief in her feet as in her mind. It led her to the broken column and



"HE REELED WHEN HE ROSE, AND HAD TO BE SUPPORTED TO HIS ROOM" (p. 91).

the lonely grave ; and there it held her, still with thought, and gazing at the inscription with eyes that read not ; nor ever moving till a breaking twig broke also the spell that bound the girl.

CHAPTER V.

AN ACCIDENT.

IRRALIE started. But the step was not Fullarton's. And the two-edged stab of disappointment and relief, instantly experienced by the girl, alarmed her later when she found time to think of it. At the moment, however, there was George Young—for he it was—to be faced and fenced with ; and one glance at his heavy, wholesome face discovered it alight with unmistakable news.

"Well?" cried Irralie, and held her breath with the monosyllable. The luggage, like the overcoat, had not been found ! The impostor was already exposed ! That must be the news ; what else ?

The overseer looked from Irralie to the inscription at the base of the column, and again significantly at the girl. Irralie could have struck him for the delay.

"What's the matter with you ? Why don't you speak?" she gasped. "Something has happened—and there you stand !"

"Oh, it's nothing near home, Miss Villiers ; only I was just thinking, seeing the name of poor Giles there, that there may be one or two more to join him before long !"

"What do you mean ?"

"Bushrangers !" replied the other. "Our friend Stingaree at it again !"

"Here?" she steeled herself to say.

"Well, no ; not on the run ; but somewhere or other in these back-blocks, there is little doubt. You see, Jevons has just come back with the mail, and those portmanteaux——"

"Has he brought the portmanteaux ?"

She steadied herself by one of the wooden palings round the grave.

"Oh, yes, he's brought *them* all right ; it was about that I came to you ; but this bit of news is the thing that's made us all sit up ! Not that he's likely to come here, Miss Villiers," continued the overseer reassuringly, to unheeding ears. "Stingaree never stuck up a station in his life. Gold-escorts are *his* lay ; he goes where money is ; still, yesterday morning it seems he stuck up a bush pub by way of a change. I suppose there was money there. I know the shanty—it's over in the Balranald district—that is straight across country from here, say seventy miles by the crow. And that's far enough—across country. It would be a different thing if it were north or south of us, anywhere up or down this stock-route. Still—it's near enough to be exciting !"

Of all this Irralie had heard two sentences exactly. So not a soul save herself had suspected him here ! And now—it seemed incredible—the portmanteaux had actually come, and even she could suspect nothing more. So ran her thoughts, and the overseer's voice was as the babble of a creek.

"It was about that you came to me?" she repeated after him, when he had done, as though the words had been his last. They were the last that she remembered.

"About——ah, that luggage!" said George Young. He paused ; and in his change of expression Irralie's quickened eyes perceived an enemy of Greville Fullarton, and found herself wondering what the enemy would have given for her late suspicions. "That luggage," he continued, in a tone changed like his face, "is more bother than it's worth. It's great, big, heavy, regular new chum's baggage, and was bother enough to fetch. And now he's got it he can't get into it ! Lost every blessed key !"

"Lost—every—key!" repeated Irralie, in a voice that must have flashed her own idea through a brain less slow than that of the overseer, who, however, bore it in mind. It was an idea that made Irralie tremble for one moment—freeze the next ; and so remain, with proud, white face and flashing eye.

"They said you might have one that would fit," pursued Young ; "and they asked me to go and look for you."

"Who asked you?"

"Fullarton himself."

"It was like his impertinence !"

"It was so ! I'm glad to hear you say that, for in *my* opinion a more——"

"That'll do," replied Irralie tartly. "Don't hang a man before you try him !" And with a sudden, feverish haste, she led the way homeward through the pines ; the overseer following, with a very healthy craving for the new owner's blood.

On the verandah, sure enough, were the portmanteaux, hat-box, gun-case, and dressing-bag of a sufficiently new chum. The labels of the voyage still adhered to the raw, unseasoned leather. Indeed, with the single exception of the gun-case, everything was flagrantly new and redolent of the London outfitter. And on the largest piece of all, the careless centre of a keenly interested group, sat a picturesque, unshaven adventurer, like a beggar enthroned.

"You are my last hope, Miss Villiers," said he, as the girl came up. "I've tried all the keys on the premises but yours. If you fail me——"

"I shall fail you," said Irralie. "I keep nothing in the world under lock and key."

"Indeed ! Then I am done."

"I am afraid you are."

The words were said in a way that attracted no

third person's attention. Yet Fullarton winced as his eyes met Irralie's—wincing, and then smiled. Next moment he was holding out his hand to one of her young brothers.

"That knife of yours," said he.

"To force the lock?"

Fullarton took the knife without replying, opened the big blade, got lazily to his feet, and as lazily reseated himself, cross-legged, on the verandah-boards, within reach of the brass and leather fastenings. The circle of inquisitive faces had closed in upon him when he paused to search it for the face of Irralie. All he saw was her black hair vanishing.

"Don't go away, Miss Villiers!"

"Why not—Mr. Fullarton?"

"Because I've got something in here that I want you to see. You remember our little discussion about lawn-tennis rackets? You said they were still made curved, and I said they weren't. Well, on the lower side of this portmanteau—at the very bottom—underneath my shirts—there is, or ought to be, a racket of this year. We'll see if there is, Miss Villiers; and we'll see which of us is right."

He had spoken with smiling eyes upon the girl; and his smile broadened as he specified with more and more exactitude the precise position of the racket. It was the address of a conjuror before his greatest trick; yet Irralie alone understood. As he finished speaking, he raised the knife and stabbed with sudden energy at the leather above the lock. Indeed, the point of the blade caught the plate of brass, and the blade itself closed upon his hand amid the exclamations of the onlookers.

"You'll ruin it!" cried one or two, meaning the portmanteau.

"He's cut himself," said another.

But Fullarton doubled his fist before the blood had time to flow. "It's nothing!" he muttered, and, with his left hand, cut the straps, sawed round the lock, and had the portmanteau open in an instant. In another, the shirts were displayed and disarranged, and the lawn-tennis racket duly produced.

"As straight as my face, I think!" said Fullarton as he held it out to Irralie. She hardly looked at it. But, from her place among the others, she did look at Fullarton—humbly, steadfastly—with an expression which he alone could read. To the rest there had merely been a friendly argument, and Irralie was merely in the wrong. Yet to the more observant there was an unprecedented absence of humour and of spirit in Irralie's acknowledgment of the fact.

"You are right," she said, as if it were quite a tragic matter. "You are right, and I was a perfect fool! Forgive me if you ever can."

"On one condition. The racket is yours. I have more than I can use."

She then took it from him, but no thanks would come. A "perfect fool" indeed, the depth of her folly—the knowledge that he had plumed it—and the good-humoured tact of his reproof, all struck home together and choked her with simple shame. She made one effort; another, and she would have broken down; but she was saved, and strangely, at that moment.

"Mr. Fullarton!" she heard her father cry. "Your hand! your hand!"

Fullarton looked; the blood was welling through his clenched fingers. He turned his back and examined the cut.

"Deeper than I thought!" he muttered to the manager. "Have you any gut in the medicine chest? That's an artery pumping. Gut and tweezers and a basin of water in the dining-room!"

And in the dining-room he sat with his bare arm over a basin of reddening water, and, using the tweezers with his own left hand, picked up the arteries himself and called for somebody to tie them with the gut. The manager tried, but his fingers were all hard thumbs; he was only good for standing by with the whisky, which was needed but refused. Mrs. Villiers was too nervous; and it was Irralie herself who finally tied the arteries with her firm, nimble fingers, and who helped to bind up the hand. The young men and the boys looked on; and, when all was over, there was but one heart left for the wounded man to win, who reeled when he rose, and had to be supported to his room. The boys gave him a rousing cheer, led by their frenzied tutor; and it was none other than Jevons who cried, "One more!"

But Irralie shut herself in her room, clasped her hands stained with his blood, and went in thankfulness upon her knees. Her doubts were at an end; yet, in the first ecstasy of secret and spiritual deliverance, they seemed less preposterous than at any previous stage. The horror had been too strong for her to cease to take it seriously the moment it was removed.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO VOICES.

THE Fourth Commandment was not totally broken at Arran Downs; it was merely observed in a modified form. The family remembered the Sabbath-night, if not the day, and kept it holy in a rather winning way of their own. The piano was wheeled into the broad verandah, forms were put across, and lanterns hung. Then the station bell would ring for five minutes, and the men would troop over from the hut, slipping hot pipes into their pockets as they entered the

verandah. Mr. Villiers would be discovered sitting at a small table with the books. The men, too, remained seated during the entire service.

This was never long. A few prayers were read, then a chapter, then something pithy from a book. It was not always a sermon so-called. But there were always hymns, and Irralie was never absent from the piano. She was certainly not a good performer; but she could play a hymn, and lead it, too, with a voice not free from possibilities. She was also a great favourite with the men.

On the night of the knife accident, however, the men's hut sent a contingent without numerical precedent. And the attraction, of course, was the new-chum owner with the blooming handle to his blooming name. Such of the men, indeed, as had already seen him, described the hut as the "proper blooming place for 'im—if you jokers could suffer the cove." Others, who had yet to behold him at short range, and who came to service for that purpose alone, were punished by a complete take-in.

"That the cove?" said one. "Why, 'e's a bloomin' toff like all the rest o' them new chummies. Wot were yer givin' us?"

"Blowed if he hasn't been and dressed himself up! Hardly knew him myself; looks a fine chap now, eh, don't 'e?"

"Plucky fine! Wot's 'e done with 'is 'and?"

And so forth—under cover of the first hymn. For Fullarton had been helped into a well-cut suit of light grey flannel. He now wore also an impeccable coloured shirt, a white collar, and a good tie badly tied by Hodding, the tutor, who had also essayed an easy shave, and achieved an easier than Fullarton anticipated. The net result was a change astonishing enough, if essentially superficial. To be sure, too, a sleeve hung loose, which prevented the coat from fitting as a coat should. Still, the garments were by the most celebrated of all firms, as Hodding told Jevons (who had never heard of that firm) with bated breath. And, without a doubt, pale as he was from loss of blood, the handsome headlong scapegrace looked no longer a son of whom the noblest Earl need have felt very sorely ashamed.

So thought Irralie on the piano-stool before her duties obliged her to turn her back. This occurred at the first hymn, of which the very first verse had an instantaneously depressing effect upon the girl. Not that it was a hymn she disliked; it was "Onward, Christian Soldiers," which she loved and had chosen. But here was a new, hoarse voice braying out of tune in her ear, and she was only too well aware whose voice it was. Anything more painful, anything so raucous, ear-splitting and grotesque, Irralie had never heard. It stabbed her nerves like the squeak of a slate-pencil. It was no more certain of a note than a drunken man of his steps. And it came from lips which Irralie

had so recently suspected of falsehood and deceit, that, but for the incident of the tennis-racket, her new-born faith had been once more shaken to its base.

As it was she found herself disillusioned and disappointed in the hour of relief. And the most mortifying moment of all was when, in the second hymn, the infliction suddenly ceased, and the honest, painstaking, sure-footed bass of George Young (which it had drowned) was heard for the first time coming down like a steam-hammer on every note.

Irralie was provoked beyond rhyme or reason. She had made up her mind to think so very well now of the man of whom—on grounds disgracefully slight—she had thought so very, very badly. And it was a fair mind, anxious to do justice always, and to make prompt amends where it failed; but here was this miserable little fly of a voice in the ointment of her new content.

Yet it might have been worse; earlier in the day, at least, she would have thought more of it. For if there was such a thing as a typical bush-ranging bellow, Irralie would then have made certain that she had heard it to-night. As it was, however, when the second hymn had been sung without further atrocities, the girl turned round on her music-stool and revived her spirits by side-long glances at the empty, well-cut sleeve.

"I must apologise for making that row," he said to her, under cover of the men's stampede. "I'm sorry I sang."

"Why?" asked Irralie, colouring.

"I saw your shoulders up to your ears. I seemed to hear your teeth on edge! And suddenly I remembered what they all used to say at home. My father's a clergyman, you know; he used to like us all to join in; but my brothers and sisters petitioned him to forbid me to!"

"It was really quite unconscious on my part," said Irralie. "I—I never heard anything."

The other laughed.

"Your friend Young sings well," said he.

"Too well!" said Irralie, who felt vaguely annoyed at having poor George styled her friend—by Fullarton. Nor did she like the singer any better for being one just then. But Fullarton only laughed.

"Too well, Miss Villiers!"

"There's no interest in being so good and doing things perfectly."

"He is a very good fellow, then, this George Young? I thought he looked it."

"Offensively good!" said Irralie, and changed the subject with characteristic abruptness.

In fact, she had remembered Fullarton's wound, and the memory expressed itself in that solicitude for him which was to be her outward way of atoning for the folly that was still heinous in her eyes. She

had wronged him before, she must make up for it now. So seriously she continued to put it to herself; and yet her friends did not know her as a serious person, but rather for a hearty, hard-riding, impudent, charming, independent child of the bush.

Was she changing? Had she already changed? Deliberate introspection would have come amiss to her the week, nay, the very day before; hitherto she had coupled it with insomnia (to which hers had been always due) as an occasional disorder at the worst. Now—as it were in a moment—it was her perpetual pitfall—a besetting sin. This very reflection she made alone in the moonlight later in the evening. And why alone? To think about herself—for no other reason, unless it was to think—

An unreasoning anger filled the heart of the girl. She looked about for one on whom to vent it, and was given George Young, who at that moment stepped down from the verandah and was proceeding with bent head towards the young men's rooms. His very carriage was an offence; but his excellent singing that night had been a greater. Irralie determined to be even with him on the spot. He was the only one who had never said a word about the wounded hand. That was another thing; she would ask him what it all meant. And yet—she might have known. George Young was a friend of some few years' standing. He could remember her short dresses and her black pigtail. But Greville Fullarton was the acquaintance of a single day.

"George!" cried Irralie, authoritatively. "Who has frightened you?" she scornfully added, as he came up staring.

"You astonished me."

"How?"

"By calling me like that."

"Oh, so I haven't known you long enough to call you George, eh? Certainly we live and learn!"

"You know I didn't mean that, Irralie."

She did know, and she relented. "Then what's the matter with you? What have I done—or anybody else—that you should look as you have looked all the evening, and—and not behave like other people? Who's offended you? That's what I want to know!"

Nobody. He was not offended at all. That was all he would say. Yet he said it with such a tragic tremor, and was at one and the same time so dignified and manly and pig-headed, that Irralie could not leave ill alone, but must needs answer for him.

"I know who!" she whispered, and pointed across the yard to the front verandah. It showed a firmament of tiny red stars. The new owner had got at his cigars; and Young alone had professed to prefer his own pipe.

Young made no answer now.

"You hate him!" pursued Irralie, in a low, excited voice. "Why should you? How do you dare?"

"Dare!" said the other softly.

No retort could have stung Irralie more.

"Then presume," she said. "Yes, presume is the better word for you. You do presume when you take a scunner against a man you know nothing about!"

"A man I know nothing about! That's it—exactly."

He turned, and walked towards the pines. She followed him until their ordinary voices were out of earshot of the verandah. At the wire fence they stopped, and Irralie turned upon him with subdued fury.

"At all events you know who he is!"

"Who is he?"

"You know as well as I do that he's the son of an Earl—Lord Fullarton!"

For one moment she thought his smile a sneer at her glibness with the titles; the next, she divined a yet more sinister meaning, and it held her speechless. Her suspicions of last night were his of this! It was incredible, monstrous, absurd; and yet the case. His silence was significant—and the more shame for him! It had been bad enough in her when there were the rough clothes to excite a prejudice, and no luggage to allay it. But in George Young—now—after all that had happened under his eyes—it was mere malicious idiocy. Irralie laughed in his face.

"So you think that!"

"What?"

"That he's not what he says he is!"

Young looked at her firmly with his obstinate, set face.

"Yes—I think that. Stop a moment, Irralie! You have forced me to speak, and now there's one question—no, two—that I've got for you. Have you ever seen the signature of Greville Fullarton?"

"Never."

"Then I have. There's his note to your father still lying about the store. Have you ever seen the signature of the man who turned up last night?"

"No, I haven't."

"Nor will you ever!" said Young, emphatically.

"Why not? What are you driving at?"

"He has injured his right hand!"

His meaning was slow to dawn upon her; yet some vague sense of it was already troubling her heart.

"Well?" she said. "What then? It was a most unfortunate accident."

"I don't agree with you. On the contrary, if you ask me, I should call it a very happy accident indeed! There are more documents in the air than those he professes to have lost. Some had

come up by the mail. And your father had asked him to sign them!"

There was a pause.

"I see: so you don't think it was an accident at all," said Irralie, with the stinging contempt of sudden and complete self-control.

"No, I do not."

And he faced her doggedly as with insolent scorn she turned lightly from him, retreated a few steps, and turned again.

"And pray how do you account for the racket in the portmanteau? You were there, I think? You know what I mean?"

"Yes, I was there. The explanation of that is fairly simple, too."

"Give it me!" she cried, stamping her foot.

"No, I shall not," he replied quietly. "I shall do nothing of the kind."

"For obvious reasons!" sneered the girl; "for reasons that are so worthy of you! Ingenious is not the word for your theory—nor for you—nor for every single thing you've said to-night! I leave the word to your imagination. But it only needed this to complete my opinion—of you!"

And so she left him—with a sudden catch at her skirt, as though the very sand he stood in were malignant ground.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SKELETON AT THE DANCE.

THE affair of the following evening was evidently far from proving the formidable rite which Fullarton had appeared to dread. He took a mild interest in the preparations, and made a favourable impression upon the guests. Active help he certainly could not give; but Irralie felt that he would have been of but little use in any case; and sadly admitted to herself (though not to another soul) that her friend was not and could never have been a dancing man. She felt it only less than his dreadful singing. But there were no more absurd suspicions. He was with her all the day; and if he had not a single suggestion for the floor, or for the arrangement of chairs and lights, he had plenty to tell Irralie about Harrow, Oxford, and California. He had been superannuated from the first, sent down from the second, and had bade the last farewell in a red shirt and no boots. Luckily the overseer was out of the way. He was superintending the pitching of the tents. Irralie and he had not spoken again.

As for the guests, they arrived between noon and sundown in some dozen buggies, which for lack of stable-room were arranged in a sort of laager near the tents. The Brownes of Quandong drove over four-in-hand; and there were several young men who rode with their dress-clothes in

valises at the saddle-bow. Finally, some forty persons sat down to an early dinner in the back verandah, and thereafter retired to their rooms and tents to dress.

They reappeared upon a delightful scene. The southern day had ended with its usual abruptness; the rising moon had already cleared the pines. The main building wore a necklace of Chinese lanterns hung by Irralie between the verandah posts, and the symmetry of this was well relieved by the purely random lighting of the yard. The gross effect, however, would have been better, undoubtedly, without a moon; as it was, by ten o'clock the night was lighter than many a northern day.

About this hour two things happened. The new owner, then making himself most attentive to Mrs. Browne of Quandong (whose diamonds were worthy of Park Lane), felt a tug at his armless sleeve. He turned his head, and there was Irralie. The girl was dressed in white trimmed (by her own hands) with rowan-berries; there were more berries in her hair; and earlier in the evening, at all events, health and youth and radiant high spirits had made her beautiful in many eyes. She was now, however, very visibly overheated, for she had been dancing everything with the utmost abandon; and she was also, in the judgment of Mrs. Browne of Quandong (who had spent a recent year in England), decidedly "bad form."

"Well, Miss Villiers——"

The new owner was cut short as he rose to give her his chair.

"Don't Miss Villiers *me*! I'm far too hot to be reminded I'm all that—or to sit down, thanks all the same. I came to say the next two are ours."

"Ours?"

"Yes; and you don't need to look like that, or you'll make Mrs. Browne more ashamed of me than she is already. Oh, I know you didn't ask me—I can't help that! I'm simply too hot to dance another step till I've had a good long rest in the cool. And, as I can't possibly ask the able-bodied to give up their pleasure for me, I appeal to you. Come and get me something to drink, and bring Mrs. Browne as well!"

The face of the lady of Quandong was a study of the first order. It is true that the girl was unfashionably excited, and very likely her speech was all it appeared to Mrs. Browne, who, however, did not know how much of it had been made for her benefit. Nor could she doubt but that her late aristocratic companion was as deeply disgusted as herself; nor help pitying him as the young minx carried him off. And this was one thing that happened about ten of the clock.

The other was less public; indeed, the horse was not seen till much later, and such as saw the Skeleton among the pines took him probably for

an on-looker from the hut. Yet none can have seen him very well, or his dress would have excited immediate remark. He wore riding-breeches beautifully cut, and gaiters of the newest. His eye was garnished with a single glass, and in his hand he carried an English hunting-crop. He found his way through the pines with vigilant, unfamiliar steps, and he surveyed the Chinese lanterns and the flitting faces from the shelter of a well-grown hop-bush. Some were dancing on the verandah itself. The stranger watched them with the half-frown and half-smile of a man who appeared to find the novelty of the sight its most striking feature.

Meantime, Irralie under the moon with the new owner was a very different person from Irralie in the ball-room with Mrs. Browne of Quandong. She was much quieter, and, it is possible, a little less like herself. That unspeakable mistake of hers still rankled in her bosom whenever she found herself in Fullarton's company. She had tried to make amends to him since the accident; but she was not at all sure that she had succeeded; and gradually the wish had grown upon her to speak to him candidly about the whole matter. Rightly or wrongly, her soul was still burdened, and she wished to unburden it; a few words—the fewest possible—and she would breathe more freely in his presence. There are natures that must cry *peccavi* after every realised offence; and Irralie's was one.

So at last she said, "Mr. Fullarton, I have something on my mind, and you know what it is as well as I do. I am ashamed of myself!" For it was characteristic of Irralie that, however long she might be in making up her mind to say or do a thing, the speech or the action itself was invariably crisp and to the point.

The other halted in his stride. "Ashamed?" said he. "What in the world about?"

"You know," said Irralie.

"I! Let me think."

"Think back to yesterday."

"Yes?"

"To yesterday afternoon."

"Good. What then?"

"Oh, you don't help me a bit!" cried the girl. "I made a fool of myself. I thought all sorts of idiotic things! I hadn't even the decency to conceal my thoughts from you; you saw them—and behaved handsomely! Yes, you did; you might have given me away before them all; but not you! And I am grateful—more grateful and ashamed than I can ever say. I want to thank you and to apologise with the same stone."

"This is very serious," said Fullarton, smiling. "Of course, if you say it was as bad as all that, I must take your word for it. But—who on earth did you imagine I was?"

"Stingaree!"

"I thought so! It occurred to me when you showed me that grave in the pines."

"Oh, I was an idiot. It makes me feel hot whenever I think of it; and yet I'm the better for telling you the worst. It was the old clothes and the revolver and all that. Can you *possibly* understand?"

"Easily," said Fullarton reassuringly. "There's only one thing I can't fathom."

"What's that?"

"Why on earth you didn't promptly tell your people!"

There was a pause. They had entered the plantation, but at its southerly extremity; the stock-yards and out-buildings lying to the north. Very faintly in the distance, they could catch the high notes of the fiddler from Hay, with an occasional chord from the piano. But this was only while Irralie paused.

"I was too ashamed," she said at length. "Besides, I didn't believe it myself—I only couldn't help *thinking* it."

"You might have told them what you couldn't help thinking; or at least let them know that I was armed."

"I might, certainly."

"Why didn't you, Miss Villiers?"

They were now approaching the southerly edge of the homestead clearing. The illuminations shone in their eyes through the thinning trees. The music had ceased; it was not missed, however, in the pines; and thus the rather singular lack of open-air promenaders went also unremarked. Fullarton repeated his question.

"I can't explain it," replied Irralie. "You were one against many; that may have been it. And then, you never looked the villain!"

"Suppose I had!" he said eagerly. "Suppose you had known me for Stingaree himself; what then?"

Irralie made no reply. They had struck the fence and found a horse there, tethered. The girl was puzzled.

"I wonder who has come?" said she.

"Don't wonder! Answer my question—please, Miss Villiers!"

"Say it again."

"If I had been the brute you thought me, would you—have stood by me even so?"

"No, indeed! I should think not. How can you ask?"

"I only wanted to know."

They squeezed through the wires, and had the yard to themselves. And here Irralie was still further mystified. The ball-room windows stood open to the floor; nobody was dancing, and yet the room was full. The music had ceased, but the sound of a high, drawling voice floated out into the yard.



"NOW, MISS VILLIERS," SAID HE, COLDLY "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THAT HORSE?" (p. 106).

"Who's that talking?" said Irralie. "It's a voice I don't know at all!"

She looked at her companion; and his expression was still puzzling her, when a sudden uproar burst upon them from the open windows. Men were tumbling pell-mell through them, shouting like lunatics, and armed with native weapons snatched from the walls.

"Stingaree!" they roared. "There he is! Run, Miss Villiers; that's Stingaree!"

Irralie never forgot the wild voices or the wilder scene. As one man they had dashed at her companion. He turned and ran for the tethered horse. The reins were whipped from the fence before he could mount; but he was first through the wires, when, instead of running on, he wheeled round to reason or remonstrate with his pursuers. Irralie saw his gestures without hearing a word; but when they cut him short with a roar and a dash, and struck at his head with their spears and boomerangs, she saw the hand become a fist, and the fist planted in the middle of the first shirt-front to breast the wires. Next moment they were scaled by all, and the many fell headlong upon the one.

Again and again he shook and hit and hacked them off; he fought like a wounded tiger; and now he tugged out his injured hand, and began fighting with that. It looked ghastly in the moonlight—big as a boxing-glove with lint and bandages, and white at first, but quickly reddening from within as it struck and struck and struck among the crumpled shirts and loose white ties. Every blow left a smear. But the end came suddenly; the gallant wretch was grasped from behind in deadly grips; a heavy, livid face writhed beside his own, and George Young bore him to the ground.

Irralie turned away her head. The verandah was all red lanterns and white faces and torn trains. But among them was a new face, with drooping whiskers and a single eye-glass; and, as Irralie looked, a dapper Englishman, in gaiters, riding-breeches, and twinkling spurs, stepped down from the verandah, and strutted over to the fence with his hands in his pockets.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" she heard his high voice drawl. "No undue violence, gentlemen, I beg!"

And he headed the procession which marched through the yard a few moments later, and in the midst of which, with a face all blood, pallor, and cynical resignation, walked the man who for forty-eight hours had passed unchallenged as the owner of Arran Downs.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOUR AFTER.

THEY clapped him in the iron-store. And when Irralie had seen the last of him in their hands, she started as one wakes from

a dream, and fled before the return-wave of triumphant captors. For the next half-hour she was missing and yet not missed. Then she was wanted for a purpose, and Mrs. Villiers, trying her door, found it locked.

"Irralie! Irralie! Let me in!"

Heavy steps crossed the floor; the key grated; the leaden steps retreated. Mrs. Villiers turned the handle and entered the room. The girl had thrown herself back upon the bed.

"My dear child! What next? I wondered where you were. We are going to have supper."

"Supper! After that!"

"Why not? We are beginning to feel ourselves again—thanks to Mr. Fullarton—and if we can't dance we must at all events eat. Nobody is going home. The Brownes talked of it, but Mr. Fullarton dissuaded them. He has such tact! I don't know what we should have done without him. He has quite won *my* heart; and such a handsome fellow! Irralie, he says he hasn't seen you yet; that was indeed what sent me to look for you. Come now, and be introduced before supper!"

"No!" cried the girl. "I have had Mr. Fullartons enough."

"But you will come to supper?"

"Not if you will let me off; and I do so want to be left alone, mother! If the rest of you can forget such a thing, I cannot. I was with him at the time. You were all prepared for it; it took me by surprise."

Mrs. Villiers had not thought of that. She was a good, ordinary soul, whose affections were superior to her insight; but she did feel with Irralie now.

"My poor child! Yes, you were with him at the time. If only I had dreamt! But you were always with him," added the mother in sudden alarm. "It cannot be possible—Irralie—that you ever *liked* him?"

"I did—most certainly," said Irralie, stoutly. Her forehead was hot to the hand which smoothed her hair back tenderly.

"You cannot like him now!"

"Now? I hate him!" cried the girl. "I hate him! If you knew how he lied—to me! Nothing could be too bad for him, mother. Did they——"

She checked herself.

"Yes, Irralie?"

"Oh, nothing. I was only wondering whether they did up his hand again."

"Yes, at once. Mr. Fullarton saw to it himself."

"And is he—behaving himself—in the iron-store?"

"He has never made a sound."

"Nor owned up to anything, I suppose?"

"Yes! He has confessed everything—to Mr. Fullarton while they were binding up his hand. How he first heard of him, and worked the whole plan up—actually sending him a telegram in our

name putting him off for a week! It was a lucky thing that Mr. Fullarton heard down the road that we were expecting him—heard also of the sticking-up of that public-house on Saturday—had his suspicions, and determined to come on. Had he not done so we should all have been robbed and most likely murdered in our beds! Think of it: a crape mask has been found in the pocket of the dreadful coat he came in, and a pistol in his room! It is easy to be wise after the event, but how we ever came to be taken in by such a ruffian passes *my* comprehension; and so it will yours when you see and speak to the real man. Such a charming fellow! A little supercilious, I heard someone say; but, mind you, *I* don't think so. I thought it quite right of him to criticise the floor!"

Irralie lay motionless with closed eyes and inattentive brain. Through the thin walls came the buzz of voices, excited still, but only pleasantly so; for was not the desperado safely secured without having done anything very desperate after all? And for everybody else was it not an adventure to boast of for the term of one's natural life? This was the impression derived by Irralie, rightly or wrongly, from her mother's manner and the voices through the walls. The little incident was over. It was nothing more. They could now sit down to supper—quite possibly with an added zest; but the girl again begged to be excused from joining them.

"Dear mother, yes, I know I am your daughter and the daughter of the house. But I can't help it. You must let me off. It will be understood. I was with him at the time. You all were behind the scenes. Tell them that, and they will understand."

"I see that it has shaken you," said Mrs. Villiers, still smoothing the hair from the hot, troubled brow. "And no wonder, dear Irralie; yet what can you do in here? We shall be just outside the door."

"I will slip round to the nursery, and from there to the schoolroom," said Irralie, rising. "Then after you have gone I shall come straight to bed. Mother, you are good to me! You understand! I was with him. What will people think? It makes me ache with shame. But you are good!"

She flung her arms about her mother's neck, and kissed her fondly, but without a tear. Then she was gone. And Mrs. Villiers returned in trouble to the crowded room.

A sudden hush preceded her entry, with which, however, it had nothing to do; the Englishman had seated himself on the music-stool vacated by the hireling from Hay, and was running his ringed fingers over the keys. A corrugated forehead was the result, followed, however, a moment after, by a performance which, while it lasted, held the listeners spellbound. The style was that of a master; the

only fault lay in the execution, which was imperfect but yet full of brilliance. Every ear was charmed, and all eyes fascinated by the magic mastery of the white keys by the small, sunburnt hands, scintillating with rings. Yet the whole affair lasted but a minute, and was rudely broken off in the middle of a bar.

"I really can't stand it any longer," drawled the musician, rising.

"Stand what?" asked Mr. Villiers, who thought somebody must have been talking, and was prepared to reprimand the offender.

"Your piano," replied the other. "My dear sir, it's painful!"

The manager, like many of his friends, was duly taken aback; but Mrs. Villiers (a woman who venerated rudeness in a man) instantly advanced from the threshold to fill the breach.

"I *quite* agree with Mr. Fullarton," said she. "It is a terrible instrument; but that was a very beautiful piece; may I ask what it was?"

"That? A little thing by a man called Chopin. A polonaise—if you're any wiser."

"Oh, indeed. How I wish we had a better piano!"

"Ah! I shall have my Erard sent out by the next mail."

And the matter dropped; but another, which made a very similar impression, occurred at supper, on the production of champagne.

"Champagne up here!" cried the Englishman, for once surprised out of his drawl. "Good heavens!"

"We got it up specially from Hay," explained the manager, reddening.

"Hay!"

And the new-comer steadily refused to drink even his own health in anything more perilous than very weak whisky-and-water; and once more his hostess backed him up.

"Fool of a woman," muttered an old overseer under his breath. "I'd like to give him five minutes with my stock-whip!"

"I agree," whispered the young man next him (who had a red smudge on his collar). "The joker we landed would have had better manners! It makes you sorry. If the great Irralie were here there'd be some fun! I wonder where she is?"

The great Irralie was at that moment in the schoolroom, in the open doorway, looking out upon the pines.

The moon shone full in her eyes, but discovered neither tears nor the signs of tears, nor aught but indignation and bitter regret. She had suspected everything from the first. And because of her suspicions she had torn her soul—for a hardened villain; and because of her suspicions she had humbled herself to a notorious scoundrel, who

had lied to her to the very end. That was what rankled most. He had not trusted her! Yet she did not think it was that at all.

There were two doors to the schoolroom. The one at which Irralie stood, led without porch or passage into the open air, and from it she could see no other building. But an inner door opened into a tiny lobby, which let one in or out through a shallow verandah abutting the yard. From this verandah one had all the homestead buildings under one's eye: the kitchen opposite, the long main building to the left, and to the right the blacksmith's forge and the iron-store. The two last were twin structures entirely composed of sheets of corrugated iron either nailed to uprights or clamped together with bolts and nuts. The store was the nearer to the schoolroom block, and in front of it, with a pipe in his mouth and a repeating-rifle under his arm, stood George Young on guard in the moonlight.

Irralie looked him from the shallow verandah, for which she presently forsook her schoolroom door. The verandah was in deep shadow, and she stood unobserved within ten paces of Young. His head was bent and his shoulders rounded. He looked a man dejected rather than alert, and the girl wondered whether he was thinking of the previous night, and of her hard words to him then. To think of them herself meant instantaneous action on the part of Irralie. She had not to think twice, but stepped forward there and then, with her right arm held out in front of her.

"Shake hands—if you will," she said. "I don't deserve it. But try!"

It was done without a word, and the pipe was put away.

"I am honestly sorry for every word I said," continued Irralie, warmly. "I thought you foolishly and wickedly suspicious, but now we see who was the wicked fool! Heaven knows I had my own doubts in the beginning. But I let him see it; he set to work to remove them, and succeeded—you may know how. It was a clever trick, though; I will say that." And Irralie sighed.

"You mean about the tennis-racket?"

"Yes. You said it was simple?"

"It was the simplest dodge of all, Irralie! Fullarton stopped in Melbourne to play in a tournament. It was in all the papers. He was bound to have a racket with him, and that trunk was the only one long enough."

Irralie said nothing; it was as though, in the face of even his self-confessed guilt, she had yet retained a sneaking regard for the one positive point made by the villain in his own favour. She looked at the prison-door. It was corrugated iron like the walls and roof, and heavily padlocked on the outside. They were standing a few yards from it, and

talking in undertones. A change of subject was obtained by a request for George Young's opinion of "the real man."

Given with alacrity, this was golden indeed; in fact, in her mother and the overseer Irralie had encountered the only two persons with whom the ill-mannered Englishman had made himself a favourite, though all admired him. And even the enthusiasm of George Young was tempered with one or two admissions.

"He is a masterful man, and a fine general, but certainly a cool hand. For instance, about the men's hut. Haven't you heard? There's not a man up there that has any idea what's happened. We gave them a supper, you know, and they were at it when this thing occurred. Mr. Fullarton had orders given which have resulted in their not getting wind of it yet."

"Orders!" said Irralie, with her black eyebrows arched. "Yes, that *was* cool. And what was the object?"

"To avoid any display of sympathy with Stingaree. There's something in it, too. We have some rough customers up at the hut just now; and it's not at all an uncommon thing to find an ordinary pound-a-week hand ready on principle to back a bushranger for all he's worth. At least, it wasn't in the Kelly country; and I hear Stingaree is just as much of a hero in their eyes as ever Ned Kelly was."

"Has anybody gone for the police?"

"No; we said we'd leave it till morning, since he's absolutely safe where he is. The fact is, however, that we don't want people to sit up for it and make a scene. They're all going to turn in after supper, with the exception of a very few of us, who will keep watch and watch about."

"By order of the new owner again?" asked Irralie, with the least possible sneer.

"Well, at his suggestion."

"He seems to have taken command of the place!"

"In a way he has; but it's a way I don't object to myself. You want a strong man to say what should and should not be done in a case like this. There would certainly have been a panic and a general clearance if it hadn't been for Mr. Fullarton. You should have heard Mrs. Browne going on about her diamonds! So all the ladies are going to hand over their valuables to be put in the safe, and one of us will keep the key. And you mustn't think ill of Fullarton, Irralie. I own he's a cool hand, and bosses us all about perhaps a bit too much; but your father himself said he was thankful he had turned up in time to relieve him of the greatest responsibility that has ever come his way."

"That may be so," began Irralie, as if she were about to say a good deal more. But she thought

of the night before, and of her great mistake; and she held her peace.

"Aren't you going to supper at all?" asked Young, suddenly.

"No. I couldn't! I've been too much mixed up in this, and I came out for a little air instead. I think I must just put my nose inside the pines."

"Don't go far, Irralie!"

"Very well, George. So long!"

She left him, passing through the narrow cut between the forge and the iron-store: partly because that was her bee-line for the beloved pines, and partly she knew not why. There was a small window high up at the back of the store. A human head would hardly have passed through; but when Irralie glanced up at the aperture her heart leapt to her throat. A white shirt-sleeve hung out in the moonlight, and a hand was struggling to unscrew one of the nuts with which the sheets of iron were bolted together.

"Here — George!" cried Irralie without a thought.

He came running up; but, ere he reached her, the shirt-sleeve had been whipped in, and something else had happened too. The girl was sorry she had called him.

"He'll escape!" she cried. "I will tell you how."

She lowered her voice and pointed to the aperture. It was open. Could he not escape by that?

"Never!" he whispered. "Your young brothers couldn't."

"No? Yes, I see you're right. I must be nervous: I won't tackle the pines after all."

She followed him back through the cut, and as she did so a voice, low and bitter, came through the iron walls.

"Thank you, Miss Villiers!" it said. "I call that kind!"

CHAPTER IX.

TO SLOW MUSIC.

"*THANK you, Miss Villiers! I call that kind!*"

The words followed Irralie to her room, and kept her from her bed. They sang in her ears and were written in her brain. They were the words of a villain, and yet they cut her to the heart. They cut her so cruelly, and in such open and prolonged defiance of her reason, that the shameful truth came home to her at last. They were the words of a villain whom she loved.

Yes, she had loved, as she had distrusted him, from the very first. That was why she had said nothing about the pistol. That was why she had suggested the lost overcoat. She had done this, and left that undone, on instinct simply. And instinctively she had loved him from the first.

Her thoughts had been of him and him alone

from the very moment of their meeting on the box-clump edge. In all her life she had known no such anguish as her doubts of him, and no such happiness as that brief spell of confidence restored. But trust and doubt were now two things of the past. Certainty took their place; and yet the love remained.

It was monstrous, it was grotesque, but it was nevertheless a fact to be faced. She had made so dire a fool of herself that she could laugh outright; and did so, once, at a sudden sight of her own image in the glass. She had never taken off her dress; the muslin was no longer crisp; the rowans drooped upon their stalks; and at the thought of the mad folly underneath, she laughed in her own white face and burning eyes. But the laugh rang false and ended in a groan; it did not help her to face the fact; nor did she try to do so much longer, but resigned herself to her fate once and for all.

She found it less easy, however, to resign herself to the fate of the man she loved. He lay captive within thirty yards of her room. In the morning he would be taken away; then tried; then put in prison for the rest of his life; and he so young! It was terrible—unthinkable—but it should not be. But for her he would have broken prison already. She had not known her heart when she cried out to George Young; but that cry had made her know it; and now, if escape were possible, she would undo what she had then done by helping him to escape.

So Irralie decided, with a trembling but a lightened heart. The difficulty and the danger removed the lens from her own feelings, turned her eyes outwards, and gave a new tone to her nerves. Her practical side reasserted itself, and in an instant she was thinking how the thing could be done. And as she thought, the even breathing of a houseful of sleepers came through the thin wooden walls to encourage her.

So the other women were all asleep! Then surely there was little to be feared from the male encampment so much further away; and she would have to pit her wits against those of the established guard alone. She would outwit them, never fear! She would give them a false alarm, and then tear open the door the moment their backs were turned. Thoughts wild as these darted through her brain in the first excitement of resolve; but her preparations were no less swiftly and cunningly made.

She changed her ball-slippers for a bedroom pair that would make no noise on the verandah. She enveloped herself from head to heel in an old, black waterproof cloak, which would never be seen in the shadow of a verandah or through the fronds of a pine. She put matches and a candle-end in her pocket; and thus accoutred she crept out, shutting the door very softly behind her.

The moon was setting in a blur of clouds ; that was one thing already in Irralie's favour. She stole to the corner of the front verandah, and peeped round very cautiously for fear of rousing sleepy watchers from their chairs. There were none. The verandah was deserted ; so was the yard. The very sentinel had been withdrawn from the iron-store door.

Irralie could scarce believe her eyes. Her heart beat high ; and yet the seeming safety had in ways a greater terror for her than danger seen and realised. She bent her head and listened intently. At first nothing ; then a clink, then a laugh, in the middle distance, through closed doors ; and then a snatch of Mendelssohn, wonderfully played on the harsh old schoolroom piano, but with the soft pedal down all the time. Irralie listened with raised eyebrows and a hostile heart for the accomplished exquisite to whom she had not yet spoken a word. But a moment later she had her second glimpse of him. The *lieder* ended, a door opened, and out came the pianist with the strut of a game-cock and the carriage of a guardsman. One glance through his eyeglass at the iron-store, and he was gone as he had come ; and a comic song of Jevons's, struck up that moment to his own vile accompaniment, was cut short in the very first bar.

Irralie now knew where the watchers were spending the night ; but she was curious to discover of whom exactly the guard consisted, and whether music was its only joy. To peer through the passage and door by which the Englishman had come out and gone in again would, however, be rash, since the yard afforded no sort of cover. But there was the door at which Irralie herself had stood and looked upon the pines ; she could therefore stand among the pines and look in at this door. And in two minutes' time she was actually doing so ; nor had a twig cracked or a wire jingled on the way.

The door was wide open, but Irralie was too far from it to see very much of the lamp-lit room within ; but she saw young Hodding, sprawled across a desk and fast asleep, and that half of the piano on the top of which stood bottles, glasses, and a bedroom ewer. This at first was all that was visible to Irralie through the door. Then Jevons came upon the narrow scene to help himself freely from a bottle and sparingly from the ewer ; and the Englishman joined him, looking keenly in his flushed face, and as keenly at the prostrate tutor, before he himself opened a bottle of soda-water, and poured it ostentatiously into a glass containing no whisky at all.

All this time but little had been said, and still less had the girl been able to overhear. The first words she could distinguish were addressed by George Young (who was invisible) to Jevons the storekeeper.

"Hodding's drunk," said he (in a voice which certified the speaker, at any rate, as beyond reproach) ; "and you mean to get drunker because you can stand more ! If I was Mr. Fullarton—well, I wish I was !"

The owner's reply sounded tolerant, for him ; it was, however, inaudible ; and as he spoke he went out once more by the other door, and returned briskly next moment.

"All well ?" asked Young.

"Right as rain ! We might as well turn in."

"I sha'n't. One never knows. Besides, there's the police to fetch some time, and a horse ready saddled in the stable. If I had my way I'd fetch 'em now."

"My dear, good fellow, where's the point ?" asked the Englishman, screwing round on the music-stool with his eye-glass flaming in the lamp-light. "That chap's all right ! We've tied him too tight to move. In any case, when there's the least occasion for anybody to go, Mr. Young, you may rely upon due notice to that effect from me."

So saying, he turned abruptly to the piano ; and Irralie, turning also, stole in deeper among the trees, with the first notes of Chopin's funeral march in her ears, and clear in her brain the image of a very formidable opponent indeed. He was brisk, alert, resolute, educated, masterful, indeed all one could wish one's opponent not to be ; and the mannerisms of a coxcomb made him, even in the girl's eyes, all the more dangerous a man. This she realised while making a considerable *détour* among the pines. But her determination was unshaken and her nerve only tuned to a higher pitch when she emerged from the plantation at the back of the iron-store.

It was darker than ever, so that the angle of the prison roof was lost against the clouded blackness of the sky. And Irralie could touch the iron before she was sure that no face looked out upon her from the small square window. Yet the window was open, as it had been before.

She stood on tip-toe to put her mouth to the wooden sill and whisper, "Are you awake ?"

"Miss Villiers ! Can that be you ?"

The voice came from the level of Irralie's knees. "I want to speak to you," she said. "Stand up, or we shall be heard."

"I can't. They've tied me down by the hand. They handcuffed me down before, but I slipped the handcuff."

"Well ! I want to get you out altogether."

"What, after giving me away as you did to Young ?"

"I didn't give you away at all. But I'll have no more words about anything that's past. I know what you are, and what you deserve. Another word about that and I leave you to your fate !"

"Very well; let it rest. Have they sent for the police?"

"Not yet. I don't know why not. They're having quite a musical evening. I believe there's a horse all ready in the stables. I mean that horse for you. Did you manage to move any of these nuts?"

"Not one."

"No more can I. I'm going to look for a screw-hammer. Oh, I don't care what you've done! I want you to have this one more chance, and not be taken here!"

She was gone before he could reply. She went as she had come, and heard on the way the finish of the funeral march. Then came a difficulty. The screw-hammer was in the tool-box—the tool-box in the store. The store was locked, and the key, no doubt, in Jevons's or George Young's or the new owner's pocket.

She went to her room and racked her brains; all she could think of was a box of boys' tools in her brothers' room. There might be a pair of pincers in that box, and a pair of pincers might do. In any case she would go and look.

The boys were sleeping heavily: they did not hear her open the door, but one of them moved in his sleep as she struck a match and then shaded it with her hand. The tool-box was under their dressing-table. She carried it bodily to her room; there *were* pincers, and strong ones too. But would they answer?

She crept round the verandah once more, and was about to dart across to the pines at their nearest point when once again the spruce, straight figure in the gaiters and riding-breeches strode out into the yard. He stood there a moment whistling Chopin to himself, and looking about him smartly. The girl crouched down behind a chair. Then, to her horror, he walked in the direction of the iron-store. If his step should be taken for hers!

She saw him look at the padlock, and disappear between the two iron buildings. If he had done so five minutes before! He was an age away; indeed, she saw him no more; for, from where she crouched, the schoolroom building overlapped the iron-store; and when she could stay there no longer for suspense, and made a dash of it for the pines, she heard him talking to Young just as when she passed before. He had returned to the schoolroom by the other door, and precious minutes had been lost.

"I'd given you up!"

"That man frightened me. Did you speak to him?"

"No."

"Nor he to you?"

"Only a word or two."

"I didn't hear: so they wouldn't hear us: but you must listen while I work. Listen hardest when

he's not playing! If they come you must make a noise, and I'll get away while they're opening the door."

"You are very good."

"Not a word about that—or anything else. Now let me try. Ah, how difficult to do it quietly!"

For the pincers were large enough to bite the nuts, but first they snapped together, and then they banged heavily against the iron. Irralie desisted and held her breath in despair. The music had not recommenced, and sure enough there came footsteps; but the prisoner instantly began beating with his head or his knee against the corrugated iron.

"Stop that row!"

"What! mayn't I be musical, too?"

"No, you may not."

"Right you are."

The steps retreated. Irralie breathed again. Then with her fingers she felt for a dwarf sheet of iron; most of them were as tall as herself, by some eighteen inches in width; but at last she found a short strip cut to fill a gap. It was between two and three feet in height, and it reached to the ground, where it was nailed to a horizontal slab of wood. Five bolts clamped it in all: one to the strip above and two at each side. Irralie tapped it gently about the centre.

"Are you anywhere near this?"

"Just behind!"

"Then if I can unscrew five nuts you are a free man."

She went to work on the first. "Fold your handkerchief," he whispered, "and work through that. There will be less fear of a noise." For now, when it was wanted most, the schoolroom piano was still. And the night was darker than ever, an unmixed blessing when a ray of moonshine would have meant discovery. But Irralie felt her way and persevered. And at last a nut budged.

"One!" whispered Irralie.

"Loosen them all, but take none off yet."

The next moved readily; the third stuck; the fourth was the worst of all; and the fifth was just yielding when the prisoner whispered, "Stop!"

"Hear it?" said George Young's voice.

"Not a sound! You're becoming imaginative. You'd much better go to bed."

"Or for the police."

"Oh, perdition seize the police! I've a great mind not to have them called in at all!"

"What?"

"My good Young!" responded the other in his weariest drawl; "do not, for pity's sake, scream at me like that! It's confoundedly ill-bred. If you're too dense to see my point, come back to the schoolroom and let me explain it where we shan't be overheard by the person most interested."

The voices ceased.

"He didn't speak to *me* like that," muttered the man in the iron-store.

"He's an affected beast!" whispered Irralie, prettily, as she set down the pincers and began taking off the nuts with her naked fingers.

"Steady now, Miss Villiers. It may crack like thunder. Be prepared to run!"

So slowly, however, did she bend the sheet down, and with so firm a hand—slipped gradually to the base—on either side, that the task was accomplished all but noiselessly. The prisoner was revealed hunched up within.

"How have they bound you?"

"The bad hand tight to my body; the other and both my feet to a plough or something."

"I haven't a knife."

"And I lost mine the other day!"

"But I have my fingers—and patience," said Irralie, "if only there is time. Ah, thank Heaven for that!" The opening movement of the "Moon-light Sonata" had come suddenly to their ears, played in the distance with improved precision, and as much feeling as the permanent soft pedal and the schoolroom piano would permit.

Irralie knelt with head and arms' through the aperture, and began upon the knot that bound his hand. His breath was on her cheek, but she got it undone. The feet were less elaborately secured, and he was able to help with his liberated hand. In five minutes from the unscrewing of the last nut he was free to rise, and yet too stiff to stir.

At last he managed it with the loss of more time; and more yet went in replacing the iron and lightly refixing three nuts. But on this he himself insisted, and Beethoven in the schoolroom still gave them warrant for delay.

"The pines!" quavered Irralie, near hysterics now that her own part was played. "Come quick—come quick! The long way round to the stables—by the stockyards—by the tents—you follow me!"

Once through the wires—once well among the trees—they flew like birds, Irralie cutting deep and circling wide. It was terribly dark, but the girl knew every inch of the ground. They passed the broken column without a word. They skirted the tents so perilously that the snores of the occupants purred in their ears. Then once more through wires—Irralie held them apart for him—and so to the stables under cover of the night alone. But now there was neither moon nor star, nor as yet any sign of dawn in the inky sky.

The stable had risen in front of them as from the ground; they could have touched it with their hands, and were about to turn a corner of the long, low, pine-log building, when Irralie seized her companion's arm and stopped him dead.

Voices were approaching from the other side.

CHAPTER X.

IRRALIE'S DESERTS.

THE voices were in dispute so warm that even the Englishman's had lost something of its habitual drawling deliberation. But not until the speakers were inside the stable could the pair without catch a word. Then they heard everything through the cracks and crannies between log and log.

"Look you here, my good Young! This station is my property, and I don't intend to have the police on the place at all."

"Very sorry, Mr. Fullarton; but Mr. Villiers is still manager of the station; and I gave him my word they should be sent for hours ago. If you object, wake up the boss and settle it with him."

"Of course, I won't do that! But I do object; and I only wish you kept all your promises as well!"

"What do you mean?"

"You promised *me* to be responsible for the iron-store and our friend inside."

"You kept saying he was so safe! You yourself asked me in to have a drink!"

"Well, my good fellow, but if it comes to keeping one's word! You should practise what you preach. No man can be in two places at once; you undertake to remain in one, yet you want to go gallivanting after the police!"

"I can't help it. The other young fools are not fit."

"What about me?"

"You!" cried Young.

"Why not, my friend? Now look you here: let us understand each other. I don't want the police at all. I want to put that chap in a buggy and tool him over *to* the police, with two or three of us, well-armed, beside him. He would never be idiot enough to try anything on, and the whole thing would be done quietly without fuss. That's *my* idea. I've said it till I'm sick of saying it; but no, you must have the police and a public fuss, and our own men jeering at us and cheering Stingaree! Very well, my fine friend; I know a stubborn man when I meet one, and I give in. But if anybody goes for the police it shall be myself; only I don't come back till they've been and gone!"

The listeners heard a match struck, and smelt tobacco; but see they could not, without searching for a cranny wider than its fellows; and not a muscle had they moved as yet.

"You wouldn't know the way," they heard Young answer. "Which way did you come?"

"I believe through a howling desert you call the horse-paddock."

"Well, when you get out of that you take the right-hand track; not the left—that takes you to the Seven-mile. Follow the track to the right till

you strike the stock-route and telegraph posts. Five miles along the stock-route—this time to the left, mind—and you come to the township and the police-barracks. But you'd much better let me go!"

"Not I, my good friend. I've heard a good deal of you young Australians; let me see one of you stick to his post! In ten minutes I shall be off; but I must first go and fetch my valise. Come along, Mr. Inexorable Young!"

And they were gone; their voices dwindled and died; and Irralie was peering at her ruffianly companion with an admiration sanctioned and concealed by the night.

"He was frightened to be left in charge of you!" she said. "He's not the man I took him for, after all. But be quick—the horse! the horse!"

They crept round to the stable-door, and found a piebald mare standing saddled in the stall.

"Venus," said Irralie, blowing out the match. "She shows, but she can go! Did you listen to those directions?"

"Yes."

"Then for mercy's sake don't follow them! Now, have we given them long enough? Mount in here; the stirrups might clink; they'll see nothing, but they might hear!"

"For the life of me I don't know why you are doing this!"

"Nor I." She struck another match. "Mount! mount!" she cried in an agony. But the match only showed her a handsome, heedless face touched for once with tenderness and concern. The dark eyes melted into hers; she dropped the match and put it out with her foot.

"If they take you again," she whispered, "I shall die!"

"They shan't. I am going. If I could only tell you——"

"Don't try: go now: for my sake!"

He was in the saddle. She caught up an armful of straw, and threw it on the ground to deaden the noise. He leant over the withers as she led the animal forth.

"Promise me one thing," he whispered suddenly, "or I shan't go at all!"

"What?"

"To let no one dream it was you—to go straight to your room and stop there till broad daylight!"

"I promise—I promise."

"Lives may depend upon it! Good-bye, then. God knows how I've deceived you! I never hope to be forgiven!"

"Oh, go—go! You are breaking my heart!"

She caught and wrung his extended hand, then flung it from her with a sudden gesture of despair. A touch with his heels, and he was gone at an amble; a greater pace would have increased sound and risk alike; and yet even the gentle rhythm of

those unshod, ambling hoofs was like thunder in the ears of Irralie. Others must hear! She crushed her thumbs into her ears and stood like one demented. When she removed them the sound was fainter, and still there was no other. She waited, however, with hardly a breath until all was still but her own heart, and a locust in the pines. Then for a space her strength failed her, and she leaned heavily against the stable wall.

But her brain was busy all the time, and her heart with that lawless rider over every inch of the well-known ground. Now they were at the horse-paddock gate; now galloping beyond in the teeth of their own wind. And so Irralie forgot for the moment the one injunction she had received, the one promise she had given. When at length she came back to herself, and her own peril involving his, she ran like a deer to the station; and very nearly into the arms of the last man she wanted to meet, who was stepping down from the verandah with his valise under his arm.

"Er—Miss Villiers, I presume?" said he in his well-bred drawl; and a hat was taken off with a little flourish in the dark.

Irralie had instinctively determined to disarm suspicion with civility, and, simultaneously, to delay to the last moment the discovery of the empty stable which would lead inevitably to that of the prisoner's escape. She therefore said graciously—

"How do you know?"

"It could be no one else. I have not had the privilege of seeing you before. And then, Miss Villiers, none but the very spirited would choose a night of alarms for a ramble in the small hours! And that I find to be your reputation."

"Indeed!" said Irralie. "I couldn't sleep, that was all."

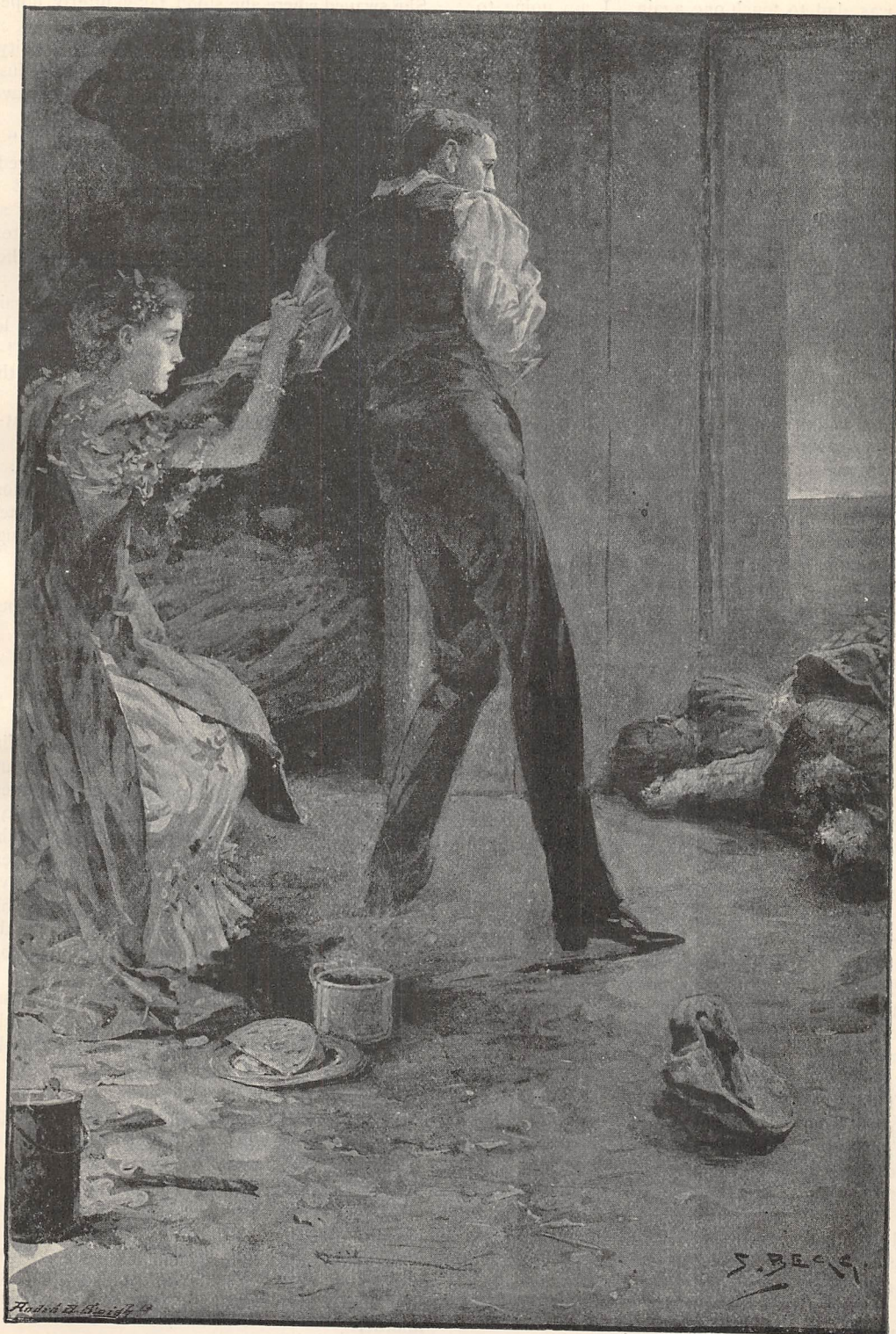
"So?"

"I was listening to your delightful music!" said Irralie, who was charmed to find herself detaining him with such ease. He had actually sat down on the edge of the verandah, with the valise across his knees; but at this last speech he sprang to his feet.

"You heard me?" he cried. "I am sorry, and yet glad! Sorry to have kept you awake—I had no idea anybody could hear—and yet delighted to think I should have such a listener. And you say you were delighted too! You appreciate! You have a soul for it! I am indeed glad that we have met, even at the eleventh hour! May I light a cigarette and talk a little music for five minutes?"

"Do—please!" said Irralie, with perfectly sincere enthusiasm.

"It is so refreshing to find anybody one *can* talk to up here! The piano, of course, was execrable, though not much worse than the thing you had to dance to; but it was in reasonably good tune, and



"THE THUD OF THEIR FALL HAD BEEN THE ONLY SOUND" (p. 110).

one was glad to touch one again. I am going to send home for my Erard. Music one must have—especially in the desert—music and flowers. I mean to make this place one mass of geraniums! Geraniums and pansies and sweet-williams. I love those old crude flowers!”

He struck a match, and Irralie snatched a straw from the skirts of her cloak. She saw the rings blazing on his fingers as the tobacco caught and burnt. To her disappointment, however, instead of continuing the conversation, he looked at his watch by the match-light, and professed surprise at the time. It was after three o'clock. Not another moment could he stay.

“But where are you going?” asked the guilty Irralie.

“To the township—for the police—entirely against what I believe to be my better judgment. I don't intend to come back till they're gone. I wonder, Miss Villiers, if you would come up to the stable and see me off?”

Irralie hesitated in a tremor of nervous apprehensions; but decided to keep suspicion disarmed, and said as best she could, “Certainly, if you wish it, Mr. Fullarton.” Her voice shook, however, and her knees trembled, as she followed him into the dark.

“You sympathise with that poor beggar!” he startled her by saying as they walked.

“What makes you think that?”

“You weren't at the supper-table. You were with him when he was taken. You seemed to like the fellow!”

“I did,” said the girl, honestly; “and I do sympathise with him in a way. Ah, you have been brought up in England; you can't understand. A bush girl might be sorry for a bush-ranger, but it would pass your comprehension altogether. It is only natural that it should.”

“I am not so sure about that!”

The girl had spoken earnestly. It was good merely to find herself saying something that she really felt. But at his tone she threw reserve to the winds, and caught him by the sleeve on the very threshold of the empty stable. If she could prevail upon him not to enter it at all!

“Spare him!” she cried to that end. “Oh, Mr. Fullarton, obey your better judgment and don't go for the police at all. Think what will happen. They may hang him—and he a young man—as young as yourself! Give him a chance to escape; spare him, as you hope to be spared!”

The other, however, only laughed, and entering the stable struck a match. But without a sign of surprise he flashed it from the empty stall into Irralie's white face.

“Now, Miss Villiers!” said he coldly, “what have you done with that horse?”

“I?”

She swayed where she stood, taken utterly, hopelessly, by surprise.

“Yes, you!” he answered with subdued ferocity. “You had come from this when I met you just now. I saw the straw on your cloak. You have let out that horse—confess the truth!”

His manner acted on Irralie like a tonic. “I deny your right to question me,” she answered, with spirit; “nothing else! Now let me pass.”

But he had stooped and picked up something as the match burnt his fingers. And for hours after, as it seemed to Irralie, he stood and blocked her way in the dark silence of the tomb.

“At least you do things thoroughly,” he said at last, with his insolent sneer. “You have let out not only the horse, but—Heaven knows how!—the man as well. He shed this bandage in the straw!”

“Let me pass!” cried Irralie. “This instant—or I call for help!”

The answer came with a crisp, metallic click:

“Call at your peril! I should be sorry to inconvenience a lady of your spirit, but the slightest sound will compel me to put a bullet through your heart!”

“Mr. Fullarton!” gasped the girl.

“Not a bit of it,” he replied. “Between ourselves, they call me Stingaree!”

CHAPTER XI.

THE REAL THING.

IRRALIE saw the whole truth in one blinding flash. And through all her terror there came an instant thrill of unutterable happiness. She loved and had delivered an innocent man; pure thankfulness for his innocence was her first overwhelming emotion; her next—was different. But it was characteristic of Irralie's case that even now she thought last of herself and the extremity she was in. To this, however, she was speedily recalled by the cool drawl of her villainous companion.

“Well! I never saw anything fall so flat!” said he. “Still, it's a matter for congratulation that you didn't sing out. I should certainly have shot you dead!”

“You dare not!”

“Try me. I should then discover the open prison and my own crime! It would be very neat.”

“You beast!” said Irralie.

“Thank you. I am one. But it's your own fault, Miss Villiers, if you force me to show my bestial side to *you*; I assure you I've no wish to do so. I want a horse. You took the one that was here, and you will very kindly help me to find another.”

“Very well,” said Irralie, wondering whether

Fullarton was yet half-way to the police-barracks. "We must go to the horse-paddock. You lead the way."

"No. I prefer to see you in front of me. And I shall need saddle and bridle, so you will be good enough to show me to the saddle-room. But please, my dear young lady, to remember that one cry——"

"Oh, I'm not likely to forget that!"

And Irralie led him out, and round the building to the saddle-room door, with a coolness that surprised herself. But she was still thinking more of the honest man who had flown than of the ruffian left behind to her cost. Was the one so very honest after all? She felt more hurt by his harmless dissimulation at the last than she had ever been by the gross fraud of which she had suspected him up to the end. Nor could she see any reason for it; forgetting how determined she had been not to hear from him a single word of self-defence; forgetting, also, how plainly she had shown him that determination. Even his ready flight for the police struck her in an unheroic light; and that view of him was the hardest of all to bear.

The bushranger had struck matches and put a sadd'e over his arm. He now took down a side-saddle (Irralie's own) and put it on top of the other, with a bridle to spare. This put an end to Irralie's thoughts.

"Who's that for?" she gasped.

"For you, of course."

"For me!"

"Well, obviously I can't leave you here to raise an earlier alarm than there will be in any case. And I'd much rather not tie you to a tree. But it's either that or setting me on my way. What do you say?"

"I am in your hands," she replied; but a great thought was leaping in her heart. On foot she was utterly at the mercy of this infamous armed man. But she was a first-rate horse-woman, and in the saddle she might at least elude him.

"This is about as much as I can carry on one arm, and your spirit compels me to leave the other one free in case of need," said Stingaree. "I must therefore ask you to be so good as to carry my valise. It is very ungallant, but you leave me no choice."

The valise lay on the ground. Irralie picked it up. Its heaviness surprised her, and the contents rattled under her arm.

"Its weight don't represent its worth," remarked the bushranger, opening the door for Irralie with his revolver point. "It would be an uncommon poor haul but for those Quandong diamonds. And now I think we'll talk no more until we've given this place a rather wider berth."

Nor did they, but passed in silence so close to the back verandah that Irralie could have thrown a stone through the open window of her empty

room. She wondered whether she should ever see it again. For her brain was now teeming with daring projects and attempts, for which her present submission was but to pave the way. And to pave it the more effectively, when he spoke again she replied with a suavity not inferior to his own.

He had said, "Upon my word, Miss Villiers, I am ashamed to have to treat you like this!"

"I am sure you are," replied Irralie. "But there's one thing you might do to pass the time."

"Only tell me what!"

"You might explain exactly how you planned and carried out this conspiracy. It would edify me, and it couldn't hurt you."

"My dear young lady, with all my heart," replied Stingaree. "I ask no greater privilege than to afford you any little compensation in my power. The facts of the case are very simple. Last Saturday morning nothing was further from our minds; but we had been engaged upon some trifling business on the Balranald road, and as that was blocked against us north and south we thought it best to strike a straight line east across the fenced country. Late in the afternoon we came to your boundary, but had no notion of looking you up, when we lit on a beautifully-dressed young man, equally well-mounted, but hopelessly lost in the bush. Well, Howie's horse was dead-beat, for we had been pushing the pace a bit; and Howie's clothes were dead-beat also; and Howie himself being not more than a size or so larger than that young gentleman, both in height and build——"

"And I never thought of that before!"

"No, Miss Villiers? Well, you weren't meant to; though the last thing *we* hoped for was that our young gentleman would keep the incident to himself. You may hear from him why he did, and when you do I should like to know. To proceed, however, we stuck him up (to use a vile expression) in due course; and Howie and he exchanged horses and clothes; and Howie nearly spoilt everything by leaving a loaded shooter in the coat he took off. However, as our friend hadn't condescended to put it on up to the time we left him, no harm was done. Howie, I should explain, is my mate (to employ another barbarism); and a very worthy soul, though no gentleman. But here we are at last at the horse-paddock gate!"

It was open; probably Fullerton had been unable to shut it with his one hand; nevertheless, it conveyed to Irralie the picture of a man galloping for his life and those of his friends; and her heart softened as it leapt again. Nor was there a horse to be seen from the gate. And before striking into the paddock to look for one, the bushranger hung the saddles over the top bar to rest his arm.

"And where have you both been ever since?"

inquired Irralie, finessing still, but also interested to know.

"Aha!" said he. "I'm not sure that I shall tell you that. Yet I don't know; have you ever heard of a man they call Deaf Dawson?"

"Heard of him! Why, he drives the whim at our Seven-mile."

"Yes; but did you never hear my name coupled with his? I don't mean my real name. There's not a soul in the Colony knows *that*. But Stingaree?"

"Yes, I have," said Irralie. "He was said to have known you."

"To have been my mate! That's more like it. He and Howie and I once stood in together—before we were quite so well known. Now can you guess where we've been since Saturday; and who told us you were going to have all the back-blocks at the station last night; and who came in with Howie to the men's hut, and found out that the new chum had been too ashamed to explain away his old clothes, and was looked on with suspicion because of them? I think it must be obvious; and now we'll catch that horse."

Obvious it was; and Irralie's heart sank quicker than it had risen. She had relied upon Deaf Dawson. He was a man not generally liked upon the station; a man who kept himself to himself in his outlying hut, where he was seldom visited by anybody except on business. But Irralie had stopped in her rides to shout into his ear-trumpet. And she had credited the man with some slight fondness for her; and had determined to put it to the test, if fortune favoured her with a faster horse than might fall to Stingaree. She now knew what to expect at the deaf man's hands.

But she was glad that she had steeled herself to converse with Stingaree. Here was one good thing come of it already; it was very good indeed to be forewarned. She must now think of some other p'an; and as she thought, they were walking off the track among the salt-bush in search of horses; and as they walked half-a-dozen came suddenly like phantoms across their path.

Stingaree caught one adroitly, and Irralie was no less quick to secure another by the mane. She was as anxious as he to be in the saddle; and the saddling fell to her, while Stingaree stood at the horses' heads. So Irralie left the girths of the man's saddle judiciously loose; but when he had helped her to mount he would not let her handle her own reins; and before mounting himself he tightened his girths without a word. So they rode on together in silence at a steady canter, and the girl's hands were empty of rein or switch. Her mount was a quiet, inoffensive buggy-horse; and his, one of her small brother's ponies. Short of the further gate, he pulled them both up suddenly.

"Do you know," said he, "that your father is a very innocent man?"

"Indeed!" said Irralie, who had thought often and bitterly of her father since falling into the clutches of this wretch.

"Yes! Just imagining the skipper turning in with a dangerous pirate in irons in his deck-house! Nice thing to do, was it not?"

Irralie would not speak; that very thought had been her own.

"Well," proceeded the other, "you mustn't be too hard on the poor unfortunate skipper! He has bad teeth. He mentioned the matter to me. I asked to see the inside of his medicine chest, and ever since he's been lying on his own store floor, full to the nose with chloral! I thought it a good thing done," he concluded, laughing; "but I only wish to heaven I could have got quit of that confounded pig-headed overseer as cheap!"

Still Irralie refused to speak; and now they were at the further gate. This also had been left open; but it had swung to again; and as Stingaree leaned over to push it open, Irralie raised the pommel which she had unscrewed from her saddle, and struck the screw with all her might into the hand that held her reins. In another instant she was through the gate and galloping headlong into the paddock beyond.

A scream, an oath, a shot, and then the tattoo of the pony's hoofs pursued her into the night; but as yet the latter showed no sign of lifting; and Irralie felt that she could risk the random shots. Five followed her in quick succession, and one hummed past her ear. But she had straddled her mount, and hid her face in the mane, and her first great anxiety was at rest. She had retrieved her reins without getting them hobbled about the horse's legs.

The shots gave Irralie (what his polite threats and elaborate phrases had hitherto denied her) a sufficiently lurid insight into the ferocious nature of the man against whom she had pitted herself. Not that she was filled with any special loathing for the dastard who would empty his revolver upon a defenceless girl; never in the habit of claiming peculiar protection on the strength of her girlhood, she had in this case lost sight of sex, and, fully conscious that it was she who had struck the first shrewd blow, she was as fully ready for reprisal in kind. Nevertheless, the instant shooting was a revelation of character which prepared her for death at those bloody hands, should she again fall into them. But of this she never seemed in serious danger; a short, sharp chase over the salt-bush and through the scrub, and the chase was over; either the pony had stumbled, or the rider had decided that his own flight was the first consideration. Irralie, at all events, found herself canteing quite alone under a wide, sable sky; and the

discovery filled her with an awe for which there had been no time in the heat of the chase itself. What was she to do? There were but two gates to the paddock; was she to go on to the one at the whim, and risk the villains there; or should she return to the gate at which she had committed her assault, and perhaps fall in with the greatest villain of them all, who would certainly murder her now? There were two other courses. She might hide all night in the heart of the paddock—say in that very clump where she had first seen Fullarton—or she might strike the horse-paddock fence, strap down the wires, lead her horse across, and so gallop back to the homestead and give the first alarm. She felt that she would risk something to do even that; and decided, after a horrible minute, in which she could only hear her own horse panting, upon the last-named course.

She gained the fence; she dismounted and strapped down the wires; she was herself in the horse-paddock, tugging at the reins; but the old buggy-horse had not made the leap when the hoofs of another broke upon her terrified ears, first galloping, then trotting, and finally only ambling down the fence. But the girl was too panic-stricken to attempt to mount. And, just as the sky seemed a shade lighter from rim to rim, and a breath of wind blew in the morning, Stingaree reined up leisurely at her side.

"Waiting for you at the gate," said he. "You should have struck the fence higher up."

He slipped off and led his mount back into the paddock which Irralie's had never left. Then he undid the straps and put Irralie in her saddle again without a word on either side. Not one syllable about the blow she had dealt him; but there was now a crust of blood upon the hand that held her reins; and his features, which the night had hidden, became clearer every moment, with their weeping whiskers, the glass shining in one eye, and an expression so malevolent as to make the silence more sinister than any speech.

They cantered to the track, and thence onward to the whim; but its timbers were slow to appear against the sky, for the dawn was breaking at their backs. Irralie never opened her mouth; but once the bushranger seemed to her to slacken the pace for the express purpose of humming the 30th of the *Lieder Ohne Worte* to the time of the pony's hoofs. And about five o'clock in the morning they reached the whim-driver's hut.

A big, black-bearded, round-shouldered ruffian, looking grotesque in a white tight collar and a full suit of fashionable tweeds, all too small for him, stood at the door and expressed profane surprise at the sight of Irralie. "But," said he, "we've got a bit of a startler for you, too, boss!" The light-eyed, thick-set, iron-grey whim-driver took down his ear-trumpet and turned away without a word.

As for Irralie, she saw the red light of a fire in the hut as she dismounted, and she entered, calculating that it was thirteen miles from the station to the police barracks, but that Fullarton should have covered them by quarter-past four. And next moment she saw him before her eyes: he was standing in his shirt-sleeves with his back to the fire, and with an indolent, half-amused, wholly characteristic expression, which froze upon his face, however, as their eyes met.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MEN AT THE HUT.

"IRRALIE!"

"Mr. Fullarton!"

"Well! what in blazes brought *him* here?"

The three speakers stood aghast in a common stupefaction. It was impossible to choose between their blank, incredulous faces. But Stingaree's eye-glass was swinging on its cord; and he turned upon huge Howie with the savage alacrity of a man uncertain of his friends.

"Easy does it, mister; *he's* all right," responded Howie, in a heavy deferential manner that fitted him no better than Fullarton's clothes. "'E's done brown; come here to get the deaf 'un to go back with 'im and swear 'e wasn't Stingaree! So 'e tumbles into a bloomin' 'ornet's nest for his pains, an' very near gets stung by a lump o' lead; only we was two to one, w'ich settles it out o' court. But we now delivers 'im over to you, an glad to get the beggar off of our 'ands."

Fullarton had handed Irralie to an old soap-box (in lieu of a chair) by the fireside; of the others he took no more notice than to nod to her in confirmation of Howie's report. The latter had a marked effect upon Stingaree.

"Excellent!" cried he, with the lop-sided grin of all eye-glassed men. "I pictured those dear good troopers a paddock behind us; and behold them still in their beds! Your hand, my friend, your horny hand! It's a near thing yet though. Where's that ear-trumpet?"

It hung round the deaf man's neck, as he knelt scowling over the billy-can upon the fire. Stingaree seized it, thrust the end into the other's ear, and roared through the trumpet, "Tea for the lot of us, quick as you know how!" Dawson growled, but threw a handful of tea into the can as the water broke out in bubbles; and Irralie watched him from her seat beside the fire. He refused to look at her. His face was as dark as aloes against its mat of iron-grey hair; his expression as bitter.

While the tea drew, Stingaree took Howie aside. They whispered together at the door, and the coarse, big man in the fine, tight collar and clothes, and the little whiskered dandy—all weapons and jewels—made a quaint pair, framed in the doorway,

touched on one side by the warm fire-light, and on the other by that of the raw red east. Fullarton never forgot them. But Irralie, after failing in all her efforts to catch the deaf man's sullen eye, was comparing Fullarton and Stingaree. And here the contrast was the more remarkable in that both had good looks; yet the ready, energetic, strutting bantam of a man was not only a stronger figure than his heedless, indolent, hare-brained captive; he looked still, and in the teeth of the facts, the likelier gentleman of the two.

"They're listening—the two of 'em!" cried Howie, suddenly. "They can 'ear every word; let's get outside."

Stingaree looked round the hut; there was but the one door, and no window save those on either side of it; inner compartment there was none, and the floor was honest earth.

"All right—a few yards," said he. "I tell you, Howie, I mean to have my way; and you know what *that* means. So let's fix it here on the spot. You may go to the devil or stop where you are. I'll have my way about the girl!"

Howie's reply was inaudible; they were well outside the hut; but before Irralie and Fullarton could exchange more than glances, he was back, and had snatched the ear-trumpet from the deaf man's neck. Dawson turned round with a curse, his face scrubbed by the cord; but Howie was gone, and the other made no attempt to rise or follow, but only darkened his scowl as he stirred the tea and added sugar for all.

"I know what that means," said Fullarton. "We're not to get at him. We shall see!"

He took a twig from a heap of logs by the fire, and scratched with his left hand on the bare, sandy ground—

HELP US AND YOU ARE SAFE.

Fullarton then pulled the whim-driver's arm, and pointed to the words. The deaf man looked at them and got up to get pannikins without moving a muscle of his face.

"Can he read?" asked Fullarton.

"Yes; I have brought him papers myself. You should make it plainer."

Fullarton picked up the twig and printed underneath the former line, but in characters twice the size—

I DOUBLE YOUR SCREW.

"You do, do you?" said Dawson's voice above his head. It trembled with anger; and next moment Dawson's heels had obliterated every word. He said no more, however, but only glared at Fullarton with quivering fists. And when he had dipped a pannikin in the tea, he spilled some of it before he could set it down at Irralie's feet.

"Hopeless!" said Fullarton. "They are three to one."

"For mercy's sake try no resistance!"

"I fear it would be useless—though the sporting thing to do."

"Don't dream of it! He sticks at nothing. He has emptied a revolver upon me already!"

"Upon you?"

The words came hoarsely from a face which Irralie could scarcely recognise, so transfigured was it with horror and rage and incredulity.

"Yes! I struck him first—with the screw-end of my pommel—on the hand. His blood was up; but he would do it again!"

"Would he?" cried Fullarton, as his eye roved about for a weapon; and then, "It was *my* fault!" he bitterly exclaimed. "I should never have left you there! But you promised to keep out of the way; and not one of them would have stood by me without some proof on my side; and this blackguard was my only hope!"

"Not one?" said Irralie in a low voice. "Not I?"

"Not even you."

"I think I did stand by you!"

"But not because you believed in me; out of the pure compassion of your heart; however, let that rest. It would only have terrified you to know the truth just then. And I argued that he was on his good behaviour as long as he kept up the game; but I was wrong, wrong, wrong!"

He spoke so bitterly that the girl's eyes filled with tears; or it may have been the way in which a slice of cold plum-duff had been placed beside her pannikin without a word. In the ensuing silence the raised voices of the men outside carried to the ears of those within.

"Then that's settled. We shan't fall out about it. Thy horny hand once more!"

"I don't want no barney, you know," said the voice of Howie the humble.

"Nor I; but, by heaven, I mean her to pay for it! Now you go inside, and I'll fetch along the piebald moke myself."

Irralie sprang to her feet and looked at Fullarton in sudden terror; and Fullarton laid his hand firmly on her shoulder, while Dawson, now sitting on his heels in front of the fire, had one eye for them and one for the doorway of cold pink sky. As Howie filled it with his powerful frame, the deaf man seized a log and hurled it at his body, then leapt upon him like a cat, dug his fingers inside the tight white collar, and cracked the great skull like an egg against the door-jamb. The thing was done in an instant, and the two men on the ground in a heap, with Howie insensible on top. The thud of their fall had been the only sound.

"Pull him off, sir!" gasped Dawson. "He's paid me out!"

Fullarton tugged at the great limbs one after the other—at his own riding-boots pinching the ruffian's feet—until Dawson was free to rise but did not move.

"His shooter, sir, his shooter!"

Fullarton found it—loaded in every chamber—and signed to the deaf man to get up. He shook his head.

"My leg's broke, sir! He's paid me out."

His left foot lay as if it did not belong to him. Fullarton knelt and examined.

"It's true," said he. "We must shift him too. Lend a hand, Irralie." As the girl did so a smile broke over the deaf man's face.

"I didn't know whether I'd do it till I did it," said he; "but I didn't want no bribes! It's all I can do for you. You must fix up Stingaree. Pot him as he comes in; it's our only chance."

Fullarton unwound the bandages from his wounded hand, stretched his fingers, and gripped and cocked Howie's revolver. His dark eyes danced.

"I mean to do so," said he. "Irralie, keep out of the way—turn your head and shut your ears!"

The girl obeyed—trembling as she had not trembled all the night. It was the worst of all, this waiting. Fullarton stood at one side of the door with the revolver. Howie had never moved.

Then the horse's hoofs and a man's feet were heard approaching through the sand, preceded by a whistle, high and clear and wonderfully sweet. He was whistling Mendelssohn again! Suddenly, as if a yard from the door, it broke off; the man's walk became a run; he was in the hut, with swinging eye-glass and whiskers flying, and had shouted, "Quick! they are on us!" before Fullarton cut him short.

"Up with your hands," said he. "It's your turn now!"

And when George Young and Mr. Villiers had reined up at the Seven-mile, they found Irralie like a ghost outside in her ball-dress; and, standing in the doorway, with his back to them, and a cocked revolver showing over his shoulder, a well-built figure in black trousers and white shirt-sleeves.

"Excuse me," said Fullarton; "but I daren't take my eye off him. Creep in under my left arm. The beggar stuck me up on Saturday afternoon, but I swore I wouldn't tell you till I got even with him; and, by the powers, I've kept my word!"

CHAPTER XIII.

P. S.

AT the age of sixty-eight, the late Lord Fullarton, who had been no traveller in his youth, set out to winter in Australia against all advice; and returned to tell of his experiences for another decade.

He landed in Melbourne one October, and sailed from Sydney in the following March, but saw no other cities; spending the whole of his time (with the exception of short visits to such near neighbours as, for example, the Quandong people) upon his son's Riverina station of Arran Downs. And he found Greville (who was on the tug to meet him in Hobson's Bay) rather stout, very brown, bearded to the chest, but most altered by an extraordinary access of energy and enthusiasm; and very full indeed of the merits and character of his own son, then six months old.

Grandchildren were no novelty to Lord Fullarton, whose saintliest son was not a celibate; and the nature of the wife, whom Greville had picked up in the bush, provoked a more apprehensive curiosity than that of the child. This lasted until the exact moment when Irralie was seen rushing from the verandah with both hands outstretched, unable to say a word, but with her eyes divinely glistening with love and welcome. And of those same orbs Lord Fullarton talked so freely, when he did get home, that there were small jealousies in the family; too small to speak about, however, and indulged in only by the husbands of the other wives, not the wives themselves.

"Never saw such eyes in my life!" said he. "The moment I looked in them my mind was at rest; and I wasn't mistaken. She is a girl with a true religious feeling; uncultivated, no doubt, but deep, and sincere, and strong. The only pity is that they haven't a church within a hundred miles of them. But I was glad to find that Greville was keeping up the excellent custom of a Sunday evening service, started by that good man, Irralie's father—who is, without a doubt, one of the Villierses, though it had never occurred to him till I made the welcome discovery. He is now managing an even larger station for the same company which used to own Arran Downs; we paid them a visit, and they keep up the evening service; but, to my horror, they neither stood to praise nor knelt to pray; and when we turned to the east they thought something was the matter. Irralie was so tractable in such things. We had *two* services every Sunday while I was there, and early celebration once a month. I only wish they could continue it! I wanted to send them out a chaplain; some young fellow with weak lungs might be very glad, and would tutor the boy in due course. It is certainly the grandest climate in the world; hot, but deliciously dry, and the night-air exactly like champagne!"

One thought Lord Fullarton had a way of expressing aloud, and quite apart from any context, especially in his last illness. "And so fond of her husband!" he would end long silences by exclaiming. "I never saw anything like it in my life!"

"You mean Irralie, of course?"

"Well, my dear, I did ; and you'll understand it when they come over. I was thinking of the day after I got there. They had been telling me the rights of that extraordinary affair which got into the papers, you remember, immediately after Greville's arrival. They don't know yet who the wretched man really was ; but he's in Darlinghurst Gaol, at Sydney, for the term of his life ; and I felt I should like to visit him when I was there, but the authorities dissuaded me. Well, they had shown me the pianos, he played on, and Greville had explained (what I never could quite understand) why it was he didn't himself say what had happened to him when he first arrived. The whole affair hinged on that, if you remember ; but I quite understood when he told me what was the general attitude towards young fellows from home, or 'new chums,' as they call them in the bush. They are always ready to make fools of them, as Greville found out on his way up-country ; and he felt his life wouldn't be worth living there if he arrived upon the scene with such an ignominious tale. So he kept it to himself. And the very next day after my arrival, Irralie took me out in a buggy and showed me just where everything happened.

"She showed me the clump of trees and the exact spot where she and Greville first met, and the gate where she escaped from the bushranger, and the place in the fence where the wretched man recaptured her. On the further side of that same paddock (as they call it) is the Seven-mile hut where the tables were eventually turned. But we didn't go quite as far on that occasion ; and when we got back, Irralie showed me a most impressive thing—a clearing in a pine plantation, and the grave of a poor young fellow who was shot by another outlaw some years before. His family had actually had

a broken column sent up from Melbourne and erected to his memory in that desolate spot. I was only sorry it was not a cross.

"But it was Greville who took me into the iron-store in which they shut him up, and from which Irralie helped him to escape. He showed me the sheet of corrugated iron she unfastened to get him out. They keep it in their room to this day."

Lord Fullarton had made friends with many of the men, who, it is to be feared, did not always receive his ministrations in the spirit his simple mind supposed. He described his son, however, very justly, as being "particularly fortunate in his overseer ; an earnest-minded young man with whom I had many conversations on spiritual matters. He has been on the station for years, and is not likely to leave (I should say), judging by his really beautiful devotion to Greville and Irralie alike, to say nothing of the boy." And another character who impressed him was "a decent, rugged soul, who does all the odd jobs about the homestead, and is Irralie's *factotum* ; unluckily, the poor fellow is quite deaf, but I both spoke and read into his ear-trumpet, and he faithfully promised to be confirmed."

The great wish of his last months was to live long enough to see his son and Irralie when they brought the boy over to send him to his first school. And this wish crystallised in the desire to look once more in Irralie's eyes.

"They are like her own native skies," said the late lord, simply. "I never saw them wet, nor yet cloudy, but twice while I was there. The first time was when I arrived, and the second when I bade her good-bye."

But there came a third.

THE END.





H.R.H. Princess Maud of Wales

(From a photograph by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.)



BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.



OR a village Hawarden has had an exceptional share in some of the principal events of our history. It was the scene of an important conference between Simon de Montfort and Llewelyn; Henry the Seventh visited it shortly after the Perkin Warbeck

rebellion; and it witnessed first a defeat and then a victory for the Parliamentary cause in the great Civil War. None of these occurrences, however, can have given the village the great fame which it was destined to gain from an event that took place in its old church on a certain July day in 1839. This event was the talk of the country-side for weeks, and it was celebrated by the villagers as making a red-letter day in their simple annals.

There was a double wedding at Hawarden Church, and the brides were none other than the two beautiful sisters of their popular squire, Sir Stephen Glynne. Of the bridegrooms comparatively little account was doubtless taken, and of the two, more attention was probably given to Lord Lyttelton, the betrothed of Mary, than to Mr. Gladstone, a promising member of the other House of Parliament, but still only the son of a man of business, whom her elder sister

Catherine had chosen from many suitors in spite of the opinion of some of her friends that he was not good enough for her. The villagers did their best to make the occasion worthy of itself; but if they could have foreseen its ultimate sequel in the ownership of Hawarden Castle by the greatest statesman of the century, they might well have abandoned the effort in despair.

When Mr. Gladstone married Catherine Glynne, it was highly improbable that as the result of the match Hawarden would ever become his property. His brother-in-law, although unmarried, was then only thirty-two—two years Mr. Gladstone's senior—and, in the event of his dying without issue, Mrs. Gladstone had a brother two years older, then Rector of Hawarden, to take precedence of her. As it was, it was not until 1874 that, Sir Stephen dying unmarried, and his brother Henry having predeceased him, dying without a son, the estate passed to Mrs. Gladstone's son, and so to the use of the ex-Prime Minister. But Hawarden has been Mr. Gladstone's home ever since his marriage. At first it was his intention to take his wife to a country seat in Scotland. But Sir Stephen Glynne found that his pecuniary resources were such as to make it difficult for him to continue to live at the Castle. To relieve him from this embarrassment his

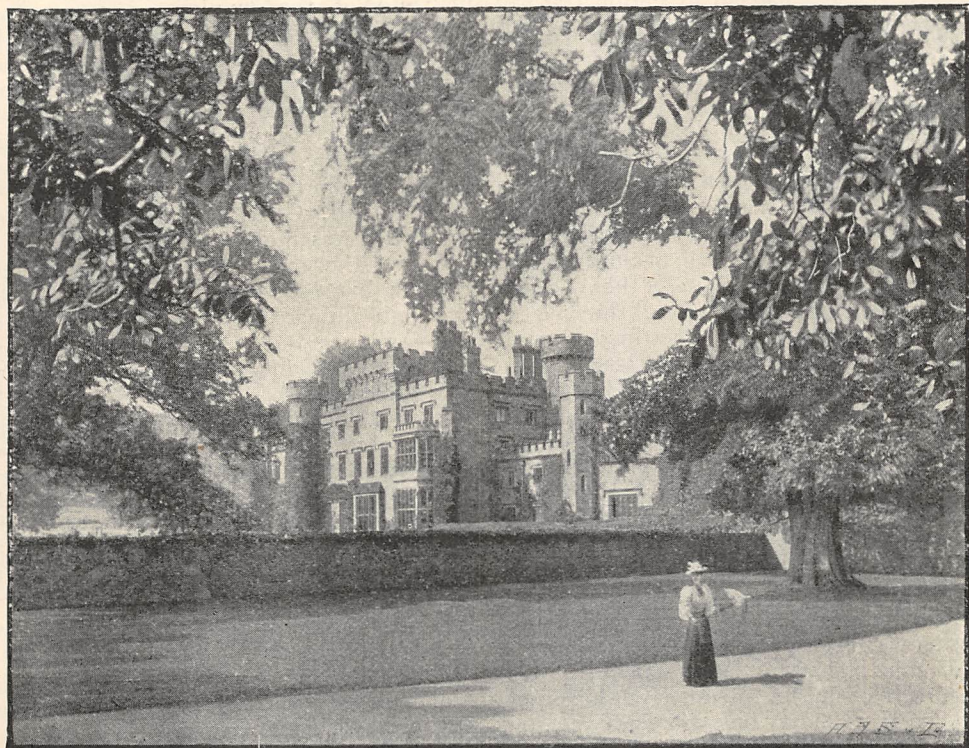
brother-in-law offered to purchase part of the Glynne estate and with his wife make his home at Hawarden. This course was adopted, and had none of the unpleasant consequences which most people would have anticipated. Until the time of his death Sir Stephen presided over the Hawarden household, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone living there as members of it, in perfect harmony with him, for a considerable part of the year.

To the people of Hawarden Mr. Gladstone is, and has been, much more the squire than the statesman, the lord of the manor than the leader of a political party. When his eldest son succeeded Sir Stephen Glynne—the last of a family which had been the owners of the Hawarden estate since the great Civil War—the Gladstone family might have been regarded as interlopers. It need not be said that such has never been the feeling of the villagers towards them since they learned to appreciate the frankness and kindness of all Mr. Gladstone's relations with them.

On arriving at Glynne Arms Hotel, in the centre of the village, one's attention is immediately attracted to the fine drinking fountain, in stone and marble, which stands in the wide open space between the inn and the principal entrance to Hawarden Park. A gold-lettered

inscription informs you that it was erected by the people of the village in 1889 in commemoration of the fifty years of married life which Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone had spent in their midst.

The big iron gates stand open, for Mr. Gladstone makes his park free to all comers. At the same time some privacy is secured by railing off the shrubberies and gardens adjoining the Castle and barring the footpaths leading to it by little wicket-gates marked "Private." But from the broad carriage road there is a good view of the whole south front of the building—such a view as must lead most people to declare that Hawarden Castle is a home worthy of even Mr. Gladstone's great career and splendid fame. No part of the building is older than 1752, but it is a castle in appearance as well as in name. The brick walls are enclosed in stone and surmounted by turrets and battlements. There is about them enough ivy to serve the needs of the picturesque without hiding the solidity and strength which the building as a whole suggests. The four oriel-windows form the most serious inconsistency in its design as a castle; but in place of the moat one instinctively looks for there is a garden filled with flower-beds of the Dutch pattern.



HAWARDEN CASTLE.

The oriel-windows probably date from the year of Mr. Gladstone's birth, when a considerable addition was made to the Castle. Mr. Gladstone himself some twenty years ago added a wing at the N.W. corner of the house, his main object being to provide himself with a new library and study—the apartment which he aptly named his "Temple of Peace." On the north front still another addition was made as recently as 1889, in the shape of a handsome new porch at the principal entrance—a piece of expenditure determined upon by the family as a gift to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone in honour of their golden wedding.

The Castle occupies the site of an old house of wood and plaster called Broad-lane Hall. The old Hawarden Castle is a ruin on the highest hill in the park, and in the new an attempt has been made to realise in some measure what that once was. It is believed to date from the beginning of the 14th century, and the keep and the chapel are all that is left of the old structure besides some ruinous walls, on which the moss and ivy have been freely growing for centuries.

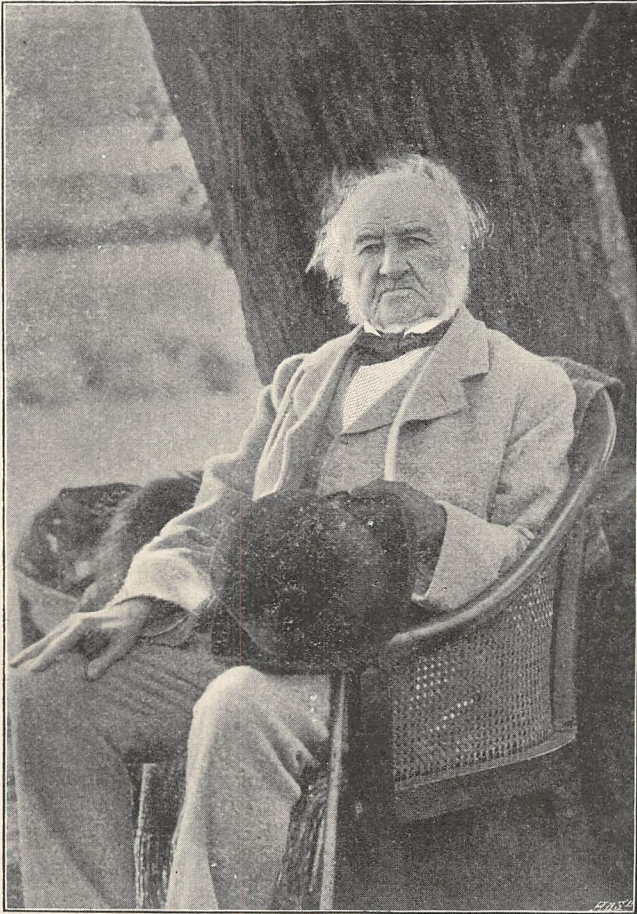
The outside of the new Castle, as I have said, conforms in its general design to its warlike prototype. In the interior there is not the slightest suggestion of the martial times when Charles the First was King—not even a suit of armour in the entrance hall or a brace of pistols on the walls. All is domestic

peace and comfort, with little luxury and no ostentation. Mr. Gladstone's favourite dog—a black Pomeranian called Petz—greet you on the mat, and among a miscellaneous collection of hats and coats hanging on a huge stand you fancy you recognise one or two as belonging to the master of the house, whilst in a corner

some scores of walking-sticks, of all shapes and sizes, are surely some of the many tokens of affection he has received from people who had heard of his fondness for pedestrianism. Among the pictures in the hall I notice several "portrait groups" of the Ministries which Mr. Gladstone has formed.

A few steps to the right bring one to the "Temple of Peace," the apartment which is the visitor's first thought on entering Hawarden Castle. It is not very large for so large a house. Nevertheless, in his study, with its three turreted windows, Mr. Gladstone has

contrived to place about 15,000 volumes. All the shelves are of plain oak from trees felled by the statesman in the park. They were made by the village carpenter under Mr. Gladstone's personal direction, and in accordance with a plan by which some of the book-cases, instead of being ranged along the walls, stand out into the room at right-angles to each other, each shelf being wide enough for a double row of volumes. In this way Mr. Gladstone has been able to store such a great number of works around his writing-tables



(Photographed at Hawarden Castle
Fête, August, 1894, by Messrs.
Robinson & Thomson, Liver-
pool.)

W. Gladstone



Catherine Gladstone

(From a photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.)

without sacrificing light or air or freedom of movement. In the centre of the room, besides three writing-tables—one for his correspondence, one for literary work, and the third for Mrs. Gladstone's occasional use—there is space enough for two or three tables on which are to be found newspapers and periodicals, photographs and various knick-knacks. The books are very methodically arranged. One large shelf is devoted to Homer and Homeric literature, another to Shakespeare and books relating to Shakespeare, a third to Ireland and the Irish question, and so on. They leave practically no room on the walls for pictures, but several busts in marble and bronze usually stand on the ledges of the shelves, including those of Tennyson and Beaconsfield.

Many articles scattered about the room derive additional interest from their being presents to the great statesman. The ink-stand on the "literary table," in use just now for Mr. Gladstone's edition of Bishop Butler's works, was given to him, for instance, by the gentlemen who at one time or the other acted as his private secretaries, and whose names are inscribed on a golden tablet.

Mr. Gladstone's study opens into the old library of the house—the Glynne Library, as it is called. In this apartment all the books are stored in mahogany cases built into the walls round the room, according to the old

plan. There is a dull uniformity about the leather bindings of the books, many of which are on topography and ecclesiology—the favourite subjects of the late Sir Stephen Glynne. In the wall-space left by the book-cases are several portraits of the Glynne ancestors, including one of Sir John Glynne, Lord Chief Justice in Cromwell's time, by Sir Peter Lely, and a very fine Vandyke of Sir Kenelm Digby. The morning-room and the dining-room, too, are filled with family portraits. In the drawing-room hangs Frank Holl's famous picture of Mr. Gladstone, and in the morning-room Professor Herkomer's. A copy of the portrait by Millais hangs in one of the corridors. Among the other most interesting contents of the morning-room is Mr. Gladstone's collection of ivories. At one time this was a great hobby with him, and the collection, for the beauty and variety of the carvings, is considered one of the finest in existence. The remnant of the statesman's once extensive collection of china is to be found in the drawing-room—a large and lofty apartment, richly decorated in white and gold, and supported by marble pillars at each end. All these rooms open on to the terrace from which Mr. Gladstone has often addressed a multitude gathered together on the lawn just below.

By the side of the Castle, but invisible through the thick trees from the carriage road, are Mrs. Gladstone's Homes for poor old women and orphans. The orphans, to the number of about twenty-five, are lodged in an old house called Diglane, which Sir John Glynne purchased in 1749. In this long, ivy-covered building during the last thirty years a great number of orphan boys have been brought up from infancy in a good, homely fashion under the care of matrons chosen by Mrs. Gladstone. Mrs. Gladstone first put the building to a charitable use during the cotton famine, when, as the result of a visit she paid to the most distressed districts, several of the most unfortunate families were lodged there for a time. The men were employed in the park in various ways, some in making roads which are still known as "the Lancashire roads." Then, when London was visited by its last cholera epidemic in 1866, Mrs. Gladstone took down to Hawarden a number of children who had lost their fathers and mothers, and this proved to be the beginning of the Orphans' Home. The old women's home adjoining occupies what was once the Glynnes' private brewery, and has seven inmates whose years vary from sixty to eighty. Not one is as old as Mr. Gladstone himself, and more than once, when paying the old women a visit, he has cheered

their spirits by reminding them of the fact.

In both these little institutions there is much evidence of the practical interest Mrs. Gladstone has taken, almost day by day, in their welfare. All the rooms are prettily decorated with pictures and photographs, and there is an ample provision of books. One of the rooms of the Orphanage has been converted into a little chapel, duly consecrated by

occasion, learning that the Home needed a new kitchen, the eminent physician obtained Mrs. Gladstone's permission to defray its cost.

The big wooden door through which I return to the park is a curiosity in its way. It is always studded with the signatures, mostly scrawled in pencil, of visitors to the Gladstone village, accompanied in some cases by such messages as "God bless the G.O.M.,"



"THE TEMPLE OF PEACE" (MR. GLADSTONE'S STUDY).

the Bishop of St. Asaph, where every Sunday a service is held for such of the old women as are unable to get as far as Hawarden Church, and where the boys meet every day for prayer. The many distinguished visitors to the Castle are naturally also interested in the widows and orphans whom Mrs. Gladstone has lodged right at her own doors. In the visitors' book I came across at random the names of Lord Napier of Magdala, the late Bishop of Oxford, Lord Spencer, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Lord Russell, and the late Sir Andrew Clarke. Sir Andrew Clarke used to show a very kindly concern for the old women; when visiting the Castle he would give them advice respecting their various little ailments, and on one

"Three cheers for him," and "Long may he live." The park is 250 acres in area, but its hilly surface and the skilful disposition of its timber and foliage favour the illusion of greater size. In places Mr. Gladstone's own activity with the axe for so many years, an activity to which a few fallen logs here and there still testify, has done much to improve the wood. The predominant trees are beeches and oaks, and the park contains many exceptionally fine specimens of both kinds. Quite close to the Castle there is a giant oak nearly 17 feet in diameter, and reputed to be nearly 400 years old. Mr. Gladstone's study is in the shade of a remarkable semicircle of limes which, in some unknown way, has got the

singular name of "Sir John Glynne's Dressing-Room." It is not very long since the trees in the park were a constant theme of conversation at the meal-table in the Castle. Before laying low any important tree, Mr. Gladstone used to take counsel with his family, and if good reason was shown by any of them in its favour, the tree was spared. As a rule, however, the statesman in seeking material for his favourite recreation only marked for destruction such trees, or parts of such trees, as were really cumbering the earth and doing injury to their neighbours. In a park so well-timbered there is, of course, plenty of strictly useful employment for the wood-cutter, and at times Mr. Gladstone was glad to have the assistance of his four sons, including the Rector of Hawarden, who were hardly less skilful with the axe than their father, in removing the superfluous and decaying timber.

The park is divided into two parts by a ravine, along which flows a stream having a peculiar red tinge, due to the iron ore of the district. It is called Broughton Brook, and at one point forms a lake on which a row can be enjoyed. On its course through the park there are also two waterfalls. One goes by the name of the Ladies' Fall, and close by it is a beautiful beech-grove.

On the other side of the ravine are the

Bilberry Wood and Warren plantations, in whose glades, richly overgrown with bracken, Mr. Herbert Gladstone and occasional visitors to the Castle get some good sport during the shooting season.

From the entrance in the middle of the village to that on the road to Broughton Hall, the walk through the park is about two miles in length. Near the "Top Lodge" and the upper fall on Broughton Brook there stood an old water-mill, which is commemorated by a large stone with an inscription as follows:—

"Trust in God for Bread, and to the King for Justice, Protection, and Peace.

This Mill was built A.D. 1767 by Sir John Glynn, Bart., Lord of this Manor:

Charles Howard, Millwright.

Wheat was this year at 9s. and Barley at 5s. 6d. a Bushel. Luxury was at a great height, and Charity extensive; but the poor were starving, riotous, and hanged."

To the latter part of this inscription, if I mistake not, Mr. Gladstone once made an effective reference in one of his speeches.

Emerging from the park by the Top Lodge, I return to the village along a broad, sandy road, shaded on each side by big trees. From this road there is a good view of Chester in the valley below; the cathedral city is a seven miles' drive, but is considerably nearer, I should say, as the crow flies. At the beginning



HAWARDEN VILLAGE.



THE DRAWING-ROOM

of the long village street is a broken-down little dungeon of stone, with an iron-barred door of classical design. It was once the house of correction, and close by is the pump from which the villagers still draw some of their water. There are other suggestions of old-world life in some of the small cottages with their thatched and grass-grown roofs and whitewashed walls. The four village inns—notably the “Fox,” which was once the changing-house for the Flint and Llangollen coach—are likewise souvenirs of a time that even Mr. Gladstone can hardly remember. In sharp contrast to these things are the handsome new buildings which Hawarden has seen erected in recent years, such as the Gladstone Estate office, the police station, and the village institute.

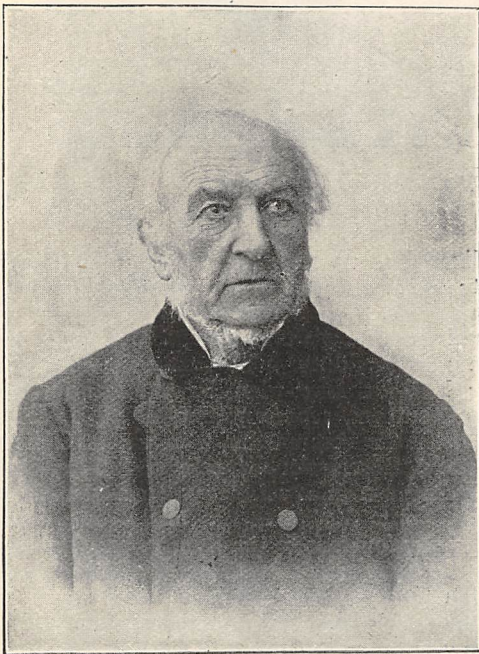
The Hawarden Institute, with the gymnasium adjoining, is a remarkable building for a village of less than a thousand inhabitants. It contains within its shapely red-brick walls rooms for reading and smoking, cards and billiards, and a library of about 5,000 volumes, whilst the gymnasium is furnished with a complete apparatus and a stage on which an entertainment or a lecture can be

delivered to an audience of 300. The Institute took the place of a working-men’s club, which Mr. Gladstone was instrumental in starting some years ago, and the funds for the new building were partly raised by a *fête* held in Hawarden Park. It now has 200 members, representative of all sections in the little community, who pay an almost nominal subscription for social and educational advantages such as very few villages at present enjoy. Mr. Gladstone has made some valuable contributions to the library, but the bulk of the books, it should be said, have been given by Sir Isaac Pitman as a mark of esteem for his fellow-octogenarian. The gymnasium was mainly the work of the Rev. Harry Drew, as an outcome of the zealous interest which Mr. Herbert Gladstone has always taken in physical recreation generally, and more particularly in the physical recreation of the youth of Hawarden. In connection with it are flourishing cricket and football clubs.

The church, which Mr. Gladstone has made better known than any other village church in the country, is situated just off the long street that Hawarden practically consists of,

on a little hill below which a great tract of pastoral country spreads itself out before one's eyes. In the lane leading to the church is the school-house for the girls and infants—the boys' school being in another part of the village. There is a handsome gate to the churchyard of gilded iron, erected to the memory of the late Sir Stephen Glynne in 1874, bearing the inscription, "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving." St. Deniol's is not an edifice of any great beauty; but standing where it does, close to richly-tinted foliage, and overlooking fresh green pastures, the dull brown stone square tower, and short ornamental spire are distinctly pleasing. There is a small bust of St. Deniol, who was founder of a monastery at Bangor and the first bishop of that See, in a niche over the door of the church.

The rector's notices in the porch include one which is indicative of the earnestness with which the Rev. Stephen Gladstone performs his parochial duties. It invites any parishioner



MR. GLADSTONE.

(From a photograph taken in Paris by Van Bosch.)

desirous of seeing the rector to call upon him at stated hours, unless work should occupy him all day, when he is free to come at any time. The church register goes back to 1585, but it is doubtful whether any part of the church is 300 years old. The greater part of the old church, which had been more than once altered and "restored," was destroyed by

fire in 1857. It was then reconstructed at a cost of £8,000, under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott, and reopened by that great friend of Mr. Gladstone, the late Bishop Wilberforce.

Mr. Gladstone's reading of the lessons was wont to draw crowds from most distant places to Hawarden Church. To hear the sacred word spoken in the statesman's matchless voice is no longer the privilege of the Hawarden churchgoer. Mr. Gladstone did not discontinue the practice a short time ago because it ceased to give him pleasure; but with improved railway communication the number of strangers who came to worship in the church seriously inconvenienced and frequently excluded the rector's own parishioners. As soon as Mr. Gladstone realised that such was the result of a habit which many years had endeared to him, he at once gave it up. A Sunday visitor at Hawarden, however, may still have the pleasure of seeing the great statesman emerge from the park gates, walk along the road with a quick, firm step, enter the rectory garden, cross the churchyard, and so into the church, to take his place in the family pew in the chancel. Then in the dim light of stained-glass windows, it is not difficult to imagine him once more standing at the lectern, his white-haired head slightly bent over the massive volume resting on an eagle's wings carved in oak, and his face full of reverent earnestness as his lips give forth all the music of the words. It is probably to Mr. Gladstone's example, more than to the efforts of the clergy, that the parishioners of Hawarden are such good churchgoers. There is accommodation for some three or four hundred, and even with no strangers present there are few vacant seats.

It may be presumed that Mr. Gladstone's lessons in elocution have not been lost upon the curates in performing the duty which he was accustomed to fulfil, whilst to the occupant of the pulpit his presence serves as something like a constant inspiration. In addition to Mr. Gladstone's son, the rector, and his son-in-law, the Rev. H. Drew, Warden of St. Deniol's, there are five other clergymen attached to the parish of Hawarden, which includes one or two smaller villages and village churches. They make, it must be said, the fullest provision for the spiritual needs of the parishioners, including a service every morning at 8.30 at Hawarden, by attendance at which Mr. Gladstone usually begins the day. The ringing of the church bells is one of the most familiar everyday sounds in the village. This peal of bells, which is exceptionally soft and sweet, was placed in the tower as long ago as 1742.

The large churchyard is almost filled with grave-stones, many of which, on reference to the ages of the deceased, testify to the healthfulness of this village on the breezy hill-side. On the white marble cross of a grave on which a few simple flowers are growing, below the words "W. H. Gladstone, who passed away 4th July, 1891," is a verse chosen

The rectory itself is a very old-fashioned brick building, which was made the comfortable residence it now is as long ago as the battle of Waterloo, by the Hon. George Neville Grenville, Mrs. Gladstone's uncle, who was then Rector of Hawarden.

The church has given its name to the library and hostel for theological and other



SIR JOHN GLYNNE'S "DRESSING-ROOM."

by the ex-Prime Minister shortly after his son's burial :

"Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom."

On the other side of the churchyard, opening on to two footpaths across the fields, is a quaint old lich-gate surmounted by a wooden cross. Another gate near the church gives admittance to the rectory garden through which Mr. Gladstone usually makes his way to service. The garden is a very charming one, with its skilfully arranged lawns and flower-beds, shady nooks and rustic seats. In bygone years it was Mr. Gladstone's favourite spot for reverie and meditation,

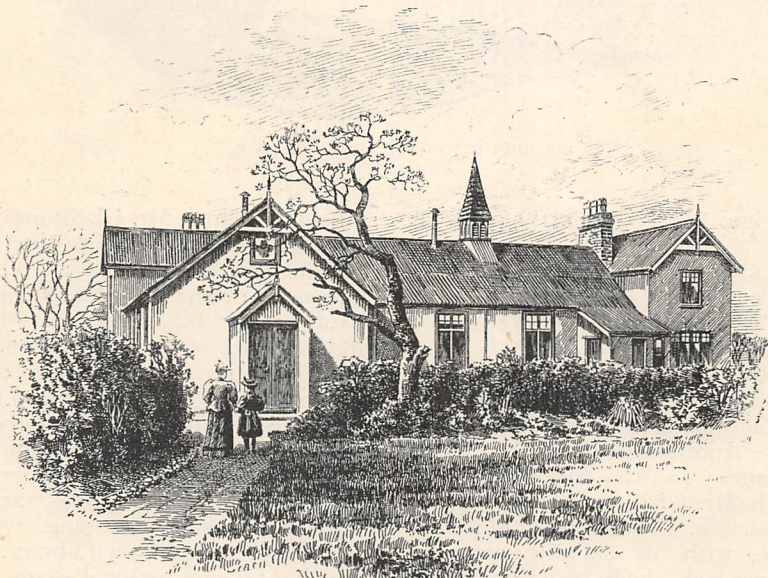
students in which Mr. Gladstone has recently realised the dream of half his lifetime. These buildings are close to the church on a lower slope of the same hill. St. Deniol's Library has at present but a temporary habitation, a large building of galvanised iron, having the greyness of its aspect partially relieved by a light red paint. But the 30,000 books which Mr. Gladstone has had transferred from the Castle, together with the two or three thousand that have come from other sources, are now all on thier shelves, arranged and classified on much the same system as has been adopted in his own library. Mr. Gladstone has taken a personal share in the work, and in September, 1894, placed the library and hostel in the charge of the Rev. Harry Drew

as Warden. Some of the greatest treasures in the statesman's magnificent library have already been given up to the use of those who come to study here, the only restriction imposed being that in no case shall Mr. Gladstone's own annotations be transcribed. In the warden's sanctum I notice the big chair of carved oak which was presented to Mr. Gladstone by the Liberals of Greenwich.

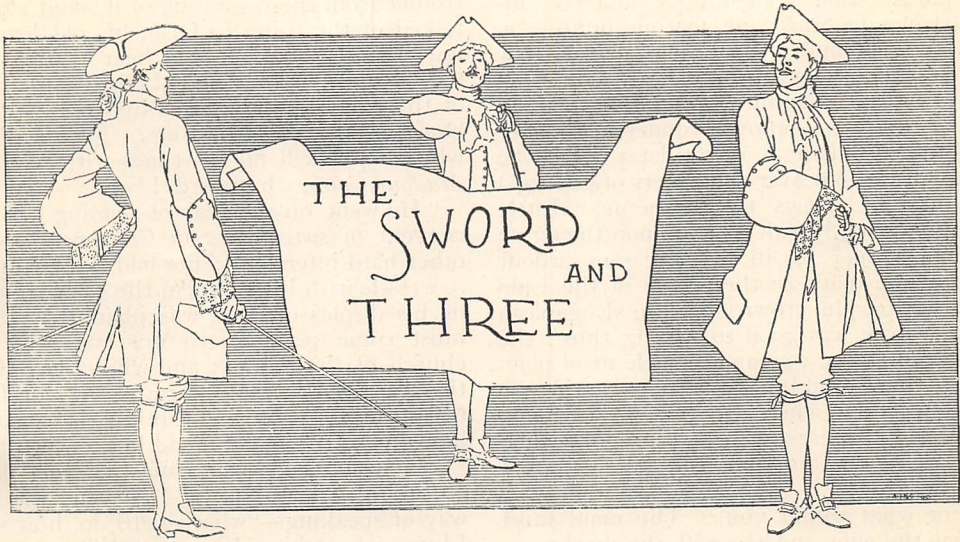
Mr. Gladstone was not content with providing this fine library for the service "of students (lay and clerical) of any age," to quote the circular which was drawn up by his own hand, "inquirers, authors, and clergy or others desiring times of rest." He recognised that they would require board and lodging of a different kind from what could be obtained in the village inns, and on terms that would not unduly tax the slender means of many such students. The old Hawarden Grammar School had become vacant in consequence of the operation of the Welsh Intermediate Education Act, and this building Mr. Gladstone resolved to turn to account as a "hostel," employing a good old French word which has now almost become obsolete. The hostel, which is close to the library, is a two-storied brick house nearly 300 years old, its outer wall having the date 1606, and the great beams across the ceilings giving evidence of its age. With very little alteration it has been admirably suited to its new purpose.

Twelve students can find accommodation there of a simple yet comfortable kind. The old schoolroom itself, with its large latticed windows, has become their "common room," cosily furnished and daintily decorated with many little knick-knacks from Mr. Gladstone's own home.

Mr. Gladstone is now forming a trust for the Library, which, in due course, will be housed in a building of more enduring material and of architectural beauty. The trustees will be the Rector of Harwarden, the Hon. and Rev. A. T. Lyttelton, the Countess Grosvenor, C. B. Toller, Esq., Henry N. Gladstone, Esq., Sir Walter Phillimore, the Hon. Mrs. W. H. Gladstone, and George W. E. Russell, Esq. For generations to come, therefore, St. Deniol's Library will be a fitting memorial of the great statesman's long association with the Flintshire village, and of the healthful, intellectual, and religious life he led there. To those who go to Harwarden to partake of Mr. Gladstone's gift of restful study, the place must always be full of the inspiration of his great example. Reading the books which he read, treading the paths he trod, worshipping in the church he loved, the students cannot fail to feel the influence of the great mind and strong character which, after dominating a nation, could turn with absolute content to the simple duties and little pleasures of a village.



ST. DENIOL'S LIBRARY.



A SHORT STORY. BY MAX PEMBERTON.

Being a fragment of a letter written to Count Ruzzini by Nicolo Ferrara, of Belluno, who, going to Venice in the fiftieth year of his age, brought the fashioning both of broadswords and of rapiers to much perfection. Long a servant of the Moro family, Nicolo died in a room of the Palazzo Balbi, in the year 1702, carrying with him to the grave many cunning secrets of the art he had so worthily adorned.



BODY of Bacchus, forget! As soon would I forget the face of her that had my first love. And yet I have killed many a man, Count. The quiver of flesh upon my blade has been meat and drink to me

often since the day I slew Marco Foscari in my father's garden at Belluno. But the work in the garden of swords! Ah, that was like new wine in my veins.

"I had been in the city—*benedetta la mia Venezia*—five years when Girolamo brought the trouble to my doors. The people had learned already to applaud me; men bent the weapons of Nicolo and cried that the devil was in the steel. But I made them as the son of Andrea taught me; and finer for play or work never came out of Damascus.

"I had been in the city five years, as I write, when Girolamo came like an evil thing across my path. He was a Capello: a man of great race and pleasant tongue, well schooled in all those arts which women favour, ready with his sword when the occasion was, not

wanting a fine face or a fine word—a man that may leave desolation in his path or blessing; a friend to be kept or an enemy to be feared. What truck I had with him, that was in my own house, where he came that I might school him in the use of the rapier—a pretty toy, old comrade, which these masters of France insist shall now hang like bodkins at our girdle; but, faugh! a weapon for boys, or for the hand of women at their play.

"I taught Girolamo, and he came daily to my house—at first, to hold me in fence with the fine conceit that I was making him my master; after that, as presently I was to learn, for love of Christine, the daughter of my neighbour, Orio Zorzi. She had then grown quite the woman; her beauty, though she had come only to her fifteenth year, was the talk of all the painters over upon the Guidecca. And for her, Count, I would have broken my sword—the sword of Andrea of Belluno, the like to which there is not in the world.

"I would have broken my sword for Christine—ay, indeed, for she was all my company, and the day was rare when she did not sit at my feet in pleasant talk after my work was ended. Often we supped out there in the little garden, with the music of the lagoon in our ears. Her father, Orio, was a widower, and a man of many occupations, as you know well. His business carried him frequently to

Zara, and even to the remoter East. And he was pleased that I should see much of his child when he was gone, for our houses lay back to back under the shadow of the new church of our Lady of Safety; and what fashioning and hammering of blades I did was kept for my shop over yonder in the city of Murano. Then, as in my later years, the setting of the sun over the waters of Chioggia brought me always to my home. Little Christine loved to wait for me upon the *riva*; she had supper set in that pleasant arbour whence one may see the shores of the Lido and the purple crowns of the Euganean Hills. Oh, it was good to see her thus: the child become the woman, the little maid playing mother. And I have never said her nay—not even when she told me of Paolo Steno, and of the words which he spoke when the Ascension brought him to her from Torcello.

"For what would you? The maid must become the wife, and the wife the mother, as it is written. And if the youth be honest, of good heart and will, and the child be ready, how is the love of an old man to come between them? Not, be it understood, that any consent of mine could help her to this happiness. Her father was a hard man; Paolo was a simple fellow of the people, who had nothing but his honest labour at the making

of the finer glass-ware to help him. I foresaw trouble from the beginning of it; and when I talked of the thing to Orio, his old love for me alone permitted him to hear me out.

"And thou, old friend," cried he, 'to talk of this to me! What, wed her to a lout that blows beads upon a string? My daughter, whose lap I will fill ten times with sequins? *Madonna mia*, what words!'

"He went on to speak of sending her to a convent of sisters at San Clemente, and of other hard intentions; nor had I any courage to wrestle with him then, in the early moment of his displeasure. It was plain that Paolo must come no more to my house by the church of the Salute; and while I gave Orio this promise, I wept in my heart for little Christine. But oh, how cunning is woman—how quick to see and mend her misfortunes!

"Nicolo," said she to me that very night at supper, 'dear Nicolo'—for this was her way of speaking—'what shall I do, how shall I live without him?'

"Who knows," said I, to cheer her, 'what time may bring? I have seen men more set than your father, and yet turned about when a month has gone like a blade in a rotten basket. Perchance, before the feast, you shall dance with Paolo at Torcello, little Christine.'

"She gave me no fair word of answer; but presently, when she had thought, she said to me—

"Nicolo, thou knowest the house of Paolo's brother Lorenzo, over in the city yonder?'

"As I know my own," said I, 'for they be close together as the pillars upon the Piazza.'

"And, Nicolo, thou knowest that Paolo now goes every day after Mass to help Lorenzo in his work?'

"So surely, child, I know—rare the day is that I do not speak with him on his way.'

"And he may not come here now when his work is done?'

"I fear not, little friend.'

"She mused yet a little while, and then, putting her red lips very close to mine, she said—

"Nicolo, if I may not see him here, could I not come to watch thee make swords? And Paolo, he would be near. Dear Nicolo, do not turn thy head away; I know that thou lovest me. Oh, say that I may come, and I will pray for thee every day. Sweet Nicolo!

"What the end of it all was, comrade, I may tell in a few words. She came after that every day in my gondola to Murano, and there I watched her happiness, and that of the boy she had taken for her lover. For a whole month there was no more joyous creature in Venice. Then Girolamo the



"WHAT, WED HER TO A LOU THAT BLOWS BEADS UPON A STRING?"

worthless came to my house; and almost from the day of his coming little Christine's cheeks paled, and the rings of sorrow stood out black beneath her eyes.

"'Cousin Nicolo!' said she to me one night, calling me oddly as she was wont, 'thou lovest me, and yet Girolamo comes to thy house!'

"'And why not, child?' asked I. 'He likes to cross a blade with me. What is that to thee?'

"'He has asked me of my father in marriage,' she sobbed; and then, for want of any more words, she laid her pretty face upon my lap, and her cheeks were wet with tears. Nor could I find a word to comfort her.

"'Knowest thou,' said I, 'what thy father said?'

"'Oh, surely,' cried she, 'surely, Nicolo! I cannot bear to tell thee the word; he has promised me at Candlemass.'

"'I feared to hear it, but in this city of republicans, *mon ami*, name buys much. Girolamo was a Capello, a great man among the Serenissima; he had place, position, all that a father may seek in a new son. Why, then, should not Orio prefer this man for his daughter before the glass-maker, who had naught but the blunt speech and the willing hands? Nay, I knew that he must; and I trembled for little Christine.

"'Pretty child,' said I, raising her up to me, 'there are two months to Candlemass. Who can say what two months may bring? And every day thou shalt see Paolo in the shop thou lovest, I promise thee.'

"'And thou wilt save Paolo's life?' she asked.

"'I laughed at her childish fancies.

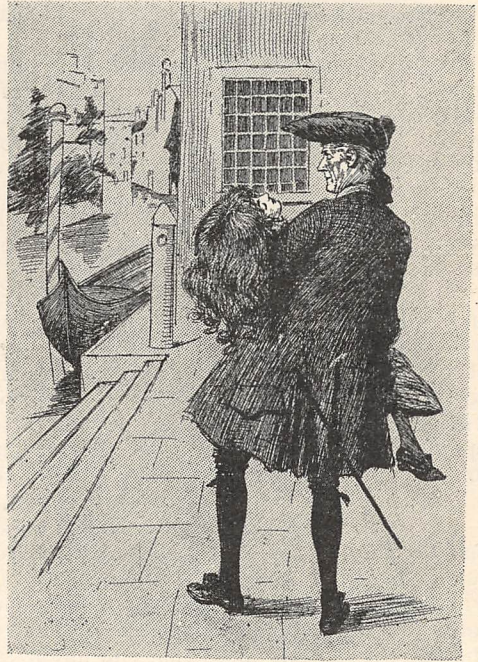
"'Why should Paolo have need of me?' cried I.

"'Because Girolamo has sworn to kill him. Oh, dear Nicolo, thou knowest what he is; thou hast crossed swords with him. Paolo will surely die.'

"'Little Christine,' said I, 'dost thou then forget that thy lover has stood before me, a son of Andrea? Dost thou forget that I shaped the blade he wears? There is no finer in Venice; no quicker eye than Paolo's, no truer hand. Who shall kill him, then? Not Girolamo, the lumberer; Girolamo, the horse; Girolamo, the buffoon. Body of Bacchus, I would worst him with a cane.'

"My raillery comforted her, but upon the next day, Paolo being away at Torcello, as she said, she was not with me at my forge; and at sunset, the light being red upon the sails of ships and the whole lake shining as with a tide of blood, she called me while I was yet a long way from my house; and her distress was made plain to all that passed by.

"'Cousin Nicolo!' was her cry, 'dear cousin, they have killed him. Oh, Paolo, he is dead; I have seen him. He is dead in the garden of Manin the painter. They took him there that they might kill him. I have seen his bleeding body. Nicolo! thou hearest



"I CARRIED HER TO MY GONDOLA."

me; thou art my friend. Nicolo! thou wilt not let him die.'

"With such wild words in her mouth she continued to run to and fro upon the *riva* before my garden; but I, thinking that she had waked from some feverish dream, made no answer until I had drawn her to the shelter of the little arbour, and there I sat her down and began to question her.

"'Christine,' said I, 'what dream is this? Thou sayest that they have killed him?'

"She stifled her tears, and looked up to me with a face very worn and full of suffering.

"'Oh, dear Nicolo, it is the truth; I have seen him with my own eyes. He went there at sunset; I watched him from my window. An hour ago Luigi carried me in the boat to the garden gate, and I saw him at Girolamo's feet. He is dead. Oh, God help me, he is dead.'

"She spoke the words, and such a torrent of weeping came upon her that I troubled her with no more questioning; but carried her to my gondola, which lay still at the steps. It

was then quite dark ; yet I feared so much to find the story as she had told to me that I waited for no lantern, but bade my boatman make straight for the house of Manin, which lies near by the canal of the Zitelle. And we had come up to the *riva* of the garden before I had begun to think in what way the cunning swordsman Paolo had fallen before the blunderer, by what means he had been lured to the nest of his enemies.

"At the sight of the bronze gates of Manin's house, through the bars of which the leafy walks and avenues of the garden were plain to our view, little Christine started up from her weeping and took my hand in hers.

"Seest thou the lantern swinging beneath the great lime-tree, Nicolo ? It was there he lay ; I saw his body upon the grass. Oh, my tears blind me."

"Pray God thou dreamest, child," said I ; and with this I sprang from the boat and went up to the gate. There was no sign of any lamp then lit in the house, nor of any persons occupying it ; indeed, it was cold with stillness, and but for the one lantern set upon the bench, it had been without any token of human presence. Nor could I for a long time get any answer to my knocking—not until I had rung twice the great bell behind the pillars, and heard a hundred echoes over the water. At the last a crone with a very yellow face and wicked little eyes came hobbling from the garden ; and when she had held up her lamp that she might see my face, she cried—

"*Chi xe ?*"

"*Amici*," said I ; and that she might not misunderstand me I added, "and if you do not open the gate quickly, good dame, I will surely blow your brains out."

"She gave a harsh little laugh and put down her light.

"Thou art Nicolo ! Well I know thee," cackled she ; "and he was one of thine ! *Madonna mia*, that thou shouldst find me with his blood upon my hands !"

"She opened the gate with this harsh croak of apology, and I pushed by her, snatching the lamp from her hands.

"Where are your masters ?" I asked, as she fawned before me, the flicker of the yellow rays strong upon her crackled face.

"My masters ? What are they to thee ? Belike they seek a priest, Nicolo ; who can say ? Thou wouldst not have thy friend want shrift—one of thine own, too ?"

"The malice of the croaking hag was beyond concealment. Bidding her be silent, I crossed the garden to the grassy knoll beneath the lime-tree ; and so still was it there, so dark, that for a minute I believed

Christine's message to be a phantom of her dreams. But when I had cast an aureola of light upon the soft carpet of the grass, I found, not at the place which the child had indicated, but at a boat's breadth from it, the body of Paolo.

"They had wrapped him round in the scarlet coat he always wore ; and would have left him there, I doubt not, until nightfall, that they might the more secretly cast the body into the lagoon. As I saw him by the lantern's wavering light, the pallor of his face was beyond experience ; and he had so turned upon his side in the agony of his suffering that I could see the stain of blood which had dripped upon his mantle and run down upon his stockings, striping them with ugly stains. And he lay now without so much as a whisper of breathing ; one hand straight out upon the grass, the other resting under his head, as though he were weary even in his death.

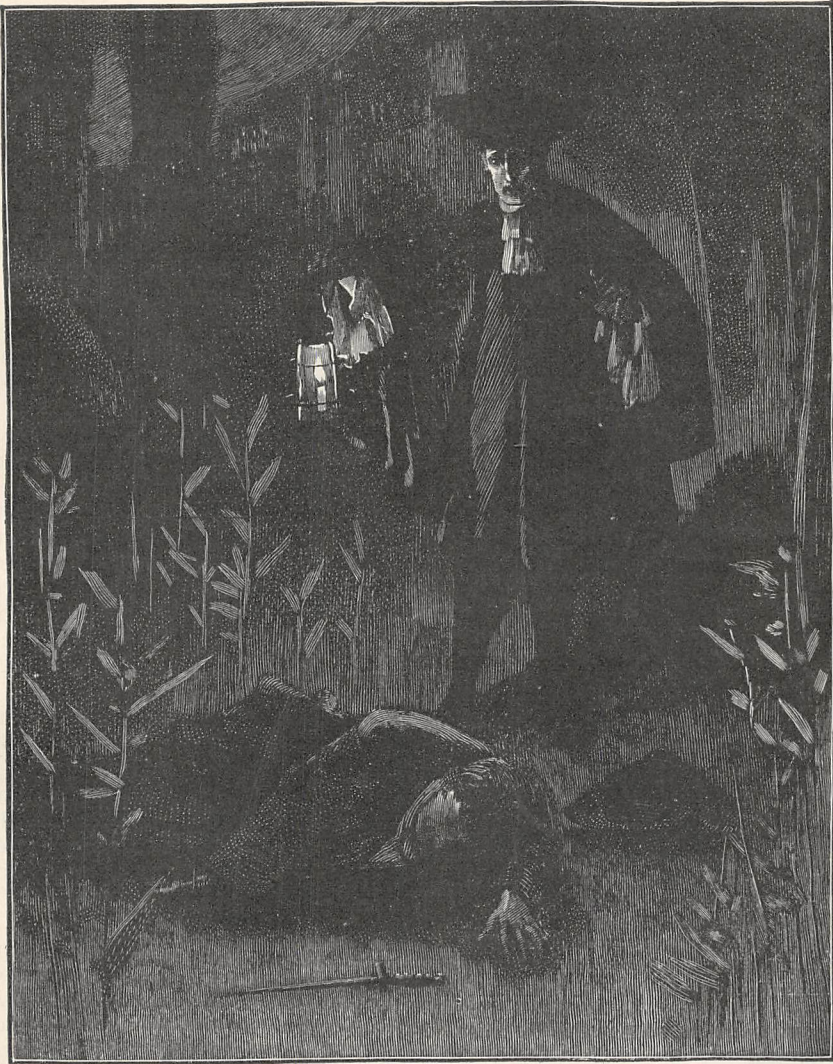
"Thou art surely gone, Paolo," said I to myself as I knelt by his side to tear the vest from his wound ; "they have killed thee, my son, and little Christine must weep. Yet there were few that could stand before thy blade if it was in fair exchange that thou wast struck."

"With this, I took linen from the sleeve of my own shirt, and running down to the canal to dip it in the water, I called to my boatman to come to me. We made haste together to bind up the wound, lest there might be life yet smouldering in the body ; and telling Christine to spread cushions in the boat, we carried Paolo thither. Scarce, however, were we in the long canal, when the gondola of Manin, the painter, came sweeping up towards his home ; and at the sight of us and of our burden, the three men in it, first of whom was Girolamo, cried out to us to stop, or they would run us through as we sat. Very tipsily and with loud words they came bumping against us, until the light of their lantern fell upon my face and showed them into what company they had fallen. Then, crying to one another that they had run upon a trap, they turned their boat towards the island, and were instantly gone from sight.

We got Paolo home, whether alive or dead we knew not ; and, having sent for a surgeon, we laid the body in my own chamber. It must have been a full hour before my man could bring the help we needed to us ; but when at last the surgeon came, and had listened long for a beat of the heart or an expiration of the breath, he said that life was not wholly gone, and if it were the same at dawn we might begin to hope ; with which

pronouncement he administered a strong cordial to his patient; and when he had bathed Paolo's head and had undone our clumsy bandages, the wounded man himself

fell asleep with her head pillowed upon my knees. While she slept I thought of her words, 'You will avenge him, Nicolo,' and I knew not what answer to give to her. I was



"HE LAY WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A WHISPER OF BREATHING."

surprised us by opening his eyes and turning again upon his side.

"I had no heart to send Christine home that night. Since we had picked up the body of her lover she had not ceased to bend over it, covering the cold lips with her kisses, and happy if she might hold so much as the fingers of a hand. Her father was then at Fiume; and now she watched with me until the dawn broke, and for very weariness she

then growing a bent old man; I could have no part or lot in any lover's quarrel; there would be an outcry through the whole city if I, who set up as a master, should fall upon the pupil and kill him in combat. He had committed no offence known to the social or the moral law; the greater number of people would applaud him because he had struck his rival down in fair fight. They would admit no right of mine to take the quarrel upon

my shoulders : for all that I could do, Paolo must die with no blow struck for him, and little Christine must marry Girolamo.

"I had made up my mind to this when dawn broke upon the city, and the bells in the neighbouring churches began to ring for the first service. Our surgeon was to come again at daybreak, and the light was scarce up when I heard his voice upon the *riva*. He found Paolo to be doing well, and would not have him waked from the deep sleep into which he had fallen. The wound, he said, was near to the heart, and could be healed only by sustained rest and quiet. Any movement might set it bleeding again ; and then the little flame of life, which had been husbanded with such care, would waver and die out. He left with this instruction and the promise to be in again at mid-day ; and I accompanied him to the steps of the *riva*. My own gondola then lay by his, and the felze being taken away, I was able to see what a deep stain of blood there was upon the cushions we had spread, and even upon the boards ; but more to be noticed than this was the half of a sword-blade lying near to the prow, as though tossed in at hazard by one who had picked it from the ground. This

fragment of a blade was soon in my hands ; and while I was looking at it my own boatman, Michele, came up the canal and began to tell me that he had found it in Manin's garden at the moment when we took up the body of Paolo.

"It is your own blade, excellency," said he—"the blade you shaped for him. Strange that it should have snapped like a rotting bough."

"I said nothing to answer him ; my hand trembled as though he had struck me a blow.

"And, my master," he went on, seeing nothing of my distress, 'look now, the blade is all black and burnt—the blade which shone like silver yesterday, for I saw him draw it to make sure.'

"Again I said nothing to him ; but taking the fragment of the blade which remained, I bent it across my knee, and it snapped like a withered branch. And at this Michele laughed aloud.

"You see now, excellency," cried he, 'what steel he had. Oh, that such a one should have come from your hands !'

"I sent him about his business, not choosing to dispute with him, and returned to Paolo's room, a tumult of strange thoughts in my mind. How came the sword to be rotten ? Why was it black and burnt ? My cunning gave me in a moment the whole secret of the enigma. The blade had first been heated in the fire, then plunged into water, so becoming brittle as the glass in my windows. With such a blade Paolo, who lay there with death for a bedfellow, had stood up for his life. And the sword that had failed him was the sword of Nicolo !—of Nicolo Ferrara, the pupil of Andrea. Oh, cursed day !

"All that morning I sat hugging my sorrow and asking myself, 'What will the city say ?' I knew full well that Girolamo and his fellows would be quick to put abroad the story ; and how could I answer it until Paolo spoke ? Easy enough to stand upon the Piazza and proclaim that treachery had been busy, but who would hearken to a defender of his own wares ? If Paolo died, then indeed was I utterly undone. Venice could no longer be a home for me. I must set out, old man that I was, and seek a new city and new friends. But if Paolo lived—ah, then !

"It is impossible in such a letter as this, my friend, to write to you of all that I suffered in the week



"LOOK NOW, THE BLADE IS ALL BLACK AND BURNT."

succeeding this terrible misfortune. Hour by hour and day by day I watched feverishly at the bedside of the sick man. I saw him fighting that stern battle with death which only youth may fight and win. I heard his laboured breathing, his feeble moaning ; I trembled as the pallor on his face deepened, as the froth stood upon his lips and the cold sweat upon his brow. And added to my own exceeding trouble was the grief of Christine, now kept to her house since her father knew that Paolo lay at mine, but none the less worn with the weariness of it and with the overwhelming burden of her childish sorrow. Nay, it was not until the tenth night that she came running to my garden and fell at my feet, imploring me to help or to kill her, for surely, as she said, the crisis of her suffering was come.

"I comforted her as I could, asking her what new thing it was ; and then, well as she was able for her tears, she made it plain to me.

"Dear Nicolo, dear friend," said she, "my father has gone to Zara ; and when he shall come again, I am to wed Girolamo. Thou wilt save me, Nicolo ?"

"How shall I save thee, child ?"

"Thou wilt kill him, Nicolo."

"Nay, they would cry out that I murdered him."

"What matter to thee, since they cry already that thy cunning has left thee and thy hand is failing ?"

"They say that, child ?"

"Oh, surely, Nicolo ; the very boys cry it in the street. Has not Girolamo declared that thy blades snap like frosted glass ?"

"He has a lie in his throat then, and I will cut it out," exclaimed I, "if only Paolo would wake to his senses that I might know the truth."

"Pray God, Nicolo, that he does not wake when I am dead," she sobbed ; and with no more words she ran up to the chamber of the sick man, and left me to all the bitterness of my confusing thoughts.

"Upon the third day after Christine brought to me this bitter news, the crisis of the sick man's illness came. I had sat at his bedside from the setting of the sun until dawn, and had grown very weary with my watching. About the hour of eight o'clock, when I was near to dozing in my chair, what should happen but that Paolo drew a deep breath, which called me to my senses instantly ; and I had scarce walked to his bed when he opened his eyes and cried, in a voice that was little more than a whisper, for Christine.

"Paolo," said I, "God be thanked for this. Take drink to your lips."

"Is it thou, Nicolo ?" said he, looking up with the eyes of a man still dreaming.

"No other, Paolo," said I, pressing the drink upon him.

"Where have I been ? How did I come here ?" he asked, trying to raise himself in the bed.

"We found you in the garden of Manin the painter ; but think of none of these things now."

"He lay back for a moment, with a look of fear on his face. Then he said :

"Manin the painter ?—oh, yes—and Girolamo Capello ! Is it thou, Nicolo ?"

"Again I told him that it was.

"Then listen," said he. "My sword broke—the sword that was shaped by thee."

"Paolo," said I, "what word is this ?"

"As I say," cried he. "In the morning it was bright as the mirror above us ; but when I drew it in the garden, it was black and burnt."

"Did you put off yours while you were there ?" asked I.

"I laid my belt at the foot of the lime-tree when we sat to food," said he. "It was the work of the hag Giovanna and of Girolamo. Doubt it not. But thou shalt shape me another, Nicolo, that I may cut his heart out."

"I said nothing to him, so full was I of my anger ; and presently he spoke again of Christine.

"Is it well with her ?" he asked. And I lied to him.

"It is well," said I. "Talk no more now, Paolo ; only sleep."

"He obeyed me, being a child in strength, and soon he lay in deep slumber most pleasant to see. Nor did I, when little Christine came running in an hour later, let her hear of it, or approach him, for she was wild in her grief, and not to be held back from weeping.

"Nicolo," said she, "to-morrow they will wed me ; to-morrow, Nicolo, I shall be in Girolamo's arms. Thou wilt lose me, Nicolo ; I shall die, dear cousin ; I shall never touch Paolo's lips again."

"Thy father has returned, then ?" said I.

"He was here at sundown," said she, "and even now has gone to speak with the priests."

"It is a bitter thing, old friend, to see a child in sorrow. It is more bitter if that child has loved you all her life with a great love. I have never known so sad a moment as that ; never one in which I stood so perplexed and helpless. And there were but twenty hours before me—twenty hours in which to save little Christine for her lover ; to deal with Girolamo as justly he should be dealt with.

"You would think, it may be, that with misfortune so pressing upon me, I had gone

out at once to do as best I might for the child who called me cousin and for my own good name. But it was only in the hour before sundown that I put my cloak about me and called Michele to bring the gondola to the steps. To his question 'Where do we go?' I could for the moment find no answer; but then, and in no way curiously—for these thoughts flash upon our minds when we court them least—I cried:

"To the house of Manin the painter."

"He nodded his head, and, our own canal being blocked by a boat that lay stuck for want of tide, we went out by the Piazza, and so to the open water before the Dogana. It was now near fifteen days since I had ventured from my own house; and plainly as Christine had told me that men cried out upon my work, I was struck as by a blow when a number of urchins, playing before the new church, called after me:

"There goes Nicolo that makes his swords of wood!"

"Did you hear that, Michele?" said I. "I am Nicolo that makes swords of wood!"

"I have heard it every day these ten days and more, excellency," said he. "Oh, we are merry souls in Venice. Listen to that, now."

"He pointed to a gondola in which sat three young men known to me—one the son of a senator, and all persons of much account. But these fellows, so soon as their boat was near to us, began to rail as the boys had done."

"Good-day, Signor Nicolo, that makes the rotting swords! Master Nicolo, I will send you a load of branches; nay, on my honour, I have them in my garden. Excellent Nicolo, that Andrea taught, I play Arlecchino at Carnival, make a wand for me!"

"I listened to them with bitter thoughts; but when I had borne with it silently for some time, I rose in my seat and answered them."

"Sirs," said I, restraining the anger I felt, "if there be any among you that would know more of the work of Nicolo Ferrara, he will step with you to the nearest private place, and there teach you both the quality of his blades and the manner in which they should be held."

"At this, they drew away quickly, and I heard no more of them. We had now come up the canal before Manin's house; and being at my destination, and stung to great anger with the insult put upon me, I had the sudden thought that I would drag from the hag Giovanna the whole story of Paolo's mishap. To which end, and after I had seen that no one moved about the house, I rang the great bell above the porch, and it being then almost full dark, I drew my cloak about my face

and waited for the crone. She came hobbling down the path as she had done when first I saw her; but she had no lantern in her hand, and she peered at me through the bars of bronze when she asked 'Who goes?' I, however, giving her no answer, laid my hand upon her throat; and when I had dragged her to the grating, and held her there in a grip of iron, I cried:

"Woman, where is the sword of Paolo who is murdered?"

"As well as she might, for I went nigh to choking her, she gasped:

"What do I know of that, thou braggart that beatest women?"

"Hag," said I, my rage overmastering me, "if you do not tell me what I would know, surely you shall choke!"

"With which word I so squeezed her throat that she gurgled for her breath, and her face was near to being black with the blood in it. When I loosened the grip of my finger, there were minutes before she could bring speech to her lips."

"Nicolo," she stammered at last, "thou hast a devil in thee. What wilt thou pay me for the word?"

"What it is worth to me when spoken," I answered her.

"At least let me open to thee."

"If it please you."

"But I choke."

"The better reason that you open quickly."

"Observing that I would not loose my hand from her neck, she made shift to open the gate; and still holding to her, I suffered her to draw me to the dark place of the garden."

"Now," said I, "answer me, woman: what did you do with the sword of Paolo?"

"Why should I answer thee when thou knowest?"

"Indeed, I know well," said I, "that while he sat at meat, his sword lying by the tree, you took it to the fire and then to the water: was it so?"

"Even so."

"Who paid you?"

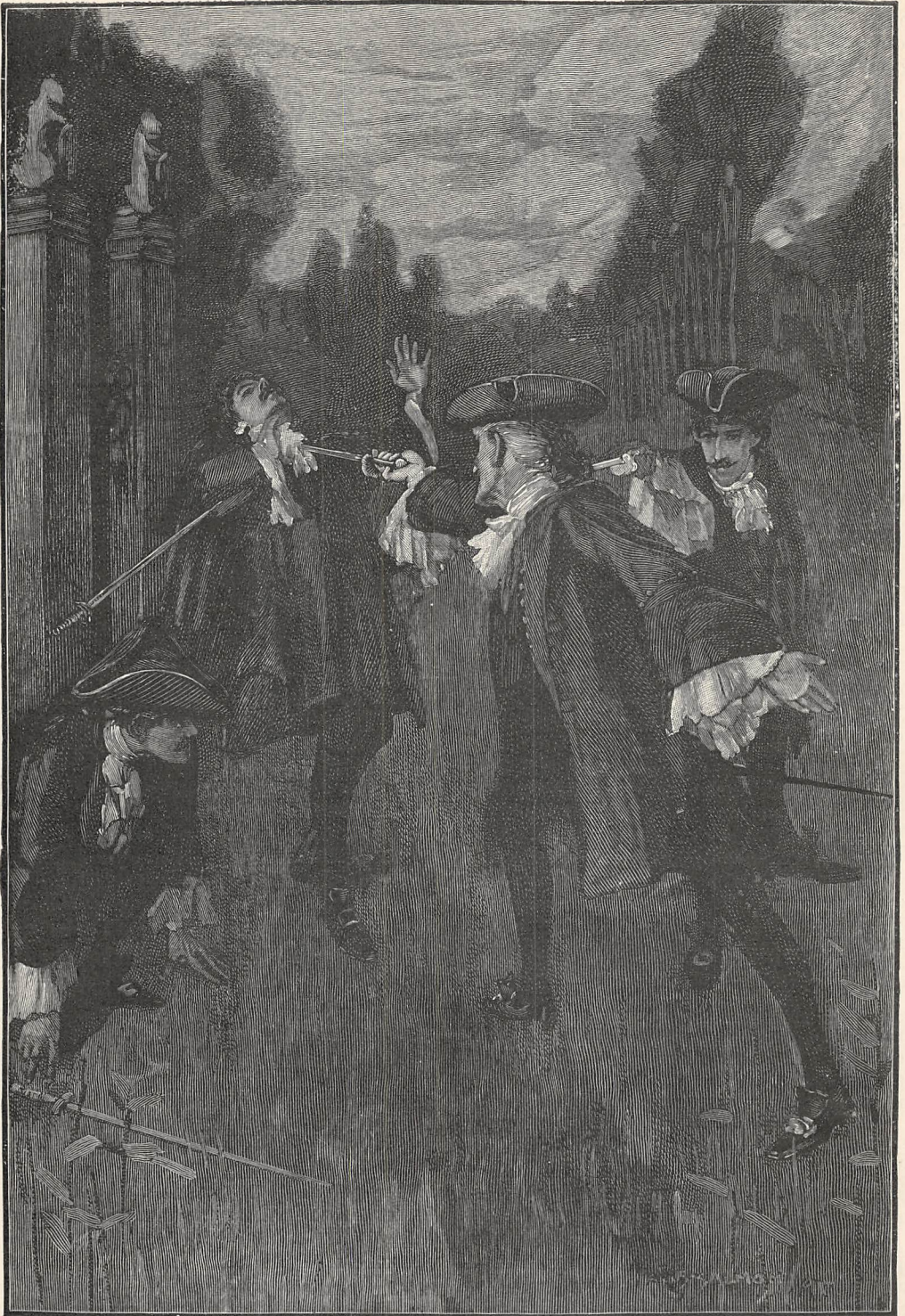
"Who should pay me but the one that wished his death?"

"Girolamo Capello, was the money his?"

"As you say."

"Fiend," said I, now seeing it all, "what wage had you?"

"To this she made no answer, only seeking to struggle from my grasp, and raising her voice until it rang over the water in echoing shrieks. So sudden was it, and so fearful was her cry, that I came near to telling her go; but some good instinct kept my hand upon



"I THRUST HIM DEEP IN THE THROAT."

"THE SWORD AND THREE" (p. 134).

her, and seeming to feel that danger lay behind me, I swung her round with all my force, so that she came between me and the gate. Scarce was the motion made when three swords flashed in the light, and then buried themselves in her body. She had received the thrusts aimed at my own back, and she fell shrieking at the feet of the men she had served.

"Dim as the light was, dark as the secret place of the garden, I saw the men, and there was a burning of blood in my veins when I named them.

"Signor Girolamo, an old man greets you,' said I, while my blade leapt from its scabbard; 'and you, Signor Manin, and my old friend Lorenzo. Ho! ho! a merry company, and a fine night for a little play, gentlemen. It is I, Nicolo, that makes the blades of wood.'

"Before I had done with this saying we had got down to our work. It seemed to me that the three of them sprang at me together; but Manin the painter caught his foot in the robe of the woman, and fell headlong upon the grass. Of the two that remained, so unshapely was the play of the one called Lorenzo that I thrust him deep in the throat, and he died without a cry.

"Oh, master Lorenzo! master Lorenzo!' cried I; 'often have I taught thee the parry for that thrust, and now thou must learn it in Paradise, where thy friends go quick to join thee.'

"Boasting fool, look to your words,' said Girolamo, for him they called Manin had now come up with us. 'Look to your words and save your breath, since your blood must soon run out from your body.'

"Signor Girolamo,' said I, 'had you cut over into sixte and lunged, I had been a dead man; but see, now there are two of you, and one must go lose his blade.'

"For thus it was. I had struck the blade from the painter's hand, and while it went singing through the air, I felt his flesh running like silk over my steel. An exceeding joy was it to me, though the sword of Girolamo ran through my shoulder as I struck and my own blood flowed out upon my cloak.

"Well done! oh, well done! Master Girolamo,' said I, for the pain was to me like the spit of a cat; 'wrongly, indeed, have I called you blunderer. Oh, we shall have a merry night, Master Girolamo!'

"He could make no answer to me; so quick he drew his breath and thrust or parried, that his tongue, I doubt not, was cleaving to his palate; and we fought as men blindfolded that read thoughts upon their blades, and answer by instinct of touch, which

is the swordsman's surest gift. Twice round the garden I forced him, and twice he stood before me as I had never looked to see him stand; twice I touched him, and yet was the touch no more than a scratch, for my eyes were troubled and my strength was waning.

"Such an admission, dear friend, is one I may make to you alone. Let me tell you plainly that there was a moment in the passing of that bout when I looked to die; a moment when I felt his blade speaking upon mine, when I knew that he said: 'the man is old and I am young; faltering, and I am strong'; a moment when even the thought of Christine's tears could not bring me to that opening I had played for so long. Nor do I think to this day that any skill of mine would have prevailed in the end had not the God of all our justice come to my help when I needed help so sorely. But thus it was, and thus that I live to write again with all the joy of an old man's victory.

"When the thing befell, we had worked round to that part of the garden where the body of the hag lay. Retreating before the new fury of his attack—for fury it was when he felt that I was wearing—I stepped upon the woman whom I thought to be dead, and almost losing my foothold I gave him opening. But while I waited to feel the steel at my heart, while my head swam and a prayer rose upon my lips, the seemingly dead woman of a sudden raised herself up to clutch him about the legs; so shrill and piercing was her cry, so dreadful the sight of her gaping wounds, that the thrust which he made hung in the air, and before he could recover himself I shot out my arm, and with him spitted upon my sword we all fell to the ground and rolled together. But I had thrust him to the heart; and when I rose up, no other lived in the garden of swords.

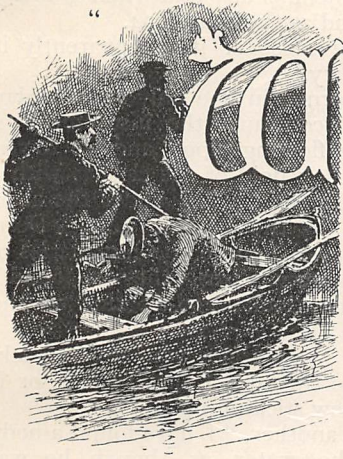
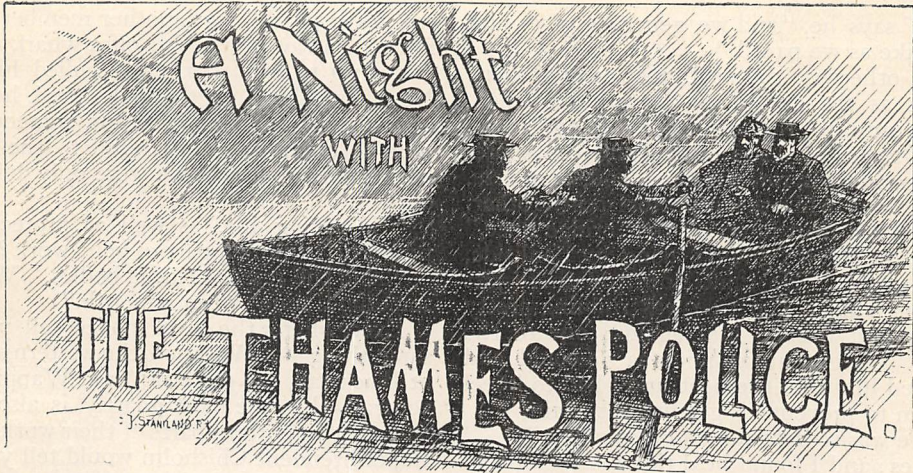
"The first sweetness of night was upon Venice, Count, when I came again to the *riva* of my house. Little Christine alone was in my mind: her pretty face and her joy to come.

"Dear Nicolo,' said she when she ran to meet me then as in the olden time, 'thou art very pale, dear Nicolo, and thy cloak is all bloody; they have hurt thee, cousin?'

"Nay,' said I, stooping to kiss her, 'it is Girolamo's blood—dost thou not weep?'

"I weep, Nicolo; oh, I weep; but it is for gladness.'

"Then weep no more,' cried I; 'they have my answer, writ in their own blood—the answer of Nicolo Ferrara, that makes his swords of wood.'



HOSE boat?"

"It's all right, sir."

"What, is that Allardyce?"

"Yes, sir."

A flash of light was turned on the speaker, and a youth was seen bailing a boat in the darkness of the night. The inspector

was satisfied, and the police boat passed on, threading its way among the barges and lighters and other craft by the river bank in a most dexterous manner.

"You knew the lad by his voice?"

"Ay; we get to know pretty well all on the river in our district, and we can mostly tell 'em by their voice. Easy, Charlie!"

The boat slowed, and again the bright beam flashed forth, this time on some mud left by the ebb tide.

"On'y an old basket," was the contemptuous verdict; and the light was closed, and the boat resumed its easy pace. In and out among the barges and the stately ships we glide, peering up the dim stairs leading down to the river and watching the craft that go by.

"River thieves mostly steal from barges, I suppose?"

"And from lighters—a lighter we reckon bein' a big open barge. The thief creeps up alongside, shoves back the tarpaulin, heaves

out a box o' salmon or a bag o' coffee, or whatever it may be, and is off in a jiffy. There's hundreds o' thousands o' pounds' worth o' property lying about the Thames in craft quite unpertected 'cept for the river police."

"Waiting for the Red Cross," interrupts a young man standing at the end of a causeway running down to the water's edge. "I think I can see her light now."

And he raises himself a-tiptoe, hands in pockets, and glances over the tops of barges and vessels lying about.

"No, it's the Navy!" exclaims one of the constables in the boat; "and there's the friends o' the passengers waitin' on the wharf on the other side."

To the river police everything on the Thames seems as easy to read as a book, even in the darkness of the night. They know the ships and the wharves as well as the town policemen know the houses.

"There go the bascules! There are the green lights! See the lights change!"

The noise of the paddles of an approaching steamer can distinctly be heard. In the dim, dusky light on the water, the constable had seen the bascules of the Tower Bridge slowly rise, and when quite open for the vessel to pass, the red light of danger had changed to the green signal of safety, and in a minute the steamer was through. He was quite right; the vessel was one of the General Steam Navigation Company's boats—or, in river phrase, the Navy—going to land her passengers at the wharf by London Bridge.

We are on the other side, in the whirling eddies about the southernmost piers. "Hi! hi!" shouts the inspector—a shout which is faintly answered. "There is a watchman

there," says he, "and we generally gives him a chy-ike as we pass."

But otherwise the boat creeps along, silent almost as the grave, the lantern darkened, ever ready to the inspector's hand, as he dettly steers his little craft along the shore. Two constables row the boat, and, of course, face one way, while the inspector faces the other.

"I saw a man jump off that bridge once," said he as we are gliding along by Bankside, Southwark. "He came down off there just by that lamp. The tide was running pretty strong and washed him against one of the piers. We got up as quick as we could, and dragged him into the boat, and I had to kneel on him to prevent his getting out again."

"He was so determined on suicide?"

"Yes; and I found he'd tied his neck down to his trouser buttons, so as to keep it bent."

"That he might drown the easier?"

"Ay; and I whipped out my knife and cut the cord at once. We took him to Guy's Hospital, and the last I heard of him was that a gentleman connected with the Church Army took charge of him. He was an old soldier, I think, and was hard up, and he'd got the idea that there was always people follering him about."

"Suffered from illusions, then. But did he take a clear dive off the bridge?"

"No; he come down all of a lump, as you may say."

"The ingratitude o' some people you

rescues is awful," says another member of the force. "I saw a man fall off a wharf, and we rowed up to him sharp, and pulled him out. No, he wouldn't go to no hospital, he said; and when we landed him, and someone told him he ought to be thankful to the police, he mumbled out that we were only doing our duty."

"So saving life, as well as protection of property, is quite a part of your work?"

"And the rescue of dead bodies. We have sometimes nine or ten a month."

Everywhere the river police tell you the same thing—at Waterloo, the western station; at Blackwall, the eastern; or at Wapping, the central—this, the most ghastly, is also one of the most important parts of their work. And Superintendent Chisholm would tell you that he does not remember any year when so many have been found as the year 1894.

What is the cause of it? Apparently it is usually poverty.

"I was concerned in one only on Saturday morning last," continues the inspector. "I saw something floating along, and we rowed up to it and took hold of the clothes with a boat-hook, and passed a line under the arms and towed it to the nearest stairs. Dead bodies are always taken to the mortuaries of the parishes in whose district they are found."

"And do they look large, floating on the water?"

"Often not; sometimes you see a speck, as it were, like the top of that lantern, or it may be an elbow sticking up."

"Yes," said another, "I have found a body upright in the water, as though he was walking. It was the body of a man, and just the top of his head was showing."

"But sometimes more can be seen; anyhow, there's something seems to tell you it's a body. There's no buoyancy about it. It don't come floating along like a basket."

"The superintendent tells me he has had seven letters already about the body you found on Saturday?"

"Yes; a description is sent round to all the police stations by telegraph, and the newspapers publish accounts, and so a lot o' people get to hear of it."

"And if the body is not identified at once, it is photographed?"



A DREDGER.

"Ay, they photographs 'em, and sometimes they are recognised by their photographs long after they are buried."

I had seen that book of gruesome photographs at the Wapping station, and it was one of the most ghastly of sights—all those hundreds of drowned faces, men, women, and children, one after the other, page after page.

There is a rush and a roar. It is a steam-tug tearing along the silent highway to meet an incoming vessel at the Nore. Yet another rattle and roar, and a flaring light. Coals are being unloaded out of a big steamer so that she may be ready for departure at the next tide. Again some distance, and there sounds the whirl of machinery at some lead mills. Once more, further down the stream, and a big fish-carrier comes speeding through the night with a thousand boxes of fish from the North Sea fleets for the early morning market at Billingsgate. Spells of silence come over us on the river, yet they are soon broken, as if to show that life on the Thames never wholly sleeps.

"Easy, Charlie; we'll inspect these barges."

They are clustering about the entrance to one of the docks. The flash of the lantern reveals piles of empty barrels; and, again, a thin line of smoke is seen issuing from another craft. On to this one c'limbs the constable, flashing his light hither and thither. As he suspected, the smoke is from a fire in the stove to cheer the watchman during his night vigil. This barge contains a valuable cargo of tea, and the owners have placed a watchman on board to guard it. A few words pass, and then onward again glides the police boat.

The shores of the river are full of craft containing more or less valuable cargo going to or from the docks and wharves.

"Easy a minute! There's some barges o' tallow up there, and we'll see that there's no boys liftin' a pound or two to sell at the marine store dealer's round the corner."

"The corner" was in a street near one of the numerous flights of stairs leading down to the water's edge in these reaches of the Thames; and to reach the stairs we cross the mud at low tides by causeways of stone, more or less ancient in appearance, and re-



IN TIME.

minding us of the length of days that London has been a port. But no boys to-night are "lifting" grease, and we continue our watery beat.

"There's a dredger!" exclaims the inspector as we creep by a dim object on the bank. You can see nothing but the dark outline of a boat. Yet, as you row near and flash a light on the craft, there is seen to be something like a trawl-net within, and, more curious still, some pieces of discoloured coal.

"The man gets his livin' dredgin' up coal from the river," explains the policeman. "There's lots of 'em do it, and they sell it shillin' a hundredweight, summer and winter, in the streets o' Greenwich."

"Do they find enough to make a living out of it?"

"Sometimes. I expects when nobody's looking some of 'em will throw their dredger over a coal barge and add to their takings that way."

"Steal it, in fact?"

"Ay, and they'll dip the coal in the water to make it all wet, as tho' they'd dredged it up. Anybody may dredge things up from the Thames, and when we sees a man with a dredger and a lot o' wet coal in his boat, how are we to tell that he hasn't come by it honest?"

Not being able to answer this conundrum, you reply, "Just so."

"No; it is very difficult to prove before a magistrate, unless we have actually seen a man take the coal out of a barge. Dredgers get to know where they are likely to find the most coal—where ships are unloaded, and so on; and, of course, when a barge gets sunk,



A FISH CARRIER.

why, they looks on that coal as quite a wind-fall. So they go cruisin' about."

The dredger, as we inspect it by the police lamp, resembles a small and light trawl-net, with an iron rod to keep its capacious mouth open as it skims the bottom of the river.

"They pick up a boat cheap," continues our policeman; "perhaps buys it at the Queen's Tobacco Ground for a few shillings. Any boat that is found wanderin' about without an owner is taken there, and if it is not claimed it is sold by auction."

"The Queen's Tobacco Ground! That is where contraband goods are stored, I suppose?"

"Used to be, sir; but all wreckage is taken there now, and one o' these dredgin' men can pick up a boat there very cheap sometimes."

We have been patrolling below our proper district. The length of river patrolled from Wapping extends from Blackfriars Bridge on the west to Surrey docks entrance on the east, and is again divided into "beats," called the upper and lower, east and west of Wapping police station.

In like manner, the river is patrolled from Waterloo police station, which is a pier moored by the Embankment near to Charing Cross, the "Waterloo" district extending from Blackfriars westward to Fulham; again, on the other side of the Wapping district, the widening Thames is watched by the river police from Blackwall, or, more strictly speaking, East

Greenwich station—which used to be an old navy ship on the shore—from the Surrey Dock entrance right down to Dartford Creek, by Erith.

Morning, noon, and night, the boats go out, at intervals of two hours, all through the day and night. Each boat remains out for six hours at a time. Thus, every two hours a boat puts out and comes in at each station, and with the supervision boats a dozen police boats, in round numbers, are usually patrolling the Thames.

"And when you've got to turn out on a winter's mornin' for your two or four o'clock watch, you wants a good linin'!" exclaimed the policeman; and he spoke with the intensity born of experience.

"There's the Forty Thieves there," remarked another constable as we pass by a low, shelving slope of shore on the southern side, by Deptford.

"Why! it seems gravelly and shingly—a strange thing for the Thames."

"Shingle and mud; it is a right o' way to the water, and, o' course, folks may put their boats there and land goods free o' charge—it is what we call a public draw-dock."

"It looks like a bit o' the seashore popped down among the wharves."

"Well, o' course, being free, a lot o' people resort here, and it is the head-centre of a lot o' roguery, no doubt. Fellows hang about and steal anything. We had information once that four casks o' butter had been stolen out of a barge; so down we came here and searched all the lighters and barges about, and found the casks at last. They were tucked up in another barge ready to be rowed away; but we could not bring it home to the thieves. We gen'rally get out of our boat and explore this place."

And in another minute the dim form of the inspector could be seen on the crunching gravel, disappearing among the boats on the Lower Watergate.

"Well, well," says he, returning presently and resuming his seat, "nothing to-night; the great thing is when there are no complaints; we think, then, we are keepin' the thievin' down."

"Sometimes you get unfounded complaints. One of your officials was telling me you had information one day that ten bottles of quick-silver had been stolen."

"Funny thing for folks to steal!"

"Yes; so your people thought. But they inquired into the matter, and the lightermen declared their counting was correct; so the river police continued their examination. They found the iron bottles at last at the place whence they ought to have been removed, covered up with a lot of other stuff."

"So they had been lost sight of?"

"Yes, that was it. Ah, here comes the rain!"

The cloudy night had burst into a storm at last, and down pelted the heavy shower. If anyone would like to know how sharply rain can fall, let them face it in an open boat in the middle of the Thames below bridge, at the dead of night. There is not a shred of shelter. They would be satisfied that the police need all the oil-skins the service allows them.

But rain is not the worst enemy for the Thames police. Fog, the dark demon, is the greatest aversion.

"How do you manage to find your way in the fog?"

"The boat somehow seems to find her own way. O' course, we knows the shore very well, and every now and then we see a gleam of light from some building that tells us where we are—Ah! whose boat?"

A dim shadow darts across a line of light that fell from the shore.

"It is the supervision boat," said one of the men, and the inspector looking closely, was satisfied, and we passed on.

"That is where we have to look for them you see, sir, cutting the light from lamps on the ships, or the shore; and any suspicious

boat we hail. This was the police supervision boat, that is, another craft that visits us, as it were, on our beats."

A few minutes more and the watch of six hours will be over, and you will land at the old-fashioned waterside-looking house, used as the Wapping police-station.

The Thames police are a branch of the Metropolitan Police, and are under the Chief Commissioner, their immediate superintendent being Mr. Colin Chisholm.

Legally, he tells you, the Thames is a highway, just like any thoroughfare in London, and the police have jurisdiction over it in a somewhat similar manner, within the bounds of the Metropolitan Police district.

The river force, numbering some two hundred men, is drawn from various classes and handicrafts, but mostly from watermen, sailors, navy reserve men, and so on. They have to pass two slight examinations, one in swimming and rowing, and the other of a more scholastic description.

"We had a man once," said the superintendent, "who offered himself as a candidate, and when we took him down to the Thames to see how he could row, he exclaimed—

"'Tain't no use your putting me in a boat. I never rowed in my life.'"

Needless to say, his fate was sealed at once. But what a sign of thoughtless effort, to offer himself for the Thames Police! Their duty is in the boat. The highway they patrol is the flowing highway of the Thames.

And so from dark to dawn, and from dawn to dark again, the watchers of the river keep their ceaseless vigil. Unnoticed and unknown perchance to thousands in the mighty city, their boats yet glide continuously in and out of the crowded shipping, and keep watch and ward with sleepless care. F. M. HOLMES.



WATER THIEVES.

A MISSING WITNESS.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF DOROTHY HEATHERLY.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Hidden Gold," "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane," etc.

CHAPTER III.—SEPARATION.



“YOU little lazy-bones!” said Elsie, bending over me as I opened my eyes on Christmas morning.

She herself was dressed in her best morning gown, and looked the very picture of freshness and vivacity, her violet eyes twinkling with merriment as I turned in bewilderment on my pillow.

“Is it very late? is little mother down?” I asked, struggling to rise and collect my senses at the same time.

“No, dear; it’s only half-past eight, and mother’s still asleep. Lie down again, Dolly; it’s Christmas Day, and no work to do”—with a joyful sigh. “If we have breakfast in an hour’s time it will be soon enough. Then”—a shade of trouble passing over her face—“mother looks so worn out that I would not wake her. I expect it was ever so late before you came to bed?”

“It was late. There—there was such a lot of clearing-up to be done,” I stammered, with a confused recollection of what had happened.

“Chiefly my litter, I know. I never can put things in their right place. And to think I left you to do it all alone! Oh, I am selfish—almost unfeeling, I think. But I’ll make it up to you dears one of these days. There, let me tuck you up. Oh, it is so cold! Jane’s come”—Jane was the charwoman who came in sometimes to do the house-work. “I’ve told her what to do, and I’ve polished up everything and broken nothing, and the place is as neat and bright as if you yourself had been working at it for a couple of hours.”

“Why, what’s the matter, Elsie?” I asked, surprised by this unusual morning activity on her part.

A smile played over her pretty face and twinkled in her eyes as she held up her finger with the ring on it, in arch silence. Then I remembered about Phil, and saw pretty clearly that he must have promised to come early this morning. And maybe that had something to do with her tucking me up so carefully.

“This is where Spring hides herself,” said Phil, pausing on the threshold before Elsie as she opened the door to him. “You lovely little vision of sunshine and warmth!”

And then he came in and the door shut, he wiping the frost from his moustache.

“The rime on my moustache will take the bloom off your cheek,” said he.

“I don’t mind it, dear,” she answered timidly, as she nestled in his arms.

Elsie helped him to take off his overcoat and hat, with a new and pleasant consciousness of her proprietary duties, and then they went into the sitting-room, where a fine big fire was leaping up the chimney, regardless of the price of coal.

“What do you think, Phil? Little mother says I cannot be your wife,” said Elsie, in a tone that was meant to be terrifying. But Phil, looking in her face and seeing how slightly its expression agreed with the accent of this grave announcement, continued to rub his hands cheerfully before the fire.

“I suppose that’s a way of little mothers, at first,” said he. “Putting myself in her place, I should most decidedly object to anyone taking you away from me, under any pretext whatever.”

“Don’t be a goose, Phil. It’s no laughing matter. Mother’s quite serious.”

“So she ought to be. Don’t suppose that she would get rid of you to the first old-clothes-man that comes along, as if you were a dowdy gown that she could replace next week with a new one.”

“I don’t know, Phil. Perhaps it was only an impulsive feeling, or because she felt tired and unstrung; but if you had seen her face when I told her—”

Phil ceased to rub his hands; there was something now in Elsie’s face which betokened a real fear that there were other reasons for mother’s objection than she had chosen to tell. Knowing little mother’s unselfish nature, he thought that her first impulse would have been to testify her own joy in Elsie’s happiness, be the afterthought what it might.

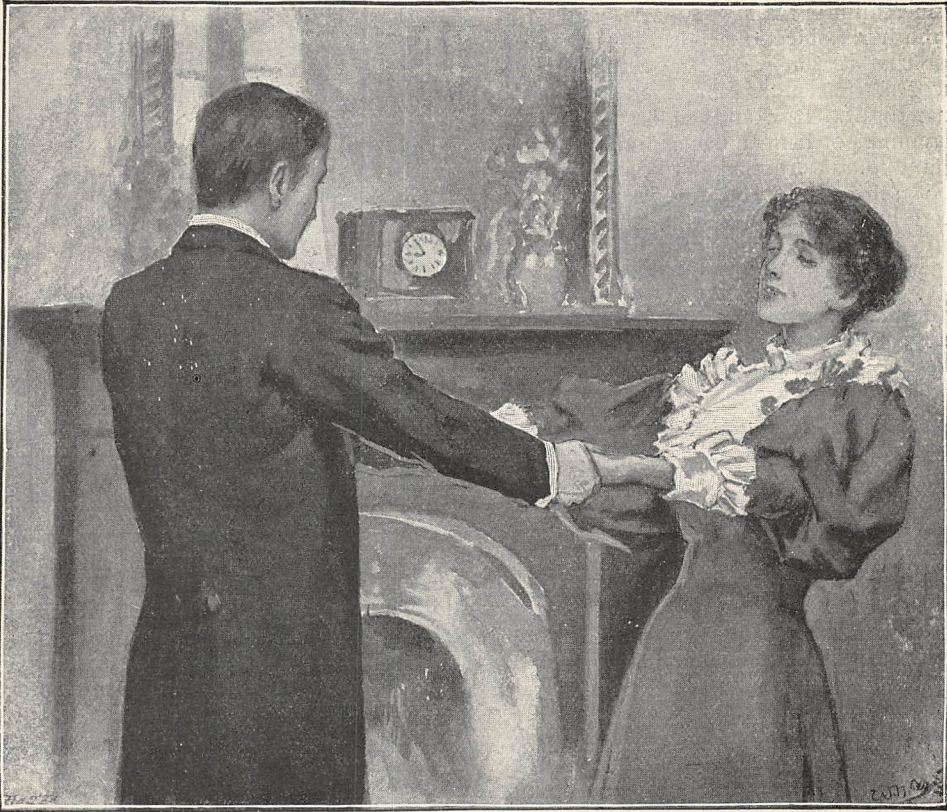
“Little mother’s impulses are generally good,” he said gravely, “and I have never known her too tired to be inconsiderate of her daughters’ happiness. Did she tell you why you could not be my wife, Elsie dear?”

"She spoke of the difference in our position."

"Why, that's to my disadvantage indeed, for position I have none. I've scarcely earned enough these two past years to keep myself, whilst you at least have been in a position to offer a poor fellow a crust of bread and cheese when he's needed it. And I have needed it

we only kept a very small girl to wait at table?"

"A very small girl! Why, we shall have to keep a full-blown cook, and a gig, and a mare, and a boy in buttons, to make any favourable impression on would-be patients. And do you think I'll let my wife drudge and scrape, and wear dowdy dresses on this dear



"NO LOVE-MAKING TILL THEN" (p. 142).

more than once when I've dropped in for a gossip."

"But you're not poor now, dear," said Elsie with sympathy dimming her sweet eyes as she thought of her lover being pressed with hunger.

"Oh! the dear soul was thinking of my windfall," cried he, with a happy laugh. "Why, how long do you think that would last us, when we've bought the brass plate and the red lamp? Just long enough, perhaps, with good fortune, to keep the wolf from the door till we've got our first paying patient. It's an awfully tedious and expensive business making a practice."

"But if I were very economical, Phil, and

little body, or make these sweet fingers red and grimy? Not while my name's Phil!"

"Dear old Phil!"

"No other reasons, dear?" he asked with something of the professional solicitude in his voice that even a prospective practitioner contracts in diagnosing a case.

"No, dear; but if you had seen the pain in her face when I showed her my ring and told her you had intended to give it me later for fear of spoiling our Christmas. 'Oh, my poor Elsie,' she said, 'if I had only thought of what might happen I could have saved you this.'"

"Meaning," said Phil, now also looking into the fire thoughtfully, "meaning that if

she had foreseen my making you an offer she would have warned me that it was inadvisable."

The impression was gaining strength in his mind that little mother's objection was of a nature that could not be confessed to Elsie.

"But you don't think it can be inadvisable, dear?" said Elsie anxiously, seeing how grave Phil had become.

"No, love. Nothing in the world could make me think it wrong to marry you. But your mother's objections must be respected, and for that reason—and that reason only—I do regret that my feelings ran away with me last night. It would be hard indeed if the happiness of little mother and Dolly and mine and yours were marred to-day by a little want of self-restraint on my part. Heaven knows I have kept myself in long enough to know better—I, who have been in love with you day and night for these two past years."

"Have you, Phil? And I have scarcely guessed it—only just suspected it now and then by a little word or look. How strong and good you must be."

"A little stronger and a little better, I should have spoken to mamma first, as I intended to do."

"I don't like to hear you say that, Phil," Elsie said quickly, her spirit leaping up; "I'm not a house to be taken by agreement between two parties aforesaid."

"I was thinking, Elsie, that if mamma has more serious objection than she has chosen to give you, she will feel compelled to tell me at once—"

"She will; she said she would—"

"And if the objection is insurmountable, and you must think, dear, that little mother would not crush the hope out of any living thing lightly, then—to take the most selfish view of the case—where shall I spend the rest of this day?"

"And what should we do, Phil, we three alone, all crying and miserable, with not even work to divert our thoughts? Oh, Phil! she must not tell you to-day, even though her reasons are not more serious than those she has given. She must wait till to-morrow."

"Then there must be no love-making till then, Elsie."

Elsie caught up his hand and pressed it to her cheek with the impulse of one anticipating loss; then she put it away from her with an air of resolution, knitting her brows and thinking desperately for a remedy.

"Oh, I'll tell you what we can do, Phil dear—Doctor Fairfield, I mean. We will go on to-day exactly as if you had kept your resolution and nothing had happened last

night. Here, take this ring—dear little ring!" she gave it a parting kiss as she took it from her finger. "Keep it till to-morrow, and give it me then, and say just the same sweet things you said last night—eh?"

Phil nodded, his love silencing his tongue, and took the ring back.

"And now I'll take a cup of tea up to little mother and tell her of the arrangement we have made. Not to make love all day in any shape or way—not the slightest bit." She paused at the door, looking back archly.

"Not the slightest bit," responded Phil jumping up and going to her, "after you leave this room."

But before going there must have been, I fancy, not the slightest bit but a good deal, by the redness of Elsie's cheek when she brought me my tea. Innocently enough I asked if she had been scrubbing it with a coarse towel.

Sitting on the edge of the bed she told me what had passed downstairs—partly—whilst I sat open-mouthed with the tea-cup in my hand. She was delighted with the success of her plan, which little mother had agreed to joyfully.

"Of course, there's nothing serious," she said cheerfully. "It's only some overstrained sentiment on her part which Phil will dispose of in a couple of words. Phil has the greatest contempt for sentiment—though feeling he holds in the deepest respect. Phil is such a great strong, manly fellow." A great deal more in Phil's praise followed, which might sound very much like harping on one string if I repeated it. "But it was delightful to see how the shadow of care went from dear little mother's face when I told her I had given back my ring, and we were to pass the whole day as if nothing had happened."

I could understand mother's relief. A whole day would give her time for reflection, and perhaps enable her to avoid a confession which I felt sure she would have to make before agreeing to Elsie's marriage. Without that she would have enough care on her mind, poor soul.

Little mother looked pale and anxious when she came into my room; but there was little beyond that to betray the effect of the severe mental and physical strain she had endured. Her eyes were bright with hope and courage, and the resolution to make the best of everything for our sakes. She wore the fichu Phil had given her, and her dear face flushed with pleasure when we kissed her and congratulated her on her pretty appearance in it.

"You look, dear," said Elsie, holding her at arm's-length, "just like one of those lovely old miniatures enlarged."

Indeed, it struck me that, had her hair been differently arranged, she would have resembled strikingly Sir Joshua's beautiful portrait of Mrs. Siddons.

We went downstairs together, and there was just a little embarrassment in mother's manner as she met Philip, though she looked him frankly and steadfastly in the face. But he was so unchanged, so like himself, our "dear old Phil," gentle and unconstrained, that in a few minutes we were all at our ease with him, and this happy condition continued throughout the day.

One could see by Elsie's high spirits and evident desire to impart some of her own overflowing happiness to us, that a great and joyous event had happened in her life; but it was not so with Philip, though he lacked nothing of his customary cheerfulness and amiability. The practice of self-restraint during the many months that he had loved Elsie had become so much a habit, that he could readily overcome the many arch temptations that Elsie laid—perhaps unconsciously—in his way. We went for a long walk—oh, the delight of breathing the open air and enjoying perfect liberty!—and he scarcely left little mother's side once, addressing most of his pleasant conversation to her. I think he was studying her—trying to read her secret, that he might spare her the pain of an avowal. He knew her reason for objecting to Elsie's marriage was not a trivial one, and with his power of observation and knowledge of the world he, doubtless, arrived at a truer conception of the state of affairs than I could form, with all the incidents of the preceding night before me. His cool judgment and trained ability in forming deductions may have led him to fathom the mystery of my father's long absence, and of my mother's reticence, with more justice than was possible to those whose minds were prejudiced by sentiment. I feel convinced now that when he left us at night he had resolved that the proposal for Elsie's hand which he had to make to mother must—not for his own sake, but for ours—be postponed.

"You will come quite early to-morrow morning, Phil," said Elsie, when we were parting with him at the door—"as early as you came to-day?"

"Yes," he answered, "quite as early. Good-night again!"

"Good-night, Phil!" we cried all together, and lingered at the door to watch him as he marched off, with a farewell raising of his hat.

Elsie ran after and overtook him before he had got a dozen yards from the house.

"May I come and meet you?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Yes. I shall be at Hornsey by nine o'clock."

"So shall I, Phil—dear Phil!" she answered, squeezing his hand before running back to us.

She told us not a word of this arrangement, for fear, I suppose, that mother might object or I offer to accompany her; and before we were down the next morning—for this was another day of rest for us that mother and I took full advantage of—she was up and away to meet Phil.

Philip spied her coming towards him long before he reached Hornsey, her face aglow with the brisk exercise and her own warm sentiments, and his good heart must have ached with the prospect of dulling the happiness that shone in her eyes, and perhaps dimming them with tears.

She took his arm, clasping both hands upon it, for at that hour nobody was about whose regard was at all worth considering.

"Well, Phil, what have you got to tell me beyond compliments?" she asked archly, pressing his arm a little closer and glancing up in his face.

"Oh, a lot," said he, with the determination to come to the point quickly. "When you find one windfall, you may expect others to follow. Look at this."

And taking a letter out of his pocket, he put it in her hand.

"What a beautiful crest!" exclaimed Elsie, examining the envelope.

"Magnificent, isn't it?" replied he, in a tone that she thought was rather wanting in respect.

"And there's a coronet up in the corner here," said she in greater admiration, as she opened the letter.

"With four silver balls in sight, and two round the corner."

"What does that mean, Phil?"

"It means that the writer wishes you to understand before going any further that he is a lord and a baron."

"What does it say?"

"'Lindhurst, Dec. 22.

"'MY DEAR NEPHEW,'—"

She stopped, turned quickly to the envelope, and then, looking up at Phil in a kind of awe, exclaimed—

"Phil! Do you mean to say that you are the nephew of a lord?"

"It's not my fault, Elsie."

"But you ought to be proud of it. Why, if I had an uncle who was a baron, nobody would ever hear the last of it." Then, turning again to the letter, she read—

"'MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I regret to say that my son Clarence is in such ill health that the

family physician has ordered him to take a long sea voyage—of not less than six or eight months—under the care of a qualified medical man who may also be a cheerful companion to the poor lad. Dr. Blandly, of St. John's Hospital, spoke of you, without knowing of your relationship with me, as the most able man he knew for this purpose; and I do not wish to disguise the fact that if you accept this appointment you will render me a very great kindness. Incidentally, Dr. Blandly informed me that you have not yet succeeded in obtaining a practice, and he suggested at the same time that this (or a partnership with some established practitioner), in addition, of course, to your travelling expenses, might be the most acceptable kind of re-

muneration I could offer you in return for your services. I shall be happy to agree to this arrangement, supposing, naturally, that the expense is within reasonable limits. As the case does not admit of delay, I must beg you to wire me your decision not later than Thursday next, and to come on here as soon after as circumstances will permit.—Yours,

'LINDHURST.'

Elsie's countenance fell as she read the letter, and finishing it, she turned quickly to Phil with desolation in her face, exclaiming—

"Thursday! Why, that's to-day." He nodded gravely. "Have you sent your answer?"

"No; we will telegraph when we reach the post-office at Wood Green. What shall the answer be, dear?"

She hesitated, biting her lip to restrain its quivering. Then, without looking up, she said—

"If there were no such person as I in the world, what would you answer?"

"I should have answered before now—'Yes.'"

She said nothing as she folded the letter with trembling fingers, her eyes downcast; but as she fumbled to get the letter back into the envelope a big tear splashed down upon the paper.

"Elsie, dear!" said Phil, in a tone rather of sympathy than remonstrance, as he pressed her arm.

"I know it's selfish—and silly," she said, hastily seeking her handkerchief; and she continued, breaking up her sentences as she choked down her swelling grief, "but to think—we shan't see you—for nearly a year—why, if nothing had happened—I couldn't help it." And then a rivulet of sobs gushed out as she buried her face in the handkerchief. No one was near to see her, so she yielded to her emotion, standing still with hidden face, and her shoulders quivering



"SHE SAW HIM WRITE 'I ACCEPT OFFER' UPON THE TELEGRAM FORM."

with the grief that shook her heart. She was a good girl despite her volatile and careless disposition, and, without hesitation, she saw at once that Phil must go. And above the feeling of tender commiseration, pride and exultation rose in his breast to perceive that Elsie—the woman he had chosen to be his wife and lifelong helpmate—had something in her being higher and better than mere prettiness.

"In a year, love," he said, gently drawing her hand away and slipping the ring once more upon her finger; "in a little year there will be no more parting. No," he added with passionate determination; "no consideration of interests, or even of consequences, shall keep us asunder!"

"Oh, Phil!" she exclaimed, looking with love and joy into his face, as she resolutely thrust her handkerchief away and gulped down the last sob. "Let us think of nothing but that—of the time to come, not now—only a few months hence when we shall be all in all to each other, and inseparable for ever and ever."

So they talked of the future as they went on, she, with almost hysterical delight, building castles in the air—each with a red lamp for beacon and a brass plate for escutcheon, and furnished them from the coal *oubliette* to the cook's bedroom in the upper walls, and even selected a nice colour for the livery of their small retainer, the boy in buttons. And when they went into the post-office she saw him write "I accept offer" upon the telegram form unmoved, and only felt a fresh aching at her heart as he added "Leave London by night train, arriving at Lindhurst to-morrow morning 5.30."

CHAPTER IV.—IN WHICH STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN.

FOR nearly a week after Philip's departure poor Elsie was disconsolate, and we, too—mother and I—were downcast and unhappy, not only because it was depressing to see Elsie suffering, with swollen eyes and a red nose as if she had influenza, abjuring her smart dresses, and shunning any sort of amusement as though she were absolutely widowed, but for the reason also that we felt the loss of our friend far more than we had anticipated, feeling now in his absence how much happiness we had owed to his constant kindness, his cheerful companionship, and the encouragement he gave us in overcoming our little difficulties. But the sense of bereavement wore off little by little; Elsie recovered her good looks, and paid more attention to her toilette, smiling again as

she bent over her work when she realised how much more agreeable it is to speculate on the good things that life may yield than to deplore the accidents which cannot be undone. Little mother as usual was the bravest of us all, though she had an additional cause for depression in her secret anxiety upon my father's account; but happily her fears for his welfare were not of long duration.

On Saturday night as we sat at supper, tired and very silent, we heard the postman coming down the road, knocking now on one side, then on the other, and the sound growing more and more distinct every time. Mother and Elsie were both on the alert, though Phil had told us it would be a week at least before the ship touched at a port from which he could write to us. The postman reached our house, the little gate squeaked, and before he could knock, Elsie had opened the door.

"It's only for you, mother," said she despondently, as she brought in the letter.

Mother glanced at the address with a flush of joy, broke the envelope quickly and read the letter through with absorbing interest and, as I could tell by the light in her face, keen delight.

"It is from your father," she said with a significant glance at me as she slipped the letter in her pocket. "He is quite well, and he sends his love to you both."

They were much about the same words in which she had summarised news from him a hundred times before; but Elsie looked up from the pattern she was pensively tracing in bread-crumbs on the tablecloth in perplexity. Never before had a letter from my father come to the house. Hitherto little mother had received them, as she told us, through an agent in London, to whom she habitually went once a month. Why they should be sent in this roundabout way, why mother should take a whole day in fetching them, and why she invariably returned late at night looking fatigued and weary, we had never—at any rate, of late years—tried to ascertain. It had been part of that mystery upon which we instinctively felt it would be unkind to question little mother.

"But, mother, dear, it's an English stamp. I looked, hoping——" A sigh completed Elsie's sentence.

"It is forwarded by the agent," said little mother in a lowered voice, "to save me the trouble of calling upon him again," she added, dropping her eyes and colouring; for she knew that I must now see through the subterfuge; and harmless as it might be to

disguise the truth, the falsehood was repugnant to her.

"Oh, the agent—I see," said Elsie, and she returned to her pattern of crumbs—the idle employment of an absent mind.

Letters from him came quickly after that—two or three a week, and little mother grew brighter each time; she seemed to be getting younger and more buoyant every week.

Elsie, recovering her sense of humour after the second letter from Phil at Malta, commented upon the fact to me in private:

"I'm afraid," said she, "that our papa is turning over a new leaf. He used to write only once a month; now he cannot miss a single mail from Africa. Perhaps some kind friend—the agent, maybe—has told him how nice little mother looks, or what a comfortable home she has made, and he meditates making us a comfortable prop for his declining years. Or, perhaps he wants to borrow something."

But towards the end of January the parcels post brought a beautiful little box for mother that father himself had made for her—he had been a pattern-maker in years gone by, and was very skilful in all kinds of wood-working—and inside, tacked to the bottom, were three little packets, one for each of us. Those addressed to Elsie and me were inscribed: "With father's love, and many a hope that the enclosure may not be found too late for a New Year's gift," and inside each was a sovereign. Mother's packet contained a bank-note and a message that brought tears into her eyes. Maybe, he offered her a new money-box for her savings in place of the one she had emptied for him on Christmas Eve.

"Now I am sure something will happen," said Elsie to me, when we were alone. "Think, for ten years he has neglected us altogether, writing to mother a dozen letters in the year and sending none of us even a miserable little twopenny birthday card; and now, all of a sudden, comes a shower of letters for little mother and a downpour of New Year's gifts for all of us. It's a propitiatory offering, that is what it is, Dolly. Our dear papa is paving the way to our hearts with gold, and before long he will walk home along that road, and I can only hope he will walk straight and not have a very red nose."

Something did happen, but not for five or six weeks after that, and then it was not at all in keeping with Elsie's expectations.

One morning early in March, little mother, after reading her letter at the breakfast-table, appeared so painfully embarrassed that, breaking through my usual reserve, I bent towards her, and said:

"There's no ill news, dear, from father?"

She buried her face in her hands, and replied faintly—

"Your father is no more!"

Elsie was on her feet in an instant with an exclamation of sympathy.

"Oh, poor mother!" she cried, dropping on her knees, throwing her arms round little mother, and laying her pained face against her arm, "poor dear little mother!"

She could not feel affection for my father, whom she scarcely remembered, and had secretly regarded with contempt for his long neglect, but that did not lessen her sympathy for mother. And it was she who cried now for his loss; not a tear nor a sob came from mother, but she kept her face hidden in her hands. The news shocked me, for I had seen him so lately—that handsome, strong man; he had held me close in his arms, and I had reason to believe that he loved my mother and us, his daughters, dearly. I had hoped for some happy outcome from the mystery that surrounded him, figured him living with us, sharing our home, bringing joy to little mother as a compensation for her past sufferings. To hear now that he was dead stunned me like an actual blow, and as usual stupefied me and rendered me incapable of offering mother consolation.

"Poor little mother!" murmured Elsie again.

Mother kissed her wet cheek hurriedly but with fervour, and then, disengaging herself quietly from Elsie's embrace, rose, and, hiding her face once more in her hands, passed quickly out of the room.

"Oh, Dolly, what shall we do for her?" Elsie asked, turning to me. I shook my head, not knowing, myself, what to do or say. "Shall we go up to her?"

"No, that can't be the best thing," said I; "mother wants to be alone, or she would not have left us. When she has cried and feels better, she will come down. Better wait, dear."

"I shall never forgive myself, Dolly, for the unkind things I've said and thought of father. After all, he may have been a good man. He must have been good once for mother to have loved him so long and constantly in her abandonment."

Then in her contrition she got up, and as an act of penance began to clear the breakfast things away and tidy up the room—she who always left duties of that kind to us. I could only sit there and wonder. Had father returned to Africa to die? I didn't think that probable, from the quickness and regularity with which his letters had followed his visit to us at Christmas. If he had died in England, would mother go to his funeral? Would she

then confide in us and clear up the mystery? How had father died? Suddenly, it must have been; for only a few days had elapsed since she received a letter from him. Once or twice lately she had told us in a hesitating way that father was not quite so well, but not in such a tone as to suggest the possibility of his dying. Yet it occurred to me that for more than a week she had seemed nervous and preoccupied: was it that she had a presentiment of his death? I asked myself. Had it been wholly unexpected, she would surely have dropped the letter, instead of slipping it in her pocket before she spoke; she would have turned to us white with the shock that seemed to stop the pulsation of my own heart. But she had hesitated before telling us, and her face had flushed as she hid it in her hands. Now as I thought of my father being dead, the sense of loss wrung my heart, and I could not restrain my tears; but, while she was in the room at least, little mother had shown no sign of grief. What did these anomalies mean?

"Oh, don't you cry too, Dolly dear," said Elsie, coming to my side and slipping her arm round my waist, as I stood staring out of window and sniffing. "It's awful to think that I am the only unfeeling one in the family."

"It's all right, Elsie. I shall get over it as soon as I begin to work." So I sat down resolutely to the skirt I had to unpick, and Elsie sat down opposite me and looked on—sympathetically.

Father had certainly not left England, I determined, continuing my reflections. But if he had been dangerously ill, would not mother have gone to see him? It struck me then that she might have done so that day when she went to London to execute, as she told us, a commission for father. I had not thought of that before; but it seemed now to me that probably the commission was but a pretext.

"I suppose we shall have to go into mourning, Dolly," said Elsie mournfully.

I nodded. Would mother grieve as she had loved—secretly and long?

"I hope Phil won't mind," Elsie broke in again. "Do you think black will suit me?"

I nodded once more.

"If Miss Smith has still got that little black bonnet we saw in her window, I shall have it; but she'll have to put strings to it: they make me look so much older and less frivolous. Oh, we haven't pulled down the blinds!"

Those dreadful blinds! they had not been drawn half an hour before neighbours, who had shown no interest whatever in our wel-

fare before, began to drop in to express their sympathy and gratify their curiosity. Little mother, who had come down with bent head and downcast looks, but still with no apparent evidence of great grief, fled to her room with her work to escape them, leaving it to Elsie to answer all questions. She, having no reason to think otherwise, affirmed that my father had died quite suddenly in Africa, where he was engaged in superintending a mining operation. The news spread quickly, and in the afternoon one or two friends called, whom mother was compelled to see. They congratulated mother on "bearing up" so well, and one of them, more outspoken than the rest, declared that a worse calamity might have befallen us, and hinted that mother, with her youthful looks, her prettiness, her nice home and increasing business, might very well expect to find a second husband before long, at which little mother blushed up to the eyes like a young girl.

By the end of the week our mourning dresses were made; then mother said, in that tone of hesitation which always perplexed me—it being so contrary to the energetic, decisive manner in which she settled what was the right course to take in ordinary affairs—that she felt she must go to London and break the news to Aunt Laura of her brother's death. Then I was convinced that her real object was to attend my father's funeral; and, thinking how dreadful it must be to see the earth close over one so dearly loved—to stand beside the grave, the only mourner, maybe, and with not a soul to console her in her desolation—I went into her room the next morning as she was dressing to go, and putting my arm round her said—

"Little mother, let me go with you. I know where you are going."

She looked at me in astonishment, repeating my words slowly.

"Papa is to be buried to-day," I said.

Such a strange look succeeded the expression of astonishment on my mother's face as I said this that I thought for an instant she would laugh outright; then, curving her brows in vexation with herself and self-reproach, she kissed me, saying—

"Oh, Dolly, dear, you make me ashamed of myself. You do not know all, and I cannot tell you. I must not take you with me, and I may not tell you why. But you shall know, dear—only keep our secret a little longer."

Had father returned to Africa and died there? Had mother really gone to see our aunt, as she told us? It seemed so, for when she returned at night she told us that Aunt Laura had strongly advised that we should

leave Wood Green, on the ground that we could live more cheaply farther from London, that it would be better for our health to be quite in the country, that we should gain more where competition was not so keen, and so on. As we really enjoyed very good health, and only suffered now and then from overwork, these reasons, I thought, were very inadequate for giving up the business we had established with such long and patient struggles; to me it looked like leaving the substance to catch the shadow, like the dog in *Æsop's* fable, and I said so. But Elsie, who was mad for any sort of change, and regarded the future only in the rosy tints of hope, found a new name for me—"Little Stick-in-the-mud"—and made fine fun of my objections; and mother, ordinarily the most prudent, long-sighted, and careful soul in the world, supported all her arguments in favour of Aunt Laura's scheme and made light of mine; so I had nothing to do but to withdraw from my position and yield to them. And the end of it was that little mother went the next day to pay our rent, and gave notice to the landlord that we should leave at midsummer.

Elsie's exuberant delight at the prospect of leaving "horrid Wood Green" for the undiscovered El Dorado where everyone was sure to be nice, and where Phil would certainly establish his practice, and be hand-in-glove with the rector, and the squire, and all the best families, was understandable enough; but I could not make out what had so entirely changed little mother's disposition.

Soon after this mother paid another visit to Aunt Laura, and came back with the news that she had found the very place to suit us—Great Farleigh, a charming little town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where good dressmakers were in great request; and she had even gone so far as to take a cottage for us on the outskirts of the town which would be vacant at quarter-day.

Elsie caught me by the waist and waltzed me round the room, "to shake up my wits," she said, and I was too dumfounded to resist.

Little mother, however, cautioned us not to let all the world know of our project, lest any unforeseen accident should prevent us leaving Wood Green; and it was quite as well she gave us this prudent counsel, as the event showed.

One afternoon towards the end of May, Elsie, who had been to Tottenham to purchase some trimmings, came in breathless and flushed with vexation. Her little white nose and pretty, curved upper lip were beaded

with perspiration, and her brows were knitted in angry indignation.

"It's a shame!" she cried, throwing down her parcel and wrenching off her gloves. "No decent-looking girl can go anywhere now without being persecuted. The police ought to do something."

"What is it, dear?" asked mother.

"Oh, some horrid man—a nasty, piggy man—has been following me all the afternoon. There he goes—a hateful wretch!" she added, drawing back out of sight.

I just saw a stout, florid, middle-aged man with yellow whiskers looking across at the window as he passed on the opposite side of the way, and that was all. Little mother, drawing herself up like a hen in defence of her chick, marched boldly to the window with a look that was intended to annihilate the insolent aggressor, but she was too late; she only saw his broad back as he marched along, swinging a gold-headed walking-stick in one hand and his glove in the other rakishly.

"He was in the tram when I got in. I never saw him before in my life," Elsie pursued; "but he kept staring at me all the way, and coming a little nearer whenever a passenger got out, and not looking at me nicely, but in that offensive, impudent way—you know, dear." She did not address herself to me, for my appearance does not subject me to experiences of this kind, but to little mother, whose looks are much more attractive in spite of her being so much older. "And when I got out at Tottenham he got down, and hung about Rotherham's till I had done my shopping and came out. 'Nice afternoon for a walk, miss,' he said, with a detestable, oily grin. Of course, I took no notice—I should like to know what a girl should do? But I saw a tram that I thought was just about to start, so I ran and jumped in. The wretch hailed the conductor with his stick, and, following leisurely, got in and planted himself exactly opposite. If I had got out he might have followed, and the people would have laughed, so I stayed there, and looked him straight in the face. He had not impudence enough to speak after that; but when the conductor came round with the tickets he told him to take for the young lady opposite, nodding to me. 'If that person chooses to take two tickets for himself he may, but I pay for my own ticket,' said I. Then, of course, there was a grin all round, and I would have given anything if the tram had turned over and smashed everybody."

"Why didn't you get down, dear?" asked little mother.

"I did, mother, and he got down too; and I've had almost to run here from Hornsey



"HE KEPT STARING AT ME ALL THE WAY."

to keep him at a distance. Hark! what's that?"

Someone had stopped before the door.

"It's he, mother," I said, catching sight of him from my side of the room as he put his hand on the gate. "He's coming in."

In effect, the gate creaked, and an elaborate knock on the door followed.

Mother motioned us to stay, and went quickly to the door, white with resentment, and prepared to give battle. We listened

in breathless expectation, for little mother when she is angry is simply withering to the offender.

The door opened, and a faint exclamation was all we heard on the part of little mother.

"Well, there!" cried a fat, thick voice in return. "Jimmy Redmond, you're right again! If I didn't think so, there. I ses to myself, ses I, 'If that gal's mother ain't my old sweetheart Olive, I ain't J. R.' And it is so. Well, how are you, Olive?"

Bless me, if you ain't looking just as nice and pretty as you did ten years ago; and how's po'r George?"

"George—George is dead," stammered little mother feebly.

"Dead—you don't say so. I see you're in mourning. Po'r old George dead, eh? Well, it's a happy release, as you may say, for him and all parties. You couldn't wish as——"

Mother interrupted him, saying something in so low a tone that the words were inaudible to us.

"Oh, I understand," replied Mr. Redmond in a hushed voice. "Not a word. I always was your friend, and you'll find me behave as such now that your loss must have made you feel the need of a friend. I'm still a single man, you know," he added roguishly; "but come," perceiving maybe that this sally failed to enchant little mother, "you will give me a cup o' tea after this long chivvy, and let me explain things to that pretty daughter of yours. I should have done so at first, only she was that stand-offish. Remember, Olive," he pursued, maybe as a hint to mother, who still kept him standing in the passage, "I always was a friend, and I always mean to be—for the sake of po'r George," he added, lowering his voice again.

Little mother, with fearful apprehension straining her white face, opened the parlour door, and silently ushered in this friend whose very presence I felt was a menace.

The moment he entered the room I understood why Elsie had called him a piggy man: his eyes were small and slaty-blue with yellow lashes, and he glanced from the corners of them to the right and left without moving his head; two red lines marked the place of his eyebrows; a short, snub nose and the animal expression, gross and cunning at the same time, of his red face, completed the resemblance to a pig. Sandy tufts of whisker broadened his face, but his lips and chin were shaven, which was certainly not to his advantage, for his upper lip was long, and his jaw being underhung, the lower lip closed over the upper, adding stubborn purpose to a general appearance which was brutal enough without that.

"So I've run you down after all, eh,

missy?" said he, regarding Elsie from the corner of his eye with an exultant twinkle in it. "I knew I should; for when I set my mind on a thing it's got to be done. If you'd known that before you might have saved yourself a long run."

He offered his hand in a forgiving spirit to Elsie, but she declined to take it.

"There are two ways of claiming acquaintanceship," said she, rising quickly and looking him severely in the face. "One is inoffensive; the other—is unpardonable," and with the slightest inclination of her proud little head she passed him and left the room.

James Redmond did not budge from his position, but jerking his head towards the door, he said—

"The gal's got your spirit, Olive. She's you all over. You used to serve me just exactly like that when you was a young gal; and I liked you all the better for it. Things as is easy to do never tempt me; but where there's obstacles to overcome, and a job to be done as others would say was impossible, I tackle on. I go at it, I stick to it, and I do it—somehow. That's my sort. And who's this other little missy?" he asked, turning reluctantly from the contemplation of his own merits to cast a sidelong glance at mine.

"My other daughter, Dolly," replied little mother timidly.

"Well, she don't take after you, anyhow," he observed with a brutal laugh. "I warrant she won't refuse to shake hands with me."

I gave him my hand. I should have done so without the prompting of mother's appealing eyes, because I already feared this man, and dreaded the consequences of making him an enemy.

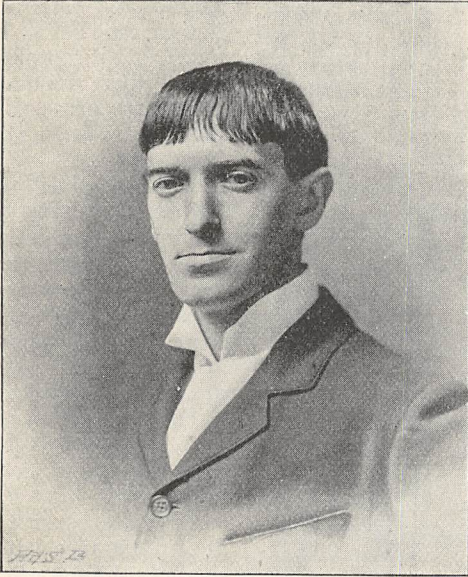
"I didn't recollect you had two of 'em," he pursued, dropping my hand from his flabby grasp with indifference, "but I remembered the other. I used to take stock of her as she went to school, with her long thin legs, her pigtail shining like gold in the sun, and her chin up in the air as proud as a May queen. Why, even then she used to cut me—and she only a kiddy. I liked her for it then, just as I like her for it now. Used to say she'd grow up a smart, nice girl—and she has. Jimmy Redmond, you're right again!"

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.



FOUR ARTISTIC HUMOURISTS.

PHIL MAY, E. T. Reed, J. A. Shepherd, L. Raven Hill. What a carnival of fun and frolic is suggested by this quartette of names! What a merry jingling of cap and



PHIL MAY.

(From a photograph by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.)

bells! What mirth-provoking visions are brought to the mind—what memories of good wholesome laughs provoked by the creations of their pens and pencils! Here are no cross-grained satirists, no spiteful caricaturists, no political partisans, but simply good-tempered humourists, who, aided by artistic talent of the highest order, seek out and portray the funny things of life and present them for the amusement of society at large. Their work is genuinely humorous and does not depend upon a "tag" to point where the laugh should come in, as so many of the illustrations in so-called "comic" papers do. The characters they delineate would, as a rule, stand by themselves without text of any kind and still conjure up a smile; their accompanying letterpress only emphasises the joke and lends an adorning finish to the tale artistically served.

Taking the men in the order they are named, let us look at them and their work individually. It has not been the lot of many artists, humorous or otherwise, to leap into fame with the meteoric brilliance and speed of Mr. Phil May. He is only

just thirty-one, but his name is known in nearly every British household, and his work appreciatively recognised all the world round. Born in 1864 in Leeds, he had betrayed the possession of an artistic mind by the time he was eight years of age. His *forte* at that period was the portrayal of battle-pieces, with a superabundance of smoke and bayonets. When he attained to the dignity of twelve years of age he was taken from school and, in curious recognition of his artistic tastes, sent to an architect's office. But two weeks' attendance there was enough for the boy; he turned his back on the place and joined himself to a touring theatrical company. Here he filled a double capacity: he



A TYPICAL FISHERMAN.

(Sketched at Newlyn by Phil May.)

took minor—very minor—parts on the stage, and filled the other, and major portion, of his

time in portraying or caricaturing the leading members of the company for the advertisement bills exhibited in shop windows of the towns through which they passed. For four years this Bohemian life was endured, and then he returned to Leeds, contributing work to a local paper. His talent was recognised the same year by the manager of the Leeds theatre asking him to design dresses for the pantomime.

This, however, did not altogether satisfy Mr. May's ambition, and in 1882 he bought a single third-class ticket for London. With his arrival in the Metropolis, there began for him a season of great trial and hardship, but he fought bravely—and succeeded. After a while he obtained employment on *Society*, which led to his being engaged for the *St. Stephen's Review*. After two years he received an offer from Melbourne, which he accepted, and to Australia he went. There he developed his art as we know it. The necessities of the fast-driving rotary printing machines caused him to adopt the method of using as few lines as possible in his work; he rose to the occasion, and secured his fortune. He made his style and ran it successfully. He had no master, he is of no school; he has rather become a master with a vast number of imitators. But, as good old Sir Thomas Browne says, "he who owes himself to himself is the substantial man." 1889 saw him back in England again, with vast numbers of books filled with character sketches from Australia, the contents of which, by the way, have not yet been drawn upon, but which will shortly be revealed to us, and will doubtless prove full of delight. Mr. May made friends with the Australian people all round,

and it is characteristic of his lightness of heart that the last day in the Antipodes was spent in the enjoyment of the delights of a switch-back railway in company with several colonial notabilities.

His first work after his return to England appeared in the *St. Stephen's Review* again, and after a sojourn in Paris he found full employment, his drawings being in great demand. It was not, however, until 1894 that he received the highest recognition humours artists can receive—seeing that the Royal Academy does not acknowledge black-and-white artists, as such—a seat at the *Punch* table.*

His characters are now well known. He has chosen to seek his models in unfashionable quarters. It is because they attract him; their ways are past finding out to society at large, but Mr. May delights in "Arriet" and his "Arriett." White-chapel and its denizens are well known and understood by him. By day and by night—he drives down east often at midnight—he seeks models on 'bus, tram, and train, and there he finds most material for his pencil: the grim humour of squalid life is caught where it can best be seen—in

the streets. Why not? And why the charge of vulgarity against those who admire it recently brought by an irresponsible American critic? In Mr. May's drawings, as a rule, is humour pure and unalloyed, combined with art of the highest order. Let us hold it and rejoice in it; let us laugh at the oddities of



A CHARACTER SKETCH.
(By Phil May.)

* For a full story of *Punch* and its artists readers are referred to Mr. M. H. Spielmann's "History of *Punch*" (Cassell & Co.).

the jester, for his "true intent is all for our delight."

Just a few words upon Mr. May's methods. Many imagine that his work is drawn as it is published. This is by no means the case. His first sketches—two of which are here reproduced—are carefully worked up from models, all light and shade attended to in the fullest details, and then the whole is, as it were, "reduced to the least common denominator," until everything is represented by a few lines, each one replete with meaning and representing untold thought and skill. It is a great source of amusement to Mr. May—but



EDWARD T. REED.

(From a photograph by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.)

sometimes of annoyance, owing to the attentions of those who prey upon reputed wealthy artists—when he sees the paragraphs that make the regular round of the world's press, in which are set forth the fabulous sums he is supposed to earn. A continual ringing at his bell suggests to him that some paper has again stated that he "makes a million a month," and he tells the tale, with a quaint smile upon his face, of how, when his cab was being called after a fancy ball at Covent Garden, he saw a man in the crowd nudge his neighbour, and heard him whisper, "That's Phil May, who makes a hundred pounds an hour when he's at work." Such is fame!

For rollicking character of fun and unforced gaiety of spirit, it is doubtful if there has been anything published to equal, and certainly nothing to excel, the series of "Pre-historic

Peeps," by Mr. Edward T. Reed, which appeared in the pages of *Punch*. Strictly original, exceedingly well drawn (being quite free from the stiffness that had been, until their appearance, associated with Mr. Reed's work), bubbling over with merriment, they caught the popular fancy to a wonderful degree. Mr. Reed tells me that as soon as each drawing was published he received telegrams from all parts from people anxious to purchase the originals. From friends in Australia he has heard that the "Peeps" were as popular there as here, and the pages containing them decorate the walls of many a solitary hut "up country." The genesis of the idea is interesting. Mr. Reed had drawn, for a Christmas



"A GEM."

(By E. T. Reed.)

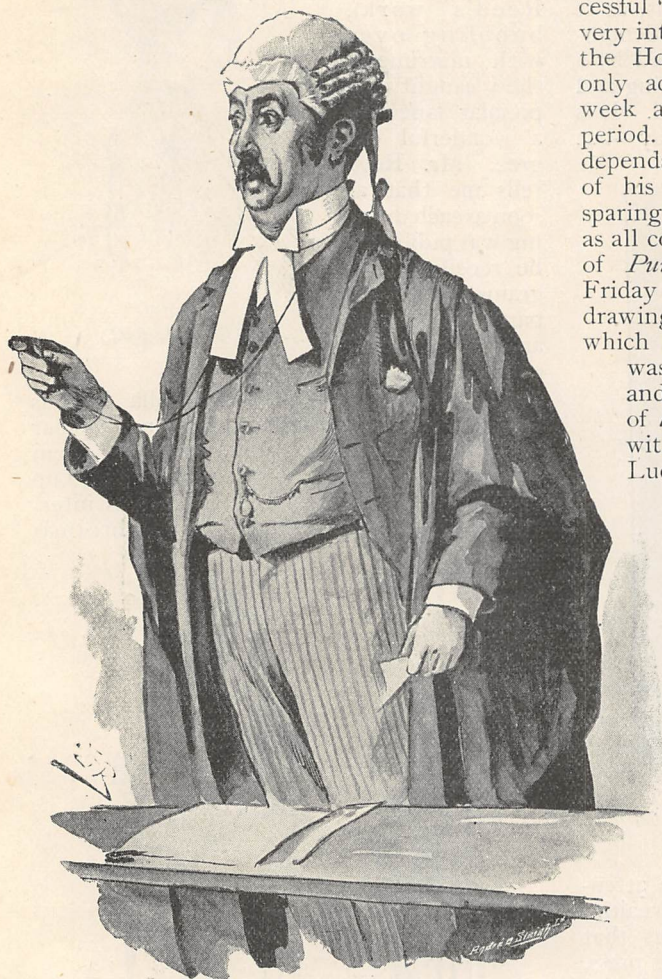


"HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS."

(By E. T. Reed.)

number of *Punch*, an extinct specimen of a "growler" as he imagined it would appear in some Imperial Institute of the remote future.

This was to have been the first of a series, and he next proceeded to treat a "hansom" in the same manner. But he found that it would not differ materially from the fragmentary four-wheeler. What was to be done? Happy thought! Why not do the *first* hansom? The idea was acted upon, and the



A SKETCH AT THE LAW COURTS.

(By E. T. Reed.)

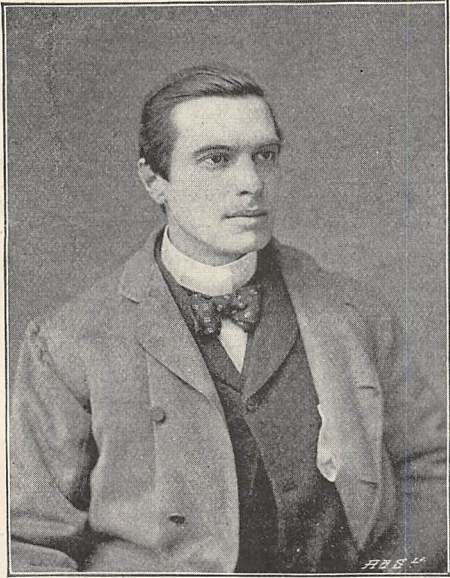
first of our skin-kilted ancestors came into being. The others of the series followed almost naturally. For many weeks they performed their merry antics as far as the rapacity of equally sportive plesiosaurs and other fearsome beasts would permit.

Mr. Reed's success was assured. He had been called to a seat at the board at Bouverie Street in 1890, but it was not until the "Peeps" made their appearance that his work was appreciated by the public at large.

For an artist who did not begin to draw until he was twenty-two years of age, and who looked upon himself as strictly an amateur, this was very gratifying, and was another testimony to Mr. Burnand's faculty of discernment. Mr. Reed was selected to take up the Parliamentary work after Mr. Furniss retired from *Punch*, and he has made some very successful "hits" in this direction. He finds it very interesting work, but the restrictions of the House affect him considerably. He is only admitted to the Press Gallery once a week and to the lobby twice in the same period. Mr. Reed, of course, sketches, but depends greatly upon his memory for most of his caricatures, using photographs but sparingly. The work has to be done rapidly, as all contributions for the following number of *Punch* have to be at the office by Friday evening. One of his most fanciful drawings—the extinct Parliamentary species, which appeared after the General Election, was conceived and executed in one day, and that while he was in the clutches of *la Grippe*! He of course collaborates with that journalistic genius, Mr. H. W. Lucy, each communicating the happy thoughts they may generate to the other, and working accordingly.

The Law Courts are his happy hunting-ground: the barristers delight him, but his attendance at Westminster debars him from the pleasure of meeting his legal models as much as he would like. But he has an unending fund of humour, as his Uganda exhibition series testifies, and I think his contributions to the "Punch Almanac" will prove that his resources are far from being exhausted.

Mr. Reed is the son of Sir E. T. Reed, K.C.B., F.R.S., the great naval constructor, and for many years the Parliamentary representative of Cardiff. He was educated at Harrow, and in 1877 was a member of the School Football Eleven, a position he still looks back upon with pride. He entered in later years at Calderon's Art School, at St. John's Wood, with the intention of trying for admission to the Royal Academy Schools. But, as he humourously observes, "his idea of the antique did not apparently commend itself to the august authorities," and he did not succeed. He also worked at the British Museum, copying from the models there, but abandoned that after a short time. An introduction of his work to Mr. Burnand's notice



J. A. SHEPHERD.

(From a photograph by Lenton Bros., Bromley, Kent.)

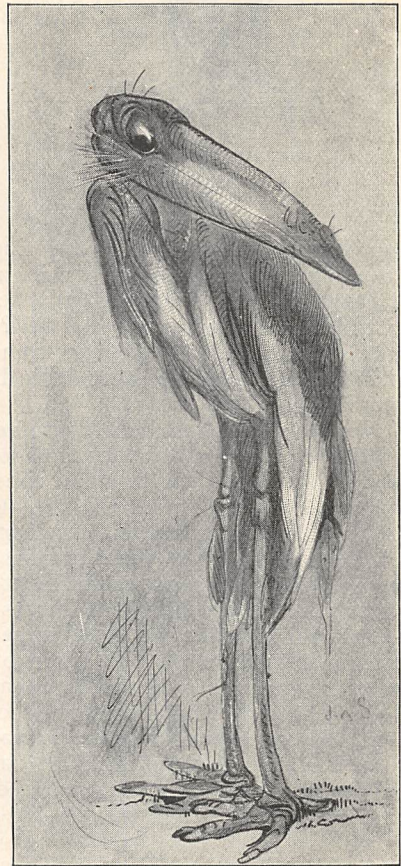
was effected by Mr. Sambourne, with the result already stated.

It is of interest to note that Mr. Reed's original drawings are done but very little larger than the reproductions, and when the smallness of the figures on his full-page drawings is considered, it will be seen what close and careful application his work requires.

Mr. James Affleck Shepherd is the youngest member of our quartette, for he is only just twenty-eight years of age. He, too, has struck out an original line in artistic humour, for although Ernest Griset caricatured animals, Mr. Shepherd has easily outstripped him, and holds the premier position in this branch of work. His art training began when he was sixteen years old, by his being articled to Mr. Alfred Bryan, the well-known caricaturist. For three years he was a pupil, and then he stepped into the arena for himself and took a place in the forefront almost immediately. It is needless to say that he is abundantly equipped with the first necessary faculty of the humourist—observation. Who can doubt it after seeing his "zig-zags" and the clever series of humanised animals in *Punch*? With very little alteration of their forms he imparts expressions that are irresistibly comic.

He is, of course, a great lover of animals. When he was a boy he had the usual craving for white mice, guinea-pigs, and other like creatures cultivated by the average schoolboy. But he had something more: the instinct of the humourist, which discovered the possibilities

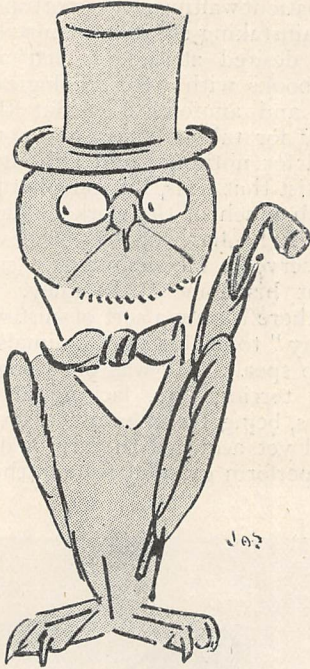
lurking in their harmless forms. This, carefully nursed and developed, has given him the power he now possesses. What an amount of labour, though, his work has necessitated! What patient waitings for opportune moments, what painstaking efforts to secure his subjects in the desired attitudes, what a filling of sketch-books with notes zoological, ornithological, and anatomical! But this infinite capacity for taking pains has not been developed for nothing; and although, like the true artist that he is, Mr. Shepherd is dissatisfied with much of the work he has done, the popularity he has won has been well earned and deserved. He maintains a small menagerie at his home at Bromley. He thinks that "there is only a sort of mist wants clearing away" to enable some animals, especially dogs, to speak. He was once possessed of a curious terrier, who, lacking all favourable qualities, being treacherous, sulky, and spiteful, had yet acquired the art of diving. He would perform graceful feats in the middle of



THE AUTUMN MOULT.

(A water-colour sketch at the Zoo by J. A. Shepherd.)

a pond, or take "headers" from the bank and bring stones from the bottom. He was a treasure for a showman. One of repute was



PORTRAIT OF A FRIEND.

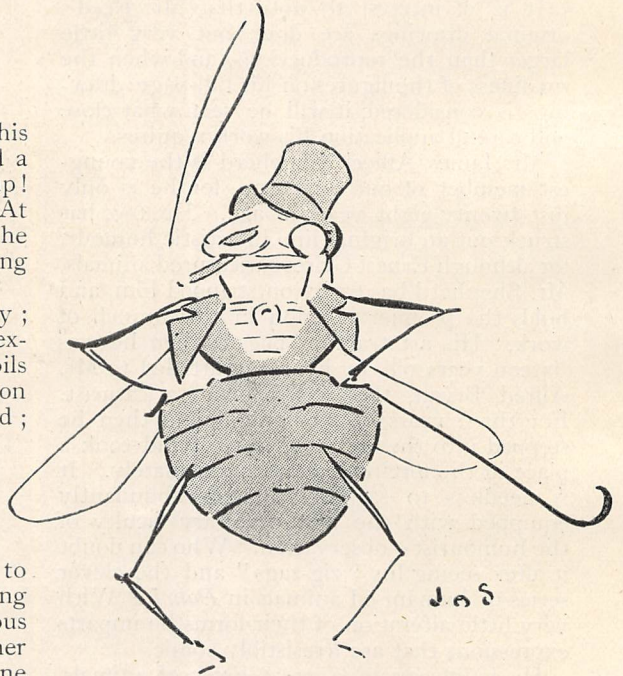
(By J. A. Shepherd.)

communicated with, and while awaiting his reply the dog was taken out for a swim and a dive. Down he went—and never came up! Was it suicide or weeds—who can tell? At any rate, the favourable answer from the showman came too late: the poor dog's diving days were over.

Mr. Shepherd admires hens consumedly; he thinks they are extraordinary birds for expression. They all seem to show the toils and sorrows connected with the production of eggs in a degree more or less marked; some have the lines of their mouths curved upwards, and seem to smile at their troubles; others have the curves proceeding downwards, and look most woe-begone and depressed. He has one hen that he declares only needs a cap to transform it into a most respectable-looking old lady. He once bought several of various breeds, and to the astonishment of the farmer from whom he purchased them, returned one "because he didn't like its expression." "Expression!" said the farmer, "I don't know anything about *that*, but she's the best of the lot, and lays a beautiful brown egg!" Ducks, he thinks, are expressionless crea-

tures: "Just a boot-button for an eye, a curve of white head, and a dab of yellow for a bill." But ravens are delightful: most difficult to portray successfully, with an outline unbroken in its regular curves—but what an eye! Always brilliant, and capable of innumerable expressions. They are so deep and, like Joey Bagstock, "dev'lish sly." Mr. Shepherd has a theory that all black animals are mysterious. He instanced to me a black wolf at the Zoo, who never allows more than his hind quarters to be seen, slinking into his den at the approach of visitors; the black cat with its proverbial uncanniness; its sister the black leopard, one of the most saturnine beasts at the Zoo; the jackdaw and the raven, both birds of ill omen. Evidently there is something in this! It is a fit subject for investigation by the Psychical Research Society.

Lastly, but by no means in an inferior sense, we come to Mr. L. Raven Hill. He alone of the quartette has not appeared in *Punch*, that absorber, sooner or later, of humorous artistic merit. His work is, however, well known. He is a conscientious worker, a wonderful draughtsman and delineator of character. He is a follower of Charles Keene, and confesses that he is his ideal of a humourist. At one



STUDY OF A BLUEBOTTLE.

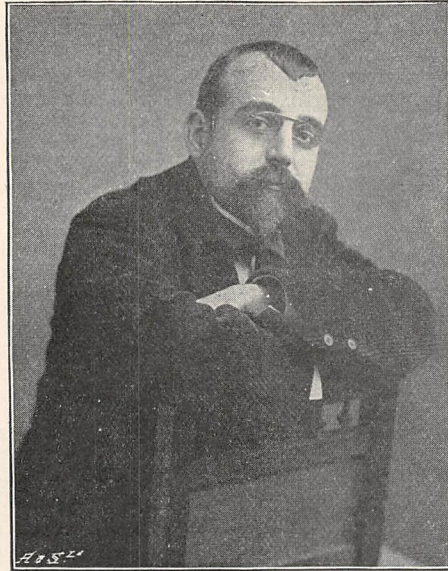
(By J. A. Shepherd.)

time his technique was, perhaps, a little too like that master's; but he has proved himself

capable of working on original lines. He makes his own jokes, and studies his characters in their native lairs. He has a theory, which he works out to the letter, that the figures should be put in surroundings suitable to the accompanying "joke," and not planted down promiscuously in a landscape, with a background out of keeping with their supposed position.

For training he had a few lessons in the Bristol School of Art, and in 1882 entered at the Lambeth School under Mr. J. L. Sparkes. Here he had for fellow-

students Messrs. Ricketts and Shannon, and the trio lived and worked together for some time. In 1885 he



L. RAVEN HILL.

(From a photograph by Martin & Sallnow, Strand, W.C.)

went to Paris, where he stayed for two years, studying under various masters, but deriving most benefit from M. Aimé Morot. Returning to London in 1887, he started as a painter, but found that there was more chance for black-and-white work, and discovered that he possessed the faculty of a humourist. His first work appeared in *Judy*, and in 1893 he started a delightful little magazine called *The Butterfly*. He had contributions from some of the brightest rising artists, and the magazine was a really artistic production. But it only survived for ten

months. After this Mr. Raven Hill worked for the *Pall Mall Budget*, and he considers



Villager: "So you ain't had no luck this morning?"

Keeper: "No luck! 'E missed me twice!"

(By L. Raven Hill.)

that his best work is to be seen in the pages of that now defunct periodical. In 1895, after indulging in the luxury of a "one man" exhibition, which fully showed the versatility of his talent as an artist, and justified his in-

fault on the part of its parent, but solely due to the non-fulfilment of promises of men who had undertaken to finance the concern.

But Mr. Raven Hill is not discouraged; he is a philosopher as well as a humourist, and



"And you really think this is one of the best places for an invalid or anyone who isn't strong to come to?"

"Wull, mum, they do say as this be a rare place for puttin' on flesh!"

(By L. Raven Hill.)

clusion in the front rank of our humourists, Mr. Raven Hill made another venture in journalism. This time it was *The Unicorn* which he launched, but alas, the posters announcing its birth had not had time to fade on the hoardings before it expired. This, it must be clearly explained, was owing to no

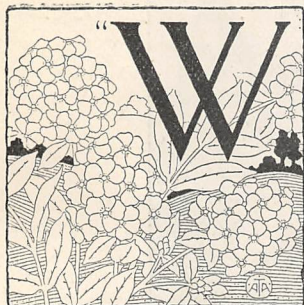
his well-known black and white work still comes to delight us, and he still paints—and well, too—besides being no mean etcher and lithographer. There is no doubt that he will take a lasting place upon our roll of eminent artists, for his capabilities are of no ordinary kind.

ARTHUR FISH.



THE MAID OF "THE MERMAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAGEDY IN GREY."



“WOMAN,” said Nisbet, gravely, “is a fraud on a magnificent scale.”

“Omitting the magnificence, I agree with you,” I responded.

Nisbet and I, driven out of town by the spell of hot

weather that had occurred at the end of September, had taken refuge among the house-boats of the now deserted Thames. We were at work upon a new novel, the tone of which will be sufficiently indicated by its title, “Woman: A Comedy in Guile.” It would have been hard to find two collaborators more at one with their theme and with each other. For my own part, a ridiculously large income—I put the matter on a modest basis—had rendered me a prey to the Match-maker. The sleuth-hounds of Matrimony were ever on my trail; and when Nisbet first suggested that we should flee into this shady, river-lapped wilderness, far from the heats of London and the chills of a feminine environment, I assented eagerly. Nisbet, on his side, was temporarily in despair: we all have our hobbies, and my friend was possessed of a perfect passion for being blighted: he always came to grief in his love-affairs, and the consequent desperation afforded him, I believe, the greatest luxury of his life. His boyish cynicism at such times contrasted pleasantly with my own less savage, but more mature, disbelief in that section of humanity which a delicious irony has named “the softer sex.”

The two remarks with which the story opens occurred towards the close of a long conversation. We were out on the river, in a nicely balanced Canadian, and the gaily-vestured trees that lined the banks had listened to my friend Nisbet's exposition of his case. It was very similar to his hundred-and-one other cases, though he himself protested that it was a veritable sea of love, swallowing up all previous rivulets of passion.

I jotted down the remarks in my notebook, and a silence ensued.

“And all this is exclusively our property for the time being,” I remarked at length. “Nature heard that we were coming, and laid

herself out to stage the scene extravagantly well; she knew we were fastidious in such matters, you see. And then the utter dearth of people is so refreshing: there is not a woman in the neighbourhood.”

“No,” assented Nisbet; “the absence of femininity is very bracing to the nerves. I hope no one will follow our lead and break into our present charmed circle.”

Nisbet's expression of his sentiments left nothing to be desired, but I detected a certain hollow, insincere note in his voice which I did not like. Was it possible that he hankered after buried frivolities? Was he strung to such a sordid pitch that he could wish to make this autumn paradise simply a background to some paltry love episode?

“It is wonderful how freely one's ideas flow amid such solitude!” I said, lazily dipping my paddle in the water. “We ought to produce some good stuff.”

“Yes; let's turn in and begin at once,” he responded briskly. “I have some neat little epigrams on the way, and I don't want to lose them.”

So we returned forthwith to our house-boat and settled down to what proved a very tolerable piece of work. The dialogue ran with much of its wonted smoothness, and we originated one or two striking situations. Truly, a bachelor encampment on a womanless stretch of river was an excellent seat for literary operations. We told each other so more than once, and Nisbet thought I believed him.

“I think that will do for the first day,” said Nisbet during lunch. “I am going to loaf for the next couple of hours and enjoy the reward of virtue.”

“Much better come for a row,” I put in.

“Really, I'm far too lazy, and I have reached the middle of an exciting tale. You must let me off this time, old fellow.”

I was not actively sorry that I was able to set off alone in the Canadian. Truth to tell, my mood was growing alarmingly dreamy and poetic under the influence of this Thames environment. Nisbet reminded me of the “Comedy in Guile,” and the remembrance would have jarred upon me this afternoon.

Half a mile above our camping-ground I received a shock. Looking up at a conspicuous house-boat, *The Merman*, whose green and terra-cotta exterior Nisbet and I had noticed on more than one occasion, I saw signs of life on board. Bright yellow curtains peeped out



"OUR CHARMED SOLITUDE WAS ALREADY A THING OF THE DEARLY-REMEMBERED PAST."

from the windows, and a boy-of-all-work was dangling his legs over the side of the boat, whistling merrily. I shuddered. Our charmed solitude was already a thing of the dearly-remembered past. As I went by, a young girl came out of the cabin and stood looking across the river. I grew still more disturbed as I noticed her exceeding prettiness.

I felt instinctively that this was the beginning of the end, but did not neglect to raise my eyes unflinchingly to those of the newly-developed heroine. If she was to break into the harmony that had ruled before her coming and wreck our novel, it was fitting that I should at least know the details of her appearance.

She returned my gaze absently; then—realising, I suppose, that I was individual man, and not merely part of a charming piece of natural scenery—her eyes fell, and a warm half-blush rose to her cheeks. The poetic element in my mood pointed out that she looked doubly pretty with this air of bashfulness about her, but the sterner man in me repudiated all knowledge of such things. I passed on with an unmistakable feeling of resentment at this uncalled-for invasion. Could not a pair of innocent novel-writers, I asked myself, seek out a masculine Eden and establish themselves there with the idea of hard work, but some Eve must come and set all things askew?

It may be there was slender excuse for my indignation. The girl had really done nothing at all, but my heated fancy had already taken me to a disastrous goal. That was why I turned, not long after passing *The Mermaid*—I wanted to further spy out the nakedness of this hostile country. *She*, however, had disappeared. The small boy was still dangling his legs and whistling "Daisy," but the maiden was not visible. Turning round a little later, I espied a white hand protruding from one of the yellow-curtained windows; it seemed to be altering the position of a pot of chrysanthemums roosting on the window-ledge.

I said nothing of these things when I returned. Why should I? If my own happy sense of security had been destroyed, was it necessary to perform the like unfriendly action for Nisbet?

Nisbet was up an hour before me the next morning. He could not resist the temptation to parade this slender effort of virtue before me at breakfast-time.

"Been on the river, I suppose?" I asked carelessly.

"Yes; I took the skiff a mile or two up stream."

"Ah! notice anything striking—anything new or unexpected, eh?" I said.

Somehow I did not like the idea of Nisbet's making a solitary tour of the upper part of the river. He was so absurdly susceptible.

"No—that is, the morning was lovely—a few new tints on the trees—nothing further. What should I be likely to see in the way of novelty?"

There was a shiftiness in Nisbet's eye which spoke of guile.

"Let us get to the novel," I said brusquely.

"A bit seedy this morning, old man?" queried Nisbet, with a friendly glance at my face. "You don't seem quite yourself."

"Oh, I'm all right. I want some good hard brain-work by way of a tonic, that is all. Now, how are we going to do that bit of dialogue? The man had just finished his soliloquy when we left off—'A man in love is like a fly imprisoned in a tumbler; the transparency of his prison makes his captivity seem singularly foolish.' Then the woman has to come in, and turn his theoretical wisdom into practical folly: better give her the opening remark."

"Er—yes, certainly; give the woman the next remark," murmured Nisbet.

"I'll just read through what we did yesterday," I said, following our usual method.

Nisbet was still as a mouse while I was reading. When my voice stopped, he started as if from a fit of abstraction.

"Well?" I observed, with severity.

"Quite so," he agreed; "I should put that in. It sounds all right."

"What sounds all right?"

"Oh, what the girl says next. You suggested something, you know; let's have it again."

"I suggested nothing," I disclaimed, with growing wrath. "I was waiting for some product of your own fertile brain."

Nisbet laughed feebly. "Don't be sarcastic, old fellow. I don't seem to have two ideas in my head this morning. The row must have made me sleepy."

"Probably," I replied grimly.

There was a long pause. I nibbled the end of my quill, glanced at Nisbet from time to time to see if there were any dawn-lights of intelligence visible, drew strange faces on the margin of the paper: but no ideas came, not even the filmiest phantom of an idea which might with enterprise be materialised into a working notion.

"I say, Rutherford," my friend remarked at length.

"Say on, thou bookwright of the flowing fancy!" I returned.

"Isn't this sort of thing"—he waved an airy hand in the direction of the MS.—"isn't this sort of thing rather rot? It seemed funny enough when we started, but—the fact is, we're not in form. Let's chuck it."

I silently turned away from the table. I refilled my pipe, and lit it. I looked down upon Nisbet severely. It did not occur to me that the springs of my own invention had run dry; I remembered only that Nisbet was singularly dull—and that he had been for a row before breakfast.

"Don't look superior, old man!" he pleaded, with another uncomfortable laugh.

"Nisbet, I'm afraid we shall quarrel if we don't have a rest from each other's society," I responded gravely. "I will——"

"Perhaps you are right," he broke in, with an alacrity that bordered too closely on cheerfulness. "You won't want the Canadian, will you? I'll lazy about on the river for a while."

He had taken the words out of my mouth. "I will take the Canadian for a spin on the river, if you don't want it," I was about to observe when he so rudely interrupted me.

"Oh, no; I shall not want it," I did actually say in answer to his remark. "I may take a turn in the punt later, or I may sit out on the roof. Probably the latter; it seems a trifle too warm for exercise of any kind."

The trail of the woman was distinctly visible. Only yesterday had she made her

appearance, yet I was already dissimulating. I allowed Nisbet precisely five minutes by the watch, and then set off after him in the Rob-Roy.

Let me hasten to explain my conduct ; it was not dictated by a spirit of rivalry—what interest could I have in the girl but arose purely from the anxiety I felt with regard to our novel? Nisbet was impressionable—absurdly so. It will be remembered that his endorsement of my zeal for solitude, when we first took up our abode on the house-boat, had been but half-hearted; he had carefully refrained from all mention of *The Merman* at breakfast-time. I put these things together, and saw how grave a danger there was of Nisbet wasting his talents on a less important comedy than the one we were writing. That was why I “stalked” Nisbet up stream this morning.

His conception of “lazing about on the river” was curious ; he was paddling as hard as he could, turning neither to right nor left, and never glancing behind him even for an instant. My worst fears were confirmed : he was making all speed for *The Merman*.

I could paddle faster than Nisbet, and I rapidly overhauled him ; by the time he reached his destination I was not more than fifty yards behind. I watched him slacken speed as he neared the house-boat, turn the Canadian's nose towards the opposite bank, and come to rest under a large beech-tree. I promptly ran into the other bank before he had time to notice me, and from the hiding-place afforded by overhanging willows I watched my friend's movements, smiling grimly to myself the while.

He negligently produced a pipe and tobacco-pouch, lit up, opened a novel that was lying in the bottom of his canoe, and made himself comfortable. I was ashamed of him. To deliberately take up his position almost opposite *The Merman*, in order to obtain a sight of a lady whom he had not the privilege of knowing, struck me as being in the worst possible taste. I wondered if she would come out.

But the fair intruder into our solitude did not put in an appearance. I was sincerely glad that Nisbet's underhand plotting had proved of no avail, though I felt a pardonable curiosity to know if the maiden were really as pretty as I imagined her.

After half an hour's wait, I decided that she must be away for the time being, and paddled noiselessly out into the stream. I idled past Nisbet's hiding-place, glanced—quite by accident—in his direction, and greeted him with a plausible air of surprise.

“Hallo ! you here !” I exclaimed. “I had

made up my mind to stroll gently up stream until I met you. Been here long ?”

“I? Oh, not very long,” said Nisbet, nervously. “I—I thought you were going to lie out on deck !”

“I changed my mind ; it grew dull after a time. Have you found any ideas yet, by the way ?”

“No ; I have found singularly little,” he responded, ruefully.

“Pretty house-boat down there, isn't it ?” I went on with easy commonplaceness. “It seems to be tenanted. Have you noticed the curtains in the windows, and the chrysanthemums? They surely were not there when we first came.”

Nisbet looked across at *The Merman*, and turned to me with a ridiculous affectation of surprise.

“Now you mention it, I believe there are signs of life on board. Who are they, I wonder? I hope they won't make themselves too much in evidence. It was so pleasant to feel that we had the river all to ourselves.”

“Yes ; wasn't it ?” I answered quietly.

Nisbet must have detected some underlying quality of irony in my tones, for he glanced uneasily at me. My face, however, was expressionless, and he dismissed his suspicion, whatever it might have been, with an unconscious sigh of relief.

We paddled home in silence. Silently we ate luncheon, and neither of us mentioned the novel. The atmosphere was becoming strained.

Day followed day. It was noticeable that Nisbet and I spent less and less time in each other's company. We rarely went on to the river together now. We instinctively assumed a surreptitious manner, and cast a veil of stratagem over our slightest actions. One of us would remark carelessly, “I think I will go for a bit of a spin. No good asking you to join me, I suppose? You are growing so confoundedly lazy nowadays.” And the other would acknowledge the soft impeachment, and quietly follow his friend after a sufficient interval had elapsed. Sometimes we met in the neighbourhood of *The Merman*, and on these occasions we would pass each other with a greeting that tried its best to be cheery. Altogether, the situation was worthy of a three-act comedy.

I may, at this stage of the narrative, frankly confess that my sentiments had undergone a change. The maiden did not seem to be particularly associated with the science of match-making ; she might be the golden exception to my grey Laws of Feminine Nature ; she certainly was charming to look

upon, as I had learned from repeated glimpses. So it came about that I grew less interested in keeping my friend out of harm's way: Nisbet's dulness—to use no harsher term—drove me to desire other companionship than his own; and if the Maid of *The Merman* were willing to supply it, what possible objection could there be?

headache. I offered, as in duty bound, to stay and cheer him up, but he would not hear of it.

"I shall be better alone, old man," he protested. "Leave me to sleep it off, and take your customary voyage."

I passed over the insinuation, though I naturally felt a little hurt that Nisbet should



"MY—MY BOAT HAS GONE!" (p. 164).

Various people had appeared on *The Merman* from time to time—an elderly gentleman of military aspect, a vivacious matron, a small brother, and a young man who, I feared, was not a brother. As we were fellow-exiles amid a waste of water, I hoped that chance would bring about an acquaintance with one or other of the party; but Fortune steadfastly refused to smile on me, and I realised that I must make my own opportunity, if opportunity I were to find.

One morning Nisbet awoke with a bad

saddle me with motives which were rightly his.

"Well, if you are sure you can get on without me, I will just canoe down *as far as the lock*," I answered. "The morning air braces one up wonderfully."

I changed my mind in the matter of direction once I found myself afloat. It would be better to get the up-stream work done while I was fresh, and then drift comfortably home. There was no sign of the maiden on board *The Merman*. The elderly

gentleman was seated on the roof, enjoying a Manilla; the boy-of-all-work was making himself astonishingly dirty, under pretence of making the boat clean; the small brother was gyrating in the river with breathless satisfaction; but the maiden was not to be seen.

I went on my way with less eagerness than before. I could not help wondering where the young man who was not her brother chanced to be at the moment; I hoped that he was safely under hatches, but feared that he was not. There was an island some way higher up the river, towards which I bent my course. As I drew near, I espied a boat drawn up under the bank. I approached cautiously, noted that only one pair of oars lay within, and turned my attention to the bank, the soft muddy nature of which suggested to me a piece of true diplomacy. I examined the footprints, and, to my relief, found that they were all of equal size—and the size a feminine one.

Hope deferred had rendered me desperate. I paused not for thought, but straightway unfastened the rope that held the boat and pushed her out into the stream. I knew that she would be stopped at the lock, and eventually restored to her rightful owners; but in the meantime—what?

I strolled through the island, and saw my heart's desire—yes, things had gone thus far with me!—seated on a mossy stone and poring over a book that lay between her knees. She started on hearing me approach, blushed in the way that became her so well, and returned to her book. I, for my part, returned to where my Rob-Roy lay moored, and sat down with a feeling of entire content to await the issue.

She came at last. She drew near to where her boat had been. A little cry of dismay escaped her as she realised that the bird had flown. I looked up with courteous surprise, and raised my cap.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but you seem to be in difficulties. Can I do anything to help you?"

She halted between despair, amusement, and shamefacedness.

"My—my boat has gone," she said, pathetically.

"Has it? I am very sorry. It must have become unfastened and drifted down with the stream; but they will stop it at the lock, you know: it will be all right," I responded, in tones of encouragement.

"Yes, but how am I to get off the island?" she demanded. "I can't play at being Robinson Crusoe until they come to look for me."

Her eyes were fixed longingly upon my

canoe. At this moment a very weak link appeared in my cunningly-wrought chain of duplicity. When I so light-heartedly set my victim's boat adrift, it did not occur to me that my own craft was a Rob-Roy, and therefore incapable of carrying the two of us. I gazed blankly at my companion.

"It is most unfortunate," I ventured. "The chances were two to one in favour of my coming in the Canadian, in which case I could have paddled you safely home. Would you—would you care to take the canoe and send it back for me afterwards?"

"Oh, no! I couldn't keep you waiting here just because I have been silly enough not to tie my boat up properly. Besides, I have never been in that kind of canoe before, and I know I should upset."

I had sufficient grace left in me to feel a twinge of remorse. She was so artless, and her solicitude lest I should suffer inconvenience for her sake was touching.

"There is another way," I suggested. "I might bring you a boat up, only I don't like to leave you stranded here in the meantime."

"You are very kind"—again the guilty feeling, more clearly marked this time. "You can't tell how grateful I should be to you if you would. Oh, no! I shall not mind being left one little bit. I have spent the whole morning here, so half an hour or so longer won't matter."

Her helplessness rendered her singularly approachable. I managed to waste a good deal of time in the process of unfastening my canoe, and we chatted in quite a friendly fashion.

"I feel horribly mean in leaving you like this," I remarked over my shoulder as I set off.

My observation was sincere—I did feel very mean.

"You need not. *Bon voyage!*" she laughed.

"I will be back as soon as——"

I never finished my remark. In turning to utter farewell nothings to the modern Crusoe, I did not notice a Canadian which had come sharply round the island. We collided, and I found myself in the water. A well-known voice struck my ears as I came to the surface and attached myself to my inverted canoe.

"Awfully sorry, old man; I came carelessly round the corner, never dreaming you were there. It was by the nearest shave that I escaped being upset too. Here, I'll take your canoe in hand. You swim to the island, and—ah!"

It was Nisbet, of course—the inevitable Nisbet. I had spun my plans like a delicate cobweb, and he must needs come and buzz

through the texture in his usual blundering fashion. His "ah!" was consequent upon his realising that the maiden stood upon the island, watching the scene with dismayed eyes. He forgot to offer further apology after that.

It was humiliating, but there was nothing to be done but accept Nisbet's proffered suggestion. I landed on that strip of tragic beach in the condition of a half-drowned puppy, my person dripping, my air crestfallen to the last degree. He who had been my friend landed dry, debonair, at peace with himself and the world. *And I deserved it*—that was the bitterest item of all!

"I am so sorry," said the maiden, regarding me with tender solicitude. "If it hadn't been for my stupidity this would never have happened."

"You have lost your boat?" said Nisbet, with a disturbing glance in my direction.

"Yes, I must have fastened it up badly; women never can tie proper knots, you know.

This gentleman happened to be on the island——"

"Ah, yes; *happened* to be on the island," murmured Nisbet, in a stage aside. It seemed as if Nisbet had divined the whole progress of events from start to finish. The dryness of his smile contrasted unpleasantly with the wetness of my person, and made me feel very cold.

"—and he was good enough to offer to fetch a boat for me," proceeded the girl. Then turning to me, "Hadn't you better paddle home as fast as you can? I am awfully afraid of your catching cold."

I began to revive. Despite my feeling of limpness and dejection, I was clearly the hero of the hour. Nisbet was little more than a



"IN THE CONDITION OF A HALF-DROWNED PUPPY."

super, after all—a kind of walking gentleman—and the Maid of *The Merman* was showering a tender rain of solicitude upon me.

"Yes, much better spin home and get into dry things," put in Nisbet, with transparent eagerness. "If Miss——"

"Miss Rugely," supplemented our heroine.

"—if Miss Rugely will do me the honour, I shall be only too happy to take her back in my Canadian."

Miss Rugely hesitated, cast a little half-apologetic, half-despairing glance in my direction, laughed nervously, and bowed to the inevitable. Nisbet, as I have said, was painfully inevitable.

"Now, don't worry about us, old chap," said my friend cheerily, when we were all safely

launched. "You can get back in half the time that we can, and it's no use risking chills and complications!"

"Thank you!" I responded icily; "but I think my constitution can look after itself. We will all keep together."

It was not a happy trio. Nisbet was too distinctly *de trop* to render our voyage anything but constrained and commonplace. As we neared *The Merman*, we met the young man who was not Miss Rugely's brother pulling hard up stream. His face wore a look of agitation, which changed to one of bewilderment when he espied our flotilla.

"Is that you, Eva? Then you're safe. That's all right! I sculled down to the lock, you know, and found the boat you had gone out in this morning. At first I thought something terrible had happened, but I guessed how the land lay when I saw the oars and things safely inside. Was just hurrying up to the island to fetch you off."

Then Miss Rugely explained matters. We introduced ourselves; and when *The Merman* was reached, we received a warm invitation to come on board.

"Only for a moment," said the girl. "I will not let you stay longer until you"—with a glance at my wet garments—"until you have changed. But I do so want you to come and be thanked by mother for all you have done for me. She will be delighted to see you, I know."

"Not a bit necessary," I heard the young man mutter.

But the young man counted for very little, and we went on board. We found Mrs. Rugely charming, and left under a solemn pledge to repeat our visit.

Our conversation at lunch-time was limited to two sentences.

"Your headache seems to have been of short duration," I remarked, after a long and oppressive silence.

"Women *do* tie knots badly, old man, don't they?" responded Nisbet, with a babe-like smile.

The situation was growing intolerable. It became hourly more clear that Nisbet and I could not continue to occupy the same boat.

While I was debating as to the best course of action, however, Fortune entered in disguise and played the part of a true friend to me. I awoke, the second morning after my immersion, with a varied assortment of aches distributed throughout my body. I rapidly grew worse. Nisbet went off for the nearest doctor—in the midst of my pain I could not help wondering if he had passed *The Merman* on the way—and I was "found guilty" of a slight attack of pneumonia.

Nisbet took advantage of my prostration to paddle down to *The Merman*, ostensibly to pay the promised call and to inform them of my illness. But Nisbet's guile was turned to his own undoing. My Maid of *The Merman* was so distressed that I should suffer—perhaps die—for her sake, that she insisted on bundling Nisbet and his belongings out of our house-boat, and establishing Mrs. Rugely and herself there in the capacity of nurses. Mrs. Rugely made a delightful nurse.

And so I naturally grew convalescent. It was a waste of good opportunities not to do so with all speed. And somehow—one never knows quite how these things come about—my dear little girl and I found ourselves engaged.

"And to think that, if I had known how to tie a proper knot, this would never have happened," she whispered to me in the half-light of a mellow afternoon, as I lay propped up with cushions.

"Perhaps it would," I responded, smiling. I felt that my conscience was burdened with a bad debt which I should do well to discharge forthwith.

She looked at me doubtfully.

"What do you mean, dear?" she asked.

"Only that—that—you are quite sure that you regard our engagement as binding?"

Eva evidently thought that the first symptoms of delirium were showing themselves.

"Hadn't you better lie quiet for a little?" she murmured. "You ought not to talk much, you know."

"Yes, I ought," I laughed. "I want to make a confession, little girl; *I untied your boat that morning!*"

"And is that all you have to confess?" she said, much relieved.

"Yes. Am I forgiven? It was for your sake I did it, after all."

She bent over me to perform an act that is peculiarly helpful to a patient who has reached the convalescent stage.

"As you did it for my sake, I forgive you," she whispered. "In fact—in fact—I'm very glad you did."

Our novel is still unfinished. The novel can take care of itself, but the Maid of *The Merman* cannot—at least, she prefers not to do so—and my own little comedy is much too pretty to admit of rivalry. The "sleuth-hounds of Matrimony," once so terrible to my imagination, have proved on closer acquaintance to be the gentlest beasts alive. Nisbet, when I last saw him, was enjoying a brand-new despair; he compared himself to the flowers in late autumn, blighted by the first keen frost of winter. So we are both happy.

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

SO VERY HUMAN.—II.

DRAWN BY HARRY B. NEILSON.



A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.*

BY ELLA MACMAHON.



WAS a child of eight years old at the time ; I am now in middle age. Nevertheless, every detail of this incident is still fresh in my memory. It may be worth while to tell the story. People seem to like these sort of stories nowadays.

It happened in the year of my mother's death. I have reason to remember that year, because it was the first in my short life into which great changes seemed to come. In this year my dear mother was taken from us, and, following closely upon that came the death of my grandfather—my father's father—and, consequently, our coming to Ladyworth.

I shall not here describe Ladyworth. It is, indeed, too well-known to need description by me, especially as of late, owing to the fashionable craze for all things and places antique or historic, this dear old home of ours has been exhaustively written about in various familiar publications and periodicals, in a manner far superior to anything I might attempt.

I shall therefore merely recall the fact that Ladyworth is one of the few remaining examples—and accounted one of the most perfect examples—in England of a moated house. At Ladyworth the moat, unlike those at most other of the great historic places, has not been filled up. It has been drained : that is all. Indeed, when we first went to Ladyworth it had not been completely drained, although it was apparently so.

To us children Ladyworth was a paradise. Hitherto our lives had been spent chiefly between London, where our parents lived, and Torquay, where alone in England my mother enjoyed good health. It may be imagined, therefore, how we revelled in the inexhaustible delights and treasures of our new home. Inexhaustible, in truth, they appeared to us. Our explorations of the house itself, to say nothing of the delights of the park and the gardens, and the orchard and the animals, kept us busy and happy : yes, radiantly happy—such is childhood—for days and weeks together.

I am afraid, however, that just then we were rather neglected children. The truth

was, we elder ones had passed somewhat beyond the nursery stage of our existence, but owing to the terrible upset in the household, consequent upon my mother's death in the first instance and my grandfather's in the second, our schoolroom life, which should under ordinary circumstances have been *un fait accompli*, had not yet definitely begun. In those early days at Ladyworth we were left a good deal to ourselves and our own devices—too much so, indeed. I know that my father did not in the least understand how greatly we were being neglected, or things would have been very different. But he was so occupied at the moment with the manifold duties and businesses which fall to the lot of any man called upon to succeed to a large estate that he was absolutely unable to see much of his children ; and as a matter of fact, I can remember days, and even weeks, when we did not see him at all.

We wandered about at our own sweet will. We were mostly under the care of a certain Susan, one of the nursery-maids : but a person who in our establishment just at that particular crisis seemed to fulfil the duties at one time of nursery-maid, at another of sewing-maid, even taking a turn in the still-room, in default of its appointed functionary not happening to be duly installed in office. Looking back, I can easily now conceive that this poor Susan must have had anything but a pleasant time of it, and that she must have got through her exceedingly diverse duties with a good deal of obliging cleverness and despatch : that, indeed, Susan must have been a somewhat sorely-tried person in those days. Nor have I much doubt *now* but that I must have been by no means the least of her trials.

The excellent Susan was, all the same, a trial to me. Susan never seemed to have any time then—no wonder—to converse with me or to listen to me ; she seemed to be flying here, there, and everywhere from morning till night, at everybody's beck and call. Even the butler appeared unable to clean the plate unless Susan was at his elbow. We—I, in especial—resented this. If Susan was our maid, Susan ought to be left to us undisturbed. Moreover, up to this we had had not only Susan, but nurse herself. The latter was now taken from us, and Susan alone remained. But what a Susan !—a Susan so changed, so hurried, so inattentive, that, as I said one morning very crossly—

* The author is alone responsible for the statements made in this narrative.—ED.

"She might as well not have been Susan at all."

I remember she was brushing my hair when I uttered this declaration : brushing it, indeed, in a manner suggestive of nothing so much as a steeplechase, so furiously, with such leaps and bounds, did the brush career over my unfortunate scalp.

But in these days Susan apparently adopted, once and for all, a generic form of response to every appeal we might make to her. I recollect this response perfectly, the more so because I considerably startled my father and one of my aunts some little time afterwards by handing it on to them with the peculiar complacency observable in the purveyor of borrowed epigrams. It was as follows :—

"Drat it all ! don't be a-worritin' of a body now !"

No doubt it was an admirable answer—from Susan's point of view.

But this was how it came to pass that we were left so much alone, and how we came to find for ourselves objects wherewith to fill up pleasantly our spare time ; for we had a good deal of spare time just then. Lessons, even nursery ones, had fallen into complete desuetude, and our new governess having not yet arrived to inaugurate a school-room dynasty in our behalf, we were free to pursue our wanderings upstairs and downstairs and through every chamber, as the old song has it.

Among those wanderings, it was a cherished scheme of mine to explore the old dungeons. Amy and I planned to do it. Amy was my next sister. There was only a year between our ages, and, as we were a family which hunted very much in couples, Amy was my pair. So Amy and I planned a grand expedition to the dungeons ; at least, I planned it, and Amy nodded her

round brown head and said "All right," and looked willing to follow my lead : which was just as it should be, and the chief reason indeed of the perfect amity that existed between us.

Strange to say, I had a vague, but perfectly unmistakable, feeling that the dungeons were just the one place we should not have entered. I am sorry to say that this only added a keener zest to my desire to enter them.

I do not know whether Amy experienced anything of a similar nature ; as a matter of fact, I didn't inquire, because our relative positions were so clearly established—namely, I commanded and Amy obeyed—that nothing more was ever necessary. If Amy had qualms, she did not say so. It is just possible she did not dare say so, for *I* was ready ; and



"WE COULD NOT PUSH IT FURTHER OPEN" (p. 170).

Amy, of course, was ready to do what I wished.

The dungeons at Ladyworth are, it is well known now, a distinct feature of the place. They are many centuries old—dating, indeed, from early Norman times. At the present day we have a proper guide to take visitors round them.

They are approached from the house by a semicircular stone staircase leading from an apartment—also very ancient—which we call the “lamp-room.” We speak of it thus because the oil-barrels stand there and the lamps are trimmed and filled there, its immensely thick stone walls and ceiling making it a safe custodian of inflammable materials.

Amy and I chose an afternoon. Susan, as usual, was busy trying to be in two dozen places at once, and doing everybody's work except, perhaps, her own. That probably was how we got free for so long, and were not missed.

We reached the lamp-room, we reached the staircase, we reached the door of the dungeons. Happiness unimaginable, the door was ajar! But it was only slightly ajar: I remember that; and I remember that we could not push it further open, owing to its great solidity and age, and the rusty hinges. So we had to scrape through, as we said afterwards, edge-wise, though, as Amy remarked:—

“We wasn't so *vezy* fat.”

Amy still turned her r's into z's in moments of excitement.

At all events, we got through, luckily without any bodily injury, although it was only by a merciful escape that I did not put out my right eye with a projecting latch of iron which stuck out of the old door. Nothing worse happened to us, however, than that our hair was wreathed and powdered with fine cobwebs.

We got through: we were there! We drew a long breath. Amy came a little closer to me—“snoozled up,” as I said contemptuously.

“It's *vezy dark*,” she whispered, with just ever so perceptible a tremble in her voice.

“Nonsense, Amy. What a great baby you are!”

This was the one taunt Amy's sweet temper was not proof against. To be a baby at seven years old was terrible; to be *called* a baby was unendurable.

She dropped my hand.

“I ain't,” she said, with something like an accent of rebellion in her voice—“I ain't more 'n you are. I don't mind 'n dark—dark's so nice.”

Hum! well, perhaps it was. That sort of

“dark,” too: rather, indeed, a glimmering twilight, through which, as our eyes got accustomed to it, we saw low-vaulted walls and arches of grim grey stone, with here and there an iron ring fastened in the wall, and here and there a bit of rusty iron chain lying on the dark dank floor.

Now that I was in, I don't think I *quite* liked it. But I wasn't going to say so or to turn back till I had seen all that was to be seen—oh dear no! especially with Amy there.

We poked our way onwards.

I ought to explain that I had heard, in some of the mysterious ways in which children manage to hear so much that is not intended for their little ears—I had heard of the subterranean passage supposed to exist, and which did, in truth, exist between the dungeons and the park.

What fired my childish brain and imagination now was the prospect of emerging at the other end of this passage, and boasting triumphantly to Susan and to my father of the splendour of my achievement. So we pushed on—on in the dim twilight. I think we must have gone backwards and forwards a good deal: judging, at least, by the length of time we must have spent there. After a while it seemed to me that the floor beneath us was fashioned in a gradually descending scale. In places, too, it was becoming slippery, growing more and more so as we progressed, till actually under our feet damp green slime spread itself, and caught even our shoes. Of course that should have warned us!—but, a pair of babies, what did we know?

I remember that I began to talk a good deal and very loudly. The principle on which I did this will be easily understood. Once Amy tripped over a bit of rusty iron bar; once, as we got further into the green slime, my feet nearly went from under me; and once I hit my head with a horrible bang right against a block of the heavy stone masonry. Poof! how my head throbbed and ached for a minute, and wild sparks of fiery light danced before my eyes! I recovered, however, and we groped further.

Then I saw light under one of the arches. Amy saw it too, and giggled delightedly. Poor little Amy; I think she must have been half sick with fright; but she was such a loyal child always to me, she would not for the world have said so.

But there was the light. We saw it more and more clearly—grey, luminous, translucent shafts of light slanting across the horizon under the arches. We quickened our paces on the slippery floor. The latter was getting more and more damp and slimy. Amy said

her shoes were wet. I said that we were nearly *there* now.

Then somehow the light eluded us again. Somehow it appeared to us to go out, as it were, in that dim all-absorbing twilight. The atmosphere, damp and chill and earthy as it was, grew damper and chillier, till it reached actual coldness. Odd vapours rose up about us. Still we kept on, on, in our race towards those arches, with the curious horizon lying across their open space, and the ground ever more and more inclining downwards.

Suddenly, Amy stopped—stopped just for a moment to pull up her little white sock, which had fallen limply down from her round pink leg over the black strap and button of her shoe.

Was it chance or accident, the disarrangement of that sock? How can I tell; but ah! I think not.

I stopped too, perforce; but I was impatient. I pulled her pinafore.

"Make haste, Amy," I said imperiously.

She was tugging at the white sock—I was tugging at her white pinafore.

I cannot paint in words—I am but a poor hand at that—the place, the children, or the faint dark atmosphere that loomed above, below, around, and, beyond all, *before* them as they stood. I cannot do it. I can only tell what happened.

I heard *my mother's voice!* Her voice—my dear mother's—calling us softly, just as she had often called us in her lifetime: first my name, then Amy's.

Amy stood up like a bow bent back, so swiftly did her attitude change. She flung out her short round arms and her small red hands.

"Mamma," she cried—"Mamma, mamma; oh! *where* are you?"

The voice again. *Behind* us—calling us to her. My little sister turned towards the sound at once. I—although the habit of obedience to our mother was lifelong—yet I hesitated for just one second. I loved my own way. And yet, I had no fear, mind you, oh, none, not a scintilla, though if I heard her voice this day as I write, I *know* I should fear—fear greatly.

Ah! Are not the children nearer to the spirit world than we can be? Does not the world of flesh, and sin, and self, stop our ears so that we cannot hear, and close our eyes so that we cannot see, many things which yet are revealed to the little ones? Surely.

We heard the voice still calling—calling to us softly, in the dear familiar accents—calling us away from the goal to which we pressed.

Amy had turned; I paused. But lifelong

habit cannot be broken in one moment. My mother had trained her children to obey her: trained them to obedience and love. Not the one without the other; nay, there cannot be the one without the other.

I turned and followed the voice with Amy.

We trotted—almost trotted, as fast as the slippery ground would let us, still following the voice.

"Mamma, mamma!" that was the burden of our cry—the echoing word upon our lips. We forgot everything—even that we were completely retracing our footsteps. I forgot my cherished scheme of splendour: everything went but *her* voice, and her presence, which we felt was *there* before us, close to us—so close that we might—might we not?—stretch out our hands and draw her—clasp her once more to our very selves.

I cannot quite recall how many times her voice called us. But it certainly did so more than twice or thrice. It scarcely ceased till—there was a bend in the curving walls—till we saw a light: the warm, flickering light of candle or lamp. I looked up; her voice was still—we never heard it again, never, never, never; but—we were in our father's arms.

He lifted us both up, one after the other, bodily.

Susan was behind him with the candle. He was very pale, and I can see even now the look upon his face: a look of deadly terror.

He could not speak, but we did—at least, I did, and Amy nodded and put in a word occasionally, *very* occasionally: that was Amy's part always. I took the lead, she followed.

I talked volubly all the way along up the stairs and through the corridors to our father's own sitting-room, to which he brought us. He carried Amy, and I walked beside him, holding his hand.

I told him all about it, and we cried to him for "Mamma, mamma!" Wouldn't *he* fetch her—call her? for she was there: there behind us.

At first I don't think he heard, or heeded, or understood. When he got to his room, he sat down in a big arm-chair, and lifted me on to one knee, and set Amy on the other. He put his arms round us and held us to him, and I felt his hands tremble. We, childlike, could think of nothing but the mother whom we wanted.

After a little my father seemed to listen and to heed. Then he made me begin again and tell him all. "Very slowly;" he said, for I spoke at that time as if I were paid for so many words a minute.



"‘MAMMA,’ SHE CRIED—‘MAMMA, MAMMA; OH! WHERE ARE YOU?’" (p. 171).

"Daddy, tell her to come; do please, daddy," that was what we cried to him when I had finished once more. I shall never forget his face.

"My God!" he muttered, "oh, my God! What can I say to them? What an escape!"

The white pallor of his lips struck even my childish inattention. There were tears—dark heavy tears—in his eyes. He drew our heads against his breast and kissed us. We wriggled in his embrace, and cried, "Mamma, mamma!" again.

What could he say to us? Ah, what? Nothing, except to tell us of the deadly peril from which we had escaped.

My mother's voice had called us, her children, from sure and certain death. At the moment when we heard it we must have been on the edge of a hideous precipice—I can give it no other name. One step—nay, *half* a step—forward, and we had fallen into a great pool of turbid water and foul slime; and in that water and slime we had been drowned and smothered horribly.

I have said that the moat was not then quite drained. It met the old dungeons just beneath the spot on which we were standing. The arches under which we saw the grey daylight of the outside world opened at one point into it, the floor descending sheer into the water. This point was under where the drawbridge stood in long-past days. We in our wanderings had got into the outer

vaults of the dungeons, between which and the inner vaults the doors were broken down. My father, knowing this, his state of mind may be imagined when, on our being missed, the hall boy declared he had seen us going into the lamp-room.

The moat has been thoroughly drained and made safe now, so the visitors of to-day need have no fear. But it was an adjunct of the mediæval dungeon very horrible to contemplate, especially as in olden times a current came up from the river close by, and swept all that fell into the moat down stream for miles.

My tale is told. I have nothing to add, no hypothesis to support, no explanation to offer, no comment worthy of record.

I heard—we heard—the voice which called us from a terrible death four months after she whose voice it was had been laid in her grave. We have never heard it since—never—never. What more is there to say?

These things are, we know not whence, we know not wherefore. They are, we are, and the unseen is around us everywhere,

"I Love my Jean."

SONG FOR BARITONE VOICE.

Words by BURNS.

Music by STANLEY DALE, Mus. Doc., B.A., Oxon.

VOICE. *f*

1. Of a' the airts the
2. I see her in the

2nd Ver., *p e più lento*. 2. I see her in the

Con spirito. *ff* *p* *marcato*. (2nd Ver. *ff*)

Con Ped.

dim.

wind can blaw, I dear-ly like the west, For there the bon-nie las-sie lives, The las-sie I lo'e
dew-y flow'rs, I see her sweet and fair, I hear her in the tune-fu' birds, I hear her charm the

dim.

ff *rit.*

best. There wild woods grow and ri-vers row, And mo-nie a hill be-tween; But
air. There's not a bon-nie flow'r that springs By foun-tain, shaw, or green, There's

rit.

f a tempo. *rit.* . . . *ff a tempo.*

day and night my fan-cy's flight Is ev-er wi' my Jean,..... But day and night my
not a bon-nie bird that sings But minds me of my Jean,..... There's not a bon-nie

a tempo. *ff a tempo.*

rit.

rit. . . . 1st verse. 2nd verse. FINE.

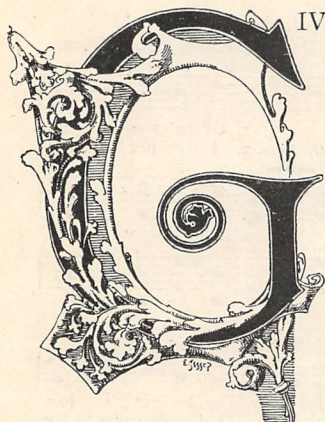
fan-cy's flight Is ev-er wi' my Jean..... Jean.....

bird that sings But minds me of my Jean.....

ff *a tempo.* FINE.

YACHTING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY THE EARL OF DESART.



IVEN the time and the money—which latter need not be so very much, while the former should be not less than four months—a man and a man's wife cannot do much better than take a winter's yachting saunter in the tideless sea surrounded and inspired by so many traditions—classical, mythological, poetical, historical, and Cook's touristical. But the man and his wife should guard in the first instance against putting any credence in the vague popular notion that the Mediterranean is a blue and placid lake, to be reached—by the yacht—through the fiery ordeal of Biscay's Bay, and by the prudent owner through the medium of Charing Cross and the *train de luxe*.

As a matter of fact, the Mediterranean is a most treacherous sea; constructed apparently for the especial annoyance of the British yachtsman; for, when in its tantrums, its waves seem exactly to fit the average-sized yacht: that is, to take her length neatly and exactly inside the trough, so that her progress resembles nothing so much as that of a man pursuing the fox in Kentish or Surrey market gardens. It is all jumping; and that, as the toughest old salt will admit, is bad for even the seasoned sea stomach.

And the dreaded Bay of Biscay? Well, the present writer has crossed it many times in yachts ranging from seventy to two hundred tons, and has always found it as peaceable as a political ticket meeting. Of course, when it is bad, it resembles the little girl with the curl "right in the middle of her forehead"—it is horrid. But it is a big kind of horridness that doesn't trouble the yacht size of ship nearly so much as the petty spite of the inland sea. I do not allude to a real Atlantic storm, when all vessels, of whatever size, suffer alike; but even then I venture to assert that a well-found sailing yacht—*lying-to*—will be far more comfortable than she would be—*sailing*—in equally bad weather in the Mediterranean, or than a big liner bound to keep to time. Have we not read in the papers of battened-down passengers breaking their limbs as the heavy seas strike the great fabric of the on-rushing monster with the mails?

To lie-to is the great privilege of the pleasure ship; and any vessel that will not do so should at once be sold by public auction—which is equivalent to giving her away.

Now as to the kind of yacht to go a Mediterranean cruise. Many people, especially those in a hurry, will tell you that a steamer is the only thing. Others will advocate an auxiliary—that is, a vessel fully rigged for sailing, and with a small set of engines lurking in her interior, taking up the room of what should be the best cabin. Others—and these latter folk will be very downright in their opinion—will swear by the old-fashioned sailing-ship, propelled by the winds of Heaven and nothing else.

All three have their merits and demerits, like Cabinet Ministers and crossing-sweepers. Steam—*pace* Mr. Clark Russell—has no romance, no sentiment; there is no delightful uncertainty about it. You can count the revolutions of the engines, and that is about all you can do in the way of amusement, as you glide along at your ten or twelve or fifteen knots per hour. Or you can talk to your skipper about the best place to fill up your coal bunkers; and speculate on the sort of stuff you will get into them. There are none of the sudden changes that (especially in the Mediterranean) keep your mind always on the alert when sailing. A shift of wind only means a pleasanter style of progression, or the reverse; more rolling or less; a knot or two to be added or deducted from your speed.

In a sailing-ship you may, when you turn into your bunk, be pitching merrily bows under—to the discomfort of your elbows as you undress—against a head wind and sea, and making some three knots ahead to one to leeward; and just as you wake from your first sleep and are about to sleep again, you become aware of a deliciously smooth motion, with long, regular, lurching swoops, and you know that the wind has freed you, and that you are reaching along at nine or ten knots, pointing straight for your destination. A breakfast time you may come up on deck to find a dead calm and the vessel's head where her tail should be, and before luncheon (meals always especially mark the time on board ship) you may be running dead before a smart breeze with every stitch of canvas drawing, and the white-crested waves hurrying after you, spluttering, as if envious of your speed.

Take that running, too. If the wind pipes up and the sea pipes up also, how interesting it is to watch the big combers coming at you,

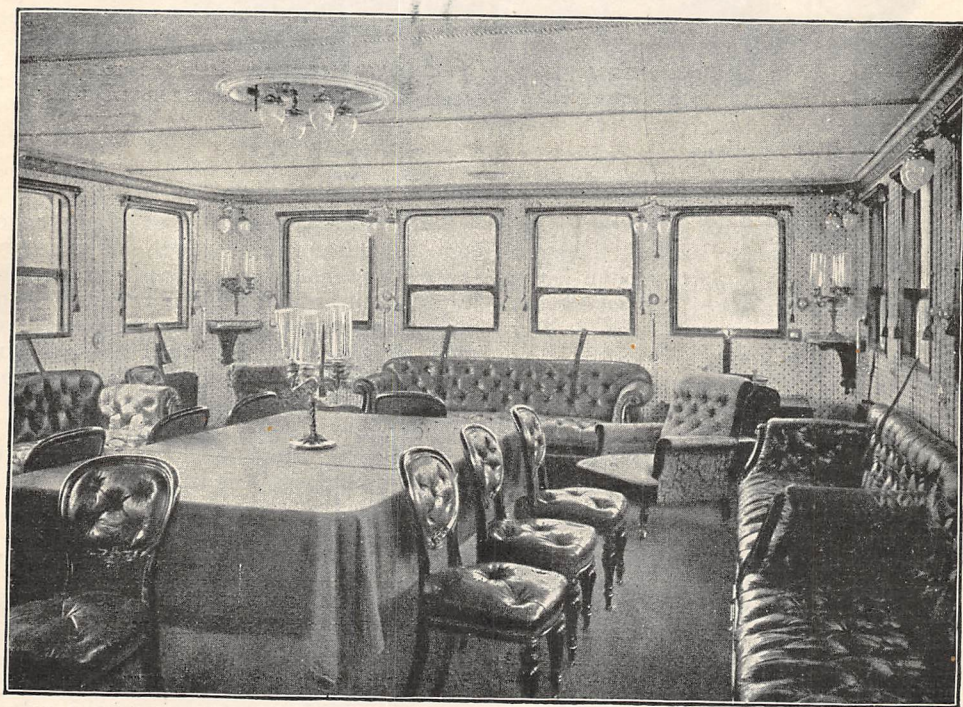
grimly determined to overwhelm the intruder on their playground: to see them suddenly subside meekly under the counter, with perhaps an angry spurt of harmless spray water upon the deck. And how equally interesting to watch the main-boom—if you have not been extra-prudent and shifted mainsail for trysail—and the man at the helm! Any little error of his, any extra big sea to knock the hull silly, and bang! over will come that great spar, and Heaven only knows what will happen to you then! But it is good fun, and safe enough withal: for count me on the fingers (one hand will do), the number of well-found yachts that have come to grief at sea in living memory.

Then with the steamer there is the ever recurrent agony of coaling. Coaldust everywhere; the decks grimy; even the knick-knacks in the main-cabin sooty; your eyes full, your temper shaky, and perhaps your dear wife not quite as pleasant as usual when

less, while there can be scarcely any concatenation of accidents in a sailing-ship—short of dismastment—that does not leave you some means of progression, or at least of being comfortable and safe until damages are repaired.

As to the hybrid, the auxiliary, which has been described as the type of vessel that can neither steam nor sail, it has many patent advantages. For long voyages of the *Sunbeam* kind it is the only thing: ordinary steam-yachts cannot carry coal enough for these. But it has one great pecuniary disadvantage—the double crew: on deck and below. It entails also the coaling nuisance; and, although many yachting men will disagree with me, I do not think it is the type of boat in which to spend a pleasant winter in the Mediterranean.

Special pleading for sail power only? Perhaps. I do honestly believe that you get more enjoyment out of a good schooner or yawl in a week than a month's runs from



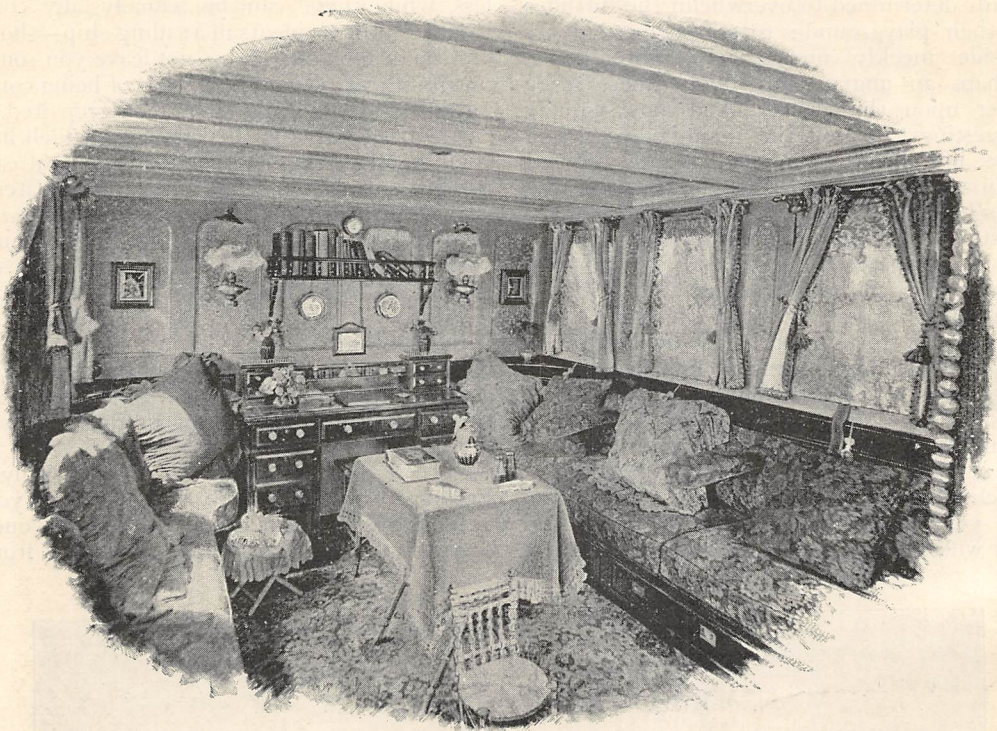
DECK CABIN OF THE ROYAL YACHT VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

(From a photograph by Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.)

she finds her beautiful new cretonne in the after-cabin blackened and spoiled.

To nervous people, too, a sailing-yacht should be preferable to a steamer; for, when anything does go wrong with the latter, it is everything. When the engines won't drive you in bad weather, you are practically help-

port to port in a steamer will give you; and, unless you go to "do" a certain amount of sightseeing in a given time, and not to yacht first and sightsee afterwards, you will do well to trust yourself to the winds and discard the oil and its stink, and the coal and its dust, and the rest of a steamer's amenities.



THE DECK-HOUSE OF THE WATER LILY.
(From a photograph by Kirk & Sons, Cowes.)

Let us imagine you have decided on sail.

Having your schooner or yawl of some two hundred tons, the next important point is the selection of skipper and crew. As regards the former, it is absolutely essential that he be a man to suit your temper: a pleasant man; one with whom you can comfortably converse in the dark watches, or when trying to subdue the irritation caused by a dead calm, a big sea left by some previous gale, a banging boom, creaking gaff, and your port almost in sight. Of course, you want a good navigator and sailor man, but really it is almost better to be wrecked—so long as you are not very much wrecked—with the agreeable skipper who makes yacht life pleasant to you while you float, than to come home safe with one of your sour sea-dogs, whose one idea is to earn his wages, and whose sole repartee or response to your neatest humour is an exhortation over the side.

With regard to the engaging of the crew, interfere as little as possible: it is not your business, only the skipper's; but if you can get a few musical geniuses among them, so much the better. It is always pleasant when far from your native land to hear the songs of her, even though they have twenty monotonous verses and are gloomy to suicide.

And as to grumblers! If there be one such in your crowd on deck, let him go, even though you have to bribe him over the side; for a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, and otherwise you would soon have all your men rightly struggling to be free from a bondage which gave them no turtle soup, truffles, and champagne—even insisted on anchor watches being absolutely kept!

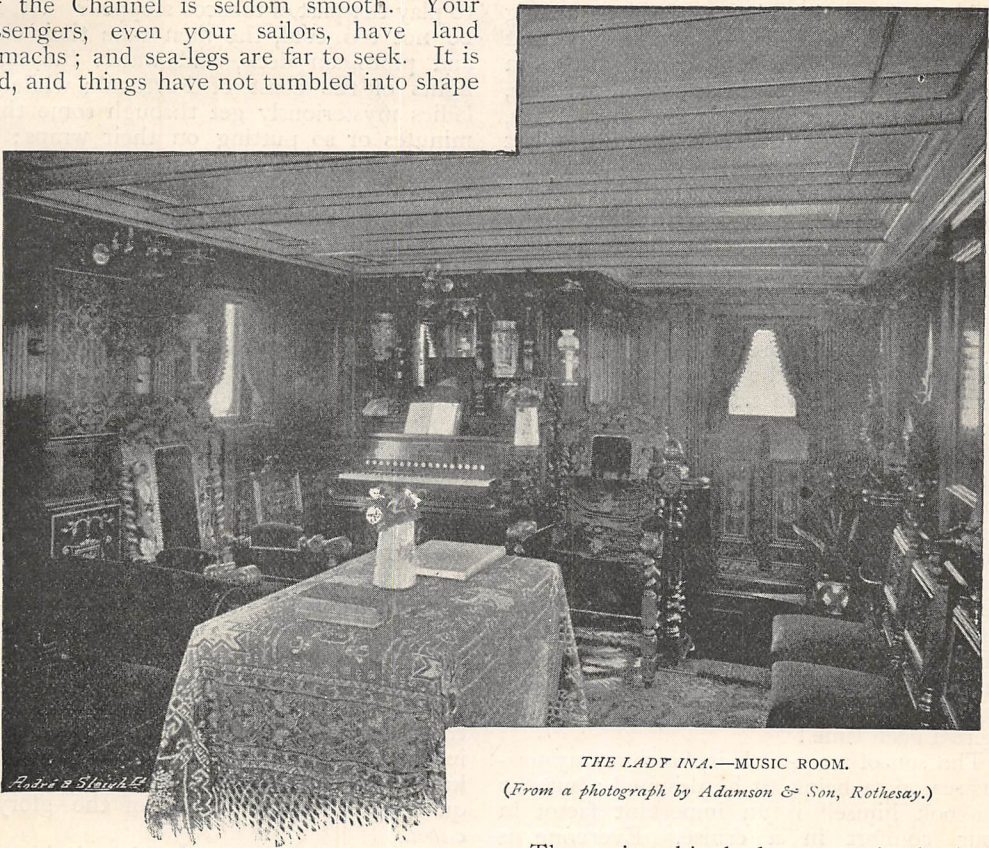
Then comes the question of the passengers. In choosing them recollect that if you have mildly disliked some habits of a friend on shore, those habits after a week, or less, at sea will tempt you to cut his throat, or your own.

The best-tempered individual is apt to be querulous when a bit of a kick-up has made him what he calls bilious (but what is really s—s—k), and I rather doubt whether Job himself would have safely passed the ordeal of luncheon in a hot cabin when beating down Channel against a fresh breeze and lumpy sea, bound, in honour of his new yachting suit, to smile and smile and thrust the hateful cutlet down his throat, while aware that a curious green tint is spreading over his erst healthy cheeks and that his fellow-men are furtively grinning at the prospect of impending disaster.

Someone—a lady for choice—who can sing is a great addition to a yacht party ; and there should certainly be four whist lovers, who also should take a benevolent interest in cribbage, *bézique* or piquet. A beauty on board is a great thing ; she gets you far more civility from foreign officials than yellow gold, or even the white ensign of the R.Y.S. ; and if you can only find and capture that *rara avis*, the man who is “such good company,” and who knows when to begin and how to stop, you may get your mainsail and anchors up, and sail away with a favouring slant of wind from Southampton or elsewhere, esteeming yourself as highly favoured among yacht owners.

It is truly the *premier pas*—the Pas de Calais—that costs in this matter. In November the Channel is seldom smooth. Your passengers, even your sailors, have land stomachs ; and sea-legs are far to seek. It is cold, and things have not tumbled into shape

regular Atlantic rollers ; your beauty staggers from her cabin and looks at the sea ; your “good company” man makes his first joke ; your mate takes the most credulous-looking passenger aside and tells him hideously untruthful yarns, for which mates have a speciality, which leaves them when they become “cap’ens.” The smell of dinner from the galley comes stealing along the deck ; the steward—ostentatiously disdaining to avail himself of any help against the quick heave of the waves—trips along to tell you that dinner is ready ; and while the cliffs of Albion recede into oblivion you eat your first meal on board and drink success to your voyage in search of innocent, and, perhaps, instructive, pleasure.



THE LADY INA.—MUSIC ROOM.

(From a photograph by Adamson & Son, Rothesay.)

on board ; although they are probably tumbling about a good deal otherwise. Either the head steward or the cook is very likely unwell. He calls it neuralgia, or something of that sort ; and you hesitate to choose whether it is the result of parting glasses overnight, or of the motion.

But soon things settle down ; the spiteful Channel seas are exchanged for long and

The main-cabin looks so cosy in the lamp-light ; the little knick-knacks that remind you of home gleam with a new charm ; the water swishing by the ship's side makes a sweet and subtle music ; the elastic feel of the ship under your feet as she flies the seas gives you a new and exhilarating feeling of buoyancy and emancipation from the stolid solidity of the earth. It is a home, and a delicious one, this little oasis of wood in the

desert of water; and you turn in, after a business talk on deck with the skipper, happy as a newly-made peer, and utterly regardless of such trifles as tempests, rocks, fog, or collision.

Talking of collisions reminds me of a little incident of some five years ago, which is characteristic of sailors' practical common sense. I was lying becalmed—floating about helplessly—on a dark night, some five miles outside Ajaccio harbour. The French President, M. Carnot, had just been there, and there had been high jinks, which we missed through the contrariety of the winds. Well, out of the harbour came a number of great ships of war, the French and Italian fleets; and what recked their officers, flushed with "ponch d'honneur," of a little English yacht bobbing about in aimless fashion among them? One of them—a turret-ship that looked, I am told, at least a million tons in the gloom—came straight at us, and our flare, or blue light, kept on deck for emergencies, had no effect on her course till the last moment, when she altered her helm and shaved us by a few yards. Had that alteration of helm come a second later there would have been paragraphs in the London papers, "A yacht missing," and the eventual writing off of that yacht's number at Lloyd's as "foundered at sea;" for the going over us would have scarcely woke the iron-clad's captain, and the officer of the watch would naturally have said nothing about the incident.

But where the sailor man's common sense came in was here: I had—seeing it was hopeless to think of getting into harbour that night—retired to my berth before the fleets emerged, and only heard of our narrow escape next morning. To my question why we down below were not warned of the imminent catastrophe, I received the reply, "It would have been no use your coming on deck: she'd have gone clean over us; and her sides were too high for a jump, even if there'd been time!"

The son of a sea-cook is, for some mysterious reason, a being to be despised; but the sea-cook himself is an important factor in your comfort in a cruise. Everyone is greedy on board ship; and the grand truthfulness of the ocean does away with land hypocrisy, as it does away with dyspepsia. The *mauvais quart d'heure*, with its penalties and restrained impatience, has no place there—the steward's announcement means a rush into the main cabin, where no *menu* is required, for all intend to go "nap," or eat all that is set before them.

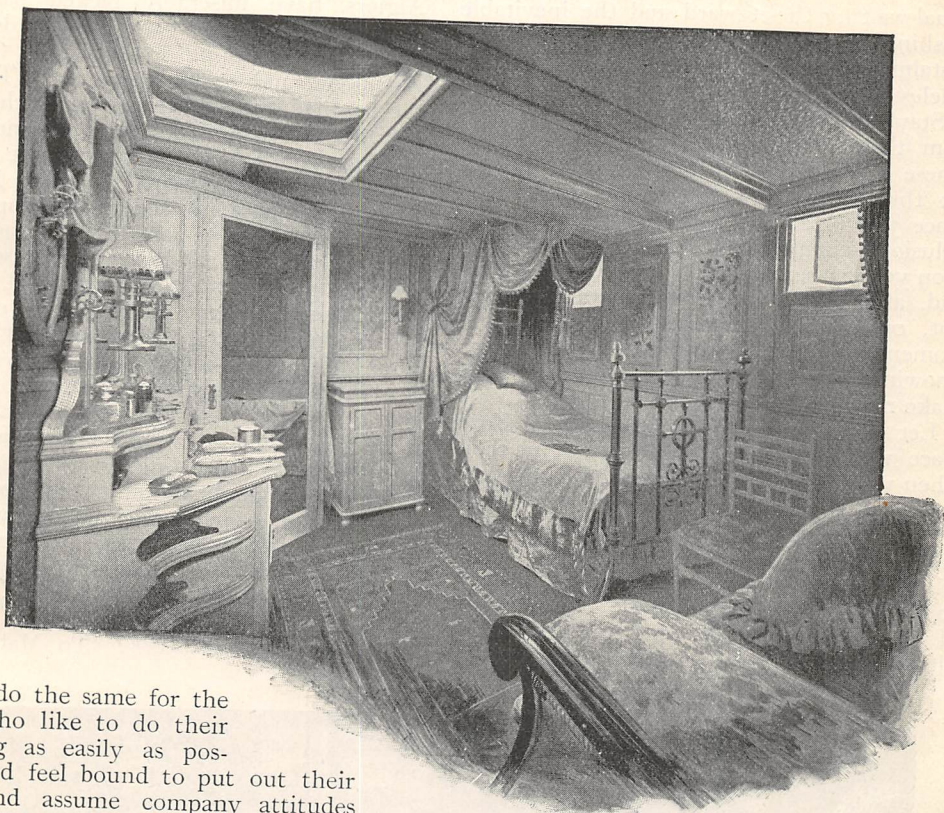
And what cheery meals these are! There

has been a biggish sea running all day; just before you have dived down the companion to smarten yourself you have made out Cape Finisterre; the maligned Bay is passed, or nearly so. The passengers are all—or nearly all—hardened sailors. How everyone laughs when a lurch sends the swinging-table up to A's nose on one side, and against B's knees on the other; while the sherry decanter stands on its head, and the second steward—second stewards not having the dignity, never have the equilibrium of their chiefs—flies prone on to the lee sofa! How the difficulty of conveying each mouthful to your mouth enhances its value when arrived!

Even James I. would have allowed smoking after dinner at sea; and what lady in these days of revolt against femininity would dare to play the part of tobacco stopper? Or, if it be not too cold, the men take their cigars and pipes on deck, and watch the far-off lights of the coast of Portugal; while the ladies mysteriously get through some thirty minutes or so putting on their wraps; and the stewards deftly transform the main cabin from a dining-chamber into a cosy sitting-room, with open piano, cards, cribbage-board, and—if no Veto men be with you—an unobtrusive tray at one end of the table.

From the deck, as you pace to and fro with steps cleverly devised to meet the roll and circumvent the pitch, you turn now and again from the contemplation of the low dark land on the port side and the wide expanse of glittering water on the starboard, to that light shining up from the centre of the ship; and after a chat with the man at the wheel, a look at the compass, another at the sky, the usual remarks as to the pace you are going—when your optimistic computation is always cut down a couple of knots by the steering pessimist—you all merrily climb—backwards if you are landsmen and women and obey sea traditions—down the companion, and soon are deep in the difficulties of keeping your temper when your call for trumps is obstinately ignored; or in the intricacies of those unreasonable two for his knob; or the delights of point, quint, and quatorze, and the chance of the glory of *capot*.

Then, when you sleep on board ship, how you do sleep! Even like the newspaper murderer on his last night. There are yacht owners, or "guv'nors," as their men always call them, who are barbarous enough—at least, so I have heard—to insist on their male guests being placed in the watches and made to keep them. But such practices are absurd. They have neither object nor excuse; except to make innocent landsmen uncomfortable,



THE LADY CASSANDRA.—THE BEDROOM.
(From a photograph by Adamson & Son, Rothesay.)

and to do the same for the crew, who like to do their watching as easily as possible, and feel bound to put out their pipes and assume company attitudes when a passenger is among them. No. Let your crew watch: they are paid for it; and let your friends sleep. If the guv'nor likes to keep watch himself, that is his own look-out; and he deserves no pity at breakfast when he recounts how cold and bored he was, or how he got drenched by that bit of sea, or tumbled into the lee-scutters when "she" took that lurch to leeward.

In yachting there seems nothing pleasanter than leaving a harbour, till you are out at sea, and that is delicious; but still more charming is reaching another harbour. After a week or so of sailing, is it not music to hear the "Stand clear below! One—two—let go!" and the quick grating of the anchor chain as it follows your hook to the friendly holding ground? And how can you experience a pleasanter sensation than when you come on deck on a fine crisp morning to find yourself moored safely off the New Mole of Gibraltar, with the grand old rock towering above you?

Then the letters—so many things happen in a week: the excitement of your beauty, who, like Angelina of the ballad, does not absolutely abominate the brave men who fight for their country; the civility of the Senior Naval Officer (who hates being called

the Captain of the Port, and is therefore nearly always so styled by new-comers); the monkeys that you probably don't see, and the galleries that the ladies do see, but not the men. The former—oh, New Woman, see to it!—are supposed to be unable to grasp the secrets of these fortifications, and are contemptuously let in where their brothers and husbands fear to tread.

I fancy Gibraltar has been described before, so will not let my yacht dwell there, but pass away into the Mediterranean, with this advice: Go, if you have time, to Tangier, but do not be persuaded to visit Tetuan. The former is quite as Oriental as the latter and far easier to get at. Do not hunt with the Calpe foxhounds unless you can raise a trustworthy steed. Some of those to be hired cannot safely be galloped down-hill, and will not go much out of a walk up hill; and it is all up or down hill in the Calpe country. And do not expect too much of Cork Wood picnics, and you will not be disappointed.

Well, Gibraltar is bidden good-bye, the anchor is short under the bow, and after the

usual wait for the steward and the inevitable washing, or the caterer's dinghy with the last instalment of stores, you are off, with all the tideless sea to roam in at your wicked will.

Stay, there is one great bar to your freedom that I must not forget—the letters. These are to go to such a place: therefore, let the winds blow as they may, to that place you must also go. But this is only a delusion—chance them. You have no idea how soon you get accustomed to receiving none; and, after all, if the Government is turned out, or Ireland conquered by America, or women permitted to sit in Parliament, your knowing it a little sooner or later will not make much difference.

Let your letters be sent to some likely place with a civilised post-office; and then, when you arrive somewhere that tempts you to stay a week or so, telegraph for them. That is the only way to be happy when taking a cruise. I have known men whose whole pleasure has been absolutely spoiled by their letters and their washing; who, instead of obeying the finger of Fate and sailing pleasantly and quickly with the wind to

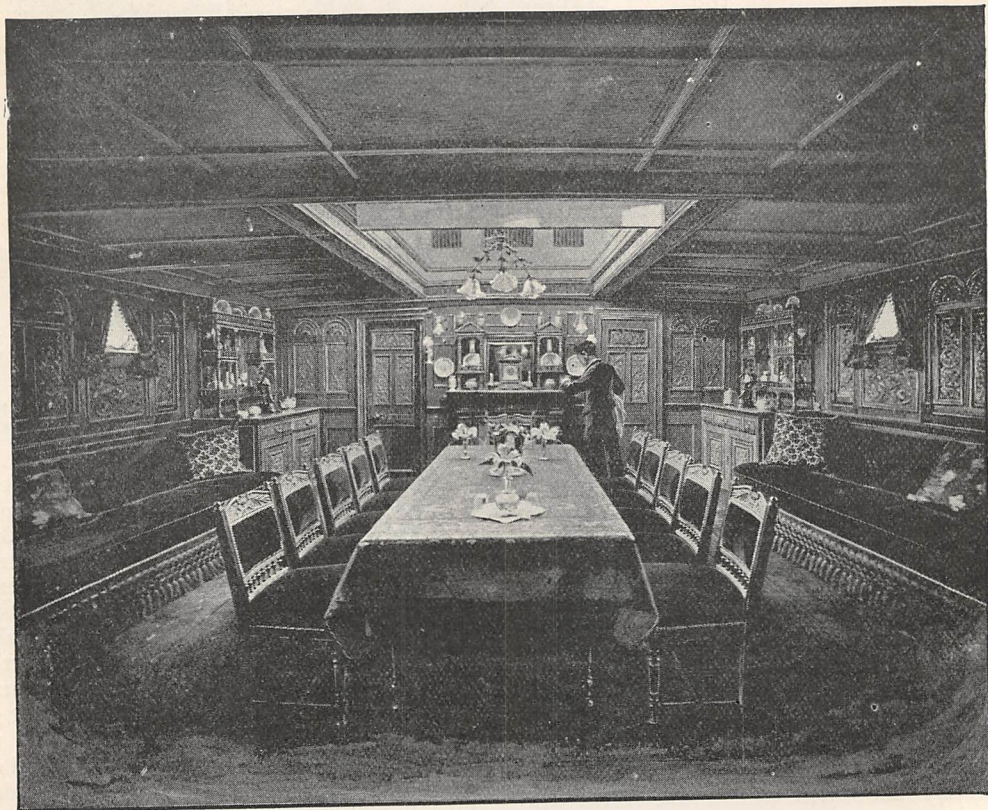
Algiers, have miserably tacked backwards and forwards, with no inch of dry deck and the utmost straining of their gear, to reach Barcelona, and to find that Aunt Tabitha's cat has had three kittens, and Uncle Toby's eldest boy is suspected of incipient measles.

A man on a Mediterranean cruise must be a free man, like an archbishop when he takes his holiday and announces in the papers that his letters are to be sent to the palace, to be opened and answered by someone else.

As to washing. If your steward dare to take linen on shore (no matter if even the beauty herself has pleaded to him) without your knowledge, then let there be no mercy—keel-hauling or the yard-arm are the only meet punishments.

Many a yachting owner who has neglected to emphasise his feelings in this regard has often sadly thought—after those dreary days of waiting in some uncongenial port when the wind was fair for the haven he longed to be at—that at his autopsy the word "Washing" would be found written on his heart.

We are through the Straits of Gibraltar. Whither shall we steer? To Malaga first,



THE LADY INA.—THE DINING-ROOM.
(From a photograph by Adamson & Son, Rothesay.)

and then by train—with an abominable lunch *en route* at Bobadilla—to Granada to shiver amid the summer-sun-wanting beauties of the Alhambra? Or to Algiers, where we may meet many friends at the English Club; dance and play lawn-tennis; ride with fair ladies and uniformed officers in the reckless "Rallye-Papier;" compare the dignified and sombre Arab with the dapper little French soldier on the Place; do the old town, to be done in our purchases there; and perchance pay our gold pieces to attend the mysterious function yclept the Assoui; and see the quasi-holy men eat scorpions and

Sometimes in the after-days, when you turn over your book of photographs—a camera is indispensable on a cruise—you may be inclined to wonder why they bring back such especially happy recollections, when compared with other photographs of yours. It is because when you have visited the places they picture you have been young with the youth of the sea, and joyous with the joy of a ship's *camaraderie*; free from the constant worries and cares of a



THE SALOON OF THE WATER LILY.
(From a photograph by Kirk & Sons, Cowes.)

fire, put knives through their arms, lick red-hot irons, stand with naked feet on upturned sword edges, and, to the accompaniment of a ceaseless beating of tom-toms, make themselves generally unpleasant to all our British senses?

From Algiers it is but a short sail to Bougie, whence you must drive through the famous Chabet Pass to Kharata.

After Bougie comes, of course, Tunis, and then—but a volume would be necessary to set down the possible cruises, each with a special charm, that you may take in the Sunny Sea. It is merely a question of time how many glories you see, how many delicious memories you store.

landsman's life; no trains to catch; no hotel bills to pay; no servants to tip; no newspapers to read; and only letters now and then.

Ah, me! With one's house on one's back, as it were, with a hundred harbours wooing one with smiling mouths, and with no necessity to move from one or to stay in any, except at your own sweet will and pleasure—what a happy life it is sailing in the vessel that you love, with a ship's company as happy as yourself!

Desert



“**A**ND how do you make fig-sue?”

We were at a country post-office in the north of England, a pretty rustic place where work seemed secondary to repose, and I made the inquiry of a buxom-looking woman who

was an authority in the village, my curiosity having been excited by hearing much in favour of this Westmoreland dish.

“Stewed figs in a little beer,” was the reply.

“Oh, what nasty stuff!” I said.

“Eh—no, not so bad. I shouldn’t mind a sup now, at any rate; but don’t forget the bread. It must ha’ a bit of bread with it, or it won’t taste well.”

When eventually I did taste fig-sue (a corruption, of course, of stew) I by no means found it “so bad”; for indeed the majority of the dishes associated with any particular county are mostly toothsome, having been the result of many years’ cooking, with improvements here and there introduced, according to taste and experience.

This fig-sue set me thinking how many dishes there were peculiar to every county, and that it was a pity such good things should not be more widely known. Syllabub has a home in many places, being simply wine or spirit mixed in a punch-bowl, and milk from the cow poured on to it—the greater the force with which the milk falls the better. Junket, however, has its home in Devonshire, and comes within the compass of even a poor Londoner. It needs two tablespoonfuls of rum, a quart of new milk, and a little more than a tablespoonful of rennet. If there is a cow handy she should be milked into the basin, but if the milk is warmed the effect is

much the same. The sugar and rum should be first mixed, then the rennet, and the whole must be kept in a cold place for half-an-hour or so before using—nutmeg improving it.

Firmity—or, more properly speaking, frumenty—is an excellent dish almost peculiar to Somersetshire and Gloucestershire. The country people bring to market wheat boiled down to the consistency of blancmange, with every grain visible. This, when taken home, is mixed with milk, sugar, currants, eggs, and nutmeg, when it is served in a liquid state at the pudding course.

Pies and pasties of various kinds are indigenous to many parts of England, and if ever you should come in contact with a north country goose-pie, don’t neglect your opportunity, for a great many good things are included in its making. First the goose is boned, then a fowl and a pigeon; the interior of each is thickly strewn with pepper, the pigeon is put into the fowl, the fowl into the goose, and all the gaps are filled up with good sausage-meat and hard-boiled eggs. Then the goose is sewn up, laid in a large baking-tin, covered with a thick crust, and when baked—which takes several hours—some savoury well-seasoned jelly is poured in through a hole in the pastry.

This reminds me of the Norfolk cygnet—which is eating fit for an emperor; and so it should be, considering that it requires three pounds of best rump-steak, cut into dice, for the stuffing; then the bird, having been carefully tied up, is covered with a paste or buttered paper, which is taken off before the cooking is finally finished. It is roasted like a goose, and served with a gravy concocted with currant-jelly and port wine.

When I was young I spent a good deal of my time in Cornwall, as my father represented a Cornish borough for many years in Parliament. I assisted at many elections, and

experienced—as everybody does in Cornwall—the greatest hospitality from the farmers and working classes generally; but I am afraid one of the hardest parts of my electioneering experiences was eating the various pasties with which we were regaled at pretty well every farmhouse we visited. I dare say you have heard the old saying, that if his Satanic Majesty were to pay a visit in person to Cornwall they would put him under a pasty-crust and cook him; and it is perfectly true that everything that has to be eaten seems at some time or other to be turned into a pasty, the ordinary form of which is about the size of a saucer, with a crust top and bottom, made of half a pound of suet, a quarter of a pound of flour, a pinch of salt, and cold water, handled lightly. All kinds of raw meat as well as cooked are thus treated, intermixed with potatoes and often with herbs and onions; but one of the most notable of pasties is the onion pasty, which is filled entirely with onions, and is esteemed a delicacy. I know it well—alas! too well. There is much to be said in favour of this extremely portable form of carrying food for the agricultural labourer and other working men.

A Devonshire pie is of quite another class. It is made of scrag-of-mutton stewed with water, salt, pepper, and a large sliced onion, and allowed to simmer for a couple of hours until perfectly tender; the bones are then removed, and the meat is placed in a pie-dish and sprinkled with pepper and salt. The onions are left with it, and over the whole is spread a thin layer of apple-sauce or marmalade. The crust is composed of finely-shredded suet, flour and water, and sometimes a layer of mashed potatoes is substituted. It is ready when the crust is cooked.

Norfolk dumplings and Suffolk dumplings have a certain celebrity all the world over, but I have never tasted either really good, save in the counties themselves. I will give you the recipes, in order that you, too, may try—and fail; for unless you appertain to Norfolk or Suffolk you certainly will.

For Norfolk dumplings you stir two well-beaten eggs into a pint of milk, with salt to taste, and mix as much flour therewith as will make a thick batter; drop the mixture a tablespoonful at a time into a pan of boiling water, and leave them on the fire to boil for a few minutes, then take them out with a strainer. They are served as quickly as possible with a rich, thickened gravy from the meat of the consistency of cream, and they form the first course of the dinner. The difficulty lies in the boiling, which has to be done briskly.

Norfolk dumplings are of the nature of batter—not so the Suffolk ones. For them use water instead of milk, and make a very light dough with yeast and salt, as for bread. Put it in a warm place to rise for an hour. Twenty minutes before serving, the dough is pulled into lumps about the size of an orange and thrown into boiling water, which must be kept boiling for twenty minutes. To test when the dumplings are ready a fork must be stuck in, which should come out perfectly clean. They should be served on the instant; no knife should touch them, only a spoon and a fork. To taste them to perfection you should share a cottager's dinner, who will remove them from the fire instantly on to the table. But I have often enjoyed them served from the special silver dishes to be found in many old Norfolk and Suffolk homes.

Cornish pilchards are cooked in a variety of ways, but they are never so good as when there has been a "catch," which is perhaps one of the most exciting events in the records of fishing. When the silver gleam is seen on the waters heralding their approach, every boat on the coast is on the alert and soon on the spot, and the nets are laden with these small fish, between a sardine and a herring in size. Boiled or fried on the instant when they are brought to land they are singularly delicious. Away from Cornwall they are only known packed in tins like sardines.

Scouse hot-pot is an admirable dish which hails from the "North Countree." It is made on the principle of an Irish stew cooked in a large pudding-basin, with a potato crust—simply delicious on a cold winter's day. In this part of the world they often insert macaroni into their beefsteak pies; but Shropshire is responsible for an excellent pie, made with a puff paste, and containing rabbits and fat pork, intermixed with plenty of seasoning. The livers of the rabbits are parboiled and pounded in a mortar with the same quantity of fat bacon, herbs, finely-chopped onions, pepper, salt, and nutmeg, blended together with the yolk of an egg, made into balls and placed underneath the paste cover. They are a vast improvement.

So many good things are dying out amongst us besides national costumes, that I feel this paper may have done some good if it induces anybody to take a little trouble when visiting about in Great Britain to secure, if possible, the recipes for some of the homely dishes which are to be found in almost every village, and when found, should most certainly be taken note of.

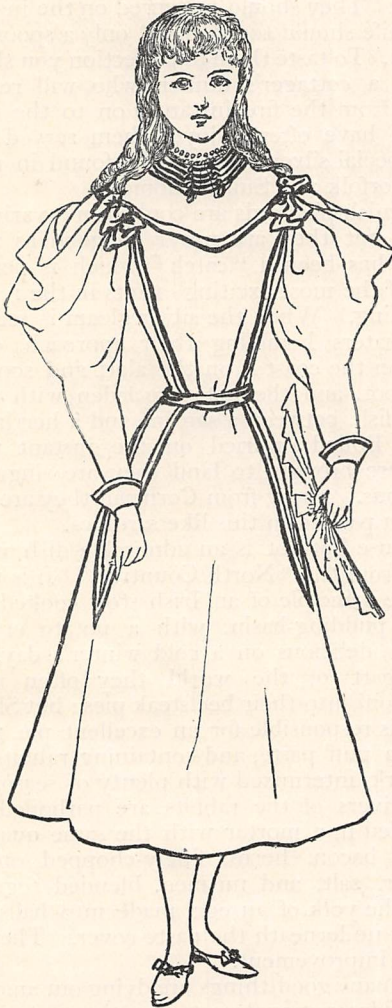
ARDERN HOLT.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

JANUARY.



RIGHT merry time we are having with the children home for the holidays, their ringing laughter waking the echoes of the old house. I must confess that my needle has had a long spell of rest, but I shall now ply it with renewed vigour as the



REMODELLED EVENING FROCK FOR CHILD OF TWELVE.

Christmas-tree fête is close at hand, and an evening frock has to be made for my sister—a fair child of twelve. For this I have brought to light one of my summer dresses, a pale blue nun's-veiling, and our artist friend has arranged a charming design. Here is a sketch of it, and I will tell you how we are making it up. If you look at the sketch you will see that there is an apron-shaped overskirt of blue, and an underskirt and sleeves of white. For

this we had a long scarf of white cashmere, 22 inches wide, from the mother's hoards, where it had been carefully kept in blue paper. Buying some white twilled body lining, we cut out the frock princess shape, as, not being a strong child, she can only wear that style, or one hanging straight from a yoke. To be quite sure of the fit, we tried this lining on, made a little alteration on the shoulder and at the under-arm seam, then untacked the upper part and laid it on the white cashmere from neck to 14 inches below the waist, cut it to shape, and stitched all the seams, fastening it up the back with hooks and eyelet holes, made on a one-inch flap; in this way, when fastened, the two stitched edges of the body came exactly close together. On the narrow neck-band we sewed a row of black velvet, and four rows below it, with loops left in a pretty way on the front and back. We were very taken with the way the fulness of the sleeves was arranged, pleated at each side of the plain piece at the top of the arm, and neat and plain below the elbow, with the prettiest little cuff turning up.

Having my blue skirt all ready unpicked, smoothed out, and turned, we placed the paper pattern on the front and back widths, and added the small gores at each side, cutting it all out to the shape, stitched up the seams, and hemmed up the hem. Carefully, not to stretch it out of shape, we tacked a cross-way piece of stiffish muslin along the edge of the open sides and bib-pieces, turned over one inch of the stuff and caught it down to the muslin with herring-bone stitch to neaten it, well pressed it, and then sewed the line of black velvet, all the way round, half an inch from the



SCHOOL "OVERALL" FOR CHILD OF SIX.



SERGE "OVERALL" FOR CHILD
OF SEVEN.

edge, making four bows and straps of black velvet to fasten it over the shoulders with hooks under the bows. Bronze shoes and black stockings we decided should be chosen for the occasion, and a friend coming in when we were trying the frock on was so charmed that she intends making one for her nut-brown maid, for day wear in dark-blue cashmere over dark-red velveteen, or, as I suggested, green over brown-gold.

I wonder if the small sisters of other girls grub and wear out their good clothes as quickly as ours do? To prevent the total eclipse of the fresh

brightness of their new red cloth school frocks, we are making them overalls in butcher-blue linen and embroidering them in cream-white flax thread, and others in large check glass-cloth embroidered in red: all inexpensive materials, but capital both in wear and wash. This is the sketch we made them from—very simple, fastening back and front with two buttons, and quickly slipped on. It is cut in two pieces and flat-pleated at the top into the long shoulder-straps, and caught in place by the embroidered band across the chest and back. They

are easily made, and the children look so well in them; the long sleeves, too, prevent the elbows and wrists of the frocks getting rubbed during morning lessons or play hours.

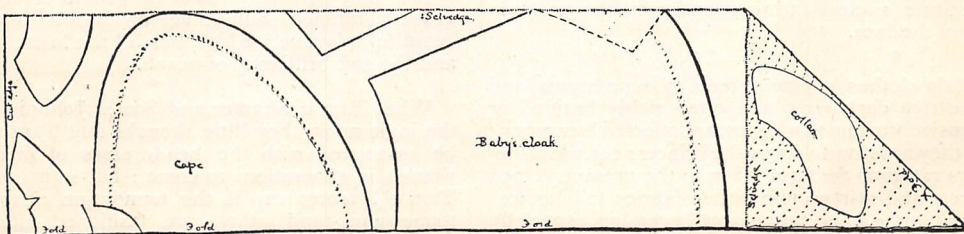
The second design for an overall was entirely the mother's idea, and after it was made it was sketched to show you. The materials were supplied by a golf-shaped cape of moss-green cloth trimmed with rows of tiny black braid, that she had worn but very few times, as the colour was too bright. This cape being circular, one thing that required no little thought was the way to cut it on the right grain—that is, with the threads that run the length of the selvedge, straight up the centre of the front to prevent it looking twisted. This at last arranged and the seams stitched and pressed, the tabs on the arm and the neck were lined with stiff black muslin, and then braided neatly; with a yoke-piece of unbleached calico we lined the upper part, a lining we found to our pleasure to be most serviceable for hard-wearing frocks for children. The front was made to fasten over to one side with large white linen buttons covered with black silk, and a hook and eye in the centre to keep the neck in place.

The two pretty hats worn by the two smallest children are revived black hats of the sailor shape, in fine straw, of last year. The old flat crowns are replaced in one by a Tudor crown of ruby velvet—once the front piece of a tea-gown—caught up by a long black ostrich feather, and the brim widened with a gathered cross-way piece of velvet; and in the other with a Tam-shaped crown of red cloth like the frocks, with crow-black quills at the side, and the rim lined with black velvet.

We are all enthusiastic over the lovely baby's cloak one of our girl friends has made as a present; the work is so neat, and it looks so fresh and pretty. It only required two yards of 44-inch material, and is lined with quilted fine linen in the cloak and sarcenet in the cape. A beautiful border of white plush, rounded at the cape corners and straight round the hem of the cloak, she made on muslin, and slip-stitched it on from the back before the cloak was lined, and the collar of plush tied with satin ribbons, and again 14 inches down the cloak. Here is the plan she cut it out by, and the corner folding over shows one how a good cross for all bias trimmings should be cut.

BIZZIE BEE.

Patterns may be had in the following sizes and prices:—Evening frock for child of twelve, and the baby's cloak, at 1s. 1½d. each; overall for child of seven and one for child of six, at 6½d. each. Apply to Bizzie Bee, c/o Editor, Cassell's Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.



PLAN OF BABY'S CLOAK.

THE MONTH'S MODES.

BY A WOMAN WHO KNOWS.



FULL MORNING DRESS.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY SIX! We are rapidly approaching the end of the nineteenth century, and the world in general shows a disposition to enjoy to the utmost the few remaining years, if luxury and splendour of living can contribute to enjoyment. Amid sunshine and fogs, rain and frost, bright days and dull ones, women occupy themselves with dress till it almost becomes a passion. I have much to tell you of modes and millinery, and I will begin with the gown.

You will see in the illustration what experience has taught me is one of the smartest styles of day-gown now being made for those who appear as hostess or guests at afternoon parties or weddings, or are wending their way to the sunny South. The skirt is cut with no fulness at the waist, and any amount round the feet. Women have to learn how to walk with grace in dresses like these, which stand out not only in the front but at the sides. The bodice is cut in vandykes and bordered with lace ruches, in the centre of which is either a row of paillettes, a curled fringe of ostrich plumes, or sometimes a tiny bordering of fur. Soft chiffon, minutely-tucked lace and ribbon, combine in the dainty front; and none of the large puffed sleeves are complete now without this oblong epaulette, which also replaces the monstrous lapels that were the height of the fashion a year ago. They are often worn still by those who do not follow Madame la Mode too closely. The lace-trimmed points, falling over the collar-band, are one of the most becoming features in the current modes. Those who have not yet adopted the French fashion of elbow-sleeves in the day-time could substitute a close-fitting gauntlet to the wrist in lieu of the lace.

Plain clothes in plum, green, tobacco-brown, and some rich dark reds, and often richly braided or extensively trimmed with fur, are affected by women; but they are slow to adopt the princess cut, which belongs rather to the future than to the present. Open jackets and skirts, or in softer fabrics full bodices ending at the waist, prove more becoming, especially either with a jewelled galon or black satin ribbon, which is twisted or tied into innumerable bows.

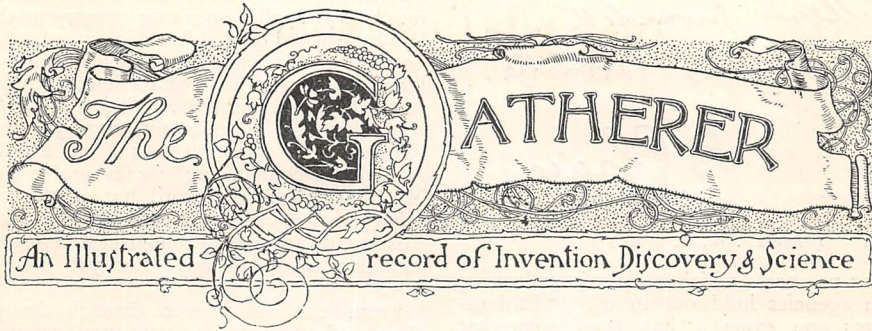
The month's modes dictate that the throat should be hidden as much as possible. Whether it be for a tea-gown, or in a long loose mantle reaching to the feet, or a short close-fitting jacket, the collars extend almost above the ears, being supported beneath with large rosettes at the back and bows of black satin ribbon that apparently hold them up.

I have always had a great admiration for chine, but I never liked it quite as well as thrown in brilliant colouring on gold gauze for the front of a bodice. The hazy, natural-tinted flowers could hardly have a better background. Even this is not so luxurious as some supple gold leather, worked all over with a close imitation of precious stones. Jet and turquoise were made to represent daisies united by gold thread scrolls; and this magnificent fabric is employed for a low evening bodice, surmounted by a ruffled bouillonné of black silk muslin over pink, the sleeves ending just above the elbow—a style so often seen in Marie Antoinette's portraits.

A fashionable bonnet is bedecked with precious stones or their substitute, the brilliant-looking "strasse"—which is the best class of paste—made up into coronets, buckles, and brooches, all in the style of Louis XVI. Whether 't be a toque or a bonnet, it must be broad over the face: the hats, large in the brim, waved poetically to the face, but a mere resting-place for such a wealth of ostrich plumes, standing up and turning down, that you wonder how the supply is equal to the demand. In all my long experience I never remember so much novelty in millinery. Besides feathers, enormous aigrettes are worn, the newest, called "écossais," shaded and shot. Many a soft loose pleated crown of white satin is worked all over with gold thread, jewels, and small coloured sequins. Minute opalescent shells also play their part in this wonderful embroidery, while many tiny bouquets are worked with the very narrowest bébé ribbon.

Ostrich feathers are not only employed for plumes, but are formed into narrow fringes edging the brims, and sometimes carried diagonally across the upstanding quills in which they are interwoven. We have come back to drawn bonnets of pretty shot silk in such favourite tones as capuchine—viz., orange with a dash of red in it—parrot-green combined with blue or brown, and the beautiful "évêque," which has all the lustre of red and the soft brilliancy of peach.

When Tam o' Shanter and Soutar Johnnie sat in the ingle nook, they little thought that Tam would be associated with the headdresses of men and women in generations to come; but so it is. The Tam o' Shanter cap is the foundation of many a toque now, and others are fashioned after the "coif" of the Tudor period, chenille being newer than velvet.



The GATHERER

An Illustrated record of Invention Discovery & Science

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

WHAT TO EXPECT IN NINETY-SIX.

HERE is no need for that venerable gentleman "Old Moore," or for the ancient Zadkiel, to tremble in his prophetic shoes.

The forecasts in this paper are not of that sibylline character, but are the outcome of skilled observation and special experience in those departments of work and play in which we have sought the guidance of well-known experts, to whom we are greatly indebted for their courteous replies.

To "a nation of shopkeepers," as we are termed

— It could give any opinion
worth having. I would send it —
A profitable state of trade in 1896
depends (as ever) almost entirely on peace
and commercial credit being maintained
and labour and capital disputes
avoided
14 Nov 1895
Joseph W. Pease

(From Sir J. W. Pease, Bart., M.P.)

by our shoulder-shrugging neighbours 'cross Channel, the business outlook is a matter of universal interest. On the whole, the opinions we have received are very reassuring. Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., President of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, believes that the general prospect for 1896 is "more favourable than from 1890 to 1895; but improvement will be gradual, as in the more recent past. Moreover," he adds, "I do not look for the recurrence of such large returns upon capital as in former times. Profits are more distributed, labour having obtained a larger share." From Sir Joseph Pease, M.P., comes a cautious and altogether characteristic note: "A profitable state of trade in 1896 depends (as ever) almost entirely on peace and commercial credit being maintained, and capital and labour disputes avoided." In Sir Alfred Hickman's opinion the commercial prospect

is "decidedly promising. We are reasonably sure of a good year in the iron and allied trades." The general feeling is one of hopefulness, tempered by just a touch of the reservation which a recent depression inevitably leaves behind it.

Science
(astronomy)
The rapid & extraordinary
development of Philosophical
methods of observation &
the awakening interest
in Mathematical Astronomy

Robert S. Ball

(From Professor Sir Robert S. Ball, F.R.S.)

Intimately connected with our commercial enterprise at home and abroad is the great shipping trade, on the prospects of which we learn that Mr. R. S. Donkin, M.P. for one of the most important maritime constituencies in the North of England, is unequivocally despondent. "Excess of tonnage" appears to be the cause of his anxiety. It is more cheering to turn from these forebodings of evil to

Literature
much the same as in 1895. I do not
mean any real work likely to be the
light and I do not mean the best
which men in all branches can do — the
many efforts given to our Art & Science

Walter Besant

(From Sir Walter Besant.)

*Excellent provided
the weather is favourable*

W. P. Grace

(From Dr. W. G. Grace.)

the brighter prospects which some of our leading emigration agencies hold out to us. "Emigration," writes one expert, "has been somewhat neglected of late, but the general revival of trade in this country is bound to have a good all-round effect. We find the growing tendency is towards South Africa." Thus Mr. A. L. Atkinson, of the International Emigration Association: while Mr. Wilson Gates, of the Self-Help Emigration Society, thinks the general outlook "fairly good, especially in relation to Canada and South Africa. Agriculturists and domestic servants are much wanted in Canada."

There are signs of still-increasing activity in the sphere of intellectual labour. We may confidently look for valuable additions to scientific knowledge. Sir Robert Ball, the Cambridge Professor of Astronomy, believes that one striking feature of the coming year will be "the rapid and extraordinary development of photographic methods of observation, and the awakening interest in mathematical astronomy." Concerning literature, Sir Walter

*Encouraging the Australians
are sure to send over a very good team
including several players not yet
seen on this side. It will probably
be a difficult matter, now that
there are so many first class counties,
to find time for all fixtures as the
Australians will play many matches, indeed
it seems almost an impossibility to play
to England & Australia matches as they wish
A. C. MacLaren.*

(From Mr. A. C. MacLaren.)

Besant regards the outlook for ninety-six as being "much the same as in 1895. I do not hear," he adds, "of any great work likely to see the light, and I do hear that our best literary men in all branches are active. We may expect poems from our sixty minor poets, novels from the novelists whom the public know; probably some new man—we always get one new man—will spring up and take the world by storm, without doing the older men any perceptible harm." If demand creates supply, we may look for a literary "output" quite equal to, if not exceeding, that of ninety-five; for the reading public continues to widen, and the average reader reads more and more.

We have as much right to be recognised as a nation of cricketers as to be called a nation of shopkeepers. Our national game is now no longer

confined to the one sex, and it has been imported into every English-speaking country in the world. We have asked our Cricket King what anticipations he has of the coming cricket season, and Dr. Grace's answer is—"Excellent, provided the weather is favourable," and no reasonable being could expect a more definite augury in the face of the proverbial capriciousness of our English skies. Mr. Alcock holds a similarly favourable view, while Mr. MacLaren, the record bat of 1895, not only echoes this encouraging forecast, but adds, "The Australians are sure to send over a very good team, including several players not yet seen on this side."

From this rapid peep through the prospect-glasses of some of our ablest men, we may run up the probabilities for 1896 as favourable to enterprise, work, and sport. These forecasts will have done some service if they enable any despondent reader to lift up his head and face the future in a more hopeful spirit. No discreet person will attach to these opinions an absolute prophetic value they do not possess, and which the authorities who have expressed them would not claim. "You rascal!" cried Handel to one of his chorus; "you told me you could read at sight." "Yes, sir," was the reply; "but not at *first* sight." Our experts do not profess to be able to read the future at first sight; and as for "second sight," they cheerfully leave the monopoly of that gift in the hands of Messrs. Moore and Zadkiel.

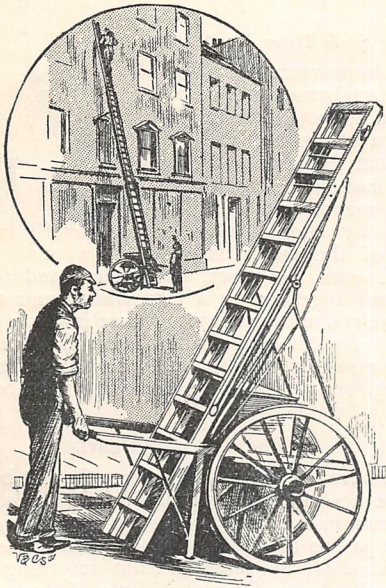
The Study of Frost Pictures.

Rough sketches and mere outlines are often much more interesting than finished drawings because they leave more to the imagination, and hence the pictures of Jack Frost on our window-panes and pavements are highly attractive to many. They are vague and ill-defined as a rule, but on that very account possess the charm of mystery and perpetual discovery. Sometimes, indeed, the verisimilitude is remarkable—as in the case of the ice-bound ship which we reproduce from a drawing sent us by Miss Georgina Browne, of



A FROST PICTURE OF AN ICE-BOUND SHIP.

Redhill, who observed it on a window pane on the morning of February 7th, 1895. The observation of frost figures can be made a scientific study as well as a pleasing exercise for the imagination, and it appears to us that other young



TELESCOPIC LADDERS.—FIG. 1.

ladies might profitably follow the example, either from the artistic or the scientific point of view, of Miss Browne during the hard frosts which keep them indoors. It is needless to say that fidelity to the original is absolutely necessary in such drawings—indeed, photographs would be better—if they are to have any scientific value and add to our knowledge of the crystalline forms of water. The conditions of the weather and glass under which the crystals are produced ought, of course, to be carefully noted, and the observer should endeavour to find out the natural secrets of the process, so that anyone could artificially produce similar effects. The study of crystals and their formation is far from being of trivial import in science, however it may seem at first sight. Nothing is unimportant in science, because Nature is a whole, and if we thoroughly understood any of her effects we should understand the whole, or at least get fresh light upon it. The sketches and results might be communicated by the observers to the local natural history societies or to the scientific journals, and it goes without saying that they would make an interesting album for preservation after the manner of a private herbarium.

Telescopic Ladders.

Ladders built on the telescopic principle of shutting in and drawing out to various heights have been introduced, and are exceedingly useful. They are of different sizes and patterns, and a fair idea of them will be gathered from our illustrations. Fig. 1 represents a type which is useful for private purposes, and when strengthened with steel wire can

serve as a fire escape; while Fig. 2 shows a larger model adapted for the service of public buildings, warehouses, and so on.

Ice Cones.

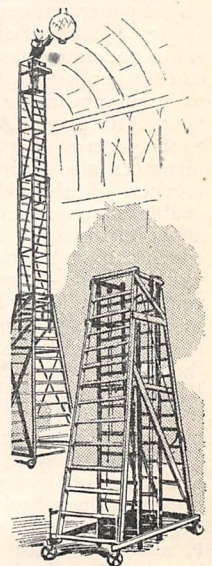
During the severe frost of last winter a curious phenomenon was observed on the frozen surface of Lake Neuchâtel, in Switzerland. Cones of ice over six feet in height were formed, each having a crater large enough to hold a man. Professor Dufour of Morges, who has given a description of the cones, has not been able to account for their formation.

A Portable Bed.

Even in winter there are many occasions when an extra bed is required in the house at very short notice, although more frequent opportunities for the use of such an article naturally occur in the summer, when families are in temporary and often restricted quarters, or when parties are camping out. A folding bedstead called the "Compactum" has recently been patented, which has many qualities to commend it to housekeepers and holiday-makers. The framework acts on a familiar extending principle, and the bed is formed of canvas stretched upon it and secured by an ingenious adaptation of clips upon the framework. The bed can be erected in a very few minutes, and taken down as rapidly; and to make it available for use, comparatively little in the way of bed-clothing is required further than one or two rugs and a pillow. As showing the compactness of the invention, we may say that the bedstead when fixed up measures $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet by $2\frac{1}{2}$, and when packed makes a parcel 3 feet long, 5 inches deep, and 5 inches wide.

Clouds and the Weather.

Observations made at Blue Hill, United States, have shown that the clouds which precede rainfall are usually the high cloud sheet (alto-nimbus), the low ragged cloud sheet (nimbus), long rolls of cloud giving intermittent showers, and a lowering cloud of the cumulus (or cumulo-nimbus) type. After rain strato-cumulus in long rolls below, with in general cirrus or cirro-stratus clouds above, are commonly seen. Clouds, it appears, are fairly good signs of rain for twenty-four hours in advance, but not for longer. We may add here that the strange meteor seen by Mr. J. A. H. Murray, at Oxford, and by others elsewhere on the evening of August 31st last, was in all probability a "fireball," but it is not quite clear whether it was a meteoric stone or a display of "globe lightning." The singular trembling or "wobbling" of the moon witnessed about the same date, and described in the *Times*



TELESCOPIC LADDERS.—FIG. 2.

newspaper, was doubtless a peculiar effect of the refraction of light by currents in the atmosphere.

A Touch-Recorder for Pianos.

In playing the piano, after a certain skill has been attained it becomes very difficult for the master to distinguish the inequalities of touch on the part of his pupil, and hence MM. Binet and Courtier have invented an apparatus for recording them, which we illustrate in Fig. 1. It consists essentially of an indiarubber tube, T, which runs beneath the keys

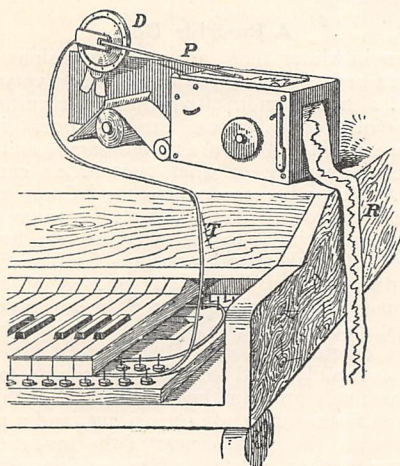


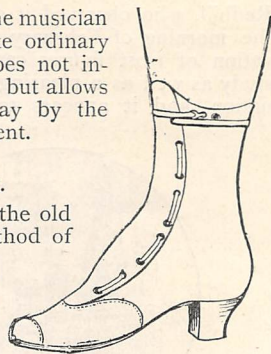
FIG. 1.

and communicates with a drum, D, so that when a key presses on the tube a pulse of air causes the drum to expand, and make the pencil, P, draw a corresponding pulse, or wave, on a ribbon of traveling paper, R. The play of the keys is thus recorded on the paper and can be studied at the time or subsequently, without any interference with the player, who is not embarrassed by the tube. The apparatus can be applied to any piano without altering its external appearance, and in the record shows the faults of the player. Although these are inappreciable to the ear it is of great service in teaching. The inventors also claim that a register of this kind will enable composers to indicate slight changes in the time which cannot be marked on written music.—Another invention, which may be useful to musicians who possess a talent for improvisation, is the music recorder of M. Rivoire, which we illustrate in Fig. 2. It is entirely mechanical in its action, the keys when played working a system of levers, which press marking wheels against the travelling band of paper, P, shown beneath the keyboard, and mark it with horizontal lines corresponding to the notes. A little practice

is sufficient to enable the musician to read these marks like ordinary music. The device does not interfere with the player, but allows him to be carried away by the inspiration of the moment.

A New Boot.

An improvement on the old and time-honoured method of fastening boots in front with a "tongue," to keep out the dirt and wet, has at length been made. As our engraving shows, one side of the upper is



A NEW BOOT.

folded over the other, like a flap, and they are fastened together by a lace which runs through the eyelets, and hooks into a hole in the top of the boot. By this comfortable device the boot can be easily removed from the foot or tightened upon it through simply loosening or pulling the lace.

The Tints of Pearl.

We have been taught to believe that the beautiful iridescence of pearls and mother-of-pearl is caused by striations or fine grooves on the surface of the nacre, just as the iris of a dove's neck is due to the striations of the plumage; but according to Mr. C. E. Benham, although a little of the colour is produced in this way, most of it is caused by interference of the rays of light by reflection from the outer and inner surfaces of the thin layers of nacre forming the substance of the pearl. The colours of a pearl have therefore a similar origin to those of a soap bubble, or the iridescence of ancient glass which has been scaled by time.

A Panoramic Camera.

In a recent GATHERER we drew the attention of our readers to a remarkable little magazine camera, called the "photo-jumelle," from its resemblance to an opera- or field-glass. Thanks to a suggestion of M. Mascart, the well-known physicist and member of the Institute of France,

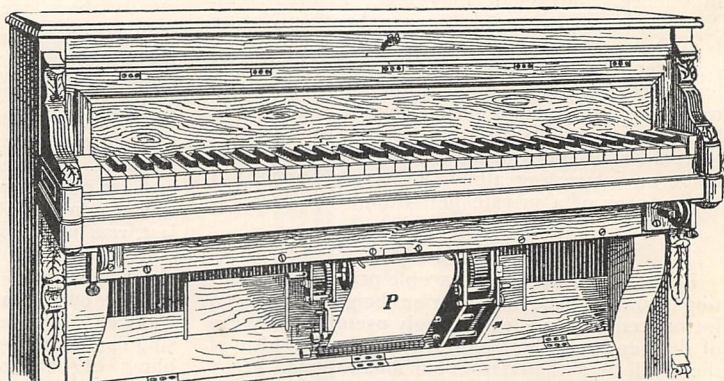


FIG. 2.—A MUSIC RECORDER FOR IMPROVISERS.



A PANORAMIC CAMERA.

this ingenious apparatus has now been adapted to take panoramic views all round the horizon. For this purpose it is mounted, as shown in our engraving, on a tripod like that of a surveyor's theodolite or levelling instrument. Milled-headed screws enable the camera to be adjusted in a horizontal position by means of a pocket level, and as it turns freely round a vertical axis projecting above the head of the tripod, as many as twelve pictures can be taken round the horizon in a few minutes. Many beautiful panoramas of the Alps and other fine landscapes have been taken with the apparatus, which cannot fail to recommend itself to artists, tourists and travellers.

The Depth of the Ocean.

By slow degrees we are getting to know the contour of the sea bottom almost as well as we do that of the surface of the land, but it cannot be said that we have found the deepest water on the earth. Depths of 15,000 to 27,366 feet have been reached in the North Atlantic from time to time, and one of 27,930 feet was discovered in the North Pacific off the eastern coast of Japan, where there is a remarkable gulf or depression. All these measurements have, however, been outstripped by one recently taken south of the Friendly Isles in the South Pacific by H.M.S. *Penguin*. A depth of 29,400 feet had been marked when the sounding wire gave out before the lead had reached the bottom. A fresh sounding will therefore have to be made before we can tell the full depth of water at this spot.

Singing Mountains.

Darwin was one of the first to call attention to the mountain El Bramador; in Chili, which emits a peculiar sound at times; and in the midst of Pyramid Lake, Nevada, there is another which utters a musical note, which, in certain states of the wind, begins like the jingling of countless silver bells and ends with a loud strain, resembling the

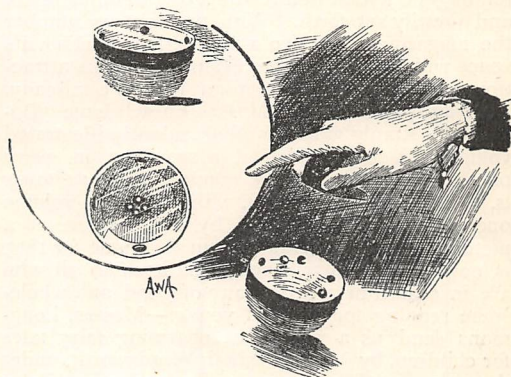
low notes of a pedal organ. These sounds are attributed to the friction of the wind and the movements of sands, as in the case of the "singing sands" of Lob-Nor, in China, the island of Eigg, in Scotland, and elsewhere.

The Largest Forest.

Canada has a forest in the Labrador and Hudson Bay district which extends at least 1,000 by 1,700 miles; South America has one in the basin of the Amazon which is 2,100 by 1,300 miles; Central Africa has a forest region 3,000 miles north and south, and of unknown width east and west. Perhaps, however, all these are cast into the shade by the Siberian "urmans" or "targas," which are vast woods of pine, larch, and cedar at least 3,000 miles from east to west, and 1,000 miles from north to south. They are so thick and gloomy that the natives call them "places where the mind is lost."

The Ball Puzzle.

Our engraving shows a new French puzzle which will serve to enliven the winter evenings. It consists of a cup or bowl containing four balls, and having four holes to receive the balls near its rim inside. A transparent cover of celluloid keeps the balls in the cup, and the problem is to put all the balls in the holes. The difficulty arises from



THE BALL PUZZLE.

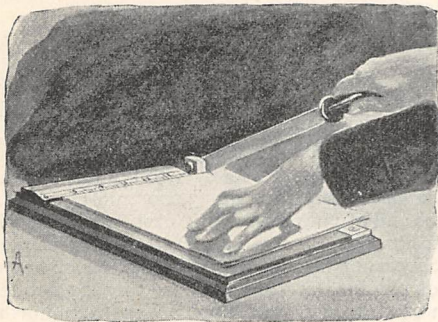
the fact that when the cup is inclined so as to get a ball in its hole the other balls drop out of theirs. The proper way is to utilise centrifugal force, and turn the cup like a tætotum. The balls will then drop into the holes of themselves.

"Verses, Wise or Otherwise."

This is Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's own title for a pleasant little volume of verse which Messrs. Cassell have just issued. Some, if not all, of the poems have been published one by one in our own and other pages, and many readers who made their acquaintance in that form will, no doubt, be glad of an opportunity of securing them in this more permanent guise.

A New Paper-Cutter.

The little device which we illustrate is intended for cutting the edges of paper, and especially prints. It consists of a board which is marked with a scale



A NEW PAPER-CUTTER.

of inches and provided with a steel edge against which the knife descends. The paper to be trimmed is laid on the board, and the portion to be removed is allowed to project over the steel edge. When the knife is brought down the paper is cut away.

Some Seasonable Volumes.

Those children must be past pleasing who are not pleased with the new volume of *Little Folks*, which has been issued in time to serve as a most appropriate Christmas or New Year's gift. It is full of good and varied reading, brightly illustrated, and prettily set forth. With the January number the magazine is to open a new series, in which its space will be considerably extended, and its attractions made even greater than they are already. For very young readers Messrs. Cassell issue "Bo-Peep," a simply written and abundantly illustrated volume, which should find a welcome in every play-room.—The January number of *The Quiver* is, like the November part, with which the volume opened, specially enlarged by the addition of a pictorial supplement. The annual volume for 1895 is now ready, and will commend itself to all who are in search of a miscellany of good and wholesome reading for old and young.—Messrs. Longmans send us a volume of charming fairy tales for children, by Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth, under the title of "The Snow Garden, and other Fairy Tales."

South Africa.

Few subjects have been more to the fore during recent years than that of South Africa, its people, its products, and the relations of the Imperial Government to the Colonial and other Administrations. Mr. Basil Worsfold, whose book upon "South Africa" has just been published by Messrs. Methuen and Co., brings to bear upon his subject personal acquaintance with life in more than one of the districts of which he treats, and an intimate knowledge of the history and constitution of each. His book, unambitious as it is, has therefore a distinct value at the present time, when so many people are interested directly or indirectly in the rapidly developing resources of these new lands. Several of the chapters—notably that upon the literature of South Africa—show an altogether fresh point of view.

Our Prize Competitions.

Particulars of the first series of new Competitions for 1896 were given on page 76 of our December issue, in which Prizes were offered for the best and second-best Serial Stories of 40,000 words—for the best summaries of "A Missing Witness," when this story is completed—for the best Snap-Shot Photographs of out-door scenes—for the best-worked hemmed linen handkerchiefs—and for the best got-up gentleman's collar. The Rules and Regulations were set out fully in our last number, together with the respective dates when the work is to be sent in. For the convenience of our readers, however, we append here a short note of the dates:—

PRIZE STORY OF 40,000 WORDS (£50 and £30—due June 1st, 1896).

SUMMARY OF SERIAL STORY (£1 is. and 10s. 6d.—due July 30th, 1896).

SNAP-SHOT PHOTOGRAPHS (£5 and £3—due May 15th, 1896).

HEMMED HANDKERCHIEFS (£1 is. and 10s. 6d.—due February 17th, 1896).

GOT-UP COLLAR (£1 is. and 10s. 6d.—due January 16th, 1896).

AMONGST FLOWERS AND POULTRY.

EVERYTHING is quiet in the garden, and what little work there is to accomplish may be frustrated by severe frosts. Towards the end of the month finer weather sometimes comes, and then is the time to fill up gaps amongst the cabbages, and in favourable weather make a sowing of early peas. If bulbs still remain unplanted, give them immediate attention, and it would be better to pot them now than trust to the mercies of an English winter. If the growth of October-planted bulbs is spearing through the ground, place over them a covering of spruce, branches, or litter.

Window plants must be sponged more frequently in winter than in summer. There is more dust from the sweeping of the rooms, and it is unsafe to open windows to expose them to cold currents of air. No plant excels *Aspidistra lurida*, the "Parlour Palm," for the winter; its leaves are leathery, presenting an even, shining surface from which dust is easily wiped off with a sponge dipped in lukewarm water. Though called a "palm," the *Aspidistra* is not so, and far removed from that great family of foliage plants. We have written before of this window adornment. It is rather expensive, but a few shillings are well spent upon it, as it increases in beauty with age, and is not harmed by a few draughts of cold air even in the winter. Much disappointment too frequently occurs with purchased flowering plants, especially in the spring. They are made to sell, forced up in heat, and the altered conditions of life upset them entirely.

Poultry must be very carefully tended during this month, especially in very severe weather such as often occurs at this season. One cannot expect pullets and hens to lay satisfactorily if at all neglected, and to secure a good return in eggs in winter the yard should be stocked with March-hatched pullets.

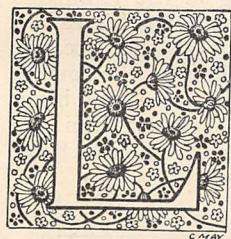
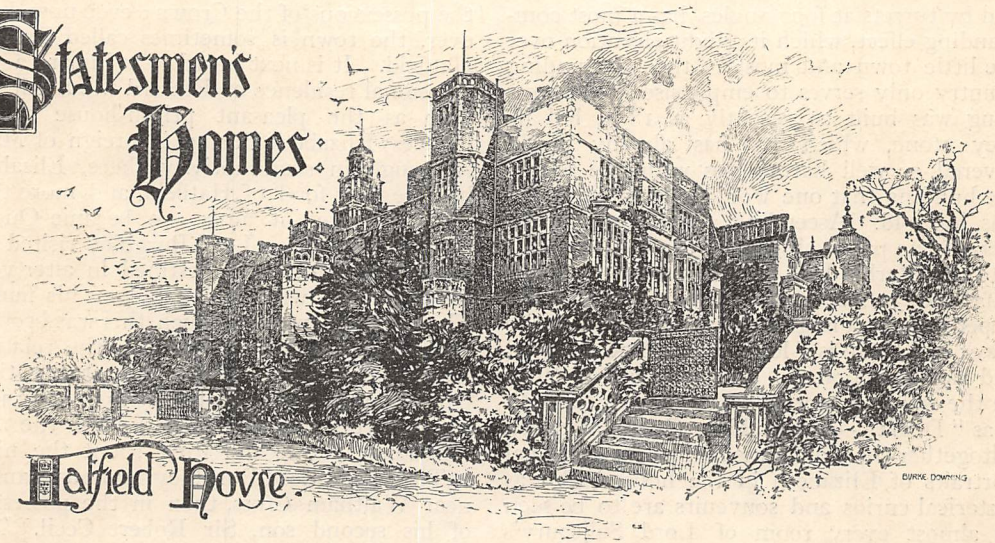


HER FAVOURITE SONG.

(From a drawing by SIMON HARMON VEDDER.)

Statesmen's Homes:

Hatfield House.



ORD SALISBURY is fortunate in having his ancestral residence within an hour's journey of Downing Street. In the busiest political times his lordship, when it pleases him, can enjoy his "bed and breakfast" in the noble

apartments of Hatfield House, and even in the midst of a crisis can betake himself there from Saturday to Monday. Owing chiefly to the practical convenience of its position the name of the present Premier has been so much identified with Hatfield as to put out of our minds its earlier historical associations. On my first visit to Hatfield it was not until I was actually treading the soft verdure of the park that I remembered all that I had read of the place in relation to Henry the Eighth, Queen Mary and her sister Elizabeth, and James the First.

Yet the whole aspect of Hatfield must delight the antiquarian. The little town, with its many old houses seemingly thrown together in hap-hazard fashion, surmounted by a church which, although much "restored," has still the appearance of old age, has the *tout ensemble*, so to speak, of an historic past.

The only modern innovation I could discover in the town was a red-brick building, presented by Lord Salisbury to the town a few years ago, the ground floor of which is a Conservative club, and the first floor a public hall. In the promotion of concerts at this hall members of the family at Hatfield House

readily assist, and Lady Florence Cecil occasionally gives her services as a violinist. Even the railway station, large and ugly as it is, does not obtrude itself upon the old-fashioned little town, although Lord Salisbury, promptly recognising the boon of an express train, has had an entrance made to his park at the nearest possible point to the iron rails—about a hundred yards from the station. The Great Northern Railway Company, by the way, noting the great number of distinguished visitors whom the statesman entertained at Hatfield, have built at the station a private waiting-room for his and their convenience. Except when he is receiving some guests of great state, such as the Prince of Wales or the Shahzada, Lord Salisbury, however, never uses his privilege in this respect, always preferring the hard-boarded seat of the general platform whilst waiting for the train which is to take him back to his public duties in London.

Hatfield Park is a large piece of rising ground above the town, about ten miles in circumference, and having a carriage drive of two miles. It is almost equally rich in wood and pasture, but a considerable area has been converted into ornamental gardens. Passing through the massive iron gates which face the railway station, a drive of half a mile brings one to the north front of the house. The building has the shape of a parallelogram, 280 feet long and 70 feet wide, with a wing at either end, 80 feet in width and projecting to a length of 100 feet. The whole structure, partly Renaissance and partly Elizabethan in style, crowned by a clock tower 70 feet high,

and by turrets at four angles, has a most commanding effect, which its slight elevation over the little town and most of the surrounding country only serves to emphasise. The west wing was built as recently as 1835, but its grey stone, which ivy has already partly covered, so well harmonises with the rest of the building that one would never suppose it was less old. Ascending a few steps to the terrace one passes through a thick oaken door into the Marble Hall, which measures 50 feet long and 30 feet wide. It is lighted at the upper end by a large oriel window and at the lower end there is a long screen, finely carved and richly decorated. Among many pictures on the walls are portraits of Queen Elizabeth—as “Diana”—and of Mary Queen of Scots. Altogether there are some half a dozen original portraits of Elizabeth in the house. But as historical curios and souvenirs are to be seen in almost every room of Lord Salisbury's home it is well to have in mind on entering the great hall the history of the mansion which, to a large extent, they serve to illustrate. Hatfield was originally the property of the diocese of Ely, and here the bishops had their palace until the reign of Henry VIII. That monarch made some sort of a bargain with the Church, and Hatfield was added to

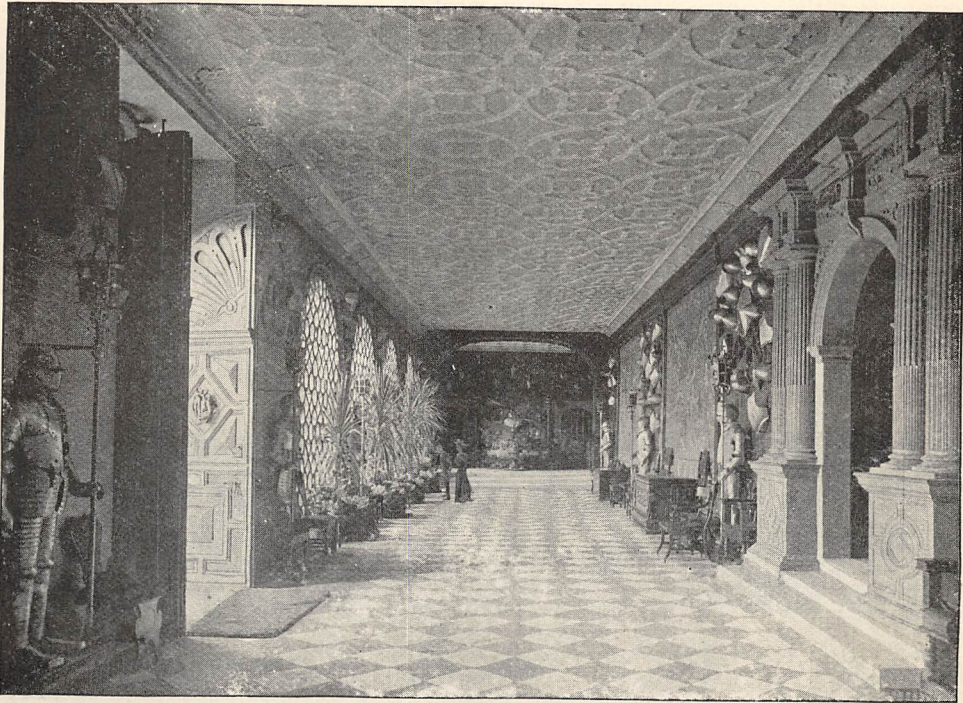
the possessions of the Crown ; even now, however, the town is sometimes called Bishop's Hatfield. It is next heard of in history as the occasional residence of Edward the Sixth, and then as the pleasant prison-house of the Princess Elizabeth during the reign of Mary. Although in semi-captivity there, Elizabeth became very fond of Hatfield, and more than once re-visited it after she became Queen. On these occasions Lord Burghley visited the little town which was destined in after years to be linked with the name of his family. The circumstances in which this was brought about throw a curious light on the relations between sovereign and subjects at that time. On his way from Scotland to London, to assume the crown which united the two kingdoms, James the First spent the night at Theobalds, Lord Burghley's famous mansion near Waltham Cross, then in the possession of his second son, Sir Robert Cecil. This residence, which has long since disappeared, was so much to the liking of the King that he soon made it convenient to pay Sir Robert a second and longer visit. On that occasion his Majesty's first impressions of the comfort and splendour of Theobalds were fully borne out, and nothing would content him but that it should become his own. So he offered



KING JAMES'S DRAWING-ROOM.

Hatfield in exchange to Sir Robert Cecil, who, while regretting the loss of what had been his home from childhood, was probably glad to get so fair an equivalent. The King, in a magnanimous moment, appears to have added to his offer the rebuilding of the palace at Hatfield,

has been freely indulged in at Hatfield. Besides those of King James, there are Cromwell rooms, Wellington rooms, and Queen Victoria rooms. Lord Salisbury himself has given the name of Beaconsfield to two rooms which his late political chief occupied



THE ARMOURY.

(From a photograph by Elsdon & Son, Hertford.)

and for no better reason—certainly not because it was worn out—nearly the whole of the Norman structure in which Elizabeth had passed her girlhood was razed to the ground.

"King James's" rooms commemorate the important part which that monarch had in the making of Hatfield House. The enormous bedstead, of the "four-corners" pattern, reminding one of the great bed of Ware, on which he is said to have slept when visiting Hatfield after the completion of the new building, has been kept intact ever since, as well as the tapestry—tapestry, it may be said, is one of the features of Hatfield House—with which the room was hung. In the sitting-room, resting on a splendid marble chimney-piece, is a bronze statue of the King. This apartment is so large and lofty that one can scarcely believe that the statue is life-size.

The common practice in great houses of naming rooms after the most distinguished men and women who have occupied them

in the west wing when visiting Hatfield. But for this practice, indeed, his lordship would not have known that the great Protector was ever an inmate of his ancestral house, and there is no further proof of Cromwell's visit. Of the honour paid to Hatfield by Wellington, on the other hand, there is a striking memento in the French flags captured at Waterloo and presented by the Iron Duke to his host, the late Marquis of Salisbury, which hang from the music gallery in the Marble Hall.

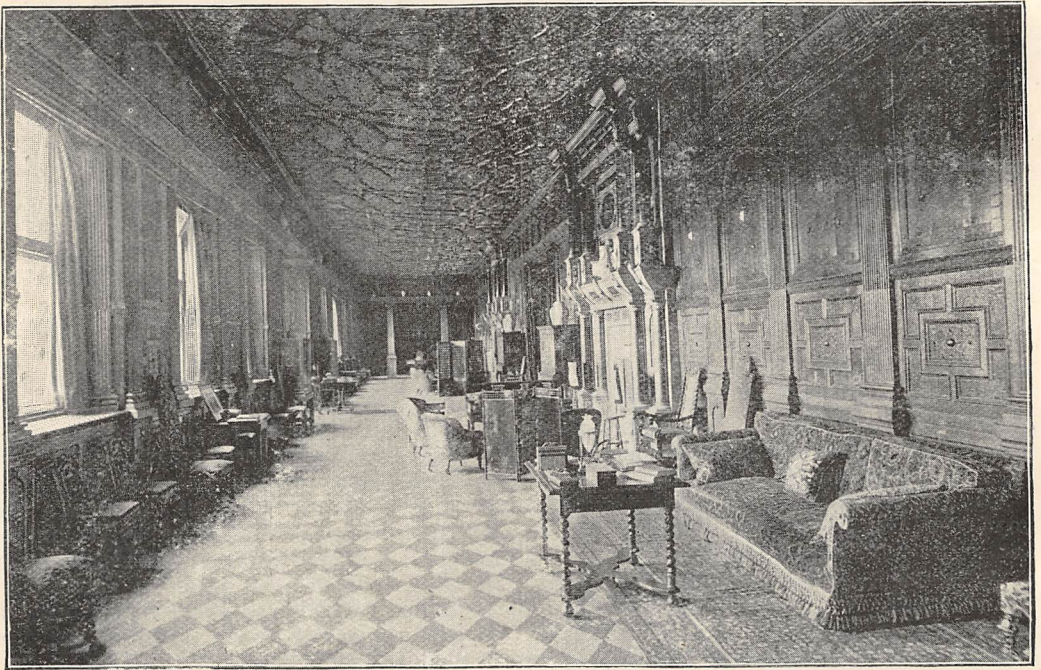
The apartment favoured with these trophies is one of the most spacious in the house, and on rent day, Lord Salisbury entertains there about 150 guests, the Marble Hall being used as a dining-room in summer. The winter dining-room is less sumptuous, but is full of interesting pictures, including portraits of the Cecil family by Vandyck, Kneller, and Lely. Equally interesting are the varied contents of the summer drawing-room, including an organ of the time of James the First,

Queen Elizabeth's tortoise-shell and silver jewel-case, fine chimney-pieces and antique furniture.

But the pearl of greatest price is to be found in the library. In the number and character of its books, Lord Salisbury's library is not superior to that of smaller houses in various parts of the country. But it contains a priceless collection of original manuscripts—the Cecil papers. They consist chiefly of about 13,000 letters, written, by the most eminent men and women of their age, to Lord Burghley, the Elizabethan statesman, and his son, Sir Robert Cecil. In these papers, which have been simply invaluable to historians, we seem to actually live in the "spacious times" of the great Queen, and to make the personal acquaintance of the distinguished men of her reign. Among other curious things are nine folios of verse written by the Queen herself a few years before her death—verses, which so far as they have been

strong-room in the basement of Hatfield House.

On the martial glories of England Lord Salisbury, in his speeches, has bestowed many an eloquent passage. One wonders whether he has found inspiration in composing them whilst striding up and down the armoury, which occupies the whole length of the south front of the house. For in this collection of weapons and flags there are to be found relics of all our great victories, from the Armada to Waterloo and Inkerman. The long apartment is lighted by electric lamps suspended from the lances of mailed figures, the suits of armour having been recovered from the wreck of one of the Spanish vessels in 1588 and presented by Lord Howard of Effingham to Lord Burghley. The plaster ceiling is elaborately decorated, whilst the outer wall of the armoury consists of open wood-work, carved in lace pattern. To obtain protection from wind and rain, however, Lord Salisbury has had



THE LONG GALLERY.

(From a photograph by Charles Vau Jean, Acton, W.)

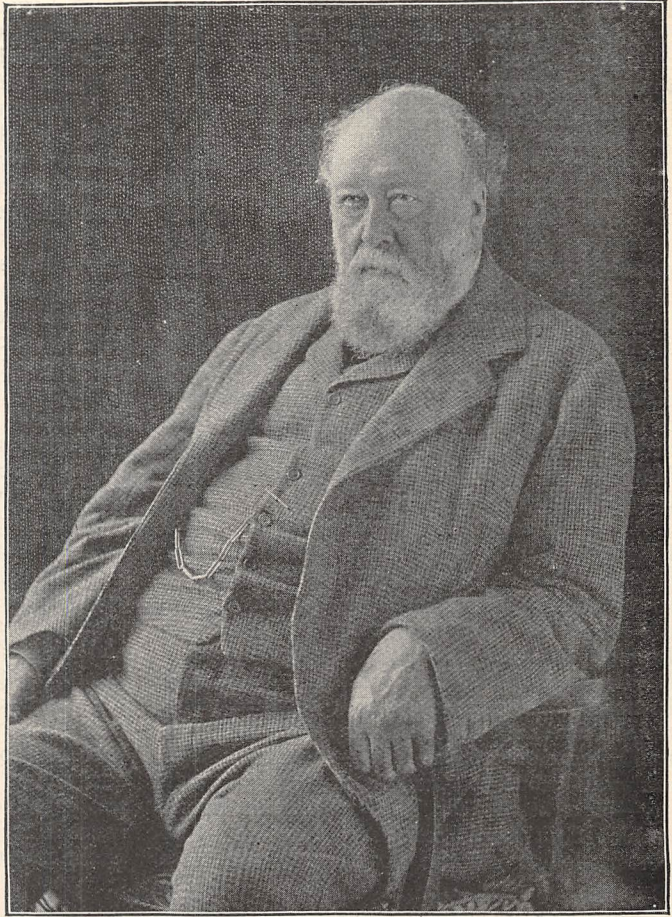
deciphered, are fuller of lamentation and woe than of poetry. In the library most of Lord Salisbury's friends have spent entertaining hours, poring over these faded leaves of a past which comes nearer and nearer as the minutes fly. The MSS. are bound together in boards, and carefully indexed, and are usually kept in a

the open places filled with glass, and the wall now rather resembles the *grille* of the House of Commons.

Above the armoury is the Long Gallery—the most splendid apartment in the house. On the Grand Staircase, by which one ascends, among several portraits is one of the fourth

Earl of Salisbury, to which a curious story attaches. A casual glance at the picture gives one the impression of a man with two heads—behind the features of the Earl peers another face in much fainter outline and of quite a distinct type—the face, in fact, of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth. It seems that the Duke, when a favourite at Court, was a friend of the then Earl of Salisbury, and as a mark of his esteem presented the Earl with his portrait, which was hung in a position of honour at Hatfield. After Sedgemoor, however, it was not safe for the Earl to keep the picture on his walls and it was accordingly hidden away in the lumber-room. Years after, the discarded canvas, on which the features of the rebel Duke had entirely disappeared, was found by the fourth Earl of Salisbury at a time when he was about to have his own portrait painted, and in a spirit of economy he resolved to utilise it for this purpose. When this portrait came to be cleaned some years ago the face of Monmouth reappeared, to the confusion of the person engaged in the task. This, at any rate, is the explanation of the mystery which Lord Salisbury himself has accepted, if only for the want of a better.

The Long Gallery is really the ball-room of Hatfield House, and on the occasion of the coming of age of Lord Cranborne—the Prime Minister's son and heir—in 1882, a thousand people danced on its finely polished oaken floor. The comparatively little furniture it contains is nearly all of Elizabethan patterns. The greatest curiosity in this splendid apartment, with its panelled walls and gilded ceiling, is, however, the genealogical tree of Queen Elizabeth. The linen-paper chart, which is twelve or fifteen yards long, traces the descent of the monarch from Adam and Eve; and, although found to-day in the mansion of the Cecils, must be regarded as a satire upon the claims of long descent. Nevertheless, it is said to have been the gift of Lord Burghley, the founder of the fortunes of Lord Salisbury's family, to the Queen, in whose



THE MOST HON. THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G.

(From a photograph by Elsdon & Son, Hertford.)

service he had achieved such great distinction. The Adam and Eve staircase at this side of the house is so-called from the picture which hangs there by Albert Dürer. At Hatfield there is evidently no disposition to forget our common ancestry in the grand old gardener and his wife!

The Premier himself spends most of his time in what he calls his "den," which consists of a laboratory, a dressing-room, and a bath-room on the ground-floor. A sight of the laboratory, with its large cupboard of chemicals, its bottles and capsules and other paraphernalia which have evidently been in recent use convinces one of the earnestness and keenness of the interest that Lord Salisbury is known to take in physical science, more particularly electricity. In this room his lordship himself planned the electric lighting of the house by means of the water-power of the River Lea which flows through a portion of the park.

The engines are at some saw-mills, with which the house is in both telegraphic and telephonic communication. Lord Salisbury has also applied his scientific talent to the problem of the water-supply of Hatfield, and the town now receives excellent water from the mains in Hatfield Park. In this room, too, there are some interesting suggestions of the skill to which Lord Salisbury has attained in the gentle art of photography. One is led to wonder by the sight of these things as to the career the statesman would have made for himself in science had not the accident of birth given him an early *entrée* into the world of *la haute politique*. Or would it have been literature after all, as his early contributions to the *Saturday Review*, when there was little prospect of the second son of the late Marquis succeeding to the title and estate, would indicate?

A remnant of the old building in which Elizabeth spent her girlhood is still standing close to what is called the "town entrance" to the park—the entrance which was in most use when my Lord Salisbury, on a visit to London, had to be driven along the great North Road in the family coach. This bit of Bishop's Palace, patched and repaired from time to time, and which was originally the great hall, is now put to the uses—the base uses, I am afraid some too zealous antiquarian may say—of a stable for the numerous horses employed in Lord Salisbury's service. The porter's lodge and the old stone archway are

also believed to have formed part of Hatfield House as Queen Elizabeth knew it. Close by is the burial place of the Duke of Wellington's favourite charger, which died, I believe, whilst its illustrious master was staying at Hatfield. There is also a quaint little walled garden, adorned by part of the pediments of the second Royal Exchange, which seems to have been the pleasure of the good bishops.

Pepys visited Hatfield in July, 1661 (as his fellow-diarist, Evelyn, had done eighteen years before), and, after referring to the splendour of the house, writes in his quaint style of "the gardens, such as I never saw in all my life; nor so good flowers, nor so great gooseberries as big as nutmegs." The London visitor to-day would probably not express himself so enthusiastically, but, on the whole, the park has as much interest for him as it had for Pepys or Evelyn who wrote of it as "a considerable rarity." The forest trees certainly look far finer from being over two hundred years older, the "Lion Oak," which was supposed to be seven or eight hundred years old when Pepys saw it, having now a celebrity far and wide. On the other hand, time has dealt rather roughly with the oak under which Elizabeth sat reading when the news of Mary's death was brought to her by a messenger who hastened to fall on his knees on the green turf and salute her Queen of England. Some people have discredited this little story, because Mary's death took place in the middle of the month of November and no young lady

with the common sense of Elizabeth would take her book in the open air at this time of the year. The Queen, when she visited Hatfield in 1846, was not of this number; her Majesty preferred to accept the counter theory that the afternoon of November 17, 1558, was a genial exception to the inclemency of our climate, and, in token of her faith in the old tale, picked an acorn from the tree and had it planted in Windsor Park. Lord Salisbury's gardeners declare that this was the last acorn the ancient tree ever shed. Whatever may be our view of the mid-November incident there is no reason to doubt that the pretty gardens, which are reached from the terrace on the



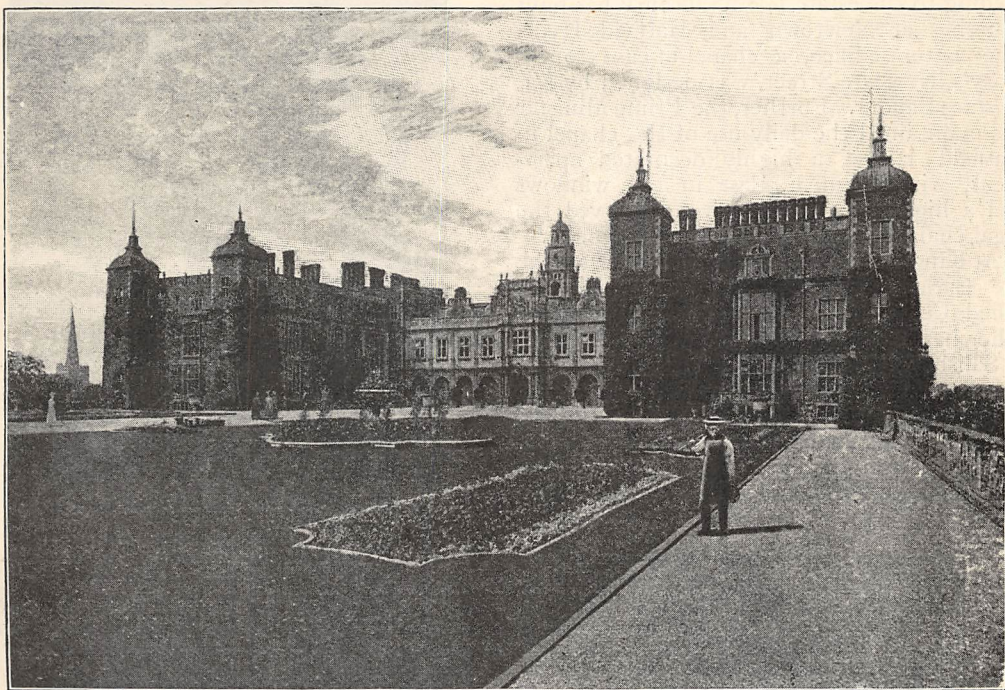
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OAK.

(From a photograph by Chester Vaughan, Acton, W.)

west side of the house by a short flight of steps, were the favourite resort of the Princess Elizabeth. They are called the Elizabethan Gardens, and in the kind of plants and flowers that are grown there Lord Salisbury has endeavoured to preserve its Elizabethan character. The Privy Garden, on the other side of the house, which is sheltered by rows of lime trees, was designed

and daughters and by some of his occasional visitors, but they can never entice the statesman from his scientific hobbies in the laboratory.

As I have already indicated, Lord Salisbury has his parish church right at the gates of his domain. It is a cruciform building, with a central tower and spire added by the late Marquis. The whole church was restored at



HATFIELD HOUSE, SOUTH FRONT.

by James the First, who also stocked the park with its first deer, to the number of five or six hundred.

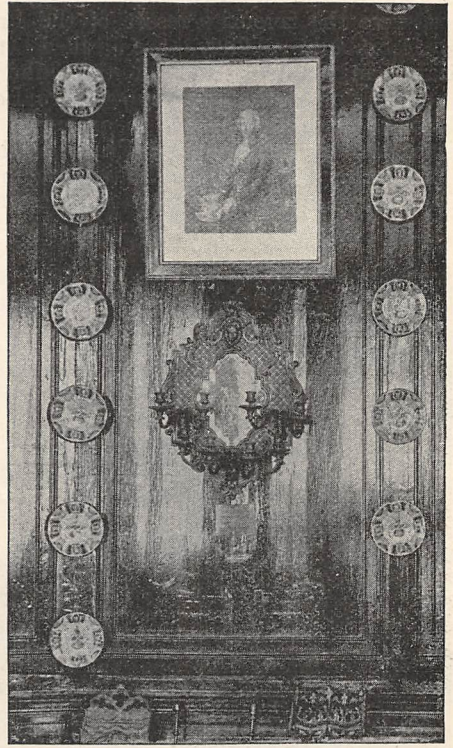
There are other old English features in Hatfield Park in the maze and the roserie. The maze consists of clipped yew hedges, which are also a feature of a long sloping garden in the form of terraces at the north end of the park, called the Vineyard. At one side of this garden is a large summer-house where, in bygone years, the family have been accustomed to meet together for afternoon tea. "The Vineyard" slopes down to the River Lea, in whose waters the Prime Minister, as a boy, had many a good day's fishing. In another part of the park there is a fine boating lake of four acres, whilst close to the house there are croquet and tennis lawns. These facilities for recreation are taken full advantage of by Lord Salisbury's sons

Lord Salisbury's expense in 1872. The Cecil Chapel (on the north side), which now has quite a modern appearance, is filled with mosaics depicting the parable of the Wise Virgins, the Apostles, etc. The builder of the chapel, the first Earl of Salisbury, with whom James the First exchanged Hatfield, is commemorated by a sumptuous marble monument, four female figures, personifying the four cardinal virtues, bearing his effigy in the robes of Lord Treasurer. St. Ethelreda's has also two fine stained-glass windows, put up by Lord Salisbury in memory of his sisters, Lady Blanche Balfour, the mother of the present leader of the House of Commons, and Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope. Lord Salisbury, like Mr. Gladstone, "sits under" the preaching of a son, Lord William Cecil, the second born, having been rector for some years. The church has accommodation for

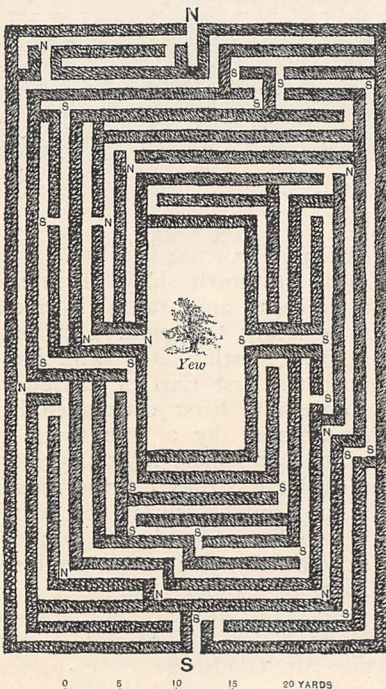
700 worshippers, and the living which, it need scarcely be said, is in the gift of Lord Salisbury, is of the gross yearly value of £2,097.

Lord Salisbury's estate extends some distance on either side of Hatfield, and includes the villages and hamlets of Newtown, Newgate Street, and Hatfield Hyde. In the spiritual needs of these places the Cecil family have always shown a lively concern; since succeeding to the estate Lord Salisbury has built churches at Newtown and Hatfield Hyde. The latter edifice, a chapel-of-ease to St. Mary's, Newgate Street, was designed by Mr. Eustace Balfour. Further, the Prime Minister has maintained the daily use of the chapel in Hatfield House, a highly decorated apartment, with Flemish glass in the windows and a high gallery in which is preserved the regal chair of Queen Anne, wife of James I.

At King's Langley, a few miles from Hatfield, the Earls of Salisbury had a dower-house, called Cecil Lodge, but this has passed into other hands. The eldest son of the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Cranborne, takes his title, of course, from the little town in Dorsetshire, where the Prime Minister is Lord of the Manor. The manor house which, with the estate, was the gift of James the First to Sir Robert Cecil, has been let for some years past



ROOM AT WALMER WHERE PITT AND NELSON MET.



PLAN OF THE MAZE AT HATFIELD.

S. Way to centre from South. N. Way to centre from North.
 ——— Paths. ■■■ Hedges.

to a private gentleman. Dating from the 12th century, the house in its time has been the residence of kings. It was partly rebuilt by Henry the Seventh and was restored by Lord Salisbury after his succession to the title. For some time he occasionally resided there, and in 1875 undertook the cost of restoring the ancient parish church. With the acquirement of a *château* near Dieppe and a villa near Nice, Lord Salisbury and his family spent less and less time at Cranborne until the manor house was transferred to the tenancy of a stranger. The Prime Minister still maintains the villa La Bastide, at Beaulieu, although the stress of politics gives him but small opportunities of enjoying this resting-place on the Riviera; but as my readers will remember the Chalet Cecil was sold a short time ago.

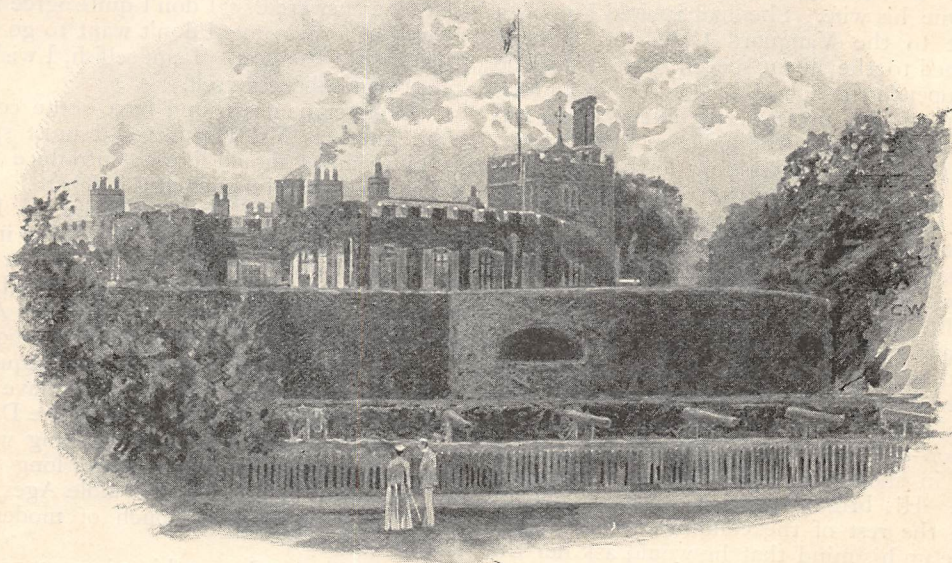
The sale of Lord Salisbury's home on the north coast of France practically coincided with his appointment as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports which, in Walmer Castle, gives him a marine residence as long as he chooses to hold this honorary office. Walmer Castle may be described as the home of statesmen. Among others it has been occupied by Pitt, Lord Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Granville, and Mr. W. H. Smith. Pitt and Wellington died there

Walmer Castle is a comfortable, as well as historical residence—in summer time, at least. In outward seeming, it is still a grim fortress, with bare stone walls and ramparts protected by heavy guns, but within recent years a considerable degree of domestic enjoyment has been cultivated at comparatively little cost to the old structure. Approaching the castle from the land-side by pasture-fields you cross the moat (now dry and grass-grown) by an apparently ancient drawbridge and request admittance at a large oaken door still capable, I should say, of making a stout resistance if admittance were not conceded. One's first glimpse of the interior of the castle is not prepossessing, perhaps, in its favour as a place of residence; one passes the porter's lodge through a dark archway into a cold, cheerless-looking stone courtyard, which somehow suggests, but untruly, subterranean passages, there being nothing worse in this respect at Walmer Castle than dark, cavernous cellars, where gunpowder used to be stored. The next minute you are surprised to find yourself walking along well-carpeted and well-lighted corridors, warmly curtained and tapestried and decorated by many interesting pictures and engravings. The rooms, too, well furnished and with large fire-places, have unexpected possibilities in the way of social comfort, although many have an odd appear-

ance owing to the castellated shape of the outer walls and windows. By building over part of the old ramparts the late Earl Granville made a considerable addition to the size of the Castle as a place of residence, and it now contains over thirty bed-rooms and reception rooms.

The most interesting rooms are, of course, those in which Pitt and Wellington died. Whilst modern furniture has been introduced generally throughout the Castle, these bedrooms are kept much as they were when the Great Commoner and the Iron Duke breathed their last, and are now never used. During the short time the late Mr. W. H. Smith was Lord Warden he was assiduous in collecting together as many relics of Wellington as possible and placing them in the Castle, where they bear brass tablets to ensure their preservation as heirlooms. Of Pitt there are practically no relics to be found. The little room in which he took council with Nelson, whose fleet lay in the Downs, just before the hero's departure for the glory of Trafalgar was destroyed by Lord Granville, who added it to the drawing-room, by having the dividing wall taken down. Mr. Smith, fearing that the identity of this historic little chamber would be lost, had a tablet placed in the drawing-room recording these circumstances.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.



WALMER CASTLE.

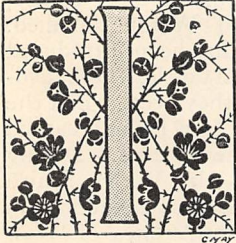
(From a photograph by Poulton & Son, Lee, S.E.)

IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT.

BY L. T. MEADE.

STORY I.—MATTHEW GRAY'S WIFE.

CHAPTER I.



IT was the night of the weekly debate at the Vanguard Club for Women, when Matthew Gray determined to put his fortunes to the test. The subject of the debate this evening was "Woman," and the opener was a man. When Matthew made his way into the crowded room the speaking had already begun. He was a young man of about twenty-six years of age, and had been a journalist from the time he was twenty. He had done well in journalism as he did in everything else he undertook, and six months ago had published his first novel. This novel had proved an unusual success—it had hit the caprice of the hour, being out of the common without being too much so—it appealed to popular taste, and soothed rather than irritated public opinion. Matthew suddenly found himself on the high road both to fame and opulence. Orders for future works began to pour in—fortune smiled brightly, in short, he felt himself entitled to try for the dearest wish of his life and to ask Diana Harrington to become his wife. She had invited him as a guest to the Vanguard Club, and he now listened to the fluent speech of the man who had opened the debate with a certain amused attention—he noticed the ill-concealed impatience of some of the audience—he observed that the speaker was giving forth a string of platitudes on the duties of wives and mothers—he agreed with all that was said, for in his heart of hearts he hated the so-called advanced woman, but wished that the matter might be put more concisely, and, if possible, with words more likely to arrest attention and demand respect. Matthew felt sure that he could have spoken better, he was elated and full of hope about everything to-night—his book was on the eve of going into a fifth edition—all the world therefore smiled upon him in short, his success almost intoxicated him. His bright eyes watched her as she sat with the rest of the committee—he quickly made up his mind that he would ask her the vital question before the night was over.

The speaker on the platform sat down at last amid murmurs other than those of

applause. Directly he did so a slim girl, with dark hair and eyes, full of suppressed emotion, sprang to her feet. Matthew drew a step nearer and watched her attentively. She wore the simplest of dresses, slightly open at her neck and wrist—her hair was arranged low down on her neck, she looked the essence of all that was feminine—the young man's heart was stirred within him. Would Diana support the views of the last speaker? Her terse clear voice smote almost sharply on his ear. Diana was, without doubt, a vigorous fighter—she intended now to fight for her sisters and for herself. She spoke softly, scarcely raising her voice, but her eyes were full of fire, her voice rang with delicate scorn, and when her speech was finished the whole room was in an uproar of applause.

The debate came to an end, and Diana came straight up to where Gray was standing.

"I am so glad you were able to come," she said, "did I do it well? What do you think of it all?"

"You looked splendid," said Gray, smiling into her eyes.

"Oh! what did my looks matter?" she gave him a glance half of impatience. "Did I say anything to help the Woman's Cause?"

"You are an earnest and true woman yourself," he answered. "I don't quite agree with you—but forgive me, I don't want to go into that subject to-night. I am selfish, I wish to talk to you about myself."

"Well, come down and have some coffee. Ah! there is Mr. Raymond—I must speak to him; and I should like to introduce you. He is the man who opened the debate."

"Here you are," she continued, as Raymond approached her side. "Let me introduce my friend Mr. Gray. Of course you know each other by repute," she added, her bright eyes sparkling; "one edits the *Hyde Park Gazette*, the other has written a book."

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance," said Raymond to Gray. "I have just read your book—'The Shadow of the Duke'—it is about the most original thing which has appeared in the market for a long time, carrying one back into the Middle Ages, and yet having a delicious touch of modernity about it."

Gray murmured something in response—it was nice to hear his book praised, but he did not want to lose sight of Diana.

"Come down, both of you," she said, "and let me give you coffee."

"You have not forgotten, Miss Harrington, that you are coming to supper with my sister and me to-night," said Raymond.

"I was going to ask you to excuse me," she replied; "I have a stupid headache."

There was quite a crush on the stairs, and Raymond was forced to go on in front.

"I want to say something to you; do give me a chance to-night," said Gray in Diana's ears.

Something in his tone caused her to look at him; her eyes were full of a soft, beautiful light; they fell beneath his; the colour rose higher on her cheek.

"I know a corner in the coffee-room where we can be alone," she said in a semi-whisper. "Ah! here we are at the door; let us make straight for it."

They threaded their way through the crowded room, and at last found themselves standing behind a little table which screened them from the rest of the crowd. Several men were present, and the women of the club were all eagerly entertaining their guests.

"What a babel of sound!" said Gray. "Do you really come here every night?"

"Yes, I delight in it. I never enjoyed myself so much as since I joined the Vanguard."

"But some of those women! See how they dress!" Gray glanced as he spoke in the direction of a tall lady with short hair, the upper part of whose figure could not have been told from that of a man.

"Oh! the dress happens to be her little weakness," said Diana. "I detest that sort of dress myself, but she fancies it. Why should she be abused for it? You don't know what a noble soul she is. Shall I tell you her history?"

"Not now; I have something to say to you myself."

"Yes," she said, looking full up into his face.

"Something to say about myself and about you," he continued, speaking in a husky voice. "Diana, you hold all my future in your hands. I consider myself at this moment successful, but I shall be the greatest failure that ever lived, if you refuse the request I am going to make to you."

She did not reply, her eyes sought the ground, her firm, pretty delicately cut lips trembled slightly.

"You know, you must know, what I feel for you," he said. "I love you with all my heart. Will you be my wife, Diana? I can afford to marry now. Will you say 'yes'?"

"Yes, Matthew," she replied, looking full up into his face and speaking with simple directness; then she blushed, and her lips

faltered. "I am not to be one of the million women left outside the pale of happy wives," she said in a broken voice. "I am very glad."

"I knew you were a true woman, my darling," said Matthew; "you have made me the happiest man in the world."

Raymond came up at that moment.

"Won't you offer me some coffee?" he said to Diana.

She controlled her emotion in an instant, and turned a bright smiling face towards him.

"How rude I am!" she said. "Have a cup, won't you? I don't know if we can find seats. How full the room is!"

"I wish you would reconsider your decision," said Raymond, coming nearer to her; "surely this hot air is bad for your head. My carriage will be round directly, and Esther will be so disappointed."

"Oh! I'll come if you wish," she answered; she felt too happy at this moment to refuse any request made of her.

Matthew stood near, but did not speak—his cup of bliss was perfectly full—he was now quite indifferent to anything Raymond might happen to say to Diana.

A few moments later Miss Harrington found herself driving to Hugh Raymond's flat in Winsley Gardens in his perfectly appointed brougham.

"I thought Esther was with you," she said, as she stepped into the carriage.

"No; she went on first and begged of us to follow; some other friends are coming, and she had one or two things to see to. The fact is," he added, as the carriage rolled smoothly along, "I asked her to go; I wanted to see you for a moment by yourself."

"Yes," said Diana, turning round and glancing at him.

"You must know what has been in my heart for a long time, Miss Harrington," he continued, speaking almost nervously; "I have the highest respect for women. I prove it by earnestly desiring to make one woman my wife. I have loved you for a long time, will you——?"

"Oh! don't," said Diana.

"Why do you say that? Why do you interrupt me?"

"Because you have said too much, and I ought not to listen to you. Marriage without love would be impossible to me. I don't love you. I never should have loved you. I respect you, and you are kind, but love I could never give you."

"Are you sure?" he interrupted her, bending forward and speaking with eagerness.

"You must hear me out," she said; "there is something further to say. Half an hour ago I engaged myself to another man."

Raymond suddenly subsided into his seat.

"You need not tell me his name," he said. "I know him."

"Do you? You can only know him slightly. I introduced you to each other to-night. I am proud to tell you that I am now the affianced wife of Matthew Gray."

"This is the second time that man has done me an injury," muttered Raymond, speaking half under his breath, but Diana heard him.

CHAPTER II.

A MONTH later Diana was married.

There was no reason why her wedding should be delayed. Matthew could afford to take a nice little flat in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park. He could afford to furnish it daintily and to bring his bride to as pretty a set of rooms as any modern girl could desire. Matthew himself was intensely modern in his writing, and, as far as superficial observers could tell, in his opinions, but as regarded women

—and in especial—married women, he was strictly conservative. Diana was to find that out by-and-by; she had little idea of it when she promised to be his wife. She was naturally a very affectionate, true-hearted girl, and the life which now opened before her seemed full of attractions. She made a beautiful bride, and on their honeymoon no couple could be happier than the Grays. It was on the night of their return home that the little rift became perceptible. They were standing in their pretty, bright drawing-room, and Gray had his arm round his wife's slim waist.

"Now you will be as happy as the day is long," he said.

"I am sure of it," she answered; "my life will be full—full to the brim."

"Of course it will, dearest. To tell you the truth, Diana, I could never have married a wife without intellect. You will help me immensely with my books—I mean to make you my proof reader, you will also be my most valued critic. We can do proof reading when we are at home in the evenings—but, of course, we will also go out together, I have several friends I want you to get acquainted with."

"Yes, dear," she answered, moving rather restlessly as she spoke. "Oh! by the way, I found a letter from Esther Raymond waiting for me amongst others in my sweet little boudoir—she wants to know if I will open a debate at the Vanguard to-morrow evening—the subject is to be 'Brave Women and Fair Men'—it is just like Esther to take up that modern note. Why, what is the matter, Matthew?—you have got quite an unbecoming frown between your brows."

Gray smoothed away the obnoxious expression.

"I was wondering if you would do something for me, darling," he said, after a pause.

"Why, of course—how can you ask in that doubtful sort of voice? You know I would do anything in the world for you."

"Perhaps, Di, you won't quite like to do this. I want you to withdraw from the Vanguard Club."

Diana opened her dark eyes very wide.

"My dear Matthew," she exclaimed; "what in the world do you mean?"

"What I say, my love," he stooped as he spoke and poked the fire irritably; "the fact is, Diana, I hate women's clubs—they may be necessary for some women, but surely a



"DID I DO IT WELL?" (p. 204).

young wife need not mix herself up with such a set."

"Such a set," echoed Diana; "my noblest and warmest and best friends belong to it."

"Well, darling, you can ask them here—anyone you like will be abundantly welcome here—but why go to the club now?"

"Only that I am deeply interested in it, Mat; my heart is with those women and with their cause; you do not surely mean what you say—you don't lay this on me as a command?"

"Not I—I won't command you in anything—it is a wish of mine, but if it troubles you I won't say anything more about it. I will leave it to your own good sense, darling."

"Now, that is quite horrid of you. I would fifty times rather you blew me up. The fact is, my dear old boy, I do not feel it possible to gratify your wishes in this particular."

"Very well, Diana—don't let us spoil our very first evening at home by talking any more on the matter."

"Of course not," she answered brightly, and yet with an obstinate line round her lips. "Ah! there's our supper gong—how delicious to have supper all alone with you in our own house."

Gray said something nice, but he said it with an effort—there was a slight restraint between the pair as they sat down to their first meal at home.

Matthew went out early the next morning to see his publishers, and Diana was alone in her pretty new home. Instead of unpacking her things and making herself generally active and useful, she sat by the fire and with a frown between her pretty brows, drew a letter out of her pocket. The letter was from her dressmaker, with a request that Mrs. Gray would send her a cheque for the enclosed amount, at her very earliest convenience. Diana glanced at the sum total with a slight shiver. She had been running up bills with her dressmaker for some time previous to her engagement—she had a bill also with her milliner. In short, this apparently immaculate young lady was in debt to the tune of very nearly two hundred pounds. She could scarcely tell even now how the debts had begun, but she knew very well how they had crept up and up until she was frightened at their proportions—she knew how they weighed upon her spirits and alarmed her even in her happiest moments. When she was first engaged to Matthew she firmly resolved not to marry until the debts were paid, but it was impossible to be a bride without a trousseau, and although Diana's trousseau was an essentially modest one, it considerably increased her bills. Her modest

earnings, for she had supported herself by journalistic work for two or three years, were quite inadequate to meet these heavy demands, and, in short, she became a bride with a secret which she dared not unburden to her husband.

"I will never tell my husband," she said, speaking half aloud as was her wont. "I vow and declare that I will earn the money myself. I won't let my dear Matthew pay these horrid bills for dresses and capes and gloves and bonnets which I wore out and hated before he proposed to me, for all the world. Yes, I must find some way of earning the money. What shall I do. In the whirl of my brief engagement I almost forgot those odious debts, but now something must be sent to Madame Lefroy. I will write her a little note and enclose—let me see, how much have I in my purse?" Diana opened her pretty little sealskin purse—it contained something over five pounds.

"I will send her five pounds—that will keep her quiet for a month or so," she thought.

She went to her desk and wrote a few lines, and then, putting on her hat, went to the nearest post office to get postal orders for the amount. These were enclosed to Madame Lefroy, and the young bride heaved a sigh of relief.

"She will wait at least for a month now," she thought to herself, "and by that time I shall be earning something. How I wish Mr. Raymond would give me a post on the *Hyde Park Gazette*; he half promised to once, but I daren't ask him favours now. Dear old Matthew—to think of a man like Hugh Raymond presuming to ask me to marry him—and yet he is rich and Matthew is not really rich; he is just successful, and we shall get along very nicely, but I could not ask him to give me two hundred pounds and to ask me no questions why I wanted it, and I do not fancy I should greatly mind asking Hugh Raymond for that modest little sum if I happened to be his wife. Hugh has not a high ideal of women—but Matthew! he thinks I am a princess—a white angel, somebody immaculate without even the stain of a passing weakness. He shall never, never know that I was vain enough to go in debt for pretty clothes. Dear old fellow, how much I love him—who would have supposed, though, that he was so narrow-minded? Fancy his wanting me to give up the Vanguard! That I can never do. I must bring him round to my views—that will be noble work—how splendidly Matthew could help the cause of woman, if only he would throw his soul into the matter."

Diana's mind was now considerably

relieved, and she spent the rest of the day happily enough. Her husband came home to lunch, and brought her good news from his publishers. His novel was still the rage of the season: it was rapidly passing from one edition to another; a cheap edition was now in contemplation, and certain corrections for this were necessary.

"I must do it to-night, Di," said Matthew, "for the public must have the edition by next week, so I am greatly afraid I shall not be able to take you to the play as I promised, dearest."

"Oh, it doesn't matter, Mat," she answered, "for you know this is the night of the debate at the Vanguard; and although, acceding to your wish, I am not going to take an active part in the proceedings, I shall of course like to be there."

"But you cannot come back alone."

"I have done so hundreds of times already—why should I mind it to-night?"

"I will call for you, Diana, when the debate is over," said Gray, speaking with a certain stiffness. "I cannot prevent my wife going to her own club, but I insist on her not walking through the streets of London alone after dusk."

"Oh, Mat, Mat, how you will spoil me!" she replied. She spoke lightly, but she was conscious of a little sense of irritation—her silken chains began to fret her.

When Mrs. Gray, looking radiant in one of her pretty bridal dresses, appeared amongst the members of the committee that night at the Vanguard Club, she was received with quite a little ovation.

"So glad you are back again," one member after another whispered to her.

"How well you look, and how happy!" said others; but others, again, twitted her on her state of slavery, and asked her what she now thought about the matrimonial condition.

"The best and happiest in the world," was her quick response; and then gently freeing herself from her tormentors, she went down into the body of the room and sat by her friend, Esther Raymond.

"I am so delighted to see you again, Di," whispered Esther. "I quite hoped you would be here to-night; but, my dear, why did you not lead the debate?—we were all so anxious to hear you."

"I was not prepared," said Di, lightly. "I had such a jolly honeymoon that perhaps my weapons of repartee and sarcasm and argument have grown a little rusty."

"Well, another time you shall do it. You certainly do look remarkably well. I told Hugh that you were likely to be here, and he said he would drop in."

Esther looked markedly at Diana, who coloured faintly.

"He asked me to coax you to come back to supper," continued Esther.

"Oh, I cannot do that," replied Mrs. Gray, "my husband is coming for me."

"Well, what of that? We shall be very pleased to see him also."

"He is too busy, Esther; a cheap edition of 'The Shadow of the Duke' is coming out next week, and every moment of Matthew's time is occupied getting it through the press."

"What it is to be famous!" said Esther; "I am sure I congratulate you; and certainly Mr. Gray is a very distinguished-looking man. I only hope he won't narrow your views, Diana; you must be very careful on that score."

"Trust me," answered Diana; "you know I am heart and soul in the cause."

"What a pretty gown you are wearing," said Esther; "where did you get it?"

"Madame Lefroy made it for me," replied Mrs. Gray. Her brow fell as she spoke—she had forgotten that horrid nightmare of debt, but now it returned with overbearing force.

"By the way, Esther," she said, "I am really glad your brother is coming, for I want to speak to him on a most particular subject."

"Well, here he is; let us go to him before he is snapped up. Ah, he sees us."

Hugh Raymond made his way across the room. A moment later his hand clasped Diana's with a slight lingering pressure, which in her heart of hearts she resented. The thought of her horrible debt, however, made her inclined to be friendly, and when Esther whispered to her tall brother that Mrs. Gray had something very special to say to him, she found herself the next moment walking by his side downstairs to coffee.

It seemed but yesterday that she had walked downstairs by Gray's side on the beautiful blissful night when he had asked her to be his wife. Now she was a wife, the wedding was over, the honeymoon was past; she was the happiest woman in the world; but why did her heart beat and her lips tremble as she looked up at Hugh Raymond's smooth, dark, somewhat sinister cast of face?

"You know I shall be only too pleased to do anything for you," he said. "I am flattered at your wanting to confide in me—the fact of such a devoted young wife having confidences to make is in itself flattering—you may be quite sure that I shall not betray them."

Diana found herself blushing uncomfortably.

"I want to ask you a great favour," she

CHAPTER III.

said boldly. "You know that in my opinion both husband and wife should help to contribute to the common purse."

"Come, that's rank heresy," said Raymond. "I know for a fact those are not Gray's views."

"That is just it," said Diana; "dear old fellow, he is so chivalrous; but, Mr. Raymond, I want to earn money—I must earn money—and if—oh! if you could get me a post on the *Hyde Park Gazette*."

"Now that is very strange," said Raymond, "it was only this morning I was wondering who could take Miss Schofield's place on the woman's column."

"Oh, is there a vacancy?" said Diana, eagerly. "If there is, and if——"

"If I give it to you will you be able to fill it ably?" asked Raymond, giving her a piercing glance.

"I think so—I believe so."

"You have done good work, I know," he said; for the moment he ceased to look at her with admiration and was the keen man of business. "The fact is, the *Hyde Park Gazette* likes to be a little bit scandalous, it rather builds its reputation on that; we like choice morsels and bits of out-of-the-way gossip—the woman's column has, in short, to get behind the scenes. I can afford to pay well for really valuable services. Here are two vacant seats, for a wonder; let us sit down and discuss the matter."

The discussion was quickly over. When Gray arrived to fetch his wife home, she had accepted an engagement to write a weekly article for the *Hyde Park Gazette*, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year.

"You will tell your husband, of course?" said Raymond, as he parted from her.

"I—I don't know," she answered, her eyes falling as she spoke.

"I only wanted to tell you that I will not mention it without your permission."

"Thank you," she said, but her heart was very low as she turned away.

HUGH RAYMOND was an unscrupulous and successful man. The *Hyde Park Gazette* was his own property—he had made it pay—it supplied a certain want, but by no means the highest want of human nature. His woman's column was a feature in itself—it required skilful manipulation, and although it was ostensibly the work of a woman, he always superintended it, and always supplied himself the most highly-seasoned pieces of gossip and scandal which it contained.

He was not a man of much affection, but he had fallen passionately in love with Diana Harrington. When she married Matthew Gray, his love for her underwent a subtle change, it turned into active hatred of the man who had supplanted him. Hatred in such a nature as his quickly thinks of revenge, and on the night when Raymond arranged with Mrs. Gray to supply the woman's column of his paper, he also thought out a very subtle mode of action, which would make the wife



"IT SEEMED BUT YESTERDAY . . . HE HAD ASKED HER TO BE HIS WIFE."

his instrument for putting the husband to open ridicule, and if possible spoiling his career.

Gray had not only supplanted Raymond with regard to his wife, but years ago, when a young man, had secured a good post on one of the great dailies, which, but for his sudden appearance on the scene, would have been given to Raymond. Gray was now a leader writer on this same journal, but this fact was known only to a few. His caustic and brilliant writing was much admired, but even Diana herself had not the faintest idea that her husband wrote the words which she read morning after morning with sparkling eyes, sometimes of indignation, sometimes of admiration at their undoubted power. It was Gray's pleasure to keep this secret of his journalistic work even from his wife—his novel writing apparently occupied all his time, and Diana never questioned him about mysterious absences which took place almost nightly. He blessed her for this, not caring to appear before the public in a double capacity, and glad for many reasons to keep his incognito. He said to himself that he was the lucky possessor of a wife who was not cursed with Eve's curiosity—he did not guess, however, the true reason for Diana's apparent want of interest in the long hours which he spent from home. She was equally busy on her own account. Not for worlds would she let her husband know what she did day by day at the Vanguard Club. It was there she collected those choice morsels which so delighted Raymond, and so tickled the fancy of his many readers. It was there she worked up her articles into sprightly and readable English. It was from the Vanguard Club that she posted them weekly to the office of the *Hyde Park Gazette*. As a rule, she never read them in print. Had she done so she would not have recognised these papers for her own. With her many faults, and she had plenty, Diana's real nature was sweet and whole—she could not put on paper the venomous things which appeared week by week in the *Gazette*—this was Raymond's own office, it was he who turned the witty and brilliant article each week into gall. The gall was none too bitter for his readers, however, and Diana suspected nothing. She received her salary, and had the pleasure of feeling that her debts were sensibly diminishing.

One day, about six months after Diana had undertaken the post of editor of the woman's column on the *Hyde Park Gazette*, Raymond sent her a note asking her to call early at his office. It came by special messenger, and Gray happened to be with his wife when she received it. She coloured crimson and then grew deadly white.

"Anything wrong?" he asked of her in some surprise.

"No," she answered, "not exactly," then she looked boldly into his face. Come, what would, she could not lie to him.

"This is a note from Mr. Raymond," she said; "he begs of me to call at the *Hyde Park Gazette* this morning—you know I used to write paragraphs for his paper."

"So I have heard," answered Gray; "but if he wants you to begin anything of the kind again, Diana, you must say 'no.' I am earning more than enough for us both, and I do not choose you to do journalistic work."

"Why so?" she asked timidly. "The fact is I am particularly fond of writing."

"You may write a novel if you like, but paragraph writing is beneath you, and I cannot countenance it."

"All right," she said, after a pause; "but I think I will call, as Mr. Raymond has particularly requested me to do so."

"Certainly," answered Gray. "It is possible, Di, that I shall not be home until the small hours—if that is so, do not stay up for me."

She murmured something which he could not quite catch, and a moment later left the room.

In half an hour's time, Diana was ushered into the sanctum of the editor of the *Hyde Park Gazette*.

"Welcome," he said, when he saw her. "Now I want you to do something special for me. You have not begun your article for this week yet?"

"No; I generally collect my material on the first two days of the week and write my article in hot haste on Wednesday—it seems to come better so."

"Your papers are excellent," said Raymond, "you are a born journalist—you have caught the swing of the thing. This week, however, your woman's article must treat on a new topic. Have you observed these leaders in the *Morning Gazette*?"

"Oh! yes," said Diana, we take the *Morning Gazette*—do you mean the second leader—it seems to me to be always from the same pen."

"Undoubtedly," said Raymond; "the fact is I happen to know the writer."

"Do you? He must be a very clever man."

"He is, but—" Raymond bent forward, lowered his voice and said something in a semi-whisper.

"Impossible!" said Diana, reddening and starting back.

"It is true; the man is a confounded hypocrite; see the stand he takes; he is against all progress; he even quotes the highest sentiments. I know for a fact what I

am telling you," he lowered his voice again and whispered some further scandal. "Mrs. Gray," he said suddenly, "we must show him up."

"I hate hypocrites," said Diana.

"I know you do—I have always observed your uncompromising attitude towards the faintest touch of deceit. Now I will give you materials. Our column this week will surprise some people, or I am vastly mistaken. Make these leaders, which are attracting a great amount of public attention, your main subject—your one subject. Here, and here, and here" (he placed some newspaper cuttings in her hand), "use these, bring them in delicately with a woman's wit; let me have your article by to-night."

"You are sure of your statements, Mr. Raymond?" said Diana.

"Positive—but we must not implicate ourselves—we must only suggest. Oh! no one can do this better than you can. Now I think you quite understand."

Diana rose—she went as far as the door. As she did so a sudden remembrance of Gray's splendid face and upright figure rose before her; she remembered the look in his eyes when he said that he did not want her to do journalistic work. What would he feel if he ever knew the weekly work in which she was engaged?

"After all," she said, faltering; "I do not know that I much like this office—of course, if the man is what you say, it is only right to show him up, but why must I do it?—it is surely not my woman's mission."

"It is if you love your sisters and would advance your cause," said Raymond. "Such a case as I have just spoken of is enough to deaden all true woman's work in England. Hypocrites must be shown up if we are to achieve anything."

"Still the work is not quite mine," objected Diana.

"Very well, Mrs. Gray—perhaps you are tired of writing for the *Gazette*, if so——"

"Oh! no," said Diana hastily—she could not afford to lose her weekly salary—those dreadful debts must be cleared off first. Afterwards—"Afterwards I will summon courage and tell Matthew the whole truth," thought the unhappy girl.

She hurried off to the club, and went upstairs to the silence room—it was in this sanctum she generally wrote her papers. She carried in her portfolio that morning's copy of the *Morning Gazette*, she spread the cuttings from other newspapers before her and read them eagerly; soon her heart beat with anger. If this thing were true, if the man who dared to appear before the public using

lofty words and trying to crush some of the most popular of the woman's movements was really what Raymond thought him?

"I will show him up," thought Diana; "after all, my work is noble enough."

She wrote with spirit—never in her whole life had she written better—each word told. Her writing was almost epigrammatic in its force and terseness, she insinuated without condemning; she laid bare what looked like a nasty scandal without apparently lifting more than the outermost edge of the curtain. She spent the greater part of the day over her work, and before she went home to dinner it was finished and posted to the office of the *Hyde Park Gazette*. Raymond received it by the first post the following morning. He read it with sardonic glee, and, having emphasised and strengthened the more delicate insinuations, having, in short, boldly lifted the curtain which Diana had partly uncovered, he sent the article—in all a trenchant and remarkable one—to press.

"That will do my business," he said to himself. "Was ever revenge more delicately planned than mine?"

CHAPTER IV.

THE article caught on: it immediately excited public attention, and was quoted in the evening papers; the next day letters appeared about it, and the scandal grew and grew. On all hands people asked who was the man about whom these ugly things were whispered—that he was a great journalist, everyone knew; others had heard that he also wrote novels. Most of the members of the Vanguard Club knew that Diana wrote for the *Hyde Park Gazette*—they questioned her eagerly with regard to the subject of her article. When she said she did not know the name of the man she had maligned, the other women looked at her as if they did not believe her. The real truth, however, for the first day or two, was known to no one at the club.

Amongst Diana's friends was a certain Mrs. Musgrave—a very fine-natured woman, who supported herself and her three children by journalism—she read the article in the *Hyde Park Gazette*, but shook her head over it.

"I do not like it," she said, addressing one or two of her friends. "Mrs. Gray is too fine a woman, and has too noble a husband herself, to stoop to this sort of thing—she ought not to do it, and I wonder Mr. Gray allows her."

"Oh, come; if a woman cannot do what she pleases, she ought not to belong to the

Vanguard Club," said the member who was addressed.

Mrs. Musgrave sighed.

"It was my delight to obey my noble husband when I had him," she said; then she added, quickly suppressing herself, "but I wonder who this scandal is really about?"

She was soon to find out.

One morning, two or three days after the

"But no one could say evil of you, Matthew," she answered.

"All men have their enemies," he replied. "By the way, Di, it is just possible that I may have to go to Paris to-night."

"What for?" she asked.

"Some business in connection with my work. If I go I will send you a telegram. Now, good-bye."



"HE LOWERED HIS VOICE AGAIN AND WHISPERED SOME FURTHER SCANDAL" (p. 211).

article had appeared, Gray came down to breakfast with a worried expression on his face.

"Is anything the matter?" Diana asked of him.

"Nothing, really," he replied, "I am only bothered about a stupid thing which has got into the papers."

"Into the papers?" said Diana, opening her eyes wide; "surely nothing against you, Matthew?"

"Yes, my love: a scandalous falsehood has been circulated about me—of course, it is the work of an enemy. I have just the ghost of a suspicion from what quarter it may arise, and intend to crush it in the bud. Don't you fret yourself about it, darling."

He left her; she felt restless and uneasy, she could not tell why.

Late in the afternoon she went to the club. No telegram had yet been received from Matthew, and she hoped that he would not be obliged to go to Paris. Some ladies were sitting in the drawing-room, and Diana went there intending to take up a book and try to distract her thoughts. The moment she was seen, however, her friends surrounded her, and began to talk about her article in the *Hyde Park Gazette*.

"You are certainly on your way to fame," said one girl.

"Mr. Raymond ought to double your salary," said another.

"You will be asked to supply one of the great dailies after this," said a third.

Diana scarcely listened to the congratulations which poured in upon her; an unaccountable misery kept assuming larger and larger proportions in her heart.

"But who can the scandal be about? what is the real name of the hypocrite?" said a bright-faced young girl who had only lately joined the Vanguard.

"I cannot tell you," answered Diana. She buried her face in her book—she was sick of this eternal query.

By-and-by she found herself alone in the drawing-room. Should she go home on the chance of Matthew returning earlier than usual? No. She was sick of being alone in her lonely flat—she would dine at the club.

Towards the end of dinner a lady sat down not far from her. She raised her eyes and saw her friend, Mrs. Musgrave.

"How do you do?" she said in her cordial voice.

"Oh! I did not see you, Mrs. Gray," said Mrs. Musgrave. She gave her a very icy bow, and turning to her neighbour, began to talk to her.

"What can be the matter?" thought Diana; "have I done anything to offend her? How queer of her to be so stiff to me."

She took the first opportunity to touch her neighbour on the arm, and asked her simply why her manner had changed.

In reply, that lady gave her a very direct and very earnest glance.

"Is it possible you do not know?" she said.

When she spoke, all the other women in the room put down their knives and forks and looked at Diana. She observed, for the first time, a hostile expression in all their eyes.

"But you must know, Mrs. Gray," said Mrs. Musgrave; "it is impossible that you cannot."

"I have not the least idea what you mean," said Diana proudly. "I am conscious of having done nothing wrong; your manner to me implies that I am guilty of some fault."

"One can scarcely speak of what you have done as a mere fault," said Mrs. Musgrave—"it is," she paused—"it is, in my opinion, a very great and very terrible crime. But stay," she added, seeing that Diana had suddenly become ghastly white, "I see I must speak to you alone; come with me into the next room."

Diana went with her, trembling as she did so.

The moment they found themselves alone, Mrs. Musgrave spoke.

"A few minutes ago," she said, "I had made up my mind never to address a word to you again, but on consideration it is but fair to tell you of what we all accuse you."

"You accuse me of something!" said Diana; "come, this is too much!"

"I am afraid it is no use your putting on these innocent airs, Mrs. Gray," said the other lady; "we women will do much for our cause, but there are limits, and you have transgressed them."

"What can you be talking about? Do speak out!"

"I allude to the article which has just appeared in the *Hyde Park Gazette*."

"I am sick of that article—what about it?"

"We have at last found out the name of the man whom you have maligned."

"And who is he?" said Diana; "I am sure I don't know."

"Do you really mean to tell me that you deliberately wrote lies about a person whose name you did not even know?"

"They were not lies, Mrs. Musgrave—they were the truth. Hugh Raymond gave me particulars; he desired me to write; he gave me my subject. I did not ask the name."

"I wonder if this is true," said Mrs. Musgrave, in a thoughtful voice. "Hugh Raymond is capable of a good deal. I never trusted him."

She looked steadily at the agitated woman beside her.

"Speak out, or you will drive me mad," said Diana.

"You did wrong ever to put yourself into the power of a man like Mr. Raymond; you have done a very dreadful thing, and, innocent or guilty, your case is a terrible one. We have reason to believe that there is not a word of truth in the scandal which has got abroad with regard to the reputation of a good and brave man. You have put that scandal into words, Mrs. Gray, and those words have been printed and are now circulated over the length and breadth of England. The name of the man is——"

"Yes," said Diana, "yes. The name, quick," she panted.

"The man's name is Matthew Gray."

Diana fell back as if someone had shot her.

She did not utter a single word, but she suddenly caught the rung of a chair which stood near to support herself—her face turned ghastly.

"Sit down, my dear. I am afraid I have given you a shock," said Mrs. Musgrave; but her words never reached Diana's ears.

"After all, poor girl, she could not have

known it," thought the good woman to herself; "what is it you are saying, Mrs. Gray?"

"Will someone fetch a cab?" said Diana, in a faint voice.

"Yes, come downstairs with me and we will get one immediately. I will put you into it. After all, I believe you are innocent. What a scoundrel Hugh Raymond is; but he shall suffer for this!"

"I want a cab; I must go home at once," said Diana vaguely—she was shaking all over now. Mrs. Musgrave put her arm round her waist and led her downstairs. A passing hansom was hailed, and a moment later the unhappy wife found herself driving back to Carlisle Street.

Would she be in time? She had a dim idea through the tumultuous beating in her heart that Matthew was going away. Would she be in time to see him before he went? She had something to say to him, she was not quite sure what it was—she had something horrible to confess, but she was not certain what the horrible thing consisted of.

The cab drew up at the flat in Carlisle Street. Diana sprang out, paid her fare, and ran upstairs. The servant who let her in told her that Gray had returned half-an-hour ago, had put some things hastily into a bag, had scribbled a note for her and gone away.

"Where is the note? Give me the note—quick," said Mrs. Gray.

In wonder, the girl placed it in her mistress's hands. Diana opened it; it ran as follows: "I am leaving for Paris by the night mail—do not know when I shall return. Matthew Gray." The note had no beginning. It was written in haste, of course, but why not a single word of affection?

"He knows," thought Diana; "I have not told him, but he has found out. I must follow him; if I don't find him I shall go quite mad."

"Can I do anything for you, ma'am? How bad you look!" said the maid.

"Yes, fetch me a cab," said Diana, "I am going out."

"Out again, ma'am? You do look bad."

"Fetch me a cab, and don't talk," said Mrs. Gray, stamping her foot with impatience, "I am going to Victoria. I want to see my husband—it is a quarter to eight, the mail for Paris does not leave until eight o'clock. I may be in time. What are you staring at me for, Alice? Fetch a cab immediately."

The girl rushed away.

Diana pressed both her hands to her throbbing bewildered head. A few minutes later she was driving to Victoria; she had only ten minutes in which to catch the train. As she stepped into the hansom she promised

the driver ten shillings if he got her to Victoria in time for the mail train to Paris.

The man whipped his horse to foam, and Diana lay back in the cab. She was overpowered by a queer sense of bewilderment and uncertainty, hammers seemed to be beating on her brain; she clasped her hands tightly and made vehement efforts to remember what had really occurred. The one and only thought, however, on which her strained and overwrought brain could rest was the thought of Matthew; to be with him, at his feet—on her knees at his feet—that was all she needed now, all she could hope for.

A minute before the train started her hansom drew up at the Chatham and Dover terminus.

"Quick," said Diana, putting her purse into a porter's hands, "get me a ticket for Paris, I must catch this train."

He looked at her in bewilderment.

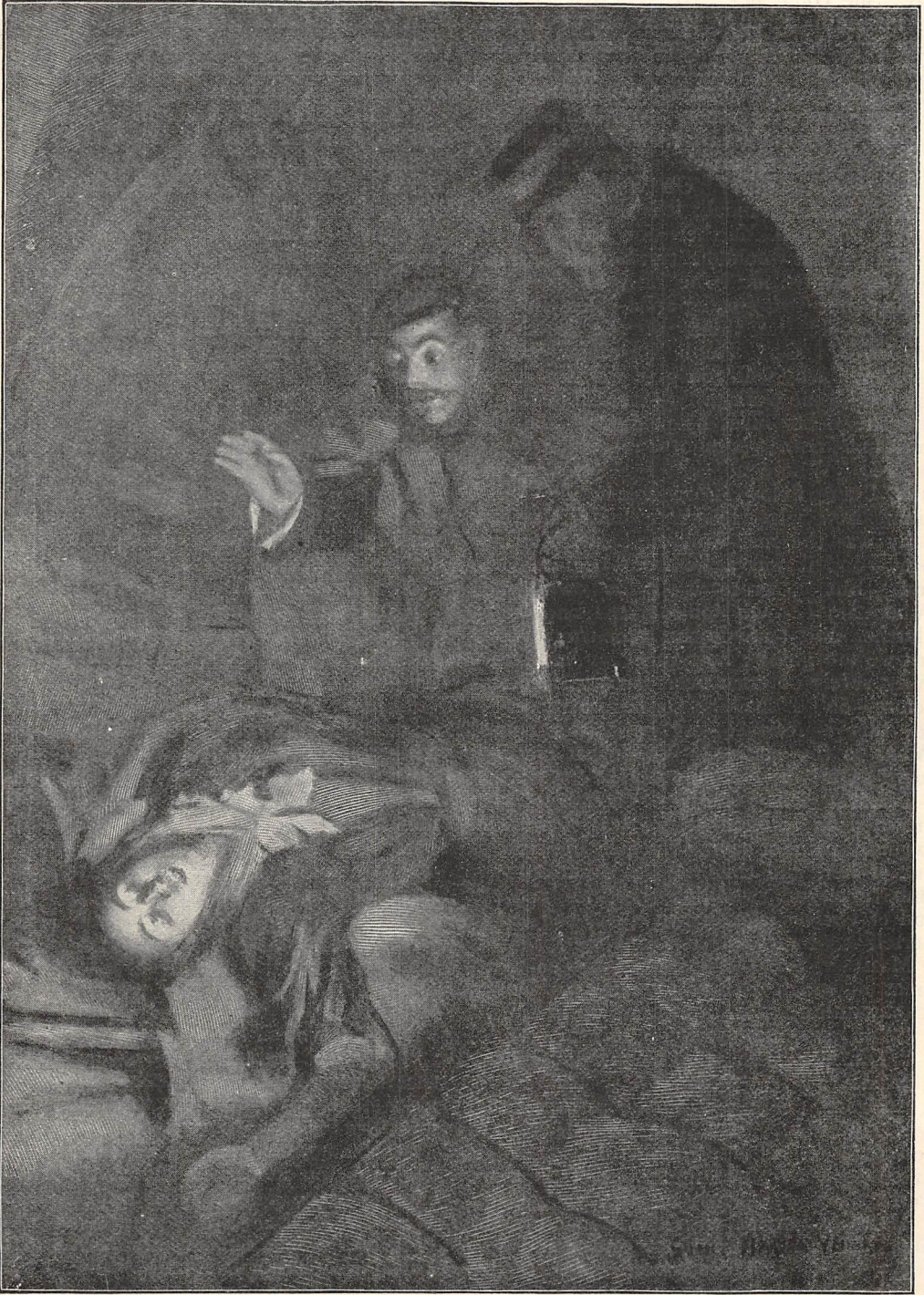
"Help me into the train, for God's sake!" she said, staring at him.

Her face showed him that there was something wrong the matter; or was this distracted-looking woman insane?—anyhow, it was his duty to help her. He pushed her into a first-class compartment where she found herself alone; and rushing off to the booking-office, got a ticket for her. He gave it to her, with her purse, as the train was steaming out of the station.

"In time, in time," she murmured, "thank God, in time. Shall I get out at Herne Hill, and try to discover in what carriage Matthew is? No, I won't stir; I will wait until I meet him on board the boat. I am glad I am alone; I can collect my thoughts a little now. Oh! Matthew, Matthew! what have I done to you?"

She pressed her hands to her head; there was a dreadful buzzing noise in her ears, as if a swarm of bees had attacked her. The train dashed through different stations and the light hurt her eyes. She closed them involuntarily; she felt giddy; she could not help swaying from side to side.

"Oh, God! what is the matter with me?" she cried presently, in a voice of almost terror. "Where am I? why does my head feel so queer? where am I flying to? I know; I am flying away from my sin. I have sinned past forgiveness; and against whom? Against my own husband, against Matthew! Oh! I am frightened! I wish I was not alone in the carriage. I wish I could hold someone's hand. Mrs. Musgrave said something awful to me a short time ago; she said—'I remember her words—'the man whom you have injured is your own husband, Matthew Gray.' Yes, something snapped in



"IT WAS THUS MATTHEW GRAY FOUND HIS WIFE" (p. 216).

my brain then. My own husband, my own Matthew ; the one I love, reverence, esteem. No. She could not have said that ; I must be imagining it all ! Where am I ? In my dear little home. Yes, yes ; I am at home : I am waiting for Matthew, he promised to come home early to-night ; we arranged to go to the play together. No ! Of course I am not at home, I am at the Vanguard, and I cannot get that article written. What is the subject to-night ? Oh ! I know : gossip, gossip, scandal, scandal ; it is all odious, and I would not tell Matthew for all the wide world. What would he think of me ? could he ever forgive me if he knew ? He said— I must not write paragraphs—bless him !— what would he think of the articles I do write ? Oh ! Hugh Raymond, how I hate you ! why will you give me this nasty, this loathsome work to do—scandal, scandal ? But the debts must be paid, and Matthew must not know ; six months more and I shall be free. Where am I ? I am not at the club, I am flying through space ! Oh ! I know now what has happened. Matthew Gray was the man—my husband, Matthew Gray—and it was a lie from beginning to end. But I wrote it—I, his own wife ! Where am I ? Oh ! of course, I know now. Matthew and I are in the same train. How fast we are going ; how queer my head feels. Why, surely no train ever bumped like this before—oh ! I shall be shaken to pieces !—oh, this is fearful !—my back, my spine ! What is the matter ? Oh ! that crashing roar ! Oh ! my God, my God ! ”

Diana's wild surging thoughts were drowned in oblivion—there was a sense of exquisite pain, of having the very life crushed out of her, and then all was darkness—the club train had swung off the lines, and the end of the carriage in which she had seated herself was completely wrecked.

Matthew Gray leapt out of the compartment in which he was hurrying to Dover, wholly unhurt. A porter came up to him.

“ You are unhurt, are you, sir ? ”

“ Yes, yes,” he answered ; “ are many injured ? ”

“ Several passengers at the further end,” was the reply, “ and one poor lady in a compartment all by herself. I fear she is killed—she is crushed under one of the seats. Perhaps you would help me, sir ? ”

Matthew hurried with the man down the line. All was awful hurry and confusion : the wounded and dead were being carried hastily into the best shelter that could be found, one or two doctors who happened to be in the train were bending over the sufferers. But no one, with the exception of

this porter, had yet noticed the solitary passenger who lay like one dead in a compartment by herself.

It was thus Matthew Gray found his wife. Between them he and the porter soon released her, and carried the unconscious woman across the lines.

Restoratives were brought, and all that medical aid could do was immediately applied ; and, two long hours afterwards, Diana opened her eyes to find those of her husband's looking into hers.

“ Am I in another world ? and do you know everything, Matthew ? ” she said in the faintest, the very faintest, of whispers.

“ I know that you are alive, my darling,” he whispered in her ear.

She closed her eyes again, too faint to move—too faint even to think.

Both her legs were fearfully injured, and the doctor thought she could never walk again. Towards morning the violent pain which she was suffering brought back consciousness. She grew restless and feverish.

“ I shall die,” she said to herself ; “ but I must tell him—with my own lips before I die.

“ Matthew,” she said in her feeble voice.

He bent over her.

“ You must not speak, Diana,” he said.

“ Yes,” she answered, fever now getting into her voice ; “ I must. I was following you to tell you.”

“ I know what you would tell me,” he said in a gentle firm voice. “ I heard the whole truth yesterday. I suspected the origin of the scandal, and I went straight to see Hugh Raymond. I forced the exact truth from him under pain of an action for libel ; he confessed his whole diabolical plot ; he dragged you into it in order to punish me more severely. My darling, you never meant to injure me ; you did what you did in ignorance. I will ask you, when you are better, why you ever kept a secret from me, Diana.”

“ Oh ! I will tell you now,” she said. “ I will tell you now.”

“ No, you must not speak ; rest assured that I forgive you completely. I was angry for a little, but my anger has passed. You must live for my sake.”

Matthew knelt by her and held her hand. She was too ill and exhausted to keep her eyes open, the lids dropped over the feverish eyes—she slept.

Diana did not die, but the marks of that fearful accident will remain with her to the day of her death, and the awful lesson of that hour will also abide with her. But Matthew Gray has quite forgiven his wife, and that, after all, is the main thing.

SPANISH ART AND ARTISTS.

"SUNNY Spain," with its wealth of natural beauty, its abounding architectural treasures, its many cities that are "beautiful for situation," its gems of pictorial art of past ages, has great and inexhaustible attractions for all lovers of the artistic. Its quaint old towns with their picturesque inhabitants; its sparkling atmosphere and natural brilliant colouring, have proved irresistible to artists of many nations, and not a few English painters among them have found inspiration for their life-work therein. The study of the canvases of Velasquez, the greatest of Spanish masters, which can only be carried out properly at Madrid, has more than once been the turning-point in an artistic career. One other name which Spain has added to the book of artistic fame, Murillo, the idealiser of peasant life, and the representative religious painter of his country, also stands high on the list of the old masters of the world.

And yet Spain, to-day, does not possess a single painter who is known to any great extent outside its own borders. Indeed, since its one master of modern times, Mariano Fortuny, died in 1874, Spanish art has made no noteworthy effort. That artist's vivid impressions of Moorish and Algerian scenes, scintillating with sunlight and vivid in colouring, represent the highest point attained, for although many have attempted to imitate him, not one has succeeded even in equalling his work.

The pictures reproduced in these pages are fairly representative of the work produced by contemporary Spanish artists, and it will at once be realised that, for the most part, they are reflective of the life of the country. The character of the Spaniard is a curious one to fathom. Indolent, or apparently so, he has a superabundant gaiety of spirit which enables him to take life easily and joyously, but, curiously enough,

this is combined with a savagery which finds its delight in the gruesome horrors of the bull-ring. All this is found mirrored in the national art. The trifling incidents of life form subjects for painters and sculptors: the dance, the play, flirtations, serenades, are all portrayed, radiant with colour and sunshine.

Ruskin's *dictum*, "he is the greatest artist who has embodied . . . the greatest number of great ideas," cannot possibly be exemplified here. Great ideas are shunned; pictures with a purpose, and sermons in stone are



CROSSING THE BROOK.

(By José Cuchy.)

avoided by the workers with brush and chisel. Indeed, there is rarely an attempt at a story: merely representations of passing events, which, however, have a prettiness which cannot altogether be resisted. Above all, as has been already pointed out, this art of Spain is nationally representative: the artists paint the country and the people as they are, and for this reason the work is of interest, even though it impresses with its meretriciousness.

With the exception of two, all the artists whose works are here reproduced live and labour in their own country, and their pictures are seldom seen in exhibitions outside it. Signor L. Alvarez is the only one of the number who seeks his



A MADRID TYPE.
(By Torcuato Tasso.)

subjects in other than contemporary times. The two pictures reproduced on pages 222 and 223 are typical of his work. He is fond of eighteenth century costumes and accessories, and in both of these canvases they are introduced. "Leaving Church" is a large work, and perhaps one of his best. His effort to indicate the characters as well as the forms of the worshippers is rather laboured and, possibly, too apparent to be pleasant, but it is successful. Roman Ribera, on the other hand, is distinctly modern. He chooses his models from society of the highest kind, and betrays his French training and sympathies to the utmost degree in his methods. But his work is strong, and one is led to



SPRINGTIME.
(By Jean Sala.)



WEARY OF IT ALL.

(By F. Masrera.)



MERRY FOLK.
(By Louis Graner.)



"GIVE IT TO ME!"
(By Louis Jimenez.)



AFTER THE BALL. (By Roman Ribera.)



LEAVING CHURCH. (By L. Alvarez.)



AN INTERESTING READING. (By L. A. 200. ex.)



THE BULL-FIGHTER'S WIFE.
(By Torcuato Tasso.)

wish that he applied his skill to better subjects.

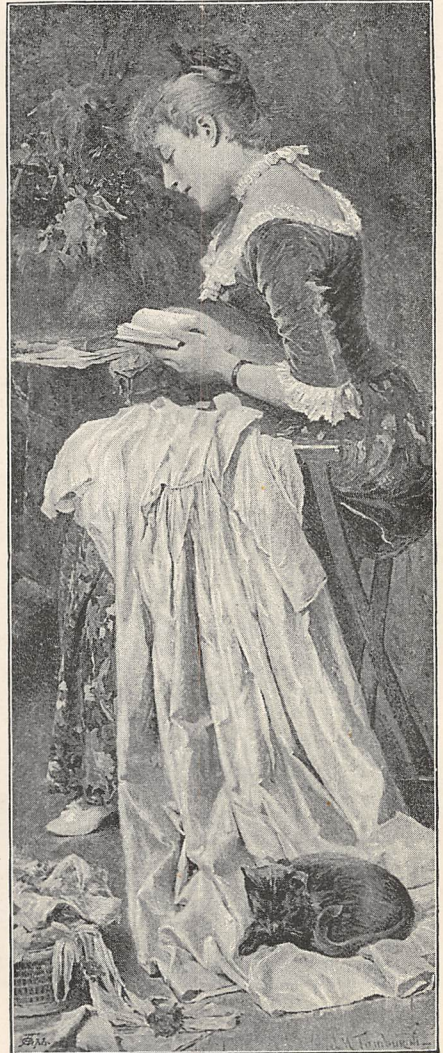
Paris has, of course, attracted Spanish art-students, as it has those of all other nationalities. For many years past it has been the art-training centre of the world, with the result, as Sir John Millais happily put it some time ago, that most young painters of other European countries "were expressing themselves with a broken French accent." Among the foremost of the Spanish colony in Paris stands M. Louis Jimenez, the painter of "Give it to me," reproduced on page 220. He was born at Seville, but his art is entirely Parisian. At the great International Exhibition of 1889, he was awarded the *grand prix* in the Spanish section, his picture being one of those representations of hospital scenes so favoured by French artists of that time. In recent years, however, M. Jimenez has turned his attention to the more pleasant subject, the picturesque aspect of the peasant-life of the country of his adoption.

M. Jean Sala is another of the Spaniards

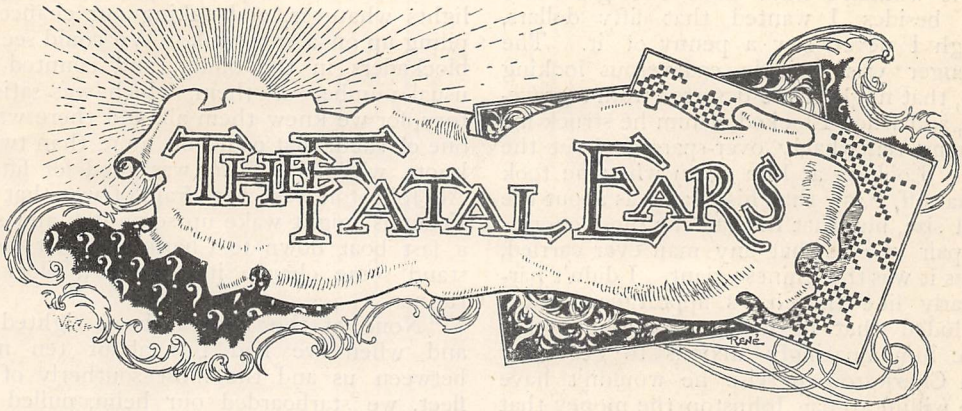
who, residing and working in Paris, has become, so far as his art is concerned, practically a Frenchman. His "Spring-time," shown on page 218, is sufficient to prove this. The models, the style, and sentiment, are all French, and the painter is only included among these Spanish artists by the accident of birth.

The two examples of a sculptor's work, which appear on this page and p. 218, are pleasing from their distinctively Spanish character. The "Type of Madrid" is a most graceful representation of a light-hearted, pretty, and attractive girl of the capital city; while "The Bull-Fighter's Wife" is the embodiment of the vivacious, reckless animalism which infects all who are actively connected with the cruel national sport.

ARTHUR FISH.



A REST. (By J. M. Tamburini.)



BY W. L. ALDEN.



HIS story was told to me by a fellow-passenger on board a Royal Mail steamer. I cannot positively assert that it is true, but the man was a serious, slow-speaking North Briton, who seemed to be entirely incapable of inventing even the mildest falsehood. Indeed, his apparent truthfulness, if it was assumed, would have stamped him as an actor of marvellous ability. For my part, I have not the slightest doubt that he told the truth.

"At the time this happened, sir," he began, "I was the mate of a blockade-runner that carried cotton from Charleston to Nassau, and brought back all sorts of things such as the Southerners were short of. We used to calculate that one successful run would pay the owners about three times the cost of the vessel, and the *Clyde*, which was a mighty lucky boat, must have coined money, for she made nine passages before the Federals sunk her. She was a small iron steamer of about six hundred tons that had been built to run on the *Clyde*. Naturally, she wasn't exactly fitted for to grapple with a hurricane, but we never met any heavy weather during the time I was in her.

"The captain's name was Johnston, and he said he was a Nova-Scotian. But I never believed him. He was a Yankee, if there ever was one. Most times he'd speak as good English as me or you, sir, but now and then he'd forget himself, and talk Yankee till he'd make your ears buzz. Of course, he wasn't going to admit that he was helping the enemy that his people were at war with, and, besides, he had to pretend to be an Englishman in order to be master of an English

ship; but for all that he was nothing more than a cold-blooded Yankee who wanted money, and would stop at nothing to get it. I don't know as I had anything particular against him. He always treated me well enough, and I will say that a better sailor and braver man never walked. Blockade-running was a mighty ticklish business, and the captain of a blockade-runner had to have nerve. If you was to size a man up according to the amount of nerve he carried, all I can say is that Captain Johnston would have had to give time allowance to any man I ever knew. One queer thing about him was that he was fond of talking about being a humane man, and treating everybody with kindness. But I never saw the time when he was ready to practise what he preached. I don't mean as far as concerned the men, for he used to say that the only true kindness you could show a sailor was to teach him to know his place, which he mostly did it with a belaying pin. But I never saw any signs of the captain's kindness to anybody, and it's my belief that he would have let his own father drown—provided the old man and a cotton bale had been overboard at the same time, and only one could have been picked up.

"Well, one night, when we were all ready to leave the dock at Charleston, the captain came aboard with a passenger. It was the first time we had ever carried a passenger, for the old man calculated that a passenger took up as much room as a cotton bale, and was worth a good deal less. This chap must have paid pretty handsome before Johnston consented to take him, but there he was, and Johnston told me that he was to sleep in my room, and was willing to pay me fifty dollars for the privilege. I didn't make any objection,

and it wouldn't have done any good if I had; besides, I wanted that fifty dollars, though I never saw a penny of it. The passenger was a little cadaverous looking chap, that might have deserted from a graveyard, and when I looked at him he struck me as being remarkably over-sparred about the head. Looking at him again when he took his hat off, I saw that his head was about the usual size, but that he had the most enormous pair of ears that any man ever carried, unless it was the Chinese giant. I didn't particularly like the chap's appearance, and I concluded that he'd done something that made him amazingly anxious to get away from Charleston, or else he wouldn't have been willing to pay Johnston the money that his passage must have cost.

"We dropped down the bay that night, feeling our way with the lead, for it was as dark a night as they make, and of course there were no lights in the lighthouses. We got safely across the bar, and went creeping

down the coast at quarter-speed, showing no lights whatever, and taking our chances of piling up on a sandbank. We could see the blockaders in the offing, and counted the usual number of them, which was satisfactory, for we knew them all, and there wasn't one of them that could do more than twelve knots, while the *Clyde* was good for fifteen. All Johnston was ever afraid of was that the Federals might wake up some day and send a fast boat down to Charleston that would stand some chance in chasing a blockade-runner.

"None of the Federal boats sighted us, and when we had put about ten miles between us and the most southerly of the fleet, we starboarded our helm, pulled the throttle wide open, and let her go. We had all our lights carefully covered, but the nearest blockader saw the reflection from our funnel, and it wasn't long before we noticed that she was after us. However, that didn't disturb us any. There wasn't any moon, and we felt certain that the Yankee couldn't catch us. The only thing that made me in the least anxious was that the glass had been going down for the last twenty-four hours, and I wanted to get into Nassau harbour before it should come on to blow, the *Clyde* being, as I have said, not fit for heavy weather.

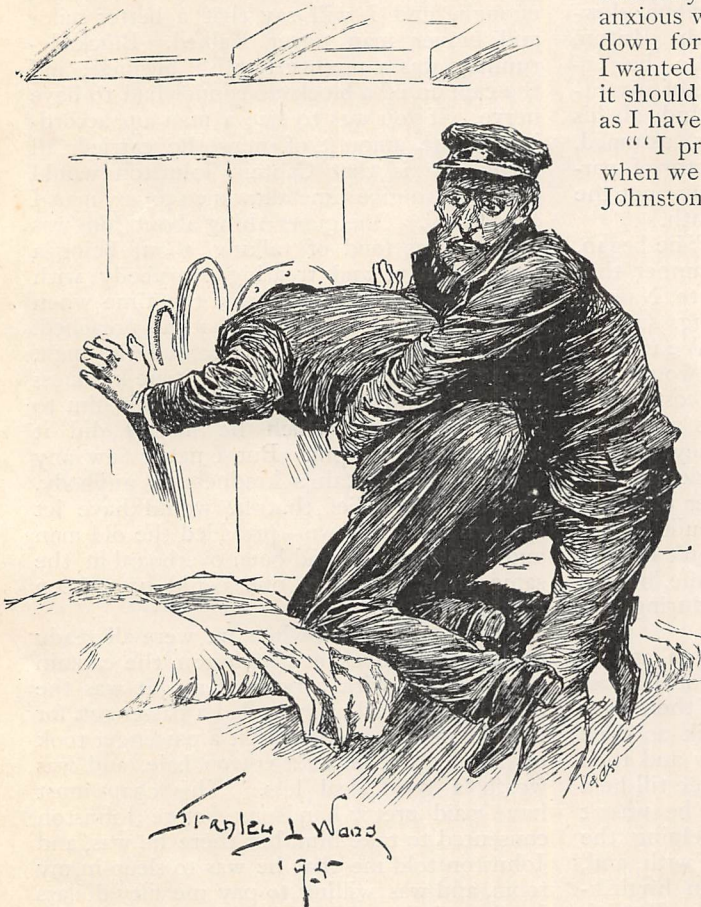
"I promised to let the passenger know when we were clear of the blockaders," said Johnston, "and I'd like it if you would go below, Mr. Ford, and tell him that one of the Yankees is in chase of us, and will probably overhaul us. The man's paid his money, and he is entitled to good treatment."

"I knew that if the passenger was nervous he wouldn't be pleased to hear that we were chased. However, that wasn't my business. 'Very good, sir,' said I, 'I'll just step down and tell him how things are. What do you make him out to be?' You see, Johnston and I used to talk quite familiar, seeing as neither of us had anyone else to talk to.

"It's my opinion," said Johnston, "that he's a low-lived, dirty Federal spy, who has just saved his neck by getting out of Charleston."

"Then he wouldn't mind being captured by the Yankees!" said I.

"That's so!" said Johnston. "Come to think of it, he can't



"WITH THAT I GOT A GOOD HOLD OF THE MAN,"

be a spy, for he is terribly afraid of the blockaders. Most likely he's murdered somebody—a woman, for choice—he hasn't the pluck to murder a man.'

"I found the passenger—I didn't know his name then, and I don't know it now—sitting on the edge of the lower berth, and looking as a man might look who had been sea-sick a week, and then ordered on deck to be swung at the yardarm of a blubber-boiling whaler.

"What is the news, Mr. Mate?' says he. 'Do you think we shall be captured?'

"Not this time,' said I. 'There ain't a blockader within ten miles of us, and in an hour more there won't be one above the horizon.'

"Is this really true?' said the man. 'For heaven's sake, don't deceive me.'

"Look out of the port-hole,' says I. 'That light you see is the nearest of the Yankees, and she'll never be nearer than she is at this minute.'

"The man tried to look out and see the light, but somehow he didn't seem able to find it. So what does he do but jam his head through the port-hole, and look all round the northern horizon? When he had satisfied himself that I had told the truth, he started to draw his head back, and then he found out his mistake. You see, his head and the port-hole made a pretty tight fit, and he'd had a good deal of difficulty in squeezing his head through it; but now, when he tried to get it back again, his ears acted like the flukes of a lily iron, and stood out so wide and stiff that they held him fast with his head outside of the ship. I wasn't noticing him particular at the time, for I was looking for my pipe, and I didn't at first hear his voice, but after a bit I made out that someone was hailing me in a sort of distant and smothered voice, and I began to understand that the passenger was singing out for help.

"What's wrong with you?' says I. 'Why don't you pull your head in, and say what you want to say like a Christian?'

"I can't get my head back,' says he; 'I'm caught in a trap. For mercy's sake help me, or else call the captain.'

"There ain't no captain required,' says I, 'and if there was, he's on the bridge, and wouldn't quit it for no passenger. You brace your feet and arms against the ship's side, and give a good strong pull, and you'll fetch clear.'

"He did so, but he couldn't start his head, and he said that the pain was fearful. 'It's my ears,' says he, 'that's holding me. If it wasn't for them, I could manage it.'

"What do you want with ears like those?' says I. 'I was wondering when I first clapped eyes on you how you managed to carry those ears in a gale of wind without capsizing. They're suited for a man of about four times your tonnage, and even he would only carry them in light breezes—that is, if he was a careful man.'

"I don't want to hear about my ears,' says the passenger. 'I want to know what I am to do. I can't stay here till we get into Nassau.'

"No more you won't,' says I. 'The old man would amputate your head sooner than take this ship into Nassau harbour with such a head sticking out of a port-hole. Let me take a pull at you, and see what I can do.'

"With that I got a good hold of the man around the middle, and hauled away till he sung out that I was killing him; but I couldn't see as I had started his head the least bit in the world.

"Just then the cabin boy came below, and told me that the captain wanted to see me on the bridge. We hadn't set the watches yet, for we always kept all hands on deck till we were clear of the blockaders, and as it was getting towards eight bells I supposed that the old man wanted me to take the midnight watch.

"As soon as I put my head out of the companion way, I saw what was the matter.

"The blockader that was chasing us had either gained on us or had been trimming her lamps, for her light was brighter than it had been when I went below.

"They've had the blasted impudence to put a new ship on the station,' says Johnston, 'and she's overhauling us so fast that she'll begin firing at us before morning. Heave our deck-load over at once, Mr. Ford, and send the engineer to me.'

"We had about ten thousand dollars' worth of cotton bales on deck, but we didn't lose a minute in getting them overboard. I heard the old man tell the chief engineer that he must get at least two more revolutions out of her, or burst his boiler.

"By the time she was relieved of her deck-load, the engineer had got his safety-valve lashed down, and had hove a lot of paraffin into the furnaces, and she was tearing along at a rate that was bound to leave the Yankee behind—that is, if our boilers and engine could stand the racket.

"When we couldn't make out that the Yankee was gaining, though she held her place astern of us without falling back an inch, I told Johnston what was the matter

with the passenger, and you never saw a madder man. He was always mighty particular about the appearance of his ship, and if ever he caught an Irish pennant flying anywhere, he would find the man that he judged would serve to be responsible for it, and lay him out with a belaying pin. The idea that his ship should be disgraced by having that passenger's ugly head rove through a port-hole was more than he could stand, and the language he used about that chap's conduct was something wonderful.

"It was then close on to one o'clock. The port-watch was sent below, and, leaving the second mate on the bridge, Johnston and I went below to see the passenger. He was still in the same position, and Johnston, after relieving his mind for about ten minutes, sent for four men, and ordered them to haul away till they hauled the man's head clear.

"The men hauled with a will, but after the passenger had fainted dead away, Johnston saw that it was of no use, and sent the men on deck again.

"'I'm not going to be beat by any man's sulky obstinacy,' says Johnston. 'I'm master here, and I'll allow no heads outside of my port-holes. Mr. Ford, when daylight comes you'll send a man over the side in a bow-line to seize that fellow's ears close to his head, and to empty a slush-bucket over him. You might give him a little breakfast, for I don't want to have any man treated unkindly aboard this ship. If you can't pull him clear with his ears seized down and his head slushed, I'll have the carpenter cut his ears off before we get to Nassau.'

"With that, Johnston went to his room and turned in, and I did the same. The second mate had orders to call the captain in case the blockader should seem to be gaining on us; but Johnston knew that there couldn't be much alteration in the relative position of the two ships before eight bells, and he wasn't the man to lose his sleep when there wasn't any necessity for it.

"When I went below at four o'clock the blockader was hanging astern of us in just about the same place, and when I came on deck again at eight o'clock she was still sticking to us without having gained or lost anything during the night.

"I had a man seize the passenger's ears close down to the side of his head, as the captain had ordered, and I also saw to it that his head and neck were well slushed. The man was in low spirits, as was natural, but he revived after I had lowered some brandy to him, and seen that the sailor poured it into the right mouth. Then I sent the carpenter

down below with two hands and orders to pull the man's head clear, if it could be done without unshipping it. I was in hopes that this time the passenger's troubles would be over, but the carpenter came back after a few minutes, and reported that if I wanted to get the man free without losing his head I must try some other plan.

"I had done all I could do, so I waited till Johnston came on deck and asked him for further orders.

"Johnston went to the side, and hailing the man, asked him in a mighty polite way if he'd be so very kind as to take his head in, and quit making his ship ridiculous in the way he was doing.

"The passenger seemed cheered up a little by Johnston's friendly tone, and asked him if he would order the carpenter or the engineer, or somebody, to cut away the plates around the port-hole, and so make it large enough for him to draw his head out.

"Then Johnston said that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to satisfy the least wish of any passenger, but if anybody thought that he, Johnston, was idiot enough to make a breach in the side of his ship just at the time that a cyclone was coming up, that man was altogether the biggest variety of combined idiot, and thief, and off-scouring of the earth that ever insulted a decent ship by boarding her in a state of drunkenness in order to escape being arrested for murdering his mother. I don't mean to say that those were Johnston's exact words, but they will give you a sort of general idea of the discouraging way in which he talked. He wound up by telling the passenger that he would give him just one hour more to take his head out and close the port-hole, and if at the end of that time he hadn't obeyed orders, his ears would be cut off, and his head would be driven back with a handspike.

"By this time a swell began to set in from the south'ard, and the *Clyde* naturally began to roll a little. Now she was so low in the water that she didn't need to roll more than about ten degrees to put her port-holes under water. I was going to point out to Johnston that if the swell was to increase, the chances were that the passenger would be drowned, when all of a sudden our engines stopped. Something had got overheated, and the engineer stopped her to give the machinery time to cool off.

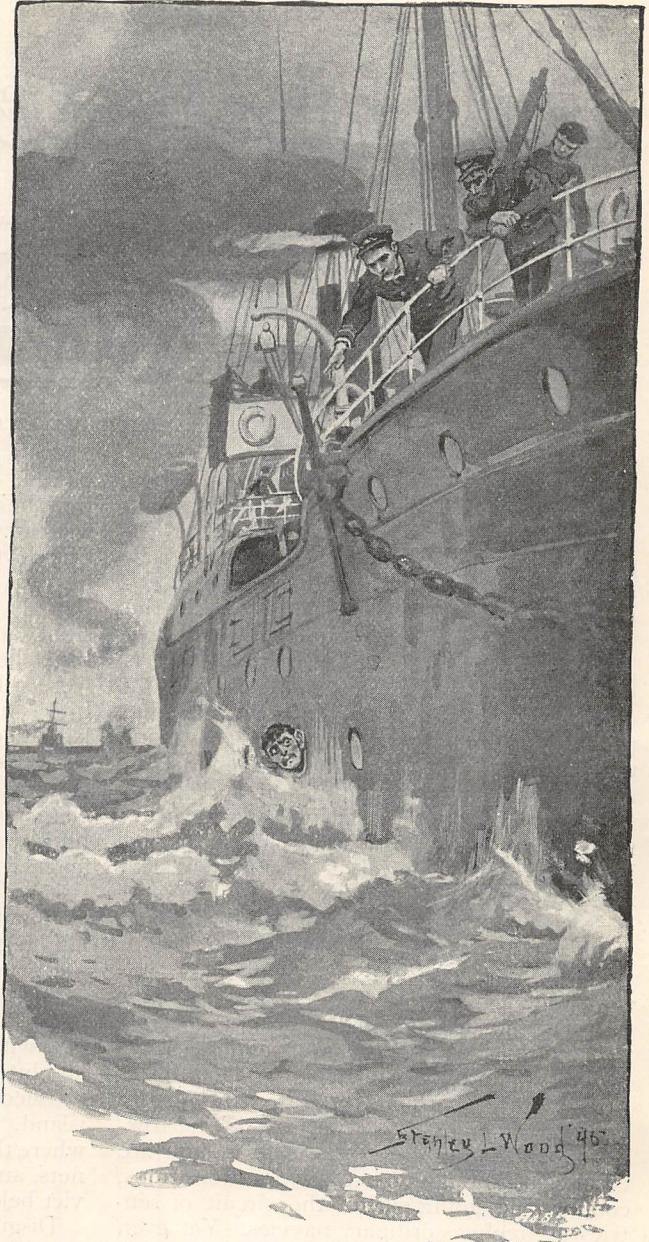
"I don't suppose we were lying there over half an hour, but considering that the blockader was coming up hand over fist, at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, it seemed as if it was three or four hours before we started up again.

"Of course, neither Johnston nor I thought of the passenger while we were lying still and watching the Yankee growing bigger and bigger. Similarly, of course, the ship rolled a good deal more after the engines were stopped than she did while she was under way. The long and short of it was, that after we had been going ahead again at full speed for an hour or so, and it was plain that the blockader wasn't gaining, I happened to think of the passenger, and went to see how the rolling of the ship had affected him. His head was out of the port-hole as usual, but he was as dead as if he had been drowned a thousand years ago by Noah himself.

"The next morning the blockader was out of sight, having lost us during the night; and, by another piece of good luck, we got into Nassau before the cyclone whose swell had reached us, caught up with us.

"We had to tear the inside of my cabin pretty well to pieces, for Johnston said that we owed it to the memory of the dead man to treat his remains with respect, and not to use any barbarous measures in disposing of them. So we cut the rivets of the plate that was used for the port-hole, and hove the man overboard with the plate still round his neck as a sinker.

"The next voyage we found out that the chap was a murderer, as Johnston had suspected. He had poisoned his wife, and, consequently, drowning was too good for him. However, he has always served as a warning to me against wearing ears four sizes too large; and when my first little boy was born, and his ears seemed to me to be a misfit, I used to rub them every day till they got down to the proper size. That's the only time I ever knew



"ASKED HIM IN A MIGHTY POLITE WAY IF HE'D BE SO VERY KIND AS TO TAKE HIS HEAD IN."

of a man who managed to get his head through a port-hole, and, so far as the man was concerned, I feel easy in saying that it was a failure."

Recent Escapes from Gaol.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.



ALL escapes from prison have a family likeness. The breaking out or durance, whether successful or not, is governed by much the same conditions now as in the past. It is only made possible by the neglect of due precautions by warders or the superior intelligence of captives, whose ingenuity in contrivance, promptitude in seizing opportunity, and boldness in facing risk have defeated the combined restrictions of chains and bolts and bars. Certainly escapes are less frequent nowadays; constant watchfulness and close personal supervision are more effective than massive walls; moral has done more than physical restraint. Yet all these are still evaded at times. At the great convict prisons numbers are worked in almost semi-freedom beyond the prison boundaries, and generally quite securely. For instance, at Borstal, near Chatham, they are sent out by rail several miles, in curious special narrow-gauge trains, under escort, locked in, and are employed in building extensive fortifications, coming and going within the circuit of sentries as freely as ordinary navvies. Yet even here they will make a bold bid for liberty; following some sudden uncontrollable impulse, they will run the gauntlet of rifle shots, and occasionally get clear away. Many ingenious devices have been tried at the convict prisons to compass escape. The main object is to secure concealment or disguise. In one case a man, who was employed with others stacking bricks, arranged a hiding place for himself in the middle of the stack. Here, when the officer's eye was off him, he lay down full length, and then each friendly comrade as he

passed laid on him the bricks he was carrying. By this clever device he was quickly buried out of sight, and only his fellows who were still loyal to him had any knowledge of what had become of him. He lay close while the hunt was made and at the narrow risk of suffocation; after night-fall he got away.

In another very similar case at Portland the would-be fugitive allowed himself to be interred in a trench, which was soon lightly covered over with earth. Here, again, all search seemed absolutely fruitless, but the warders, being satisfied that the man could not have left the island, took to prodding the ground near where the escape had occurred with their bayonets, and when one of these pricked the convict below, a howl immediately betrayed him.

Disguises are obviously difficult to obtain by prisoners, but they have been devised out of the most unpromising materials. The "cleaning rags," as they are called—odd pieces of flannel and cloth, only a few inches square, given out to clean tinware—have even been patiently and secretly stitched together into the semblance of a suit of clothes, stained dark by soot or ashes brought in from the works. A suit of this kind was put on next the skin and under the prison clothing, all of which is covered with the tell-tale brand of the Government Broad Arrow, and the convict boldly



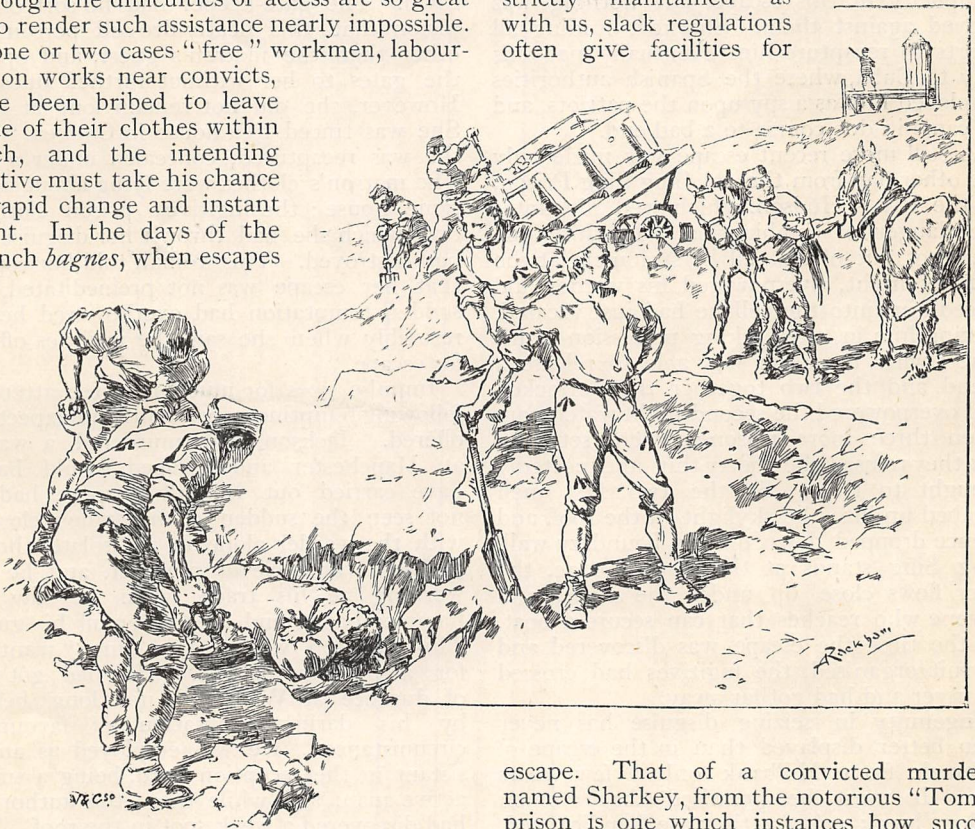
JACKSON'S ESCAPE FROM
WAKEFIELD.

issued forth, hoping to pass the ordeal of "searching," which is strictly performed on all prisoners going out to work or returning therefrom. One whole party is, however, detailed daily to be sent to the bath-house to be stripped completely, and, as ill luck would have it, that of the convict with his flannel disguise was chosen on the very day he had decided to wear it and risk a bolt. Of course the attempt was frustrated. A great difficulty with escaping convicts is their boots; there is no changing them, no mistaking them or the footprint they make, for the nails in the soles are arranged in the form of a Broad Arrow, and every tread on dust or mud leaves the Government mark behind.

Disguises have been supplied by friends, although the difficulties of access are so great as to render such assistance nearly impossible. In one or two cases "free" workmen, labouring on works near convicts, have been bribed to leave some of their clothes within reach, and the intending fugitive must take his chance of rapid change and instant flight. In the days of the French *bagnes*, when escapes

New Caledonia, and there is a steady stream of fugitives homeward from Cayenne, who travel across the Atlantic as openly as ordinary passengers. An authentic story is told of a French convict in Cayenne, who was determined to see the French Exhibition of 1889, and escaped on purpose. He was present at the grand opening, and stood at no great distance from the President, very busily and profitably employed in his professional business of picking pockets. When he was, in due course, re-arrested on some offence and sentenced afresh to transportation, he proudly declared that half, at least, of his travelling expenses had been defrayed by the public.

In the United States, where prison discipline is not always so strictly maintained as with us, slack regulations often give facilities for



THE TRENCH AT PORTLAND.

were of constant occurrence, false beards have been furnished with the clothes; a hat to replace the *bonnet vert*, or green cap, which in France was the distinctive badge of the convict; a file and cold chisel to rid the runaway of his inevitable chains. Escapes nowadays in the French penal settlements abroad are also very frequent; whole boatloads get away from

escape. That of a convicted murderer, named Sharkey, from the notorious "Tombs" prison is one which instances how successful is craft joined to effrontery. Sharkey awaited execution, as the American manner is, for more than a year. During all that time he was regularly visited by his sweetheart, Maggie Jourdan, who was permitted to sit with him at his cell gate for hours and hours together. One day she came with a friend, another woman, who passed on to an upper floor, while Jourdan went as usual to sit with Sharkey. About one o'clock—very early for her—in the day she left the prison.

Soon afterwards another woman came downstairs, a woman of peculiar appearance, in a heavy woollen dress, who had broad shoulders covered by a black cloak, and was closely veiled. As she produced a ticket of admission granted to all visitors, there was no idea of detaining her; but by-and-by, when Maggie Jourdan's female friend came down, she was found to have lost her card. She had, in fact, given it to the murderer Sharkey, to whom a disguise had been brought, and with it, of course, a skeleton key to pass him through his cell door. There were the prison clothes in his cell when entered, and on a shelf the remains of his moustache, still covered with the lather of recent shaving. Both the women were arrested, and charged with complicity in this escape, but nothing was proved against them. Sharkey, evading all efforts to recapture him, eventually made his way to Cuba, where the Spanish authorities employed him as a spy upon the patriots, and he came in due course to a bad end.

A still more recent escape was made only the other day from the old Sing Sing Prison, on the River Hudson, which well illustrates the danger of combination. In this, one man got out of his cell by stratagem at the dead of night, overpowered his warder and forced him into the cell he had just vacated, locking him in, after taking possession of his keys; with these he was able to release a friend, and the two together then attacked and overpowered the second night watchman. Then three more prisoners were set free, but they refused the liberty thus unexpectedly brought to them. So the two first men climbed up into the skylight in the roof, and thence dropped down on the boundary wall. Sing Sing stands at the water's edge, the river flows close up under the walls, and anyone who reaches that can secure a boat. By the time the escape was discovered and pursuit organised, the fugitives had crossed the river and had got far away.

Ingenuity in seizing disguise has never been better displayed than in the escape of a female from Millbank only a few years ago. It must be premised that women seldom break prison; they are handicapped, obviously, in every way—costume, want of strength, and freedom of movement. But Eve's daughters make up for such drawbacks in artfulness. This woman was of exemplary character. Her offence had been a series of hotel robberies; and as she was somewhat superior to the ordinary run, quiet, moreover, and civil spoken, she was chosen as "cleaner"—a personal attendant of the matron of the prison. As such, she had constant access to the matron's quarters, and this, contrary to

regulation, at a time when she was only beginning her sentence. She made herself so useful, and was always so industrious and obliging, that she went in and out as she liked, while neither drawers nor cupboards were locked against her. One day the matron, when she came off duty, found no "cleaner" in her quarters. Some of her best clothes had also disappeared. The prisoner had taken advantage of the scant supervision she endured, had disguised herself from head to foot, even to her shoes, in articles of the matron's wardrobe, and then, with consummate hardihood, had presented herself at the main gates to be "let out." She was a private friend of the matron's, spending a few days with her, and was now on her way to do some shopping in town. The gate-keeper had no sort of suspicion that this neatly-dressed person was other than the matron's guest, and opened the gates to her without further question. However, she did not remain long at large. She was traced to a house in Chelsea, where she was recaptured, concealed under a bed. The matron's clothes were lying about in the same house; the fugitive's prison clothing, over which she had thrown her disguise, she had destroyed. This woman told her captors that her escape was not premeditated, the sudden temptation had overpowered her irresistibly when she saw the facilities offered for escape.

Impulse goes for much in these attempts, following tempting opportunities unexpectedly offered. Jackson, who murdered a warder at Manchester and escaped, could hardly have carried out his fell purpose had he not seen the sudden chance when closeted with the warder alone in an isolated house. Jackson was a clever plumber, and he was working at his trade when he saw the hammer handy and the officer off his guard. This Jackson was at the time "wanted" for a previous escape. He had got out of durance at Wakefield, not long before, by his daring adaptation of favourable circumstances. He was employed as an assistant in the reception ward, being a smart, active man, and while there the authorities had discovered a weak spot in the roof. The building was ventilated by a circular, hitherto unclosed, aperture, which it was thought safer to close by an iron grating. Before the grating was firmly fixed, Jackson found that he could not only move it up or down by the lever and string, but that there was just room for him to squeeze through it. The height was barely eight feet, as the building was all on the ground-floor. One day, when unobserved, he climbed up into the ventilator and put it to the test; but it was so tight a fit that he had to

strip his clothes off and draw them after him. There was a little loft above the ventilator, where he lay *perdu* for a time; then, removing a few slates in the roof, he emerged into daylight, and dropped down outside into the high road. There was a hue and cry after Jackson, but he managed to elude all pursuit, and probably would never have been arrested after the first escape had he not got away again with the brand of Cain upon him.

In our prisons of to-day, so well watched and guarded, stratagem still prevails, and the captive, whose mind is concentrated on one object, will sometimes beat the closest vigilance, the best precautions. One of the most remarkable of modern prison-breakers was a youth—he was little more—who escaped from Wakefield prison under very singular circumstances. This man, H., although young, was of much experience, and he was gifted with very quick perception and great powers of observation. H. was by trade a shoemaker, prison taught, and as such he was engaged almost from the time of his arrival in mending and cobbling shoes. This gave him the command of tools during a great part of the day, and access to certain material, a very necessary, even indispensable, aid to successful escape. At this prison in those days further assistance was unwittingly offered to would-be fugitives by the existence of often imperfectly secured traps in the cell doors. The "traps" or flap-openings were at one time used to give in the food rations and the supplies of material for daily handiwork. But latterly they had been abolished and bolted up, but the process had not been perfectly effective in every case.

H. was a convict undergoing his "separates," or first period of nine months' cellular confinement, and as such he did not leave his cell, except for chapel or exercise. Going and returning at those times, he stood facing his cell door, either till he got the order to march off or until a warder arrived with the key to let him in. H., during these long waits, had abundant leisure to notice that the small trap-door did not fasten securely, and more, that with a little humouring he could always open it from inside. This was a first great point gained. When a prisoner can get at the far side of his door to tamper with the cell lock, he is on the way to better things, for he can tamper with the key-hole which is only on the outside. H. found, when he had let down his trap, he could, by stretching his arm out through the opening, work easily at the key-hole.

His next business was to make some sort of skeleton key. Among the articles left in his cell was a small iron-bound tub for soaking

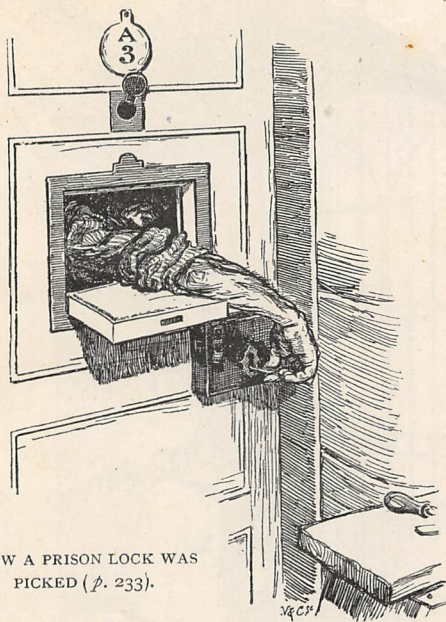
leather in. With his cobbler's rasp he filed off a long narrow strip of iron, which he fashioned with infinite pains and ingenuity into a pick-lock. The key had only one ward at right angles to the handle, and this handle was only a large loop of the metal bound round strongly with waxed thread. It was no doubt a long job, making and fitting this key; the work must be done in the night time when the watchman was at a distance, yet with extreme caution, for in the death-like stillness of the prison halls the slightest noise is heard. But the key was fitted in due course and used, for one night H. walked out of his cell. He now found more implements right under his hand. It was the custom at Wakefield to leave the shoemaker's bench and tools just outside the cell door, and here he picked up a mallet, a cobbler's knife, and a heavy file.

H. knew his way about the prison, for he had often been an inmate, and he went



"THE GATE-KEEPER HAD NO SORT OF SUSPICION THAT THIS NEATLY-DRESSED PERSON WAS OTHER THAN THE MATRON'S GUEST."

straight to what he remembered as a weak point—a cell on the top storey, connected by a ladder with the heating, or, rather, ventilating, apparatus in the roof. H. used his false key to enter this cell, found the ladder, went up it, drew it after him, closed the trap-door, and was so far out of reach. He had worked noiselessly hitherto, but now, having to get through the roof, he began to hammer at the wooden beams and knock about the slates. These sounds, more or less regular or continuous, betrayed him. The night patrols heard, and, fearing there was something wrong in the gaol, gave the alarm. Reserve warders were roused, the governor called up, and a number of officials ran in the direction of the noise. They traced it to above the closed trap-door, but were unable for a long time to penetrate to the upper level. When at last they broke through and clambered up, it was only to see the hole in the roof. Unfortunately no one thought of taking post in the yard or garden below, and it was by this route that H. made his escape. With great daring he committed himself to a water-pipe, which ran from the roof to the ground,



HOW A PRISON LOCK WAS
PICKED (p. 233).

and slid down it. He had the start after crossing the yard, and fortune still favoured him, for he found an empty house abutting on the boundary wall. By breaking a window on the ground floor he entered this house, ran upstairs and out on to the roof, whence he dropped into the fields outside. He was now absolutely free.

So far he had been greatly helped by his

luck no less than by his quick wits. After that, as we shall see, the tables were turned on him. Although he had left behind him an impudent message, written on his cell slate, to the effect that he had only escaped because he wished to develop an invention that was "to bring him many thousands and benefit the whole world," he went back to his old business—that of burglary. A first *coup* gave him the means to get to the south, and there he seized a good opportunity to break into a large shop or emporium, where he fitted himself out from head to foot in new clothes, and filled a sack with various valuable items, which he took to the nearest railway station, hoping to move on beyond the radius of immediate pursuit. His appearance, however, in good clothes carrying a heavy bag just about day-dawn, brought him under the eye of a suspicious policeman, and he was then and there "run in."

Committal to the borough gaol promptly followed, and he was soon put back for trial at the next assize. All this time there was no notion that he was the H. of the Police "Hue and Cry," the fugitive from Wakefield, and he seems to have been subjected to no especial watch as a prison breaker. Once more he set his wits to work, and quickly saw a new opening for escape. The cell he occupied was, strange luck, old-fashioned and insecure, at least for such a truant spirit. He began to pick at the walls with his tin dinner knife, and soon found by scratching at it that the mortar had rotted, and that he could dislodge the bricks around the air grating which communicated with the outside. After a night or two of unremitting toil, he was able to remove the grating bodily, thus opening an aperture wide enough to allow him to pass through. While he had been thus busily employed, he had been careful to keep appearances, and, although the bricks were loose and easily removable, he kept them in their places until the last moment, using paper chewed into a thick paste instead of the mortar.

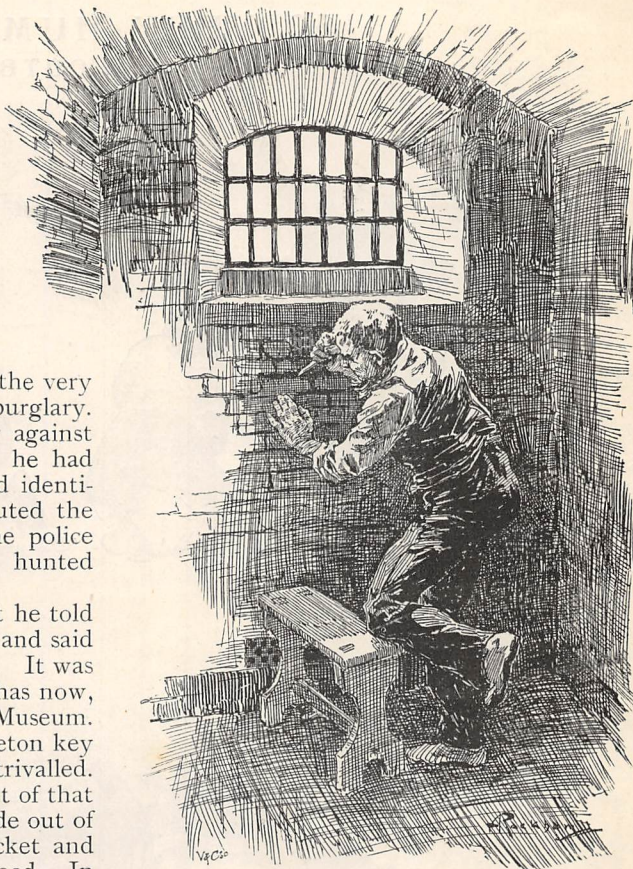
The night he chose for evasion was dark and stormy with heavy showers, circumstances that must help him greatly. When he crept through the wall into the yard beyond, he was able to elude the observation of the night-watchman who patrolled the precincts, although, as H. lay close, watching his next chance, the officer passed within a few inches of where he was hiding. After that he made use of a convenient plank, noticed by him during the day when at exercise, placed it sloping against the boundary wall, then ran up the inclined plane. By the same process he got down on the far side, and he was free.

H. was still in the clothes he had stolen—not in the prison dress—and so was more or less safe from immediate detection. Now he made his way across country to the nearest port, and managed to hide upon a craft just clearing out to sea. The ship was well down Channel before the stowaway was discovered, but then he got short shrift and was at once put back on shore. Once more he took to the road, wandering on in ignorance of his whereabouts, until his star, no longer in the ascendant, led him to the very town in which he had committed the burglary. Still worse, his luck, now altogether against him, took him past the very shop he had ransacked. The proprietor, who had identified his stolen goods and had prosecuted the thief, immediately recognised H. The police were promptly informed, H. was hunted down and recaptured.

It was after his recommitment that he told the whole story of his first escape, and said where the false key was to be found. It was for some time in my possession, but has now, I think, been deposited in the Black Museum.

H.'s clever manufacture of a skeleton key has often been equalled—indeed, outrivalled. Another prisoner, at Holloway, got out of that splendid building by using a key made out of scraps of iron fitted into a quill socket and provided with a cross handle of wood. In this particular escape, consummate artfulness, as well as great ingenuity, was displayed. The man was supposed to be ailing from some serious internal complaint and actually unable to walk. The treatment he received in hospital was said to be greatly benefiting him, and just before he recovered the use of his limbs he managed to run away. He let himself out of the hospital with his skeleton keys, and used them everywhere with success. In the yard he found a ladder or plank, and completed his escape in the most approved fashion by scaling the boundary wall. He was not long at large, but on his recapture he was not again dealt with as an invalid. The keys above mentioned were supposed to have been made surreptitiously in the prison workshop, although how the pattern was exactly obtained never appeared. But in this the extraordinary readiness of prisoners has often been shown. False keys that worked perfectly were once made, it is said, by a man who had merely watched intently the shape of the keys as they were carried by the chaplain when talking to him.

I have already, when speaking of Jackson,



"HE BEGAN TO PICK AT THE WALLS WITH HIS TIN DINNER KNIFE."

referred to the acute physical discomfort that prisoners will endure when bent upon escape. To this may be added the case of a man who was employed with others in beating carpets, and who one day most mysteriously disappeared. It is now nearly certain that he got himself rolled up in one of the carpets, and was passed out of the prison gates thus packed up at the bottom of a loaded cart. There was a remarkable escape from Millbank some years ago, when a prisoner, Punch Howard by name, worked himself through the narrow space of his cell ventilator—about 12 inches by 14. An American prisoner, Schrader, also got out of the Tombs prison in New York through an aperture in the wall 29 inches long by 6½ inches wide. In order to facilitate his squeeze he soaped himself entirely from head to foot. He slipped his head through first, and then dragged his body by twisting and contorting it, using one of his hands braced against the inner side of the wall.

SO VERY HUMAN.—III.
RUGBY FOOTBALL.



HARRIS
B. NEILSON.

A MISSING WITNESS.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF DOROTHY HEATHERLY.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Hidden Gold," "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane," etc.

CHAPTER V.—UNWELCOME ATTENTIONS.



JAMES REDMOND pulled off his glove, threw the pair in his hat, set his hat on the side-table and himself in a chair by the open window, where he sat with his thumbs hooked in the armholes of his

waistcoat and the assurance of one who felt himself quite at home with us, discoursing all the time chiefly about himself and the wonderful success that attended every enterprise he undertook.

"Some men," said he, "*some* men, when they find themselves faced by a strong opposition, turn tail at once and go for something where the runnin's easier. I don't. Now, look at this contract I've just taken on. Everyone said I couldn't do it. Well, just for the sake of principle I said I would: and what's the result? I've got the contract, signed and sealed, in my pocket, and to-morrow morning I'll have fifty men on digging the foundations for those new rubber works at Hornsey. I might have made more money taking little jobs nearer home, and this may keep me hangin' about here off and on for three months; but I don't mind that, especially as I can drop in and spend an hour or so with you when I feel a bit dullish. Lucky thing I followed up little missy. Well, it's like as if it was to be, ain't it?"

I think little mother regarded this event from the same fatalist point of view, the expression in her face was so hopeless and despondent; but indeed the prospect of this man being a constant visitor filled me with apprehension. I dreaded him already, though I scarcely knew why. But as I was setting the tea-things in the kitchen something like a presentiment of the truth flashed upon me which explained my latent dread and doubled my fear and dislike of Mr. Redmond.

"What if he has resolved already to make Elsie his wife?" I asked myself, stopping with the bread-plate in my hand as if a sudden spell had been cast upon me. The suspicion was not so preposterous as it may seem at first sight. That Elsie's beauty had excited his admiration to an extraordinary degree was evident, and that he had decided upon making

some kind of conquest was not less clear from the persistency with which he pursued her to her very door. I could not believe that her resemblance to my mother, whom he had not seen for ten years, was the real cause of that pursuit; had it been, he would certainly have come at once to the house, instead of passing first upon the other side of the road to reconnoitre. No; that was a pretext—the result of a possibility suggested to his imagination by the name upon our door. Sitting in the tram leering at Elsie, he might very well have thought "That is the sort of girl I should like to make my wife." Many others might have thought so and have abandoned the idea, seeing her reserve and finding no sort of response to their advances. But her obvious aversion and the rebuffs she had given him might serve only to change a passing idea to a fixed purpose in the mind of a man with James Redmond's character—a man whose vaunt it was to triumph over obstacles, and who chose by preference those objects which seemed the most impossible to achieve.

It seemed to me, then, that no power on earth would prevail to make Elsie give up Phil to marry this coarse and vulgar man, who was old enough to be her father; but I foresaw more trouble in store for little mother, with the instinctive feeling that it was through her James Redmond would bring pressure to bear upon Elsie, if he really had conceived the idea that haunted me. Her manner betrayed fear; it was only too obvious that for some unexplained reason she dared not offend the unwelcome visitor—that she was compelled, indeed, to assume a conciliatory attitude. Had past experience shown her the folly of making him an enemy, I wondered. The possibility that even at this moment he might be terrorising poor little mother urged me to carry in the tea-things at once, and leave my speculations for a fitter time.

He was talking volubly as I turned the handle of the door, but he broke off abruptly as I entered the room. His elbows were on his knees, his square protuberant chin in the palm of his thick hand, and he was leaning forwards towards my mother, with his heavy eyebrows straightened over his little blue eyes emphasising the stubborn determination of his face. Little mother's position was unchanged; she sat holding one hand within

the other as if to restrain its trembling, her head bowed to escape the shrewd searching of Redmond's small quick eyes.

"'Stro'nary weather for the time of year, as I was sayin'," said he, drawing himself up and linking his thumbs in his waistcoat as before.

Mother's silence showed how irrelative this observation was, and there was no sound for a minute or two save the clink of the tea-things as I set them on the table. James Redmond cast a sidelong glance at me, and having quickly decided that I was an insignificant kind of nonentity, doubtless, he returned, I imagine, to his former theme, he being a man who at all times liked to hear himself talk.

"Po'r George. Him and me was always the best of friends. More like brothers, you may say, than anything else, as I showed plainly enough at the——" a quick movement of little mother's arrested him, and with a cough he changed the form of his sentence—"as I have owned up to everyone. Why, if it hadn't been for him I might have starved—suttinly I shouldn't 'a been what I am now, a man good for forty or fifty thousand pounds. It was him got me into the works, and glad I was to earn five shillings a week turning a grindstone, while he was getting ten pound a week in the pattern-shop. And he stuck to me, helping me up like a brick, till I got to be higher than him—foreman of the works, and actually givin' him his orders. No wonder we was such pals. If I hadn't felt like that towards him you'd never 'a been his wife. Why, there, if any other but him had cut me out, I'd 'a—I'd a killed him, I would."

He said these last words with such bitter emphasis through his clenched teeth that I could not doubt the truth of the assertion.

Little mother turned to me and bade me, in a faltering voice, tell Elsie that tea was ready.

"If we had only pulled together, him and me, in business as we did in friendship, what a pile of money we might 'a made by this time. But he was always for working with his hands and I for working with my head, which from the very first I see was the more paying game," he was saying as I left the room.

Elsie was seated in her room re-reading, for the hundredth time, Phil's last letter.

"Tea's ready, dear," I said,

"Is that horrid man gone?" she asked.

"No; but——"

"Then I shan't come down."

"But you must think, dear, of little mother," I urged gently.

"I do. That's what vexes me. She ought not to be civil to a man of that kind—a man who insults a helpless girl——"

"If he was a friend of father's."

"That's no recommendation, seeing what kind of a friend father was to us."

"Elsie, dear!"

"I oughtn't to have said that, I know. But it's horrible to think that father was no better than this wretch—if we are to judge a man by the society he keeps."

"Ought we to judge anyone upon slight grounds, dear? Mr. Redmond may have good qualities to compensate for the mere absence of good manners, which may be due to ignorance. He must have been a good workman to have risen from nothing by his own exertions to such a position as he holds now. He says he has forty or fifty thousand pounds."

"He might have made ten times as much, and it would only prove that he is ten times as bad as he is. I *know* he's a bad man; and if mother chooses to tolerate him, I won't. I don't want any tea."

I tried to persuade her as tenderly as I could, but it only made Elsie more angry and impatient.

"You're a little hypocrite," she said in conclusion. "You know the man's a detestable wretch, only you're afraid of him. You're as weak as mother, and I won't hear another word. Get out of my room, you miserable mouse!"

Going downstairs I tried to invent some plausible excuse for Elsie, but my imagination failing me, I had—reluctantly and with much hesitation—to tell the truth, and say that she would not come down to tea.

I expected Mr. Redmond to look vengeful and black; on the contrary, he seemed delighted by this additional proof of Elsie's aversion.

"Won't come down, eh?" he said, his great mouth widening in a huge grin. "Sooner go without tea than give me the pleasure of her society. That's the sort of character I admire. Can't abide your angelic tempers"—a supercilious glance at me indicated that I might take the compliment to myself if I chose—"gals like lumps of putty, for anyone to dump into shape at the first touch. Warrant she wouldn't come down if I stayed here till midnight. It's you all over again, Olive—when you was twenty years younger; just how you used to treat me when I was fooling after you—before George—po'r George—cut me out."

He stopped and turned to the window in silence, as if this recollection had induced a train of thought which he did not care to reveal. What were those thoughts? I asked myself as I got a glimpse of his face, in which the grin was now superseded by a look of

brutal tenacity and crafty cunning as his lower lip rose over the upper, and his little eyes with their yellow lashes narrowed to mere sandy slits under his heavy brows. Was he calculating how he might compensate that past defeat, how he might subdue Elsie to his indomitable will, and triumph in the breaking of that spirit which now opposed him? Or, now that my father was no longer to be reckoned with, was he planning some humiliation for little mother to avenge the slights he had received from her?—those slights I felt were even now not only forgotten but unforgiven, despite the lapse of twenty years.

Cutting short his speculations, whatever they were, he cast his eye round the window, and tapping the wall with his knuckle, said—

"Ain't bought this house have you, Olive?"

"No, I—I haven't bought it."

"Thinking o' buying it, eh?" he cried, observing the hesitation in her reply. "Most everyone does when they feel 'emselves comfortable and get a few pounds in hand. As a friend, I advise you not to. Jerry-built. Not a bit of sound stuff or good workmanship in the whole lot. I've run up thousands of 'em, so I know. Traps to catch flats, I call 'em." Then, seating himself at the table and running his calculating eye over little mother, he observed, "'Stro'nary how you've changed, Olive. All the pluck seems knocked out of you. Not a spark of what you was."

"I'm not so young."

"Don't look much older, neither. Kep' your good looks in spite of po'r George and everything," he continued, stirring his tea reflectively, and doubtless asking himself at the same time how this anomaly was to be explained. More than once this question recurred to his mind during tea-time, I think, by the furtive regard he threw on her from the corner of his eye.

Her obvious agitation betrayed a secret fear of him that might be turned to his advantage. Certainly she could not fear him without cause. What that cause was he must find out. But he must open his attack with caution, however inferior the skill of his antagonist might be; he must calculate every possible reply before he ventured on a single move; and, above all, he must not provoke little mother to desperation, lest she should find the courage of despair to openly declare her dislike to him, and decline to admit him again within our house as a friend. These possible conclusions on his part were suggested to my mind, quickened by my own suspicious apprehension, by the effusive protestations of friendship with which he left my mother the moment we had finished tea.

Were those conclusions justified? I shall show.

Poor little mother! When she returned from closing the door after Mr. Redmond, she sank down upon the first chair she came to with a deep sigh, and sat there bent with dejection, as if strength and courage were alike exhausted and she had no more force to cope with adversity.

And now Elsie came flying downstairs, wroth with being kept in her room so long, and prepared to make things still more unpleasant for all of us, especially little mother, as the chief offender. I knew that by the very sound of her footfall before I saw her face white with anger and her eyes flashing with indignation.

"Where's mother?" she asked imperatively, as she flung open the door.

I glanced across to where she sat screened from Elsie by the open door. Elsie turned quickly, and seeing her in that pitiful attitude of despair, every harsh feeling melted instantly from her good heart; and, with nothing but tender commiseration in her face, she dropped on her knees by mother's side, and clasping the folded hands within her own, she said gently—

"Dear little mother! have I hurt you?"

Mother kissed the upturned face that pleaded for forgiveness, and shook her head. "Tell me I have done wrong, mother—that it's only that," said Elsie.

"It's I, dear, who have done wrong, not you," replied mother. "I was taken by surprise and lost my presence of mind. If I had only seen who it was before I went to the door, if I had been given only a minute for reflection, I should have acted differently; he should not have entered the house, and perhaps we should never have seen him again."

She spoke now with such energy that Elsie's eyes opened wide with astonishment, for she could not perceive the deeper significance of this confession.

"Why, you poor little mother," said she, smiling, "there's no need to take the matter so seriously. After all, it was only a little mistake, and I'm not sure now that it was even that. When you saw who he was you couldn't shut the door in his face."

"Oh, if I had!" mother exclaimed in a tone of bitter regret.

"But you couldn't," Elsie urged, as eager now to excuse as before she had been to inculcate. "It would have been rude—horridly rude—quite unworthy of our dear little mother, eh, Dol? If he is an old friend—or, at least, if he was a friend of father's—"

"The greater reason for treating him as an enemy!" exclaimed mother, seeming to

forget us for the moment ; and starting to her feet, she added passionately, "What shall I do?"

"No, no, little mother," said Elsie, clinging to her hands. "Sit down again here, and let us talk it all out. Is it reasonable, dear, to make such a very big mountain out of a little

know, from the indication he has already been pleased to give me. He will probably come again, and try to make love to me. Well, I shan't be afraid to meet him. I *will* meet him, and I am sure I shall be able to keep him at arms' length. Do you know," she added archly, not from any disposition to



"ELSIE CAME FLYING DOWNSTAIRS, WROTH WITH BEING KEPT IN HER ROOM SO LONG" (p. 239).

tiny molehill? It's all over—this tiresome visit. He's gone now."

"But he will come again—I had not the courage—I didn't know how to forbid him to come again."

"Well, supposing he comes again, dear, what then? What have we to fear from this very ordinary sort of vulgar man?"

"Ah, you do not know!"

"I think I've as much reason as anyone to

levity, but with the view of making mother take a lighter aspect of the case, "I feel tempted to lead this terrible Mr. Redmond on till Phil comes back. What a lot of him there would be for Phil to thrash!"

"Philip must not see him!" mother cried, still in that tone of dread. "He must not know of your engagement—of anything that concerns us."

"Phil won't be back, unhappily, for months

and months to come, and then we shall be hundreds of miles from Wood Green—at Great Farleigh."

Again mother started up, as if by some uncontrollable impulse, raising her finger and looking around her in alarm, as though she feared even the walls to hear us.

"Elsie!" she exclaimed under her breath, as Elsie rose to her feet, catching the inexplicable terror in mother's face. "You must not speak of that place—no, not even when we think we are alone. Have you told anyone where we are going?"

"No one, dear."

"Not anyone?"

"No one, except Phil, and my letter will not reach him for weeks."

"Nor you, dear?" she asked, turning to me.

"I have told no one at all, mother."

"If I thought that he—James Redmond—might follow us there, I could never go. It is that which terrified me and took away my self-possession."

"Why, dear?" asked Elsie innocently.

"I cannot, may not, tell you, dears. Only believe me, that if James Redmond follows us there my only hope of happiness may be lost for ever."

"Sooner than risk that, we'll stay on and on here, mother dear, much as I hate the place; we'll stay on till Phil comes home, and then——" Elsie concluded the sentence with sundry significant nods, rubbing her hands cheerfully, as if in her mind's eye she saw her hero horsewhipping that detestable Mr. Redmond the whole length of our street.

"That must not be," said mother reflectively. "Philip and that man *must* not meet."

Elsie looked disappointed.

"If we tell no one of our intention," I suggested; "if we make all our preparations quietly, go out one morning, give up the keys to our landlord, and never return, who is to know where we are gone?"

"Some trifles I must take," said mother, looking round the room with returning courage; "and we might find a purchaser for the rest. We have still three or four weeks before us. Perhaps Mr. Redmond will tire of coming."

"We will do our best to tire him, at any rate," said Elsie, with a malicious twinkle in her eye, as if already she had conceived a means of achieving that end. "Oh, that will be all right, little mother. If Sindbad, who was only a sailor, managed to shake off the old man of the sea, surely we three women can find wit enough to be a match for such a *thing* as that Mr. Redmond. And now, dear,

as I've had no tea, and you've eaten nothing either, by the look of your plates, let us clear all these things away, have fresh cups and the other tea-pot, and begin all over again with fresh thoughts, as if there were no such horror in existence as that fat sandy man."

CHAPTER VI.—OPEN WAR.

AS I was trying to go to sleep that night, I felt my ear pinched, and, turning, found Elsie in her dressing-gown bending over me.

"I've come to have a talk," she whispered, setting her night-light on the dressing-table.

"It's very late, Elsie, and I want to go to sleep, dear," I remonstrated.

"I dare say you do; so do I. But I can't till I've had a talk. Sit up, brown owl."

I sat up: it was useless to oppose Elsie.

"That's right," said she, giving me another pinch on the ear as she seated herself on the bed beside me. "Now tell me what all this means."

She spoke very low, little mother's room being on the same floor.

"Which all?" I asked.

"Which all"! I don't know if that's English, but I'm sure it's an evasion. You know what I mean. Why was poor little mother so awfully panic-stricken by the visit of that sandy wretch?"

"I—I can't quite tell."

"Yes you can, and you shall. Don't tell me you don't know. What's the good of your being an owl, staring at nothing down your little hooked beak and looking wise, if you can't think a little deeper than others? You have got to speak or shriek—now then," tightening her thumb and finger on a small piece of my arm, "which do you prefer?"

"You may pinch me if you like; I may shriek, but I won't talk lightly about grave things," said I, losing my temper.

"Oh, Dolly," said she, with a little tremor in her voice, "don't you know your own sister yet awhile? Can't you see just a little way under this frivolous skin of mine? Don't you know that while I've been joking all the evening my heart has been aching to see how hard it is for little mother to forget her secret. Tell me what it is, dear—even if I am a fool."

I returned the pressure of her hand, and collecting my thoughts, so that I might in some degree ease her mind and yet conceal the facts that mother had told me to keep secret, I said—

"I can only imagine an explanation, Elsie, that may be far from the truth."

"Tell me what you imagine, all the same."

"Mr. Redmond, I think, was in love with little mother once upon a time."

"He said so. I heard him when he was in the passage call her his old sweetheart, and he dared to call her Olive—that man! Mother could never have loved him."

"The proof of that is she married father. I believe Mr. Redmond never forgave her that, and, in spite of all his professions of friendship, still bears her malice."

"After all these years, Dol?"

"Yes. You would more easily understand that, Elsie, if you had been downstairs this afternoon. His talk was one long boast of conquest and triumph. I can conceive the bitter resentment such a man would feel towards one who defeated the object he had, perhaps, most set his heart upon achieving."

"Yes, yes. Go on, dear."

"From what I have read in history and stories, it seems to me that, next to love, vengeance is the strongest passion in men's hearts. When Mr. Redmond——"

"Don't call him 'Mr.——'."

"When Redmond found that all hope of making little mother his wife was gone, he may have promised himself that if ever the day came when he could humiliate and punish her, he would punish her without pity or remorse. He may even have told her so. Why, this very afternoon he said that if anyone but father had married mother he would have killed that man. And by her fear, it is only too plain that mother has reason to know he keeps his word in such things."

"What do you mean, Dol? Why, surely you don't think that he would attempt——would——"

Her faltering tongue refused to utter the horrible suspicion that flashed upon her; but I knew what was in her mind.

"No, I don't think he would attempt any act of violence. He values his own life too much for that. And there are punishments more lasting and more terrible even than death."

"Oh, do speak plainly, Dol!"

"Has it ever occurred to you, Elsie, that perhaps a long while back, when we were children—ten years ago—our father may have been tempted to do something wrong—something that compelled him to leave us and seek refuge right away from civilised people in Africa?"

Elsie nodded assent readily.

"That might have given Redmond an opportunity for persecuting little mother. He might have called upon her always like to-day, with expressions of sympathy and friendship for 'poor George,' and yet at the same time

preyed upon mother's apprehensions, and gratified little by little his thirst for vengeance in the terror he inflicted. He may have known where father was, and kept little mother under the constant threat of betraying him."

"Oh, Dol, dear Dol!" said Elsie, with a little sob of sympathy, "it must have been that. And perhaps, when that persecution became unendurable, she carried us away stealthily, just as she proposes we should go now, to escape him. Oh, that explains all. And I dare say the poor little soul thinks that as he has found us out now so he will again, and there can be no sense of peace and security for her. And yet," pausing for a moment, "if father is dead, what is there now to fear?"

"Father is dead, but we are no longer children, and it may be in his power to punish mother through our humiliation. Say that we are just three poor women struggling to earn a living, what chance should we have if it were whispered that father was a—I dare hardly say the word myself—a thief?"

"That is the truth. Oh, it must be that! It explains all—why little mother, instead of being glad when she heard I was engaged, looked so frightened, and wished Philip had spoken to her before making his offer. If he had, she would have told him the truth if—if there really was a disgrace upon our name—don't you think so?"

"I feel sure she would."

"And now we know why she said that Philip and that man must not meet, for to injure us he might tell Phil. But that seems hardly consistent with her feeling that she herself ought to tell him, does it?"

"Oh—no, dear, it doesn't."

"Perhaps she thinks that now father is dead it doesn't so much matter what he did. The sins of the father oughtn't to be visited upon the children beyond a certain period, I think. Still, I should feel bound to tell Phil myself; I couldn't marry him with that secret in my heart. I should feel that I was getting a husband under false pretences. I must tell him."

"You can't, until we know for certain what it is you have to tell."

"That's just like you, little meddler! Just as one begins to think the tangled skein is nicely unravelled, you pull a loose end and show that it's more tangled than ever. The best you can do now is to show how it ought to be unravelled."

"I'm doubtful, Elsie, whether either of us ought to try to unravel it; whether we ought not to rest content with a fairly reasonable explanation of the circumstances that mystified

us. Little mother has never yet done wrong, and if it were right that we should know more she would tell us. That we are not quite right in seeking to discover her secret is clear from the fact that for the last half-hour we have been talking in whispers."

"Dolly," said Elsie, springing up from the bed, "you are simply detestable when you get into one of these logical fits. Nevertheless," she added, after a moment's pause and in a relenting tone, "you're a dear, good little brown pitcher, and I know"—slipping her arms round my neck and laying her cheek beside mine—"oh, I know that it will all come right when Phil returns. Oh, dear, dear Phil, come quickly to us," she prayed in a gentle murmur.

Elsie looked particularly radiant and mischievous when she came down the next morning.

"Dol," she whispered, "do you think that sandy horror will come again to-day?"

"I'm afraid he will."

"I hope he may."

"Why?"

"I've had an inspiration. Oh, I've got such a lovely plan to get rid of him. If Sindbad the Sailor had only thought of it, the Old Man of the Sea wouldn't have stuck on his shoulders half an hour."

"Elsie, dear," said I gravely, dreading I knew not what, "for little mother's sake you must not be rude to him."

"No; but I think I shall put an effectual check upon his being rude to me."

Mother's step upon the stairs ended the discussion.

"I've been looking at my skirts, mother dear," said Elsie, when we were planning out the day's work at our breakfast; "they all want re-braiding, and they ought to be done before we go into our new home."

"There is a great deal that must be done if we can only find time to do it," said little mother.

"And there's no time like the present, is there, Dolly?" said Elsie with a touch of sarcasm in her voice as she imitated my manner. "How are your skirts, dear?"

"Just as bad as yours."

"Then I'll braid every one of them for you."

"You!" said I; and little mother and I looked at her in mild astonishment. "Why, it will take you days and days."

"If it takes me weeks and weeks I will do them," she answered; and in proof of her sincerity she spent the whole morning in ripping the braid from my poor skirts. That was easy enough, but when it came to machining the new braid I fully expected she would

leave the work for me to complete, she having taken a repugnance to the machine since she read in a lady's letter to one of the papers that it gave women round shoulders, or red noses, or something equally disheartening to a girl with a nice regard to her pretty figure and delicate complexion. But I was at fault in this suspicion, for when I returned in the afternoon from taking some work home I heard the machine going before I reached the door, and as I passed the window I saw Elsie hard at work. "Wonders will never cease," thought I, as I let myself in. But when I opened the door of our sitting-room her unusual industry was accounted for and her mysterious hint of the morning explained—for there, with his back to the chimney-piece, stood Mr. Redmond, his hands thrust in his pockets, his under-lip thrust up as far as it would go, savagely glaring down at Elsie. Little mother sat close at hand sewing meekly, but he hadn't a word to say to her to-day—or, if he had anything to say, he had already discovered the impossibility of trying to make himself heard while that dreadful rattle was going on. Oh how I laughed when I went upstairs to take my things off! When I went down he was still standing in the same position, still glaring down at Elsie, and still with his mouth shut in grim silence as the machine rattled on. I dared not look at Elsie or little mother for fear of losing countenance.

"Wus than a sausage-chopper!" he growled, as Elsie stopped for a moment to alter the tension. "Steam engines I like, mortar mills I don't mind, but one o' them things would drive me mad if I—"

Here the machine began again, and Mr. Redmond's under-lip went up once more in morose silence.

"Well, ain't it about time for tea, missy?" he asked, when the next break in that terrible clatter occurred.

"Certainly, if you wish it," said Elsie, rising quickly. "Will you take my place, Dol? We must get this done to-night."

I took her place at the machine, and Mr. Redmond, who had, perhaps, hoped for a chance of conversing, grunted despondingly. I myself felt uneasy. Never before had Elsie offered to get tea. What further inspiration had she for putting an end to Mr. Redmond's visits? The foreboding of evil consequences became so alarming that at last I quitted my work and went into the kitchen.

"Elsie," I said hurriedly, seeing her with the teapot in her hand, "you won't put anything in it?"

"Well, dear, I must put *something* in; but I promise you that what I do put won't hurt anyone." And she tilted the pot for me to

see the scattering of tea-leaves at the bottom. Indeed, when little mother began to pour out, the water was scarcely coloured.

"You must let it stand five minutes, dear," said Elsie, who was cutting the bread and butter—and oh, how she scraped it and dug out the holes: there was scarcely enough butter left on to give a shine to the bread—"if you stir it perhaps it will be better."

the chink of his money as he turned it over diverting his thoughts to another channel, his countenance brightened, and he began to tell us how he had been "weighing up" his new contract, and counted upon making a profit of "four figures" out of it; how it was in his mind to turn his business into a limited company, retaining a position as managing director with a salary that would enable him to keep a



"'I AIN'T GOING TO QUARREL: THERE'S NOTHIN' TO BE GOT OUT OF IT'" (p. 246).

But for all the stirring and standing it grew no stronger, and Mr. Redmond gulped it down with a wry face and only in sufficient quantity to wash down the chaffy bread and butter.

"Your livin' ain't what you may call extravagant," he observed. "Don't seem to indulge in luxuries to a great extent."

Little mother said something about times being very hard, and then, seeing his cup empty, she timidly ventured to ask if he would take another.

"Not me," replied Mr. Redmond in an injured tone, as he pushed back his plate with the unfinished bread and butter upon it, and glanced aslant under his squared brows at Elsie suspiciously. Then he tilted back his chair and thrust his hands in his pockets, and

"brome," furnish a palatial residence in "first-class" style, and take a wife—this with a side-glance at Elsie, whom this vision of luxury might be supposed to dazzle. He was dilating on this theme and really seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the sound of his own voice, when Elsie, begging to be excused, seated herself at the machine and rattled him into abrupt silence. He started to his feet and stood for two minutes looking as if he would willingly annihilate the machine and Elsie too; then, unable to stand it longer, he snatched up his hat, stuck it on his head fiercely, and, holding forth his hand to Elsie, shouted, "I'm goin', missy!" Elsie inclined her head without stopping the machine. "As if," she said indignantly later on, "as if I

should dream of taking the hand of any man with his hat on." And he left us, discomfited and savage.

Elsie dropped her work, turned round in her chair, and burst into laughter at the success of her stratagem the moment the street door closed; but mother, in alarm, raised her finger as she re-entered the room.

"He may be listening outside," she said.

"What does it matter, dear?" replied Elsie, catching little mother's hand and drawing her to her side. "We want him to understand that he is an intruder and unwelcome. If a man can behave like a cur he must expect to be treated like a cur; one can't be very polite with an animal of that kind. If he is offended he won't come again."

But whether James Redmond was offended or not, he did come again. If he had not heard Elsie's laughter he must yet have seen through her design; it merely served, maybe, to strengthen his stubborn purpose. Was he to be beaten by that slip of a girl? he may have asked himself. There could be but one answer to that question in the mind of that dogged man, and that answer was emphatically "No."

"We must go on as we have begun," said Elsie, when mother ventured to remonstrate, "or he will certainly discover what you, for some strange reason, dear little mother, feel he ought not to know."

And so she persevered with her machining; only she varied her performance by exasperating intervals of silence, arranging her work just long enough to lure him into speaking, and then setting the machine in motion the moment he opened his lips. It would have tried the patience of a saint. James Redmond saw through that trick before long, and was not to be caught by it after. He simply stood jingling the money in his pockets and keeping his wicked little eyes on Elsie and his capacious mouth resolutely shut. Day after day he came, but he declined to take tea with us. There was a limit even to his endurance.

As quarter-day drew near we began to make preparations for departure. We put an advertisement in a trade journal, and had the good fortune to find a dressmaker who bought all the furniture we wished to sell at a valuation, and gave us ten pounds for our business. Then bit by bit we sent away to Aunt Laura those things—pictures and the like—which were so dear to little mother by association with the happy days of the past. And this she did without attempting to conceal the fact from James Redmond, lest secrecy should lead him to suspect her motive and excite his curiosity. He could not fail to see the change in our little sitting-room, he whose

eyes were trained to "taking stock" of everything, as he termed it.

One afternoon, when Elsie was out, he said, drawing his hand over his great square chin:

"I don't see so many of them picters and things po'r George used to be so proud on. I suppose now he's dead, po'r feller, you don't care to see 'em a-hanging about you?"

"On the contrary," replied little mother quietly, "they are the only things we shall take away with us."

"Oh, you're goin' away?"

Mother inclined her head and continued stitching with a firm finger, I was glad to see.

"I knew you was goin' a fortnight ago; an' if your landlord hadn't told me as you'd given him a quarter's notice I should have thought you'd got a reason for goin' as you didn't want me to know, seein' as you've never mentioned a word of it to me before."

"I saw no necessity to tell you," said little mother quietly.

"You saw no necessity for tellin' me." He repeated her words slowly, as if to gain time for consideration. "Perhaps you don't see any necessity to tell me where you are goin' when you leave here?"

"No," replied little mother, laying her work on her knee and looking him steadily in the face. "I do not intend to tell you where I am going or when," and as he made no reply save a nod, she took up her work again.

Oh! he looked a bully as he stood there regarding her through his narrowed lids, with his lips pressed together and his hands thrust in his pockets, silent and calculating. I believe he was "weighing up" the relative advantages of open bullying or cautious inquiry, and he must have decided that the latter course was the more advisable, for when he spoke it was with affected reproach in his tone.

"Well, considerin' that I was always po'r George's best friend, and yours too, Olive—"

Little mother stopped him at once; rising quickly with the work in her hand, she said with firmness—

"You were never my friend."

"Then why didn't you bang the door in my face at the very fust?" he asked quickly.

"Because I feared you. You made my life unendurable at Waybourne; it is still in your power to injure my children if you can no longer injure me. But it shall end now. Here is my daughter: tell her what happened to her father ten years ago. You can do no more: do your worst, and end the pretence of friendship for me, for George, and his children."

The big cunning man measured the little lady in black, with her white face and dark eyes flashing the dangerous light of desperation, measured her strength with his own,

always with that cool business eye to his own advantage, and then he said—

"I ain't going to quarrel: there's nothin' to be got out of it. I never did quarrel with anyone in my life, and I ain't goin' to begin with you. 'Tain't wuth my while. I'm off." He took up his hat, and walked in silence to the door, where he turned to add: "Maybe you'll never see me cross your threshold again; only, lay your life on this: if I do, you won't get rid of me so easy. I ain't got nothin' more to say to you, but you can tell little missy that you and her's the only ones that's ever crossed me in my life, the only ones that ever dared make a fool of me and a mocking-stock; and that if ever I find it wuth my while, I'll make her remember it and repent of it to her dying day."

Of course we did not deliver that message to Elsie; but the threat left an uncomfortable impression on our minds which lingered after he was gone, and was not wholly to be effaced by removing. I knew that little mother dreaded still more than I his power to harm us.

That fear was in her face as she scanned the crowd upon the platform at King's Cross from the carriage window; it was there again in her anxious eyes as we reached York. Was he there, employing his stealthy cunning to track us down to our new home? I am sure that question was in her mind.

We had to wait some time at York, and we could number all the passengers who got into the train for Farleigh. Assuredly Mr. Redmond was not amongst them, and when I pinched mamma's hand as the train slid out from the station, she returned the pressure with a little smile of recognition and a sigh of relief; for now we felt sure that we were safe.

"I suppose we shall have to stay at an inn, and work hard for some time to get our house finished and fit to put flowers in," Elsie observed regretfully.

"No, dear; I think we shall find everything ready for us," said little mother, adding with some hesitation, "Aunt Laura promised that should be arranged."

Elsie glanced at mother and then at me questioningly and in silence; then she said—

"Aunt Laura has behaved lately in a way that is simply wonderful. The only time we have ever seen her she seemed too confirmed an invalid to think of anything but her tea and her medicine; and it struck me that she was rather more selfish and indifferent to the wants of other people than most invalids. And now she suddenly becomes a benefactress with a marvellous power of organisation. How has she done all this for us—and why?"

"Aunt Laura may be physically infirm, but——"

"Well, anyhow, I think we have treated her very shabbily."

We reached Great Farleigh just in time to relieve little mother's embarrassment, and all our thoughts were directed to getting our many packages out of the carriage on to the platform.

"However we are to find our way to our unknown home with all these little odds and ends, I don't know," said Elsie, regarding the effects with which we were surrounded in dismay.

"Be thee Mrs. Heatherly, deäm?" asked an old man with a strong Yorkshire accent, coming up and touching his cap to mother.

Little mother replied "Yes," without seeming at all astonished.

"John Evans sent me to fetch thee and thy loogage. Ahve got a cart and a Galloway ootside."

"Who on earth is John Evans?" whispered Elsie.

I shook my head, being scarcely less perplexed than she; and Elsie continued—

"I shouldn't be in the least surprised to find it's Aunt Laura in disguise."

The town of Great Farleigh stands on a hill, and the road to it from the station is long and circuitous; but every step was full of interest to us. It was a queer old dog-cart, and Elsie and I sitting behind had to hold on tight as we ascended the steep hill; but the movement and the delightful freshness of everything filled one with a happiness that was almost hysterical.

"Farleigh Green," said our driver as we reached the top of the hill, and the Galloway broke into a shambling trot.

"Where? where?" we cried, Elsie and I turning round in our perilous seats and craning our necks to catch a sight over the driver's burly shoulders.

Suddenly our driver, pulling up short, rose and shouted—

"Well don! Well don, Taylor! Soon roon, maister!"

Some men were playing cricket on the green, and one had made a hit that stirred up all the fire in the old Yorkshireman. Catching his enthusiasm we stood up also, and saw him who had been told to "roon"—a well-knit athletic man, in a grey flannel shirt and cap, running with giant strides across the road before us. He picked up the ball, hurled it, and sent a wicket thing with three sticks flying in the air.

"Out! out! Well don, mister," shouted the driver, sitting down; and then, touching the Galloway with his whip, he remarked,



"SUDDENLY OUR DRIVER, PULLING UP SHORT, ROSE AND SHOUTED."

"Ah's the best cricketer in th' whole county. Com oop, Peg."

The best cricketer stood now by the roadside, and as we passed he lifted his cap, looking up at little mother.

"Who—who is that gentleman?" she asked, her very ears reddening as she spoke.

"What! doesn't thee know him, mum? Why, that's John Evans. He ain't a gentleman, though," he added in a tone of pride; "he's a jiner."

John Evans had not moved from the side of the road. He was looking towards us now, and we at him, eagerly curious to know who this mysterious John Evans could be.

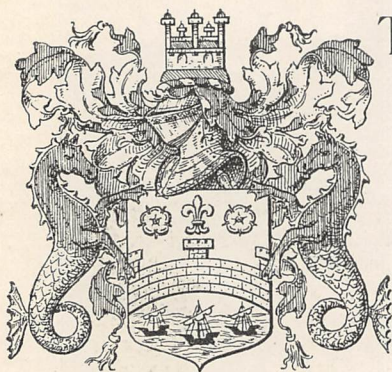
A straight, well-knit, broad-shouldered man of five-and-forty or thereabouts, with a close-clipped brown beard and moustache, and a strikingly good face—that we both saw. But where had I seen that broad white forehead—those soft, well-sunk, intelligent eyes? We were leaving him quickly behind, but he was not yet too far away for me to see the smile that broke over his face. And that smile revealed him to me. It was so he had smiled on me that Christmas night, only his face was shaven then, and haggard and grey with fatigue and starvation.

John Evans was my father.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE CAMBRIDGE BACKS IN WINTER.

BY ALAN ST. AUBYN, AUTHOR OF "A FELLOW OF TRINITY."



THE ARMS OF CAMBRIDGE, 1575.

THE beautiful shady walks at the back of the colleges, familiarly known as "The Backs," leafy in June, allowing only peeps,

delightful peeps, here and there of the buildings on the other side of the river, are seen in winter at their best.

The rich foliage of summer is gone, and the old college elms and stately avenues, and the willows drooping over the river, are clothed now with a frosty rime, or bending beneath a weight of feathery snow. Through the white laden branches the old grey walls of the colleges may be seen with their pinnacles and battlements fringing the blue sky, and their cupolas and towers gleaming white in the sunshine.

This view of the "Backs" in winter is one of the special beauties of Cambridge. The venerable buildings, round which linger the hallowed associations of a storied past, the sloping lawns and noble avenues, the beautiful college bridges, the groves and gardens, and the slow dark river winding silently between the white banks, form a picture that one cannot easily forget.

There is nothing like it in its combination of human interest with natural beauty.

After all, we are creatures of association. The natural beauties that appeal most powerfully to the emotions are associated with human needs and human joys and sorrows. The grey old walls of the colleges, the long dim avenues and groves, the courts and cloisters, and the shady, secluded walks beneath the trees are connected—inseparably connected—with the generations of scholars who have lived and worked here in the centuries that are past.

Even now, with the spell of all this natural beauty upon us, standing in a dream-landscape, as it were, with lovely lights and shadows falling down between the white branches of the trees, and the grey walls

rising clear between the white-sheeted lawns, and the softest tint of blue in the sky, the dark outlines of the bridges, the lonely droop of the willows, and the pale gleam of the water, with all this appealing to the senses, we cannot get rid of the human element.

A great storied past looks down upon us from the lichen-covered walls, from the old, narrow, mullioned windows, which the western sun is touching with his flaming pencil; historic shades troop out upon us through dusky avenues and college gateways, and over every college bridge. Every foot of ground here is associated with some hallowed memory.

With the rooks cawing in the elm-trees above, and the doves cooing in the Old Fellows' Gardens, and the pigeons flying home to roost in these wonderful towers of King's that rise into the blue, and the windy drone of the organ coming to us across the river, we are still busy with the human element. All the empty spaces about us are peopled with great memories, and about us we seem to hear the tread of silent footsteps. Here Erasmus once walked, there Chaucer meditated, up that long avenue of limes Tennyson passed to the rooms where Hallam dwelt. The old and the new meet here; we cannot separate them if we would; it is a long, long chain, and every link is a memory.

The old elm-trees, beneath which Erasmus walked nearly four centuries ago, have no doubt disappeared, and others have taken their place, but the turret chamber at Queen's, where he lived and worked, is still in existence, high up in the tower at the south-west angle of the court, and the old cloisters which he must have often trod. There are fewer changes here at Queen's, by which we begin our walk through the Backs, than at any of the other colleges. The old red-brick building that extends along the river bank, with the picturesque oriel overlooking the Fellows' Garden, is coeval with the rest of the structure, about the middle of the fifteenth century. The curious wooden bridge, leading from the cloisters to the Grove, is of more recent date. There were three bridges between Queen's and the opposite bank in the sixteenth century. The present bridge, which is known in Cambridge as the Mathematical Bridge, from its scientific and skilful construction, was put up in 1749. The design of it has been erroneously ascribed to Sir Isaac Newton. The architect was a Mr. Etheridge, and his model of it is still preserved in the

College Lodge. It is built entirely of timber, resting on stone piers. It is certainly the most picturesque bridge over the Cam.

There are a great many entries relating to the planting of trees in the college accounts. In 1630, 72 ash-trees were planted, and four years later 28 elms, and a century later still 40 limes, which are still growing on the river bank. Mention is also made of an orchard and a bowling green, and the erection of a

the *Granta*. Milton, in "Lycidas" (1638), personifies it as a river-god—

"Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy and his bonnet sedge."

On a map of Cambridge, published in 1688 by Loggan, the name "River Cam" appears for the first time in full without any other designation. It is now generally understood that the stream below Queen's Bridge is



QUEEN'S COLLEGE BRIDGE.

(From a photograph by Mr. E. Clennett, Cambridge.)

"dovehouse." The grounds belonging to Queen's College were originally very extensive. Besides the Grove, which was laid out with walks, and the orchards and archery grounds, fields were planted with saffron. No mention is made as to whether the saffron was sold or used medicinally by the students. It was reputed the best saffron in Europe, and was worth 30s. a pound. A walk on the west side of the river, called "The Queen's Walk," was planted in 1686.

Passing under Queen's Bridge, the Cam skirts the meadows of King's College. The name Cam does not appear in the earlier maps of Cambridge. The river is spoken of as the *Granta* or *Gaunt*. Spenser speaks of it in his "Faëry Queene" (1590) under the name of "Gaunt." Camden, writing four years before, recognises both the *Camus* and

known as the Cam, and the stream above, which winds through Grantchester, as the *Granta*.

Until the construction of railways the river was the principal highway, along which provender and fuel and heavy merchandise of all sorts were brought to the town. When the college bridges blocked the way and the towing-paths disappeared, the horses that drew the barges walked in the stream by the bank. Fuel and bricks are still brought from Lynn by barges on the lower river.

The goods were unloaded at places called "Hythes," one of these was at the back of Trinity College. A very considerable trade was carried on by means of boats. The marine features of mediæval Cambridge are preserved in the old arms of the town, which were granted in 1575. The fleur-de-lys and

roses are emblems of royal charters granted to the town. The supporters are hippocampi, Neptune's horses. The bridge with the ships beneath formed part of a seal of much earlier date. The castle represented above has long disappeared.

Dyer, writing in 1814, before the erection of King's new bridge, thus speaks of the view from Queen's Grove:—"Let no one leave these grounds without going to the end of the walk by the side of the river, and let him look thence to the view on the opposite side; nor let him say it is the best in Cambridge; though it has not hill and dale, perhaps of the kind it is one of the best anywhere, for it has grand objects which amply compensate for the want of other beauties, with the accompaniment of magnificent edifices and agreeable scenery. The west front of King's College Chapel with its south perspective, the west and south perspective of Clare Hall, the elegant bridge over the Cam, Clare Piece with its plantation of venerable elms, King's Meadow on one side of the river, with the Queen's Close on the other, form a most delightful picture."

The first mention of the "Backs" occurs

in a bird's-eye map by Hammond, dated 1592, where they are described as "Kynges College backe fides." The whole of the ground adjoining the river on the right bank, behind the chapel and the Fellows' buildings, was then known as "the Chapple-yard." The view of King's College Chapel from the river, with all its many pinnacles piercing the sky, its bright gleams of stained windows, its buttresses and towers, its wonderful harmony and regularity, is, as the old critic expresses it, "not only the best in Cambridge, but the best anywhere." Through the soft silver of the trees in the glow of sunset, with the pigeons wheeling above, it is seen to advantage. People rave about King's by moonlight; a poem in stone, some have called it who have seen it thus, but, whether seen in summer or winter, amid the leafy greenery of June or the snows of December, by sunset or moonlight, all will agree that it is the noblest structure ever raised for collegiate worship.

Well might Wordsworth exclaim:

"Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the architect who planned,
Albeit labouring for a scanty band,
Of white-robed scholars only—this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence!"

The name of the architect who planned this noble building is unknown. It is even surmised that King Henry VI. himself may have planned the whole scheme, and



KING'S COLLEGE BRIDGE.

(From a photograph by Mr. E. Clennett, Cambridge.)



CLARE COLLEGE AVENUE.

(From a photograph by Mr. E. Clennett, Cambridge.)

that in the arrangement of details he was assisted by a practical architect. William Waynflete, the Provost of Eton, was entrusted with the carrying out of his wishes. In his will, which was signed in 1448, he left the most exact instructions and measurements, and ample funds were provided out of the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster. The first stone of the chapel was laid by the king in person.

The disasters that befel him prevented his pious intentions being carried out, and it was not until nearly a century later that the building was finished. The arms of the founders may be seen on various parts of the structure—roses, crowns, portcullises, dragons, greyhounds, antelopes. The rose was the

emblem of England, the portcullis was the badge of the house of Beaufort and Tudor, the antelopes were the supporters of Henry VI.

The windows of the chapel were not glazed until 1531. They are considered the most important specimens of glass painting of the Middle Ages that have been preserved to us. They were executed with few exceptions by English workmen, and were a reproduction of the windows in Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, which perished years ago. How they escaped the iconoclastic visitation of the county of Cambridge in 1643 is not exactly known. There is a story that they were taken out and hidden in the river, but this may be only a fabrication. At any rate, there was the river handy.

The Fellows' Buildings, one side of a noble quadrangle designed by Gibbs in 1724, face the river as we stand on the western bank. It is built in the classical style of the period, and has nothing in common with the rest of the college. The Rev. Charles Simeon, who was a Fellow of King's, had rooms over the central archway, and contributed largely to the expense of the new bridge over the river, which was erected in 1819. Over this bridge every day during term, in sunshine or storm, the choir boys march in procession to the service in the college chapel. It is curious to watch the little black-robed procession winding through the snow. Whatever stress of weather, the boys have never failed in their attendance at the chapel service since the choir school was founded. During the great wind storm of the spring of 1895, the choir boys were passing through the avenue on their way to the chapel while the trees were crashing around them.

The choir school, the Fellows' gardens, and bowling-green, are on the west side of the river. The Fellows' gardens are first mentioned in 1658, when the courts were planted and the walks laid out. The site of the present garden was a hop-yard, and it also contains the "pigeon-house," or, as it was called in the Munden-Book of the college, "the dovehouse." There are several entries in the accounts which show the trouble the rooks gave building in the trees about the courts. The rooks are building there still, and the doves have not forsaken their old haunts. You can hear them still "coo-cooing," and the rooks cawing overhead, as they cooed and cawed hundreds of years ago. Perhaps they are the same rooks—who can tell? It would not be the College Backs without them.

Beyond King's lawn extends "the fair front of Clare," the south front facing King's Bridge, and the west the river. It was built some time between 1642 and 1669, and is in the Renaissance style of the period, with pilasters of the Tuscan and Ionic order.

From the picturesque bridge of Clare the finest river view in the Backs is to be obtained. The tower of St. John's may be seen rising among the trees, a lovely vista of lawns and gardens, and lofty trees, and willows dropping down to the river. With every white twig and branch outlined against the blue sky, the effect is very striking. The fairy network of branches rising like coral reefs, the white lawns, the grey blemments of college walls frowning darkly down, and the slow sluggish river flowing silently beneath the arches, seem almost unreal in

this white misty glamour. But here the human element comes in. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote his notes of Cambridge life sitting beside that low garden wall of Trinity Hall. The wall beneath the chestnut-tree, with the flat top—an undergraduate was lying on the wall as he wrote, dropping chestnuts on the men as they glided by on the river below. There is no undergraduate there now, and the wall is heaped high with snow, and the chestnuts have long ago dropped into the river.

Clare Bridge is very quaint and picturesque with its stone balls and balustrades and drop in the middle. It is one of the oldest of the college bridges: it was built in 1642. The three-arched bridge of Trinity, built in 1766, also affords a lovely view of the Backs. It is approached by a noble avenue of limes which was planted after the Restoration.

The stone balls on Clare Bridge have suffered at different times at the hands of undergraduates. There is a story about one of the balls. A bet was made between two undergraduates that one of them could not count the balls on the bridge. As there are only fourteen to count, the bet was readily accepted. The next morning there were only thirteen and a half balls! Half of one of them had been chipped off during the night.

During the last May Week one of the balls disappeared bodily. Clare boat had beaten St. John's in the races, and the Johnnians in revenge dislodged one of the balls on the bridge and let it fall into the river. It has since been dredged for, but it was sunk too deeply in the mud of the river to be recovered, and another stone ball has been substituted; it was well for the perpetrators of the outrage that they were not discovered. They would certainly have been "sent down."

The library, which is the most prominent building of Trinity College visible from the river, was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, who borrowed the design, it is said, from the library of St. Mark's at Venice. It was built in 1676—at least, the foundation-stone was laid, but it took twelve years in building. Sir Isaac Newton contributed £40 towards the cost; it was begun during the mastership of Isaac Barrow.

So many great names meet us at Trinity—Bacon, Newton, Dryden, Thackeray, Macaulay, Byron, Tennyson—names that are household words. It is something to have seen where they have lived, and trod the stones their feet have worn. Trevelyan, in his biography of Macaulay, points out the spot in the Great Court near the Chapel where, as a Bachelor of Arts, he used to walk morning after morning, book in hand, "reading with

the same eagerness, and the same rapidity, whether the volume was the most abstruse of treatises, the loftiest of poems, or the flimsiest of novels. There are some," he adds, "who can never revisit this spot without the fancy that here, if anywhere, his dear shade must linger."

Dr. Whewell, the great Master of Trinity, was very particular about the men attending chapel. Meeting an undergraduate one day escaping through the Backs as the chapel bell was ringing, he asked him severely if that was the way to chapel. "Yes, sir," the undergraduate replied readily, "if you keep on taking the first turning to the right."

John's, and the famous Wilderness (what would St. John be without a wilderness?) Here all the year round wild flowers flourish. The Wilderness was enclosed in 1688; the trees were planted to represent the ground plan of a church. There was a bowling-green, of course, in it—the old college Fellows were always addicted to bowls—and a swans'-



CLARE
BRIDGE
IN
SUMMER
AND
WINTER.

(From photographs
by Mr. E. Clennett,
Cambridge.)

Leaving Trinity regretfully, we pass on to St. John's. In retracing our steps across the bridge, we pass through the avenue of lime-trees. The distant spire of a village church is visible at the end of this long vista, in a wondrous frame of white foliage. It is pointed out as a type of an undergraduate's career—a long, not unpleasant road, with a church at the end of it.

In following the course of the river from Trinity, we skirt the lovely grounds of St.

house. The swans are there still, but alas! like Diogenes, they live in a tub.

The many waterways bounding the college grounds were made, in the first instance, by the excavation of the raised causeways on which the avenues were planted. These raised paths were necessary in the days when the land about the colleges was undrained, for the convenience of foot passengers in wet weather, or in time of floods.

Dr. Harvey, the Master of Trinity Hall,



TRINITY COLLEGE AVENUE.

(From a photograph by Mr. E. Clennett, Cambridge.)

made at great expense, at his own cost, a raised causeway in the Backs near his college. While the work was in progress a noble academic met the Master one morning over-seeing his workmen, and thinking it a good opportunity for a reflection on the learned doctor's supposed Popish views, "Doctor," said he, "you think that this causeway is the highroad to heaven, don't you?"

"No," replied the doctor, "not so, sir; for then I should not have met you there."

A very fine stone bridge of three arches leads from St. John's College to an avenue of lofty elms, at the end of which is the Fellows' gardens. The gateway is ornamented with shields, roses, and portcullis—one cannot go a step in Cambridge without meeting with these devices.

The red-brick buildings on the opposite bank of the river bear their own dates, 1624 and 1671 respectively. The building on the north side of the bridge, the foundations of which are laid in the river, is the Library. It is a singularly picturesque structure; the range of buildings on the south side, which

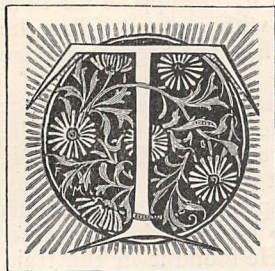
was built later, has a fine gabled west front. The approach to the court and cloister from the Backs is by the covered bridge known as the Bridge of Sighs, from a resemblance to the bridge of that name in Venice.

We have reached now the limit of the College Backs, though there is still an old-world monument we should not miss hidden away near the college walks, by the river. "The School of Pythagoras" is reputed to have been one of the first Halls founded in Cambridge in the thirteenth century, where the monks from Croyland came over to read lectures. It is used as a barn now, but two windows remain of late Norman work. It belongs to Merton College, Oxford, and is said to have been the dwelling-place of Merton the founder.

It is time now to retrace our steps; but lo! the fairy scene we have just left is vanished. The sun has set, dropped suddenly down over the edge of the Fen, and the grey stone walls, the stately avenues, the college bridges, and the paled skies, are all swallowed up in a mist that has risen from the river.

LUCK FOR HIM.

BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.



THE fact is, I am a brute," Frank Vivian acknowledged to himself. "I ought to have driven there straight from Victoria, forgotten to pay the cabman, fled upstairs, folded her to my manly breast, and been in a white heat of delight; instead of that here I am back in London, while she thinks I am still lingering on the way, and as for being impatient to see her, I rather dread it."

He walked up and down the library in which he was sitting, a comfortable room in one of the smaller houses in Grosvenor Square. He looked at the pile of letters torn in halves and thrown into the waste basket, at the packets of cigarettes on his writing-table, at the volumes of Tauchnitz, and all the other little evidences that he had only just returned from a journey.

"I'm glad I remembered to buy her those diamonds; if she is cross, they'll help to smooth her down a bit. Cross? I don't believe she has it in her; she'd be vastly more amusing if she had—I wonder where the bracelet is for Molly Shattor?"

He started from his comfortable chair, and rummaged among his books and papers till he came upon a little morocco case. It contained a thin gold band, with a crescent moon-stone set round with brilliants.

"Tom will be quite fetched at my bringing something for his little woman: she'll be pleased, too. Luck for Tom to get a little wife like that. I don't believe he has had a dull hour since they were married. I dare say Blanche will take her precious diamonds as a matter of course; but she's a good girl," he added quickly, "and I'm a brute. What time is it?—3.15. I'll send her a wire, and tell her I'll be there to tea."

He took a form from a rack on the table and wrote—"Arrived. Expect me at five," rang the bell, and sent it off.

Then he thought over the position for ten minutes. Blanche was the only daughter of Sir Charles Wentworth, an old-fashioned baronet, of Burnside, Northumberland, and a town house in Eaton Place, which he occupied as little as possible and meant to occupy still less when his daughter was married. "Most

highly respectable gentlefolk," someone had called them. Mrs. Cyril Rye, whose tongue was a sharp one, had said of them—"Toriest of the Tories, and slowest of the slow, Sir Charles's favourite ancestor probably walked about in the year One, and bequeathed his ways to his descendants. Lady Wentworth is a little better, and looks as if she had the wisdom of the serpent; but the serpent also arrived in the year One. As for Blanche, I can't think how Frank Vivian could get engaged to such a washed-out looking damsel. He'll find it deadly dull before he's been married a month." Insensibly he was finding it deadly dull already, but he did not know that the "it" was Blanche.

From the outside point of view, Frank Vivian was a lucky man. He had good looks, fair position, and wealth. If he was not particularly intellectual, he was bright,



"HE TOOK A FORM . . . AND WROTE—
"ARRIVED. EXPECT ME AT FIVE."

and generally counted as a clever man, well read, capable of taking an interest in art, and knowing a good deal about politics.

Moreover, he was popular: men grew attached to him, and occasionally women became fond of him even though they neglected to break their hearts for his sake. Altogether, he was a man for whom fortune had done a good deal, and yet he was dull and sick at heart: and the reason was Blanche. She always made him feel dull. He had been abroad for three weeks, spending Whitsuntide in Spain. The Wentworths had wanted him to go to Burnside for the holidays, but he had got off on the plea that a little Southern sun would do him good after that touch of influenza at Easter. "It would have been pretty deadly at Burnside," he had thought to himself, as he remembered Blanche's last letter. It was in his pocket now: he pulled it out—

"DEAREST FRANK,—Many thanks for your letter. I am glad you find Spain so interesting, but it must be a most uncomfortable country to travel in. I hope you will not get into any danger. Papa heard the other day of someone who was robbed and ill-treated at Granada, so take care.

"The weather here has been very uncertain. We have not been able to get out much, so we have spent the time making things for the bazaar, and papa reads Macaulay to us in the evening. We like it very much. The Youngs are staying with us. They go out any weather, as they are strong and do not take cold.

"There have been two cases of measles in the village, and they have given us a great deal of trouble, as the people were so obstinate, and would not send for Dr. Gibbs, which was very unfair after he has been forty years in the place. They insisted on having the new man, Dr. Sparkes, and papa is very angry.

"We are going up to London on Thursday, so I shall be there when you return. Mr. Oliver has been staying here. Papa does not like him on account of his politics, but he plays chess better than anyone I know.

"Yours affectionately,

"BLANCHE."

He read it through slowly.

"Upon my word it's enough to send one to sleep," he said to himself. "But she's a good girl, and takes a lot of trouble with the little beggars and their measles. It's nice of her, too, to get angry at the old doctor being cut out by a younger chap who knows more. Fancy playing chess with that beastly little

cad Oliver, but I believe she likes it; she has a natural turn for slowness. Can't think why I didn't see that before I let myself in for a lifetime of her. However, I didn't, and there's an end of it. I suppose we shall get along all right," with a sigh. Then he thought, "I wonder what that beggar's Madge is like?"

For an odd thing had happened to him at Malaga. On the side-table in his room he had found a letter, crumpled and grubby. It had evidently been left behind by some former traveller. The old Spaniard who packed his things supposed it to be Frank's, and put it into his Gladstone. He found it in the train between some of Blanche's. He read it during a long spell of bare and ugly scenery, till he knew it by heart. It was short, and it haunted him—

"YOU SWEET OLD DARLING,—I was so glad to get your letter—such a dear letter too—I stayed awake all night to think of it, and kissed it and loved it. I do so long to see you; but don't cut short your pleasure for a single hour, for I like to think of you resting and having a good time, and I don't mind if you look at the Spanish girls, you dear. I should like them all to be in love with you, and envy me that have your heart. Only when you do set out on your way homewards—and if you really start to-morrow—then send me a telegram, so that I may think and rejoice over the shortening distance between us. I believe I shall die for joy at the sight of your dear face. I don't know if there's any news: there isn't room in my heart for anything but just the knowledge that I had a happy letter from you last night, and am your very own and loving, MADGE."

"Depend upon it, that chap has a good time," Frank Vivian thought. "Blanche couldn't write a letter like that to save her life: hasn't got it in her. Tom Shattor's wife could, and I expect that pretty sister of hers could too. I wouldn't mind if Blanche were even like her. I think I heard she was coming to town. I'll take that bracelet round after I've been to see Blanche, and find out how they all are."

As if fate had put her finger upon him, the servant entered with a telegram. He opened it and read—"If you are back, come and dine. Wife's sister here; we might all push into the Wagner thingamy to-night."

"No, that won't do," he said to himself. "I must dine in Eaton Place if they want me: it's only decent. But I'll wire that I'll look in for a minute before seven. Tom gets more fun out of that poky little flat of his



"HE NOTICED THAT SHE COVERED UP THE ADDRESS OF THE SECOND LETTER" (p. 258).

than I do out of this big house. His wife is such a little brick. I'm glad I brought her the bangle ; it'll please her."

He knocked at the Wentworths' door with the dull certainty of knowing that when the servant appeared, he would be told that Lady and Miss Wentworth were at home, and he would walk upstairs and find them wearing the same expression, sitting in the same position, making the same remarks, as when he had left them four weeks ago—as he would find them to-morrow and the day after to-morrow, and but for the season coming to an end, or some outside change for which they were not answerable—as he would find them every day for the next seven years. Sometimes

he felt vaguely as if, hidden in the roof of the house or deep down in the cellar, there was a clock wound up once a year, or once a lifetime, to regulate them and people like them. "It would save no end of trouble and responsibility," he thought, "though, as it is, they never seem to be troubled with either, but to do things because somewhere or other out of sight a string has been pulled."

He was quite right. The Wentworths gave you the impression that far ahead they could see the road marked out for themselves to tread, a well-made, well-kept road, from which nothing had power to turn them aside, and along which all things came as a matter of course to meet them. Even

the most important events in their lives they accepted as though they had expected and made ready for them. There was a consciousness of the inevitable about Lady Wentworth especially that made Frank Vivian feel as if there were no escape for him. She was a handsome woman of fifty, clever and worldly wise, yet with a want of interest in her manner that fitted in well with the clock theory. But she was a good woman in her way, always ready to help (more as a matter of duty than of feeling) deserving cases of distress, and never unmindful of the lesson (taught her in her youth) that the setting of a certain number of examples was one of the duties of the upper classes.

Mother and daughter were writing at separate tables in the drawing-room, when Frank Vivian entered. Lady Wentworth looked up quickly, then, as if remembering that she had not seen him for some time, came forward and shook hands.

"My dear Frank, when did you get back?"



"WATCHING HER POUR OUT THE TEA" (p. 260).

she asked. "We have been longing to see you," and she smiled at her daughter.

"I hope you are not very tired with your journey?" Blanche said, and with much composure allowed him to kiss her cheek.

Lady Wentworth nodded approval, and went back to her letter-writing. Like many middle-aged women, she felt that though young men were interesting from some points of view, they were by no means worthy of the exercise of her finest manners. Youth belonged to the morning time of life; a delightful period, but she no longer put on her best clothes to flaunt in the sunshine.

"You must finish your letter, Blanche dear," she said regretfully.

"I have quite finished," her daughter answered. "I was waiting for Frank." She put a stamp on the envelope, then pulled a second letter from the leaves of her blotting-book. "These are for the post," she said. "I'll put them on the table ready." Frank walked with her to the other end of the room and watched her put them down.

He noticed that she covered up the address of the second letter, but he thought it an accident, and wondered why she looked at him with a little uneasiness.

"Now we will talk," she said, and went to a low chair well away from her mother, who carefully kept her back towards them while she wrote. He looked at her inquiringly for a moment, as if to be sure of her identity. She was a tall slim girl of two or three-and-twenty, with wide open blue eyes that seemed to stare almost blindly before them. Her face was pale and her complexion not good. She had a quantity of rather dull fair hair brushed tightly back, and in her low voice there was now and then a tone that was almost querulous. Perhaps her only good point was her hands, which were very white and beautifully formed. There was something monotonous in her manner, something almost unattractive about her altogether, and yet to the stray observer given to speculate concerning human beings, and what might happen to them, the blank look in her eyes was suggestive. It set him wondering whether they would ever learn to see, and what strange sights would startle them.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself," she said, "and had good weather; it has been so chilly in England, we were glad to get back to London. Luckily it was fine for the Camerons' picnic. I have been giving Roy an account of it," looking towards her letter with an air of relief. "But I know you don't care for picnics. I told Roy you thought them tiresome."

"Does he know the Camerons?"

"No; but he will when he comes home. And I was glad to have something to fill up my letter with." He was silent for a

moment; it didn't seem to him that an account of a picnic in England, given by people he didn't know, could be very interesting to Roy in India. "What have you been doing all the time I was away?" he asked.

"I told you in my letters; didn't you get them?"

"Oh yes, I got them," he said, and wondered what it was precisely that had made him get engaged to her. It had happened that time when he stayed so long at Burnside for the shooting: there were pleasant people in the house; the place was pretty; he had been pressed to remain longer and longer, till he had not cared to go anywhere else. Blanche was always about, looking fair and good in her simple gowns and straw hats. They strolled under bare trees and over brown fields; but he never could recollect what they had talked about; for it was odd, but her talk always had a way of slipping out of his memory. At last, the Wentworths, in their calm, undoubting manner, seemed to be awaiting his proposal as a matter of course, a little surprised, perhaps, at its not coming sooner, but perfectly polite, and confident; he had felt almost as if he ought to apologise for not hurrying it. He meant to marry; it was uncomfortable living alone in a big house in town, still more desolate in Hertfordshire. He had felt that Blanche would look after things, manage the servants, and entertain fairly well, and as a matter of course. He did not quite know how it all came about; but it seemed at last as if he were obliged to propose; as if he could not do anything else; as if a pause had come which he was bound to fill in with an offer of marriage. And the girl was well enough—a nice, good girl, who would never develop into anything tiresome or startling. The whole thing did very well; and the first fortnight after it was settled he experienced a quiet satisfaction that passed itself off for happiness. Still, that first fortnight had been over these five or six months now, for Sir Charles had insisted on the marriage not being hurried; and, though he would not have owned it, he felt the monotony of his engagement; the dreary lack of excitement that lurks in all things that are a matter of course. He did not know it—he would not let himself know it; but Blanche bored him; secretly—almost without his own knowledge—he grudged every day of his passing freedom. A little dread was creeping into his heart, a dread of being brought everlastingly, day after day, year after year, face to face with the dull-haired, well-behaved girl before him. He had never cared for women's society, or

sought it over-much; but when the marriage-time came he had not expected to feel as he did now—as if he were slowly walking towards a blank wall, against which he might knock his head, or break his heart as he would, and the wall remain the same. He thought again of Tom Shattor and his wife. They always seemed to be brimming over with merriment, and were almost noisy at their little Saturday supper parties to which people dropped in casually, and stayed until they were frankly turned out at a quarter to twelve. He didn't hunger after that sort of thing himself, but he envied their merriment, their exultation at being together, their good comradeship. Why, in a different form, should not he and Blanche know it? But it was impossible, it always would be, and he knew it. "Great Heaven!" he said to himself despairingly, "I don't believe I can go on with it; I wonder what I ought to do? She is engaged to me, and all her world knows it. I have compromised her in a manner, and yet I don't believe she is very much in love with me. Which is worse—to cause her the pain and humiliation of being jilted, or to go on acting and living a lie all my life through? Perhaps I should get used to her, and fond of her; for she's a good girl, honest and true—and those things grow on one. Suppose they didn't? Suppose I fell in love with somebody else?" Then his old-fashioned notions came to the rescue. "But if I did, I'm not a scoundrel. It's no good; I've been a fool, and must pay the penalty of my folly."

"Did you like Spain, Frank; was it interesting?" she asked, as if resenting his silence. The shrill little tone was in her voice. It occurred to him against his will that in the years to come it would belong to a shrew. A vision of loneliness spread itself out before him. He longed to get up and run out into the street a free man. But it was no good. He had made his obligations with his eyes open, and must abide by them: and he was not going to do it in a cowardly fashion.

"Oh, yes, I liked it," he answered cheerfully; "the gipsies and the beggars are so picturesque, and all that sort of thing."

"And did you see anyone you knew in Paris?" she asked politely: of sentiment or passion she showed not a sign.

"Lots of people, and—I was nearly forgetting, I brought you these things," he pulled two little cases from his pocket.

She opened them slowly.

"How kind of you. Why, they are quite lovely;" but she seemed embarrassed by them.

"What are you going to give me for

them?" he asked, putting his hand on hers, and feeling that he ought really to do a little love-making. He cast a hurried glance towards Lady Wentworth's discreet back, which did not move the fraction of an inch; then he kissed his *fiancée* on the cheek

Paix, I see. They always had delightful things there. You can take away the letters," she added, turning to the servant; and then she spoke to her future son-in-law again. "I am always so glad when they are finished," she gave a little sigh of relief.



"SHE PUT OUT HER HANDS AND TOUCHED HIM, LIKE A WOMAN GROPING IN THE DARK" (p. 262).

again. She took it precisely in the same manner that she would have taken a salute from her great-grandfather.

The servant entered with tea. Lady Wentworth rose and came towards them. Blanche held out the two little cases.

Lady Wentworth examined the trinkets critically, even with some excitement.

"In excellent taste, my dear Frank," she said. "From Tarvenier, in the Rue de la

"We have not missed a mail since Roy left England."

"That's something to be proud of," he said, watching her pour out the tea. "There's hardly been one since Charlie left that I have caught."

"The worst of the mail is that it keeps us in all the afternoon," Blanche said, taking up a little knitting-basket and pulling out an unfinished sock.

"What a bore! The mail has no business to do that because Roy wants to hear about picnics."

Lady Wentworth looked up at him curiously, and changed the subject.

"Papa is not very well"—she always spoke of Sir Charles as papa—"the gout has come out in his foot again, and he is worried about Burnside: they want to open a telegraph-office there, and it vexes him."

"It would save you a good many shillings, and be rather a comfort to your friends. However, I don't suppose they'll get it without his support."

"Papa says that they'll want a railway next, and he dislikes all alterations," Blanche said.

"They are generally a bore."

"It's so strange that people are not satisfied as they used to be," Lady Wentworth remarked. "The world has got on very well all these centuries, why can't people be content with it?"

"Poor beggars, there are so many more of them. Unless they agitate a bit now and then there's not enough for them all to do." Frank drank his tea, and felt himself quaking with impatience: he was bored to death.

"Agitators should at least keep to the towns," said Lady Wentworth; "they are too tiresome in the country."

"By the way, you had George Oliver down on a visit, I hear, and he and Blanche played chess."

"Papa did not approve of him," Lady Wentworth answered almost curtly, while Blanche counted the stitches on her needle. "Tell us about Spain. Did you enjoy your trip?"

"Enjoyed it hugely," he answered with animation. "A lazy set the Spaniards; so, luckily, they have not managed entirely to cover up the tracks of the Moor even yet."

"It is a pity that you didn't wait and go next year."

"Well, no," he said, wondering how soon he could get away. He wanted to see the Shattors before they sat down to their early dinner, preparatory to starting for "the Wagner thingamy." "It's the sort of country in which one gets on better alone, I expect. They are rather in want of some improvements there. We might send them out a few. The inns are dirty, and the means of getting about uncertain, unless one keeps to the big towns. It would not suit you, eh, Blanche?"

She counted the stitches on her needle again.

"I think it is nicer to go to places that are convenient," she answered.

"We will confine ourselves to Paris and

Rome and the Rhine," he said; "a beaten track is always best for your sex."

Lady Wentworth rose and looked at them; there was something almost threatening—politely and secretly so—in her glance at her daughter.

"I think I ought to go to papa for a little while," she said; "you'll come back and dine, won't you, Frank?"

"I will if a fair lady wishes it," he said, and looked at Blanche. A little excitement had come into her face, he saw it and wondered; a little impatience was in her voice as she answered—

"Yes, Frank, unless you want to go somewhere else."

"I wish to come here," he said, while he thought longingly of the Shattors; "but I must go away almost immediately now. We shall be able to talk this evening."

"Stay a little while," she answered, and again her manner set him wondering. She followed her mother with her eyes, and waited till the door was shut. Then she put down her knitting and took it up again, wound the worsted round the ball, stuck the needles into it, folded the half-done sock round it, and put the basket away. He looked at her with interest.

"Well," he said, "what is it?" She got up and stood before him. The expression on her face was almost disagreeable, but she was evidently breathless and eager.

"Frank," she said, in a low voice, as if she feared that someone beyond the room might hear her. "Are you very much in love with me—should you be very unhappy if I did not marry you? Should you think me very dishonourable?" He was astounded.

"My dear girl, what on earth do you mean?" His heart gave a bound, but he hated himself for it: he was glad to remember afterwards that he had done so.

"But tell me," she said, with something of the firm manner of which he had thought her mother possessed the family monopoly. "Would it make you very unhappy if it were broken off? Do you care?"

"I thought it was understood that we cared for each other. I think you should explain."

"There is someone else who cares," she said almost passionately. "He loves me; he said it would break his heart if I did not marry him; that he only lives for me, and——"

"Do you care for him?"

"I don't know," she said quickly, with odd bewilderment in her voice. "I don't think I care for him more than I do for you, but I like being cared for so much. I like it when he says that it will ruin his whole life if he

doesn't marry me : that he will go to America or kill himself rather than see me married to you or to anyone else."

"But, my dear Blanche, who is it?" Frank asked. He was lost in utter amazement at this sudden scene. "Who is it?" he repeated more positively.

"It is George Oliver," she answered, in an obstinate tone; "and they turned him away from the house——"

"Who did?"

"My mother; and my father was as bad; she said I was behaving shamefully to you, that he was odious, and only wanted me because I was in a better station of life than himself; they said things for which I will never forgive them—never," she added bitterly.

"They are quite right. George Oliver is an adventurer, a groveller hanging on to people better than himself, for the sake of getting on in the world, and as for being in love with you I believe it's all nonsense."

"Why should it be all nonsense?" she asked sharply. "Do you think no one can be in love with me? He said it of you—that he didn't believe you cared a bit for me, that your manner wasn't that of a lover."

"I'm much obliged to him; you should have told him to mind his own business."

"But, Frank, tell me the truth about it; do you care for me so much; would it ruin your life if I didn't marry you?"

"My dear child, don't talk nonsense," for he felt that to take advantage of her present position would be to send her to ruin. Oliver was a man he had simply longed to kick.

"But I must know—I will know," she said, not vehemently or passionately, but with a firmness and a disagreeableness that blunted his sympathy.

"Do you care so much for me?" he said; "tell me that."

"I don't know," she answered almost piteously. "I don't think I am a woman who falls in love, but I want to be loved myself. I want to be a great deal to someone, and I don't feel that I am much to you, Frank; if I did, if I had, he should never have said a word to me."

"I expect we care for each other as much as, say, fifty per cent. of the people do who marry," he said lamely but gently.

"I want more."

"What nonsense! It contents heaps of women."

"Only because they can't get more. I can," she said doggedly.

"But, Blanche, this man is an adventurer; he hasn't a penny in the world. As for being in love with you, it's all nonsense."

"Do you think only rich men can be in love?" she asked; "and if he is poor, my money will be useful to him."

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"I want you to help me."

"I shall help you best by making you stick to your engagement to me." He spoke against his own heart in saying it; but he could not bear the thought of giving up a woman for whom he had at least liking and respect, a woman he had thought to make his wife, to a fortune-hunter, "a hopeless little cad," as he called him, though, happily, he kept this definition to himself.

"No, Frank; no. If you are generous, you will give me up, you will throw me over; then in time I might get them round to my wishes. It isn't as if you cared for me as he does."

He felt as if he would give the world to take her at her word; but no—no. He was not going to buy his own freedom at the price of what he felt would be her ruin.

"You have put me into the most awkward position," he said; "upon my honour I don't know what on earth to do." And for a moment there was silence.

Then she crept nearer.

"Frank,"—she put out her hands and touched him, like a woman groping in the dark—"if I tell you something, if I trust you, will you keep my secret?"

"It depends upon what it is."

"Oh, yes; promise—promise," she entreated. "I have no one else in the world to tell, or to help me. You know what my father is, how obstinate; and I'm afraid of mother," she whispered.

Her words were pitiful, and touched him; but still the strange lack of charm in her manner repelled him against his will.

"It isn't as if you cared," she went on; "I know that you don't; you didn't even when we were at Burnside and walked about together so much. I didn't know then, but I do now."

"Tell me what you want me to do," he said almost humbly, and with a tone in his voice that brought the tears to her eyes.

"I want to tell you something. I must tell someone—someone who will be kind to me. I am so afraid. I feel as if I shall die if it's locked up in my own heart any longer," and she burst into tears.

"Then tell me, dear," he said, and into his heart for the first time there rushed something that was like love for her; "tell me," he repeated tenderly, for had he not expected to spend his whole life with the miserable excited woman before him? and did he not owe her any gentleness

his heart could give, if only for the scanty room he had given her in it? "Tell me everything, Blanche, dear, and I will help you if I can, as best I can, and as it seems to me is best for you."

She took his hands and gripped them in her own soft white ones; her voice trembled as she whispered—

"Oh! Frank, Frank. The day after we came to town, I was married to him. And now"—she shuddered, and lowered her voice—"I am so afraid of him—of them—of everything. I am the most wretched woman in the whole world; but I have not ruined your life. At any rate I have not done that."

She bowed her head with something akin to despair.

"I would rather you had, than that you should have sown any unhappiness for yourself," he said.

Frank Vivian did not dine in Eaton Place that evening, neither did he go to Tom Shattor's. He did not look very happy for a long time after his engagement was broken off, and people said that he had taken it to

heart; but how that might be no one really knew, save perhaps Tom Shattor, and Tom, as we all know, is the discreetest man in London.

When the Oliver marriage came out it made quite a talk, and the Wentworths were furious. But Frank Vivian was a good friend to Blanche, and when her husband stood as the Labour candidate for Little Grimbeck Frank Vivian did his best for him. And this he must have done sorely against the grain, for he has always said that the working man is a fraud who thinks labour a waste of time if he can get what he wants by merely clamouring for it; for, like the Wentworths, Frank is a thorough Tory. The odd thing is, that though he has done so much for the Olivers, and it was entirely through him that Sir Charles at last forgave them, yet he has never had a moment's real sympathy with either of them except in her piteous confession of a longing to be everything to someone. When he remembers that, he calls himself a scoundrel, but Tom Shattor says he is over-sensitive, and Tom's pretty sister-in-law evidently does not think him one at all.



HOME DRESSMAKING FOR FEBRUARY.

“**P**ORTLY and handsome women are a pleasure to 'do' for," I once heard our dressmaker shrewdly inform my mother, and from that hour I wished to put the assertion to the test by obtaining her permission to remodel one of her dresses; after some little persuasion she consented to let us show our skill upon a plain green serge costume and double cape of last year's cut, instructing us not to alter the fit, which was excellent, but to shorten the skirt at the back, that it might hang the same length all round. Between whiles I unpicked the seams of this skirt, and brushed and smoothed it out, and gored off some of the fulness of the centre back widths, and lined them with a thin, stiff, black muslin canvas.

The first afternoon we girls spent in cutting out and braiding the godets or small gores with which we widened the skirt by seaming them in between the widths—a long, very pointed one each side of the front width, and shorter ones at the side seams, with a long one up the back seam. The round double cape belonging to the costume cut all these, and we found that by lining each one with a thin muslin before braiding, and well pressing on the wrong side afterwards, they were flatter and easier to seam in with the skirt, which needed very carefully arranging to prevent any suspicion of a pucker in the seam.



SERGE DRESS REMODELLED.

Three brilliant ideas here suggested themselves : one was, to make the hem stand out well, we lined it up ten inches with a good stiff lining ; the second was to band the waist with a good firm cord and fold of silk instead of the usual straight belt ; and the third to give a tape at the point of each gore



FLANNEL NÉGLIGÉ.

and carry it up to the waist just the right length to support the extra weight of the braiding, and prevent its straining the seam.

The skirt now being successfully accomplished, I will next describe the making of the bodice : this had drawn out at the seams in front and under the arms, so we took out the whalebones and the sleeves, and restitched these seams a little further in without altering the shape. This gave them a newness but took up a good inch in the size ; we therefore had resource to a waistcoat cut from the cape and braided in points to match the skirt, fastening it up one side securely with hooks and eyelet holes, as we had cut away the old button-holes and thought these would be firmer than loops as a fastening. We also braided the front darts, or breast seams, and the whole length of the middle seam at the back of the bodice. A short length of green velvet cut the broad collar, and this we made at the back, opening in the centre with two long points.

Next came the sleeves, always difficult to make, and yet more difficult to put into the armhole. Did not an expert once write that "the badly setting sleeve betrayed the amateur in the noble art sartorial" ?—These sleeves were the ordinary gigot shape devoid of ornament ; but we determined to deceive, if possible, the vigilant eye of the expert by the method of "try, try again," until success crowned our patience. One of us suggested rearranging the pleats at the armhole by putting in two inches in the centre plain, and grouping the fulness close together each side. Another of us hit upon the ingenious plan of increasing their size and altering their shape by cutting the serge straight down from the shoulder almost to the elbow and again two inches round towards the back of the arm, pushing this cut piece back into gathers at the elbow, and joining on a straight piece, widening

to the top up the two edges of the long slit and braiding it in rows from the shoulder to the wrist : gathering in the fulness at the top at each side of this inserted piece. As this seemed a good plan, we adopted it, and the results were excellent. When the mother tried the dress on finished, we all buzzed round her to admire with much inward satisfaction our own handiwork.

I must now tell you that pleasant fortune has kindly smiled on me, and I have been made happy by an invitation for a fortnight's visit to my married sister's pretty home in the north. I shall revel in the breezy coldness of the crisp air, being provided with a good homespun costume, warm woollen underwear made in Llanelly flannel, of shapely cut and with soft over-lapped seams ; also a cosy pink woollen morning-négligé, that I have beautified to appear at breakfast in by adding to the plainness of the straight princess shape a wide cape of white woollen stuff, with pointed edge fancifully trimmed with a pink cord, and a frill at the throat and the edge of the sleeves to lengthen them, of the same white stuff. At times I shall wear a bow and vest of white pongee silk put on in front, and instead of the cord and tassels I intend twisting round my waist, and fastening at one side, a pretty scarf of white and gold that my brother brought me from Tunis.

As a sisterly acknowledgment of my hostess's talent as a housekeeper, we have made and embroidered her a handsome apron, a sketch of which you will see on this page. It is made in cream holland of good washing properties, and embroidered in her favourite shade of blue thread in a pretty pattern up, and on each side of, the seam in the centre of the front, and on the pockets, which, let me tell you, are flat with the opening in the centre, and a tape to suspend them from the waist-band which passes under the plain front and neatens the gathers at sides and back. The back is in two straps V-shape to the waist, and a piping of blue linen cut on the bias edges these and the neck.

As to the cooking sleeves I have made, with them I am sure she will be delighted. They are slipped over the body sleeves and drawn and tied with tape around the armhole ; are very full, and I think give a most stylish look to the busy housewife who wears them. Mine are made like the pipings on the apron, of blue linen. BIZZIE BEE.

Cut paper patterns of the following are ready at 6½d. each :—skirt or bodice, apron or sleeves, negligé jacket : whole costume, or apron and sleeves, 1s. 1½d. Apply to Bizzie Bee, c/o the Editor, Cassell's Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.



HOUSEKEEPER'S APRON AND SLEEVES.

THE FASHIONS AT COUNTRY HOUSE PARTIES.

BY A WOMAN WHO KNOWS.



PARISIAN LOW BODICE OF EAU DE NIL SATIN WITH ROSES AND VIOLETS.

IT struck me the other day as I was seated with a bevy of pretty women, round a large baronial fireplace in one of the "stately homes of England," what a very unfair impression people have of dress who simply derive their ideas from the shops and the show rooms. Those who really dress well take their inspirations and their fashions from every variety of source, besides starting many modes on their own account, so that to judge fairly of what the best

styles are, you must see them worn and not only ready for purchase. In the morning, in the country, tailor-made gowns are almost universally adopted by the young women, but the matrons are falling in to a much more elaborate style, such as velvets trimmed with fur, while violet, rich royal blue, wine colour, and similar tones of Venetian cloth accompany the most beautiful bodices, made with basques of painted and crinkled velvet, opening over satin or silk vests, trimmed with Renaissance lace, or gold pailletted lace, or some of the many beautiful embroideries in which paillettes and beads and even jewels appear. A dame thus caparisoned reminds me, with her long waist and wide distended sleeves, of the Venetian beauties of long ago.

Women who bicycle, or skate, or play golf, when staying away in the country, dress themselves accordingly; and for golf I find that the young people start off with open jackets which they can easily take off, worn with the large, loose, knitted blouses which are slipped over the head and fastened only on one shoulder. They are usually of a bright colour matching the Tam-o'-Shanter caps, for though the tailor-made gowns are generally of dark neutral tints they are relieved by bright colourings, and these Tam-o'-Shanters—whether in velvet, or wool, or smart plaid—suit most English faces.

Guests at country-house parties are singularly dainty with regard to the etceteras of dress. From time to time you catch a glimpse of the most

exquisite petticoats made either of rich brocade or in glacé silk, the newest with a deep flounce, kilt pleated, in contrast to the rest from the knee, where it is covered with a fall of black lace, while for evening the silk is of lighter colour, the deep flounce consisting of alternate rows of insertion and silk, with a deep frill of lace at the edge. Black satin knickerbockers have a great following, especially amongst cyclists; and the divided skirt is frequently adopted by the middle-aged as well as the young, but it is undistinguishable, the uninitiated would take it for an ordinary skirt; black merveilleux kilted and edged with lace is best adapted to this style.

At tea-time in most houses in the country, those, at all events, who have been walking or driving or have returned from hunting, appear in the prettiest of tea-gowns or jackets; some are made in soft silk with lace, but by far the most fashionable are rich velvets arranged as long coats with embroidered satin waistcoats, lace ruffles, and diamond buttons; the variety is endless. Some of the newest trimmings from Paris are a heavy Renaissance scroll of guipure formed in white satin diamanté laid on the velvet.

There is nowhere a better opportunity of seeing the best style of evening dress than at a smart country house. Brocaded dinner gowns are much worn, the newest are silk brocades on a moire ground, and there is a novel silk "Æolian" which is watered, but resembles peau de soie. Though the skirts of such gowns are cut very wide at the foot, the fulness is sensibly diminishing at the waist, even at the back of the waist in the best style of dresses; but some are fully gathered on the hips in the style of François I. A few women with very good figures wear princess dresses, but the majority have narrow pleated basques or points, back and front, to the waists of their bodices; and the last folly in fashion is wired side seams to keep the skirts out. Deep belts of satin or embroidery are fastened at the side with paste ornaments after the style of Robespierre, and the enormous gossamer sleeves of chiffon are made in the butterfly style, with the bare arm showing on the outside, frequently supplemented by a band of roses across either side of the neck from back to front. You see the style in the plain close-fitting bodice at the head of the chapter made in green satin with roses and violets. Note the newest make of sleeve here portrayed, showing more than the usual amount of arm.

Fur is employed on evening dresses at the hems and carried up from the hem to the knee at each seam; but in ball gowns the newest trimming is a flounce at the hem of silk poppy petals, or for girls, a fringe of small flowers such as violets or lilies of the valley; floral fringes edging the neck and the sleeves; another pretty fashion being tulle flounces and frillings scattered with rose petals.

Where shall the Lover Rest?

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Music by FREDERIC W. AUSTIN, B.Mus., Dunelm.

VOICE.

mf

Andante, con moto.

PIANO.

p *mf*

1. Where shall the
2. There, thro' the

lov - er rest Whom the fates sev - er From his true maid - en's breast, Part - ed for
sum - mer day, Cool streams are lav - ing; There, while the tem - pests sway, Scarce are boughs

ev - er? Where, through groves deep and high, Sounds the far bil - low;
wav - ing; There thy rest shalt thou take, Part - ed for ev - er,

poco f

poco f

f *p* *pp* *pp* *pp* *pp*

Ver. 1. D.C. Verse 2.

Where ear - ly vio - lets die, Un - der the wil - low.
Nev - er a - gain to wake—Nev - er, oh, nev - er!

colla voce. *D.C.* *rall.*

p *pp* *pp* *pp*

Ped. * *Ped.*



The GATHERER

An Illustrated record of Invention Discovery & Science

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

THE RACE FOR THE POLE.

OF all the races ever run on this racy planet that which has the North Pole for its winning-post is surely the grandest, not only from its magnitude,

*I think the methods
of both Nansen & Andr e soundly
perilous, and of doubtful utility.
The chances of Nansen emerging
out of the unknown north are very
slim, but with a properly equipped
balloon, and after sufficient experience
with it during experimental flights.
I think Mons Andr e might succeed
in sailing across the Pole.*

Yours &c,

Henry Winstanley

(From Mr. H. M. Stanley, M.P.)

but from its high motive, which is the love of science and the thirst for glory. We use the word "race" advisedly, because, as most of us know, the attempts now being made to reach the Pole by several nations are so spirited as to savour of contest, if not of formal competition. First, there is the intrepid and devoted Dr. Nansen, the young Norwegian who made his mark by crossing Greenland on snow-shoes for the first time. Nansen, with a dozen companions, has sailed in the little *Fram* to drift across the Polar area with the current which he believes to flow from Siberia towards Greenland. Perhaps at this very moment he is moving slowly in his ice-bound prison over the Polar area on his way to Smith Sound or the open sea to the eastward of Greenland. After him comes the brave Englishman, Mr. Jackson, of the expedition so munificently fitted out by Mr. Harmsworth. Mr. Jackson's

plan is to approach the Pole by sap and mine, as it were—that is, by establishing dep ts and shelters at intervals on the way, thus securing his retreat. The *Windward*, which took him out to Franz Josef Land, his starting point, is now at home, but will return to the Far North to bring him back. Thirdly, there is Herr Andr e, the well-known Swede, who is making ready to start from the north of Spitzbergen next summer in a balloon which is capable of being steered to some extent with the help of a sail and a guide rope trailing on the ice or sea. These three plans are all more or less novel and untried before. Short of a flying machine, it is not easy to see what other new methods could be tried, and the question of their relative merits adds greatly to the interest of the race on which the eyes of the civilised world are fixed. Which of these heroic men stands the best chance of reaching the Pole? It is a question which millions are asking themselves, whether they

*If Andr e succeeds in filling the
balloon on the northern shore of
Spitzbergen and starts with a
fair wind which continues, he
will of course pass over the Pole
and may descend there: but
it is a most hazardous undertaking,
and little good can be derived
from it.*

Yours truly

Clement R. Markham

(From Mr. Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S.)

speak of it or not. To our mind, Andrée has most in his favour, and after him Nansen; but it is properly a question for experts, and, fortunately, several distinguished authorities have kindly given us their views of the matter.

Mr. H. M. Stanley, M.P., regards the methods of both Nansen and Andrée as "exceedingly perilous and of doubtful utility." The chances of Nansen "emerging out of the unknown north are very slim," he writes, "but with a properly

If balloons of a steerable sort had been more developed we could speak with some certainty as the matter. As it is it seems to say the least premature to launch out into regions whence return (for a party of necessity poorly equipped) is unlikely, with a novel apparatus. Only pure luck can give success.

(From Sir Martin Conway.)

equipped balloon, and after sufficient experience with it during experimental flights, I think Mons. Andrée might succeed in sailing across the Pole."

Mr. Clements R. Markham, C.B., President of the Royal Geographical Society, who for the last thirty years has persistently advocated the exploration of the Polar area, has always deprecated mere attempts to reach the Pole as useless, excepting so far as they tend to the exploration of the intervening region. He has no sympathy with men who merely want to beat the record. "They are not geographers, and only do harm."

"Nansen," he continues, "is making an attempt contrary to all the canons of Arctic exploration. I shall rejoice if he succeeds, but as we know nothing of the region into which he has penetrated, it is impossible for us to form any conclusion of any value respecting the chances of success. If Andrée succeeds in filling his balloon on the northern shore of Spitzbergen, and starts with a fair wind which continues, he will, of course, pass over the Pole, and may descend there; but it is a most hazardous undertaking, and little good can be derived from it even."

Sir Martin Conway considers that no answer can be given to the strict question whether Nansen or Andrée is most likely to hit the particular spot called the North Pole. In either case "success would be a fluke. Nansen must reach a very high latitude (with any luck); the question is whether or not he will return. The balloon project seems to me theoretically good. If balloons of a steerable sort had been more developed, one could speak with some certainty on the matter. As it is, it seems to me, to say the least, premature to launch out into regions whence return (for a party of necessity poorly equipped) is unlikely with a novel apparatus. Only pure luck can give success. Nansen's apparatus (ship, etc.) is far from novel—the only novelty is in the course chosen. I think, therefore, that Nansen

has *prima facie* the best chance of returning home, which, after all, is a more important element of success than merely reaching a point and being unable to return or record in any way the attainment."

Sir Leopold McClintock, the veteran Arctic explorer, has no opinion to offer on the question for a reason that is quite refreshing in these days when everybody is supposed to know all about everything. He has never even heard of Andrée!

Mr. Henry Coxwell, the veteran balloonist, would rather not express an opinion on the plan of Andrée, which he reminds us, and properly reminds us, reproduces in some points the scheme which he devised for Commander Cheyne, R.N., who originated the idea of employing the balloon in Arctic exploration some fifteen years ago. These plans were made public at the Mansion House before Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, then Lord Mayor; Sir J. Puleston, Admiral Bedford Pim, and other scientific men and Arctic travellers, who knew that the Englishman, Commander Cheyne, would certainly have carried out his idea had he been supported by the English public. "Of course," says Mr. Coxwell, and not without cause, "foreign scientists can easily make a more favourable impression in Great Britain than true Britons themselves." How little have we heard of Commander Cheyne and how much of Major Andrée! Mr. Coxwell thinks that his "own design which Cheyne was ready to adopt would have succeeded quite as well as trying to cross the Arctic circle, and trying, moreover, to keep a balloon up for a month—a feat as to duration which has never yet been accomplished. Nor, indeed, has it been done for a third of that time, or a fourth, if figures and facts are to be relied on. However, the latest aspirants doubtless know more than I do as to their intentions."

Mr. Harmsworth, whose very interesting remarks we have kept to the last because they will fitly round off the discussion, has written to us as follows:—

"It is not wise to prophesy unless one knows, but I regard Mr. Andrée's expedition very much as one looks upon the gentlemen who a few years ago filled the American newspapers with

I regret to say that I have never even heard of Andrée's Expedition towards the North Pole, therefore you will see that it is not in my power to express any opinion, as to which of the two Expeditions Nansen's or Andrée's, has the best chance of reaching the North Pole.

Very faithfully yours

F. Leopold McClintock

(From Admiral Sir F. Leopold McClintock, K.C.B.)

*Commander Cheyne R.N.,
was the originator of the idea
and would certainly have
carried it out. Had his proposed
Expedition been supported by
the English Public -*

*of course foreign scientists
can easily make a more
favourable impression in Great
Britain than their true Britons
themselves -*

(From Mr. Henry Coxwell.)

accounts of their proposed balloon journey across the Atlantic. Nevertheless, it should not be forgotten that Mr. Andrée is a skilled aeronaut, and there are hundreds, nay, thousands, of people who regard a balloon as the only means of attaining the Pole. Mr. Jackson went into the question of balloons very carefully, and he came to a conclusion expressed in the following words:—‘I should be inclined to take balloons with me could I be convinced that they were manageable in England. If it be not possible to direct a balloon with certainty in England, it is obviously much more impossible in latitudes where storms are of almost daily occurrence, and where the ordinary appliances for repairing and filling a balloon are unobtainable.’ In reading Mr. Jackson’s account of his last winter’s experiences, in the comfortable home his party took with them to Franz Josef Land, one is struck by the fact that storms seem to have been of almost hourly occurrence. In the summer, too, up to the time of the sailing of the ship, that is to say, there was no ballooning weather. . . . I am inclined to believe that the result of Dr. Nansen’s expedition is more likely to prove of value to science than that of Mr. Andrée. In this matter, again, I am largely guided by the opinions of Mr. Jackson, who, as a personal friend of Dr. Nansen, is better acquainted with his views than most of us. The probabilities are all against Nansen, Andrée, or Jackson reaching the Pole, but they are in favour of the first two, at any rate, attaining a high latitude and of making and bringing back an abundance of scientific information. . . . Next year will be most interesting and exciting in the Polar area, and one looks with hope to the result of such work that has for its aim the progress of science, and is untarnished by any of the sordid considerations which tinge modern thought in regard to man and his life’s work.”

A Rubber-Yielding Vine.

A creeper, or vine, known in Jamaica as the “milk withe” from its white sap, has been found by botanists to yield a good quality of indiarubber.

This climber is the *Forsteronia floribunda*, and grows as thick as a man’s wrist. Like ivy it reaches to the tops of the highest trees and rocks. The milky juice coagulates on exposure to the air, like that of the indiarubber tree.

A Gigantic Dragon-fly.

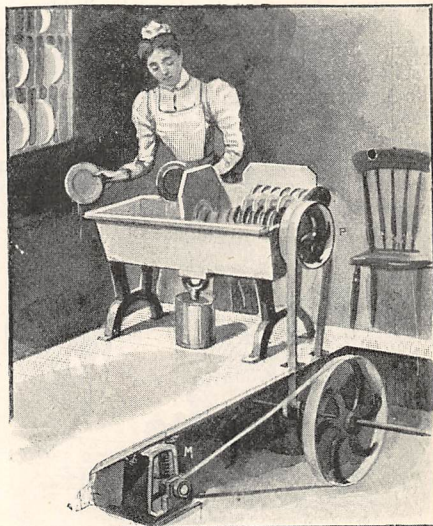
M. Brogmart, a French geologist, has discovered a number of fossil dragon-flies in the coal-mines of Commentry, in the Department of Allier, France. The largest of these, which he names the *Meganeura monyi*, is very like the common slender dragon-fly of our ponds, but is twenty-seven inches across the wings and large in proportion. The head is big and armed with strong teeth, and the insect appears to have fed on small fish as well as other insects and larvae.

An Automatic Loom.

An American inventor has introduced a cotton loom which is practically automatic in its action and only requires to be fed with bobbins. The cloth is said to be of superior quality and the output much greater than that of the ordinary cotton-loom employed in the United States.

Washing Dishes by Electricity.

At a recent exhibition of utensils in the Palais de l’Industrie, in Paris, a large number of domestic



WASHING DISHES BY ELECTRICITY.

appliances worked by electricity were shown in action, but perhaps the most novel was a dish-cleaner, which we illustrate herewith. The plates travel between pairs of wet brushes, and after being thoroughly cleaned in this way fall into a tank of water, from which they are removed. The brushes are revolved by means of the belt and pulley, P, which derive their motion from a small electric motor, M, and 2,000 plates can be washed per hour in this way.

An Historic Room.



Pitt received Lord Nelson, but is now part of the drawing-room at the Castle. The illustration on page 202 shows the position of the interesting tablet, which is here given in detail.

The accompanying illustration, which was too late for inclusion in the article on Lord Salisbury's homes in this number, shows the brass tablet at Walmer Castle, which the late Mr. W. H. Smith placed on the wall of what was once the historic chamber in which

Lighthouse Weather Warnings.

The connection of so many of our lightships and lighthouses by telegraph with the rest of the country has led the meteorological office to issue storm warnings to twenty-five of the principal lighthouses, thus enabling them to warn passing vessels of the approach of rough weather.

A Parachute Ball.

A new playing-ball of a scientific character has found much favour with French children, and sooner or later will probably find its way across the Channel. Our engravings show the toy, which consists of a stout silk parachute, as shown in the middle figure. It is folded into an india-rubber star (seen at *b* in Fig. 2), and bound up as at *a*. The child by a whirling motion launches the ball thus formed into the air, and the fastening, which is elastic, comes loose, allowing the parachute to expand, as in our first picture. Some adroitness is required in the use of the ball, but this



A PARACHUTE BALL.—FIG. 1.

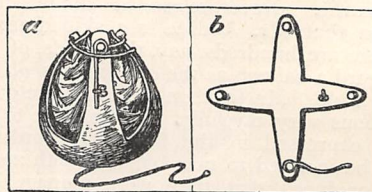
is an advantage, because in trying to excel in the management of it the boy or girl is cultivating the physical powers.

Pasteurising Milk.

The importance of sterilising milk in order to kill the germs of fatal diseases is so great that we again draw the attention of our readers to the subject. Pasteur's method of sterilising is admittedly the best, inasmuch as it kills the deadly germs of scarlatina, consumption, diphtheria, and so on, without altering or "killing" the milk itself. It consists in heating the milk to a temperature of 75 degrees Centigrade (167 degrees Fahrenheit), and then preserving it in hermetically sealed vessels. A neat apparatus for the purpose is "Le Tutelaire," recently brought out in Paris as an improvement on that already given in THE GATHERER.

Short-Sightedness.

Professor Sterling Ryerson, of Trinity Medical College, Toronto, has become convinced that



A PARACHUTE BALL.—FIG. 2.

myopia, or shortness of sight, is generally caused by abuse of the eyes, and has drawn up the following prohibitions for all who wish to avoid the evil as well as those who already suffer from it:—Don't read in railway trains or vehicles in motion. Don't read lying down or in a constrained position. Don't read by firelight, moonlight, or twilight. Don't read by a flickering gas or candle light. Don't read books printed on thin paper. Don't read books which have no space between the lines. Don't read for more than fifty minutes without stopping, whether the eyes are tired or not. Don't hold the reading close to the eyes. Don't study at night, but in the morning when you are fresh. Don't select your own glasses at the outset. As a general rule, whatever tends to strain the eyes and increase the quantity of blood in them favours the defect, and in extreme cases leads to detachment of the retina and blindness.

The Barisal Guns.

In the delta of the Ganges a mysterious sound is sometimes heard to which the name of "Barisal Guns" is given, because of its resemblance to the dull report of distant artillery. Similar noises are well-known to the lighthouse-keepers and fishermen of Ostend and Boulogne, who call them the "mist puffers," or fog dissipators, and generally hear them on the evening of a hot day in summer. Although the sounds are compared to the detonations of guns they are not very like these, and they occur at irregular intervals. Their origin

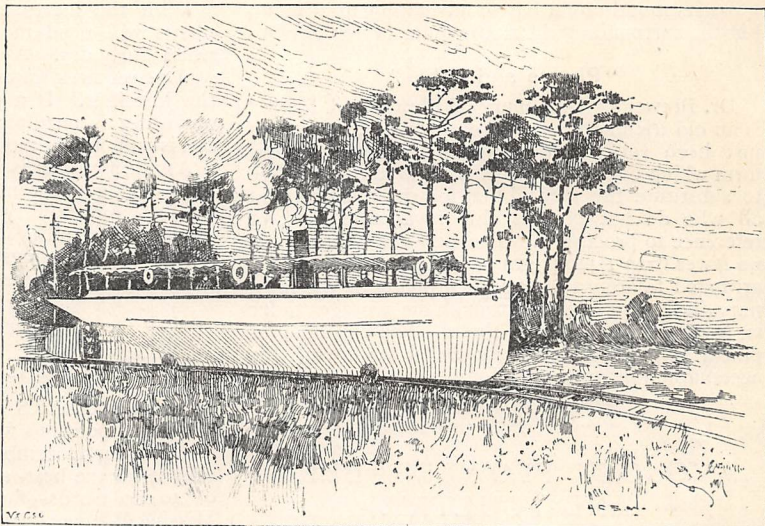
is enveloped in mystery, but some physicists regard them as electrical detonations, such as might be produced by flashes of ordinary lightning or the explosion of globe lightning, whilst others refer them to the shocks of fluid matter in the bowels of the earth, or the rumbling of slight earthquakes.

A Useful Watch.

The "split-seconds" chronograph timekeeper which we illustrate will prove exceedingly useful to cyclists, engineers, electricians, and many others. It is proof against magnetism, and may therefore be carried on electric railways or into dynamo stations without fear of damage to the works. In fact, all the parts made of steel in ordinary watches are replaced in it by an alloy of palladium, and it has gained the Kew certificate of the highest class.

An Amphibious Ferry-Boat.

Denmark is a country of land and sea, and the ingenious natives have provided themselves not only



AN AMPHIBIOUS FERRY-BOAT.

are actuated by a simple gearing from the screw, and enable it to run along the railways provided for it.

A Pocket Phonograph.

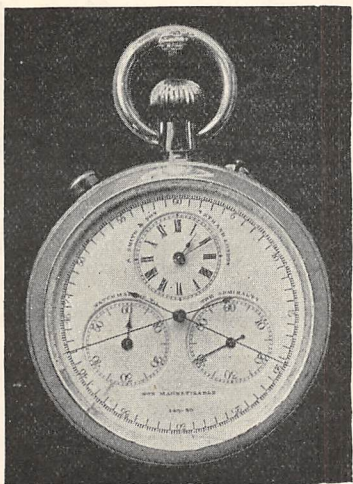
A portable phonograph was recently described in THE GATHERER, and we have now to mention the production of one which is still smaller and capable of being carried in the pocket. It is a perfect little instrument of the usual sort, but made so small as only to occupy a space six inches long by three broad, and two inches high. The wax cylinders are turned by clockwork, and the instrument resembles a musical-box, and can be used as such as well as for correspondence.

Fossil Frost-Cracks.

The footprints of primeval animals, the pits made by rain, and the ribs of sand produced by the wind, have long been recognised in ancient rocks by geologists, and now Mr. J. A. Udden, an American, has identified a series of arborescent cracks in the shales and sandstones of the Beach Hills, South Dakota, as due to the frosts of the Chalk and Jurassic periods in the past history of the earth. The tree-like patterns of these cracks, which branch at angles of 60 degrees or 120 degrees, are unmistakable, and quite different from the jagged woven cracks due to the heat of the sun.

The Nile of the North.

Such is the name given to a new river which has been discovered in Labrador by Dr. Bell of the Canadian Geological Survey. It is much larger than the Ottawa River, and takes its rise in three sources, one at Three Rivers, another in the Lake St. John district, and a third near Lake Mistassini. After a course of 500 miles through a rich loamy plain covered with forests, it falls into St. James Bay, the southern end of Hudson's Bay. Rapids



A USEFUL WATCH.

with steamers which take entire trains on board, but with boats which travel from one water to another on rails. In the island of Seeland, for example, the screw steamboat which we illustrate plies on three lakes; the Lyngby, Fur, and Farum, and passes from one to the other over the intervening land. For this purpose it is fitted with four wheels, which

nears its mouth are a bar to navigation at present, but the surrounding district is quite fit for agriculture.

"Phrase and Fable."

Dr. Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" is an old friend to many of our readers, but it has just been reissued by Messrs. Cassell in a new form which ought to compel all who knew it before to substitute the new edition for the old one, and all who do not possess this invaluable book of reference to procure it. The new volume contains no fewer than 1,440 pages of well printed, carefully arranged references to all such points as the ordinary dictionaries pass by, though the average reader is frequently puzzled by them. The "Bibliographical Appendix" is a very useful feature of this acceptable library companion.

AMONGST FLOWERS, BEES, AND POULTRY.

FEBRUARY is a hopeful month—we look forward to the advent of Spring, its flowers and its softer winds. The Snowdrops are peeping above the brown earth, and in quite wintry weather something will show that the departure of cold and discomfort is approaching. How pretty the winter Aconite looks with its bright yellow flowers in their quaint collar of green leaves; and how few plant it, though as rich in colour as almost any bulb, and amongst the first to expand to the weak sunshine.

If vacant ground has not been dug up, and the weather is not severe, let this important work be accomplished at once. Marl and burnt clay will greatly improve light soils, and mix with heavy ground such materials as cinder ashes, brick-rubbish, and lime; particularly the last-mentioned, which is also valuable for incorporating with rich garden-soils. Plant hardy perennial and Alpine plants. Phloxes, perennial Sunflowers, Lupines, Day Lilies (*Hemerocallis*), and *Erigerons* are the most satisfactory, as they never fail to blossom well. This is, of course, a small selection, but it would require a chapter to deal carefully with the subject. Plant climbers, Roses, and make new walks.

Sowings of Peas should be made now. First and Best, American Wonder, and Ringleader are three good kinds, or one can have such old favourites as Alpha. Sow Mustard and Cress in boxes, and a small sowing may be made of the Queen Onion, early Heartwell Cabbage, early Turnips, round-leaved Spinach.

This is a good month, for those who do not wish to grow exceptionally large exhibition blooms, to put in *Chrysanthemum* cuttings. Select stubby shoots with a "heel" attached—that is, with a few little roots if possible. Dibble them in fairly close together round the sides of 48 or 5-inch pots, filled with loamy soil, similar to what one would use for Geraniums, and place in a greenhouse, or frame, where gentle heat can be given. They will soon root and be ready for potting off. Always remember that the *Chrysanthemum* will not tolerate much artificial warmth, and that only at the start. It is a plant naturally hardy, and more injured by fire-heat than any other florist's flower.

With the increasing warmth of the sun's rays plants will need more water, but, of course, only when fairly dry. A very good test as to whether a plant requires water or no is to rap the pot with the knuckles. If a clear ringing sound is given out, water is needful; if dull and heavy, then the soil is sufficiently moist.

As the weather is often as severe now as at any time during the winter, my only advice in respect to Bees and Poultry is to follow the information given last month. March will bring, however, more labour amongst these, and our future notes will be fuller in these departments.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

PARTICULARS of the first series of new Competitions for 1896 were given on page 76 of our December issue, in which Prizes were offered for the best- and second-best Serial Stories of 40,000 words—for the best summaries of "A Missing Witness," when this story is completed—for the best Snap-Shot Photographs of out-door scenes—and for the best-worked hemmed linen handkerchiefs. The Rules and Regulations were set out fully in the December number, together with the respective dates when the work is to be sent in. For the convenience of our readers, however, we append here a short note of the dates:—

PRIZE STORY OF 40,000 WORDS (£50 and £30—due June 1st, 1896).

SUMMARY OF SERIAL STORY (£1 is. and 10s. 6d.—due July 30th, 1896).

SNAP-SHOT PHOTOGRAPHS (£5 and £3—due May 15th, 1896).

HEMMED HANDKERCHIEFS (£1 is. and 10s. 6d.—due February 17th, 1896).

"OPINION" COMPETITION—No. 1.

The large number of entries for the "Opinion" Competitions, announced by the proprietors of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE in a leaflet inserted in the December issue, makes it impossible to announce this month the awards in all three Competitions. In Competition No. 1, for the selection of the eight most generally popular items in the December number

The First Prize of Twenty Pounds is divided between—

WALTER CLATTON, Wolverhampton, and
J. BOSS, Lupus Street, S.W.,

whose selections were adjudged equal in merit.

The Second Prize of Five Pounds is awarded to (Mrs.) M. A. GUTHRIE, Nottingham.

The Third Prize of Three Pounds to W. H. THOMAS, Dartmouth Park Road, N.W.

The Fourth Prize of Two Pounds to A. RYRIE, Glasgow.

The Fifth Prize of One Pound to S. H. BRIANT, Uxbridge.

The Awards in "Opinion" Competitions Nos. 2 and 3 will be announced in our next number, if possible.



DISASTER.

(From the painting by W. LANGLEY, R.I.)

PICTURES OF SAILORS AND THE SEA.



THE FISHERMAN'S SWEETHEART.
(By C. Napier Hemy.)



WAY down in the furthest part of the West Country is the little village of Newlyn, which until comparatively recently, was only known to visitors to Penzance as a fishing village adjacent to that town. But about thirteen or fourteen

years ago it was "discovered" for its artistic possibilities, and has now a world-wide reputation, having given its name to a school of art. There is now a colony of artists living and working there. Two of their number have been elected Associates of the Royal Academy, and innumerable honours have

been bestowed upon its members by foreign Art Societies. They have created one of the most distinct movements in English art since the days of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and one which will be more enduring, more popular, in the best sense of that word, and decidedly more national.

Mr. Walter Langley, the painter of the picture engraved as our frontispiece, and that reproduced on page 278, has the honour of being the first figure painter to establish himself at Newlyn, and to him credit must be given for the founding of the "school." Born in 1852, at Birmingham, he began his professional life as an apprentice to a lithographer in the Midland city. He worked at his craft during the daytime, and in the evening studied at the local school of art. At the age of twenty-one he obtained a National scholarship, and went to South Kensington to study design, where he stayed for two years. He then returned to Birmingham, and entered into partnership with his former master, but he ultimately decided to take up painting as a profession. In 1882 he went to Newlyn, and



THE LIGHTHOUSE.

(By Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A. By permission of the Trustees of the Corporation Art Gallery, Manchester.)

began at once to paint pictures in the style of those here reproduced. The chief of his work is in water-colour, and in 1883 he received recognition of his ability by being elected a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. Besides this, he has received gold medals from Paris and Chicago. "Disaster" was painted at Newlyn, and represents a scene on the quay of the village during a gale. Outside the harbour a boat is being

painting his pictures in a yacht-studio he has had specially built for the purpose.

Mr. Hemy was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1841, and there acquired his early knowledge of, and love for, sailors and the sea. But at ten years of age both were considerably extended by a voyage to Australia in a sailing ship, round the Cape. He returned to England in 1853, and it was then that the desire to become a marine painter was matured,



"HERE WE GO ROUND AND ROUND."

(By W. H. Bartlett.)

wrecked. The other picture, "After the Storm," was painted at Coverack, an out-of-the-way village near the Lizard, and tells its own pathetic story.

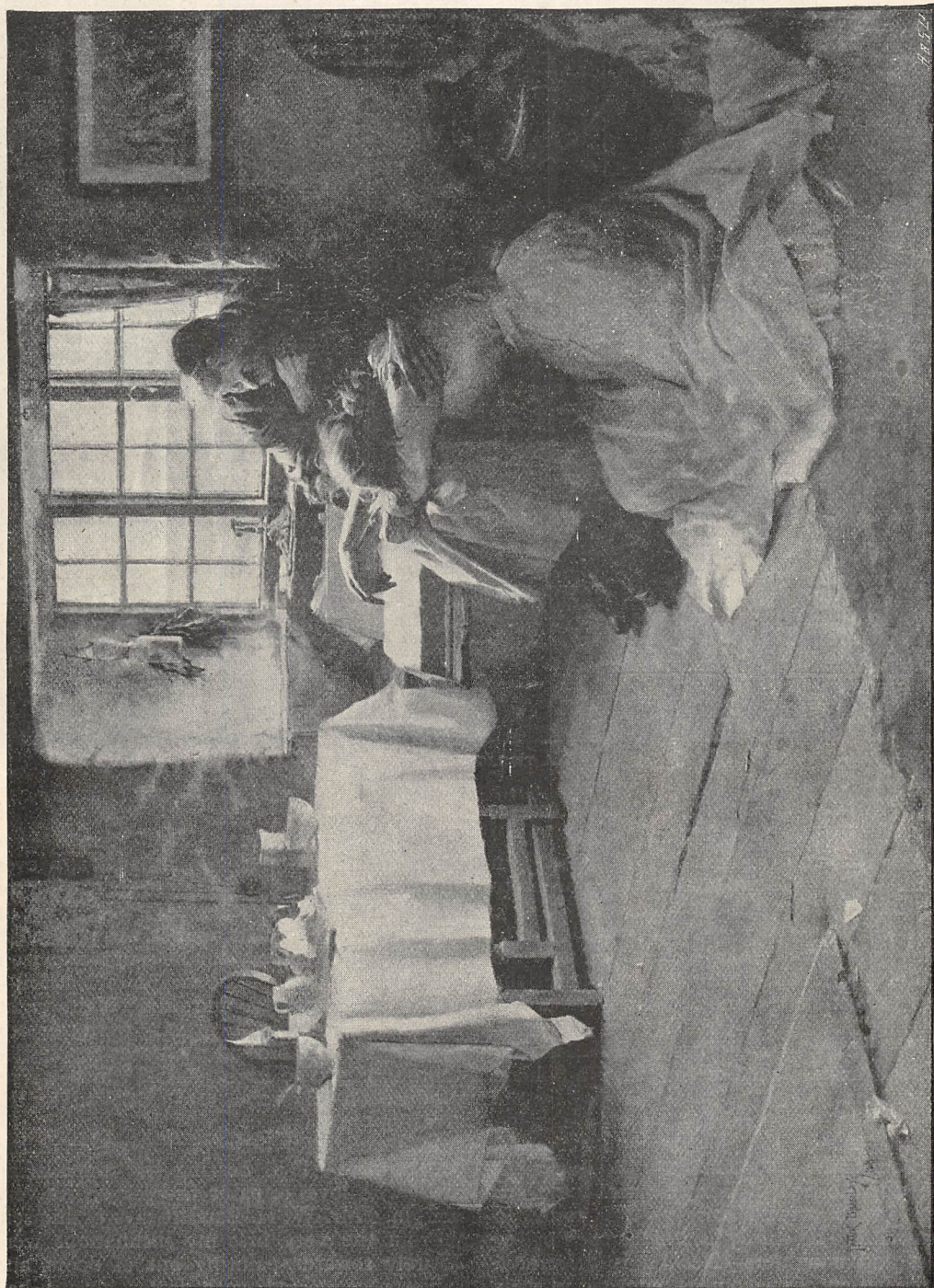
Mr. Langley now resides at Penzance, and writes to me:—"I have often wished I could live in or near London, but I find so much that is congenial to my nature in depicting the life of the fishing community of our little village, that I fear I must submit to the isolation." And this is the spirit that animates most of the members of the Newlyn colony.

Mr. C. Napier Hemy, the painter of "The Fisherman's Sweetheart," stands in the forefront of our marine artists. Living at Falmouth, he spends the greater part of his time on the ocean he loves so much—

and he commenced his studies at the school of art in his native city; but he had a roving propensity equally strong, which had to be appeased by successive voyages. In 1863 he entered the studio of Baron Leys, at Antwerp, and for a time devoted his attention to religious pictures; but his early inclinations returned, and he came back to England to execute a series of pictures of the Thames, mainly "below bridge" scenes. From that time, the sea has claimed all his attention. In 1881 he settled at Falmouth, where he built himself a house and studio, which are stored with treasures of artistic and naval interest, and whence he has contributed every year to the leading exhibitions his delightful representations of



AFTER THE STORM. (By Walter Langley, R.I.)



A HOPELESS DAWN.

(By Frank Bramley, A.R.A.) In the Chantrey Collection. By permission of the President and Council of the Royal Academy.



A TWILIGHT IDYLL.
(By A. Chevillier Tayler.)

sea life. His boat-studio, "The Vandermeer," is well known all round the south-western coasts, and the fishermen are always proud to be included in his pictures.

Mr. Hemy writes, "My object is always to paint right away from Nature on a white ground, and finish at once so as to obtain the most perfect purity and simplicity of workmanship."

Mr. Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A., is now the recognised leader of the Newlyn School. He was the first to be acknowledged by the powers that be at Burlington House, being enrolled on the list of Associates in 1892. His work is the embodiment of the unwritten tenets of the School, bearing evidence of his close contact with Nature as it is found in Cornwall. The sturdy fisher folk, their pretty wives and daughters—Newlyn is celebrated for the beauty of its women—engaged in their every-day pursuits, form his principal models. Born in 1858, he spent his early life at Dalwich, and began his art training at the

Royal Academy Schools. In 1881 he went to Paris to study under Bonnat, although even in that year he sent a picture to Burlington House, which was accepted. "A Street in Brittany" was its title, and it was painted at Cancale. For three years he sent works from this place, and then he heard of Newlyn—where Mr. Langley and Mr. Wainwright, another Birmingham artist, were already established. He crossed the water and settled there too. "The Lighthouse," which we reproduce on page 276, was exhibited at the Academy in 1893.

The delightful little picture on page 277 speaks for itself as bearing the touch of an artist who loves to paint the sea on its very margin. Mr. W. H. Bartlett says of himself, "From the very first my inclinations were entirely towards painting out of doors, and subjects connected with water always had great attraction for me." He, too, went to Paris at the age of 19, and studied in the celebrated Julien studio as well as in the



THE HARBOUR STEPS.

(By Tom Graham.)

Beaux-Arts under Gérôme. After two years he went to Munich, but at the end of six months returned to Paris. About 1880 he paid a visit to the west coast of Ireland, and was so delighted with the scenery of Galway and Mayo that he has since painted most of his important pictures there.

"A Hopeless Dawn" (*see* page 279) was the sensation of the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1888. The abandonment of sorrow of the group is touching in the extreme. It is the old, old story again, "For men must work and women must weep," with all its suffering and woe. It was another success for Newlyn. The picture was bought for the Chantrey collection, and the election of the artist as an Associate of the Academy followed in due course to complete the triumph.

The next picture, "A Twilight Idyll," also comes from Newlyn—indeed, the scene is laid overlooking the harbour of the village. Mr. A. Chevallier Tayler is a student of the Slade School and a pupil of Legros. From there, like so many others, he went to Paris and

studied under Jean Paul Laurens, and for a little while was with Carolus Duran. Then he went straight away to Newlyn and worked there steadily for nine or ten years, sending pictures regularly to the London Exhibition. His most recent successes were "A Summer Dinner Party," and "Gentlemen, the Queen!" both interior scenes with artificial schemes of lighting, most difficult of accomplishment. In 1895 came the picture we reproduce—a charming little poem on canvas.

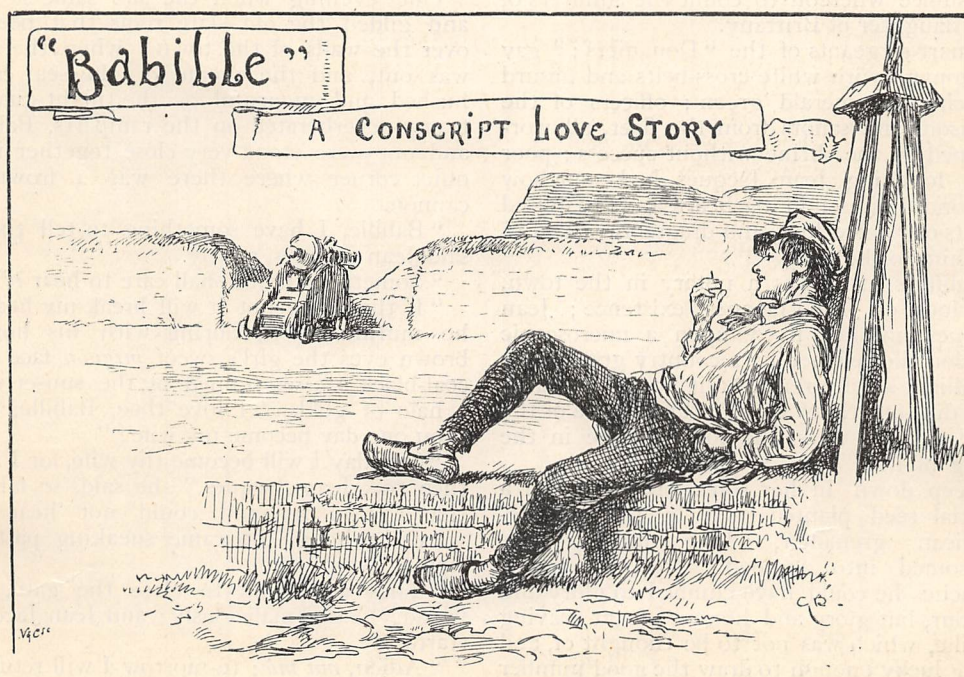
Mr. Tom Graham is one of our best marine painters, and the picture we reproduce one of his happiest efforts. It was painted in West Brittany—one of several he has sent from the same district. It appeared in the Academy in 1894.

"His First Voyage" needs no text; it is a story all can appreciate who have suffered the same pangs as those which the unhappy lad is undergoing. The artist works in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and is thoroughly familiar with the North country fishermen and their floating homes.

ARTHUR FISH.



HIS FIRST VOYAGE.
(By Ralph Hedley.)



BY D. H. PARRY, AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHT ON THE ROOF," ETC.

I.

JEAN JACQUES was a scamp, at least so said the village folk ; but if we venture to differ with them that is entirely our own affair.

In common with his illustrious namesake, Jean Jacques was somewhat of a philosopher, and, like Rousseau, *he* too had his dream.

It was a sweet dream, very ; being in short of one Mademoiselle Babille, the prettiest girl in St. Malo ; and dream he did, morning, noon, and night ; seeing her image in every green pool that silently lapped the seaweed, and hearing her name in the ceaseless cry of the gulls swooping round the islets in the harbour.

All this happened in the year 1812, a stormy time for France, but neither the bustle of the troops at the *caserne*, nor the growing rumours of another war with Russia, affected him one whit, and he continued his daily walk, six miles of dusty road into the town, where he lounged on the ramparts or paced the twisted streets, dreaming all the while : happy if he saw her, radiant if they interchanged a word, until the sun would set

behind Cap Frehel, and the closing of the gates remind him that those six long miles lay between him and his humble supper.

Very reprehensible, no doubt ; a sad waste of precious time ; the more so that Jean Jacques' pockets rarely contained anything more than his two hands, but, as we have said before, he was somewhat of a philosopher, believing thoroughly that "all comes to those who wait."

Babille, it is true, would have a dowry of several thousand francs, and as is usual in such cases, ill-natured persons drew their own conclusions and circulated them freely ; but he was as free from any sordid motive as the noblest of mankind, and *she* knew it if nobody else did.

No word of actual endearment had ever passed their lips, but a tacit understanding existed between them ; a look, a smile, a pressure of the hand at parting, was the only signs these lovers gave to each other, but after such a simple leave-taking Jean Jacques would whistle merrily on his way, and Babille would carry *her* wildly beating heart into the dim cathedral, or the none too savoury region of the Rue de la Poissonnière, where she had her home.

Were there no rivals, ask you ?

Why, your ten fingers and ten toes would



not suffice whereon to count the admirers of that daughter of Brittany.

Smart sergeants of the "Douaniers;" gay cannoniers, with white cross-belts and absurd breeches of emerald green; officers of the garrison, and sailors from the fleet, all worshipped at the shrine without success; poor lazy, lounging Jean Jacques had somehow ensconced himself in her heart, and the united efforts of "horse, foot, and dragoons" failed to put him to the rout.

Babille's father was a notary in the town, oblivious of Jean Jacques' existence; Jean Jacques' mother lived upon a microscopic pension allowed her by a country grateful for a brilliant service rendered it by her husband, who did something very gallant in one of the revolutionary wars, and lost his life in the doing of it.

Deep down in her son's breast lurked a martial seed planted there by the old Republican grenadier, which might have blossomed into a goodly tree, up whose branches he could have climbed to glory and honour, but glory and honour meant leaving Babille, which was not to be thought of, and being lucky enough to draw the good number in the ballot, he stayed at home in paradise to dream, and dream, and dream!

The only individual who gave this philosopher of ours any serious anxiety was a certain cousin of Babille's, Armand Letort, one of those dapper little Frenchmen with a blue shave extending high up the cheek bones, and who was moreover very short and silent, and observant of all things, whether they concerned him or not.

This young gentleman having many opportunities of playing the spy, would saunter quietly into the church when Babille and her lover stood hand in hand before their particular saint, or round the angle of the battlements suddenly as Jean Jacques would be narrating, for the fiftieth time, how Hervé Riel piloted the fleet through the shoals yonder, in the teeth of an English squadron; turning up at odd moments, intercepting Babille on various pretexts, and yet all the while treating Jean Jacques with such profuse cordiality when it was impossible to avoid seeing him altogether, that the grenadier's son felt tempted to force a little of it back down Cousin Armand's throat if philosophy had not pulled him by the sleeve and whispered "wait."

Add to the foregoing that the notary was agreeable to receive Nephew Armand for a son-in-law; that Nephew Armand, knowing the exact number of francs which constituted Babille's *dot*, thirsted to finger them, and you have the situation at a glance.

One evening when the sun sank slowly, and gilded the old slate roofs that peeped over the walls of the town; when the tide was out, and the moan of the sea came hushed and mournful as the night-guards' tramp reverberated on the ramparts, Babille and our hero stood very close together in a quiet corner where there was a frowning cannon.

"Babille, I have something to tell thee," said Jean Jacques, gently.

"Something that I shall care to hear?"

"If thou dost not it will break my heart," he murmured, devouring with his honest brown eyes the girl's sweet *mignon* face and coal-black tresses framed by the sunset with a halo of gold. "I love thee, Babille, wilt thou one day become my wife?"

"One day I will become thy wife, for I love thee, too, Jean Jacques," she said, so faintly that Cousin Armand could not hear the words, although he came sneaking past on tiptoe.

"They are about to close the gate, my friend," he said maliciously; and Jean Jacques started.

"Adieu, *ma mie*; to-morrow I will return," he cried, as he went bounding down the steps like an arrow, while Babille whispered: "No, 'tis *au revoir*."

That was their love-making on the quiet old rampart of the quiet old town; very prosaic, you say, but very sweet to them.

Babille went home, and said a prayer for him; Armand Letort lit a fresh cigar, and followed in the same direction; Jean Jacques strode rapidly along the dusty road, saying ever and anon: "Fool that I was; I should have kissed her!"

Then the sun went down.

II.

THE tricolour was floating on the village steeple, and an anxious crowd of peasant folk crowded about the office of the *maire*.

A hard-featured officer and a white-moustached sergeant sat inside at a table, while behind them clustered a dozen soldiers with their bayonets fixed, for they were drawing the conscription, and of the youths and men who remained in that little Breton community—there were not many, by the way—few were destined to escape. The army wanted them, as it had wanted those others who had gone before; they were too strong and stalwart to stay at home with the aged mother and the young wife!

Ma foi, how strange a thing is life! Jérôme, the wealthy young miller, was free again; Pierre, who had six hungry children and no

one to look after them since the previous winter had killed Seraphine, was doomed to leave them for ever. Some received their fortune with a cheer; others came out white and silent, amid the fruitless tears of the women. Jean Jacques' turn was last of all.

He heard his name called through the open window, and went into the room biting his cheek.

"*Tonnerre*," whispered the officer, "we must not lose these broad shoulders."

"Gently, *mon lieutenant*, we have him safe enough; there were only two lucky numbers, and both have been drawn."

A moment later, and with a face as pale as the ashes of a bivouac fire, Jean Jacques stood beside Cousin Armand, who was on horseback in the crowd.

"Will you tell her?" he was saying very quietly. "I cannot say farewell; we march at dawn." And he watched him galloping down the white road, which he had tramped so often, until the hoofs died away and the dust hid him.

Of all the little band of conscripts marching sorrowfully away through the leafy lanes, with

the rising sun flashing on the bayonets of their guard, and slanting into the silent woodland where the birds were waking, Jean Jacques' heart was the saddest—it seemed at times to have stopped its beating altogether as the well-remembered spots were left behind.

"Come, my lads, leave weeping to the old women," cried the sergeant gaily, puffing at his *brûle-gueule* like a battery in action. "Think of the glory that awaits us when they beat the *pas-de-charge*!"

Perhaps they did think of it, and did not find it much to their liking; for they wound along in silence, and no one spoke a word.

Cousin Armand met Babille on the staircase that morning, and said in a casual off-hand manner, as though it were really of no consequence whatever: "By the way, Jean Jacques has gone to find his marshal's *bâton*; they marched this morning at sunrise."

She gazed at him with vacant stony eyes, clutching the railing and swaying a little backwards and forwards.

"How do you know that?"

"Because I passed them on the road just



"COME, COMRADE, 'TIS NO USE GIVING IN" (p. 286).

now, and he laughed farewell, crying 'Vive l'Empereur!' with the best of them."

The brilliant light of the summer day went out as she groped slowly back to her room.

"It was adieu," she murmured very faintly; and then sitting down on the edge of the bed in the alcove, she did the very best thing possible under the circumstances, and cried, and cried, and cried.

* * * * *

Two years went by, and no letter from Jean Jacques.

"He could not forget me; I know that he is dead," was her lonely wail; and as she had no confidant but the seabreeze on the ramparts, she was so often there that the sentinels came to regard her as part and parcel of their charge, and saluted her respectfully, and were smitten to a man.

Meanwhile, our philosopher had been drafted after a time into the Marines of the Guard, and went with that distinguished corps to Moscow, when the glittering Grande Armée passed triumphantly to glory and the grave!

All was bright and smiling; the sky blue above them; the Emperor—their idol—constantly to be seen surrounded by his staff; and his soldierly qualities having been rapidly discovered, Jean Jacques was a corporal, the most popular in the battalion.

What need to trace the progress of those mighty columns? It is matter of history how the foe retired before them, luring them on through the sandy waste and gloomy defile, tempting them to the battle so necessary to sustain the French *esprit*, and then slipping away into the pine woods to elude their grasp.

Borodino, and the burning city which was to have been their goal, the broken armistice, and ruthless pillage, belong to sterner pens than ours; we must follow in the wake of that terrible retreat, when the great red sun so suddenly withdrew, and in its place came driving snowflakes, and the cruel frost-winds of the north; when a disheartened mob with a baffled and suffering leader fought its way back through the icy forest, step by step over the frozen plains, surrounded by a merciless enemy, with death and misery in its train!

* * * * *

It was after leaving Smolensk, and night had fallen.

Jean Jacques, alone, and very weary, trudged through the snow in a vain endeavour to rejoin his corps; all around him stretched the white waste, belted here and there with a strip of funereal pine, and dotted with the wreck of men and guns.

Stumbling along, almost unconsciously,

Babille's lover came to a peasant's hovel, hardly discernible from the landscape, in a dense snowdrift; and there he found a group of stragglers, among them the old sergeant, and a little *tambour*, clinging to his broken drum, lying huddled together to die!

"Come, comrade, 'tis no use giving in," he said, shaking the veteran by the shoulder. "What of the honour you so often spoke of? Rouse yourself; the Emperor wants men and muskets!"

The ancient soldier who had fought under Dessaix at Marengo, and had seen the "sun of Austerlitz" in all its splendour, gave a feeble shiver and fell over on his side.

The blood had frozen in his veins!

"*Hélas*," groaned Jean Jacques; "and this is glory!"

He had some sort of dazed idea that they could make a fire, and set about to tear down a log from the wall, when a shadow suddenly fell across the threshold, thrown there by the rising moon, the shadow of a Cossack creeping up to reconnoitre, with a score of his companions halted a few paces behind him!

"To arms, men!" he shouted. "Stir yourself, *tambour*, if you would see your mother again!" and roused by his example, the stragglers crowded to the doorway, the muskets trembling in their nerveless hands.

The Cossack's pony fled away towards the forest, his master writhing in the snowdrift with Jean Jacques' bullet somewhere in his lungs, but the rest rode up with their terrible "Houra!" and the stragglers knew they must make a desperate fight for it.

There was no garish glitter of gay uniforms; no stately marshal sparkling with lace and stars to lead them; no stirring music to play them to their doom—just a bitter night, a handful of hungry, shivering men; and the dull, flat drum from the sobbing *tambour*. That was all!

An hour, two hours; and still they kept the doorway. The last cartridge was fired; the drum had been trampled under foot long ago.

"Now we must use our bayonets," said Jean Jacques, feeling vainly in his empty cartouche box. "We've killed the half of them, and our shots will bring the Viceroy!"

"As like to summon Miloradowitch," growled a driver of the artillery train, who had been shot through the knee and was bleeding rapidly.

"Courage; we can die but once. They run! *Vive l'Empereur!*" and the corporal was right, for as he spoke, the Cossacks darted into the trees, and after them sped a troop of Chasseurs, the advance-guard of a column, débouching from the wood.

III.

"*Caporal*, the Emperor sends you this," said an aide-de-camp, holding up the cross of the Legion of Honour as he stood by the side of a straw pallet in an improvised hospital at Krasnoë. "You have lost an arm, *mon brave*, but you saved twelve lives for France."

"*Mon Dieu, c'est pour Babilie!*" murmured the wounded man incoherently.

The officer, who had a red morocco hussarboot on one leg, and a black one on the other, and who had wrapped himself in the dirty white cloak of a dead cuirassier for warmth, smiled sadly as he caught the last word, saying—

"Babilie has a gallant lover; make haste to regain some strength, corporal, we are not out of the toils yet!" as he went away.

The Beresina lay between Jean Jacques and Babilie, and he had only one arm now, but he hugged the enamelled bauble with its crimson silk ribbon as a child hugs a wished-for toy, and falling into a deep sleep, dreamed of her, and the old moss-grown ramparts of St. Malo, and thought they were standing in the dark cathedral, with the archbishop pronouncing the solemn benediction.

* * * *

Two long years, we said, and never a word from the absent one.

Posts were few, and apt to miscarry in those days, especially in war time, and though the *Moniteur* had jubilant columns announcing great victories, it was fast becoming known that one must read between the lines if the real truth were to be learned.

Babilie had grieved bitterly; his name appeared as having received the Legion, but soon after news came that the Emperor had reached Paris without an army, and then she made up her mind to accept the worst.

They pressed her hard, her father and Cousin Armand between them, and in the end she was formally betrothed to that diplomatic relative in spite of a torrent of tears and vain entreaty, but the sea ever rippled before her as it had done on that last evening on the old wall; she lived in that melancholy world of the "what might have been," and her heart was buried with Jean Jacques, the scamp, the dreamer, the corporal of marines of the guard, who lay beneath an overturned ambulance waggon in the marches of Zembin.

* * * *

One morning in June, Cousin Armand sprang out of bed and flung his window wide open.

Being the window of a room on something like the seventeenth floor of a very tall dwelling, and facing the ramparts, there was a delicious peep of the Channel to be had for the looking, but that did not interest Cousin Armand in the least; the new brown coat with its high-rolled collar and tight sleeves, the flowered satin waistcoat and nankeen small-clothes, the smart hessian boots with little silk tassels, absorbed his entire attention, and he sang cheerfully through his nose the while, for it was his wedding-day, the day when he should call those several thousand francs his own, with a sweet little sad face into the bargain!

Babilie had been up betimes, not that she looked forward to the approaching ceremony—far from it, but that she might creep away into the church once more, to pray at the shrine where she and Jean Jacques had so often lingered in those happy days that had gone for ever.

Sadly she sought the well-remembered spot, and reverently kneeling, cried as though her heart would break.

It was so early that, save for the sacristan, she was the only occupant, until a gaunt soldier with one sleeve pinned to the braided front of his short blue jacket, limped painfully down the aisle.

She heard him not, nor witnessed the sudden start he gave as he rounded a pillar and saw her there; she was all unconscious that he laid his red plumed shako on the pavement and knelt beside her very softly, until a tiny cross was dropped into her outstretched hands, and a voice whispered, "See what I have brought thee, Babilie, 'tis from the Emperor's own breast!"

* * * *

The sunshine had never seemed so glorious to them before, as, on coming out into the crooked street from the dim interior, they met it full in their happy faces.

They were so absorbed with one another and the story each had to tell, that the crowd descending the Rue de la Poissonnière had almost reached them before they saw it.

"What is all this—a prisoner, surely?" said Jean Jacques, guiding Babilie into a doorway to allow the little mob to pass by; a mob of well-dressed people, and some loafers, with a knot of soldiers and a gendarme in the middle of it, hustling someone along who was resisting violently.

"Oh, look, Jean Jacques, it is Cousin Armand, whom I—was to marry in an hour—what can it mean?" cried Babilie, clinging to his solitary arm.

"Holla! Sergeant Taupin," called the

corporal to his old acquaintance the gendarme, "whither are you taking Monsieur Letort?"

The sergeant stopped and looked at his questioner, and Cousin Armand rent the air with an appalling scream.

"*Voilà*, here is Jean Jacques returned from the wars," cried the gendarme. "It is this

Emperor wants him—I will look after Mademoiselle Babilie until he returns!"

"And did he return?" said I to the old man who told me this little story over his pipe on that same moss-covered rampart where the lovers used to meet.



"*VOILÀ !* HERE IS JEAN JACQUES RETURNED FROM THE WARS, CRIED THE GENDARME."

way, my friend, yonder rascal has evaded the conscription five times, but they have nailed him at last; he has presumed on his position and now he must march!"

"It is my wedding-day, I tell you—there is my affianced wife, she will say whether I speak truth," shrieked the rogue, writhing in the grip of two muscular soldiers, who were not respecting his finery over much.

"*Ma foi*, we are quits, Letort," laughed Jean Jacques heartily; "take him away, the

"Never, some say he deserted and was shot, but one thing is certain, St. Malo saw him no more."

"Then Jean Jacques and Mademoiselle were married?"

"Monsieur is quite right," said the old fellow, smiling. "They were married, and I have the honour to be their grandson—*eh, bien*; 'tis a strange world, and as the evenings are getting cold, I will venture to bid Monsieur good-night!"



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S HOMES.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.)



WITH Chatsworth House and Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire, Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, Holker Hall, Lancashire, Lismore Castle, Waterford, and Compton Place, Eastbourne, as alternative places of residence out of London, the Duke of Devonshire must occasionally suffer, one would suppose, from an *embarras de richesse*. As a matter of fact, however, his Grace's choice almost invariably lies between Chatsworth House, Compton Place, and Bolton Abbey; and of these, "the palace of the Peak" naturally has

the first place in his affections. Even the eminence of its present owner as a statesman can add but little to the renown of Chatsworth.

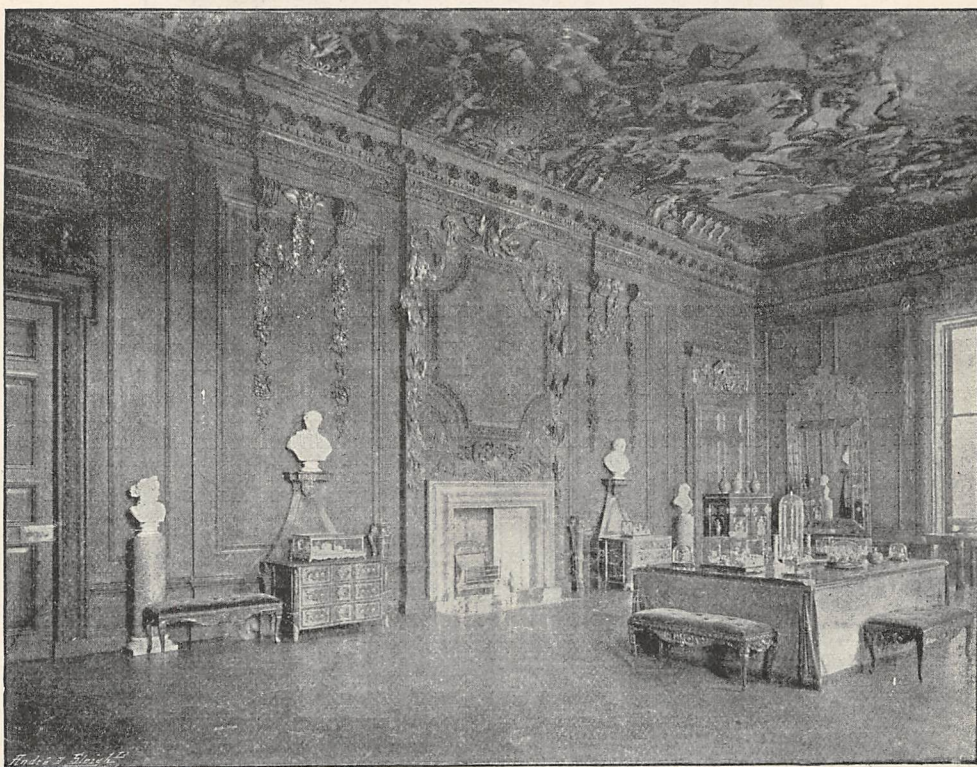
Chatsworth Park has a circuit of eleven miles in the valley of the Derwent, and on all sides is shut in, as it were, from the world by a low range of hills. The river flows through the park, enhancing considerably its sylvan beauty. The village of Edensor, inhabited almost entirely by dependents of the Cavendish family, is within its gates, whilst that of Baslow is close to them. The greater part of the six miles' drive from the nearest railway station of Rowsley is along the well-kept roads of Chatsworth Park: but Baslow itself is the

property of the Duke of Rutland, whose estate there joins that of the President of the Council. Sheffield is but twelve miles away, and between its grime and smoke and the verdant loveliness of this district, it is impossible to imagine a greater contrast.

The approach to the house from Edensor is by a stone bridge across the Derwent. The bridge, which has three arches, was built from a design by Michael Angelo, whilst the marble figures with which it is adorned were, it is said, by Cibber. The German artist of the 17th century was almost wholly employed by the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. From this fine old bridge probably the most complete view of the house can be obtained, and it is the favourite spot for the photographers. As seen from this point, however, Chatsworth House is distinctly broken into parts, and between the two parts there is no artistic affinity. The one, a square mass with Ionic columns and façade, built in the years 1687-1707 by William, the fourth Earl of Devonshire, and described by Macaulay as "an edifice worthy of Palladio"; the other, known as the north wing, a long low-roofed building, with a great elevation at the further end, built in more than one style of architecture during

the earlier years of this century. Between the two there is obvious incongruity, but, regarding them separately, either structure, with its yellow-tinted masonry thrown into bold relief by a background of dark foliage in the woods above, must greatly impress the memory and the imagination.

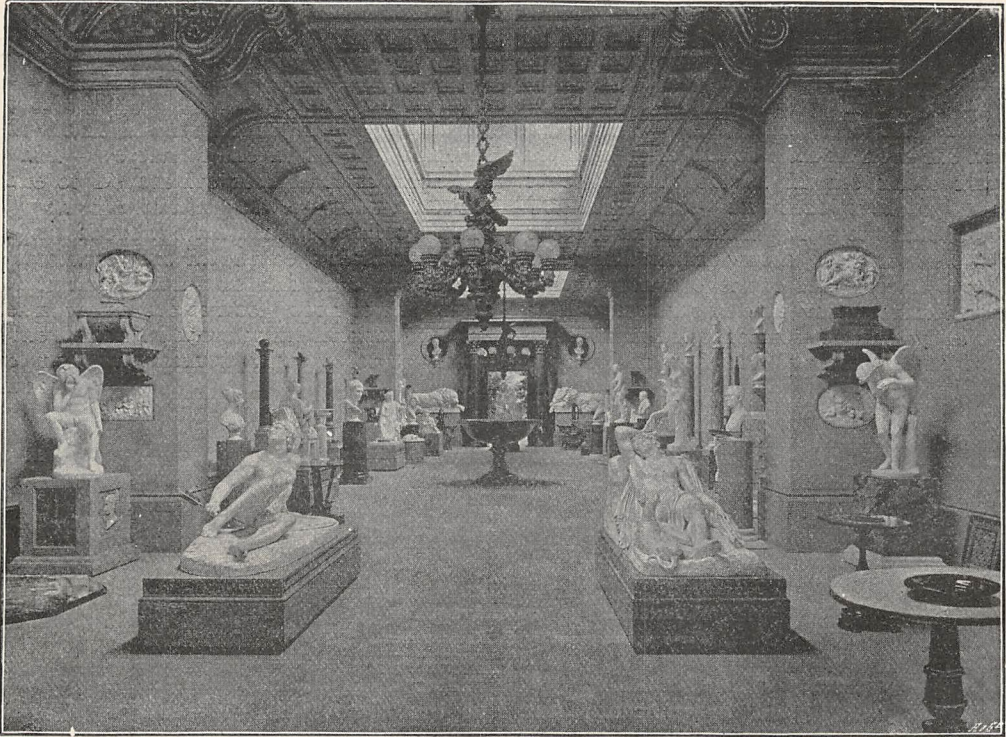
In imagination, indeed, one already pictures the series of palatial apartments through which the visitor is conducted on entering the courtyard in the north wing. The interior of Chatsworth House has a magnificence which even the noble proportions of the exterior only partly suggest. I need say little, however, in description of the state apartments, for they are freely shown to all visitors, and many pages have been written on the subject of their splendour, and the great value and beauty of their varied contents. The great hall, the music-room, the state dining-room, and the state drawing-room, with their decorated ceilings and carved woodwork by famous artists, and the sculpture gallery, with its almost priceless examples of the genius of such men as Canova and Thorwaldsen, and the picture gallery, which is a scarcely less remarkable exhibition of the sister art, and the sketch gallery, containing a unique collection



CHATSWORTH HOUSE.—THE STATE DINING-ROOM FROM S.W.
(From a photograph by R. Keene, Limited, Derby.)

of the original drawings of the great masters for some of their finest pictures; with all these celebrated features of Chatsworth House nearly every visitor to the Peak district must have become acquainted. The presents from royal and other distinguished personages which are scattered about the house, the historic souvenirs and curios from all parts of the

reserves for his private use is the library. Originally designed for a ball-room, the library is 92 feet long and 22 feet wide. Practically, the whole of the enormous wall-space thus indicated is occupied by the book-cases, which are of polished Spanish mahogany, the higher shelves being reached by a gallery which runs round the room. With the aid of a catalogue



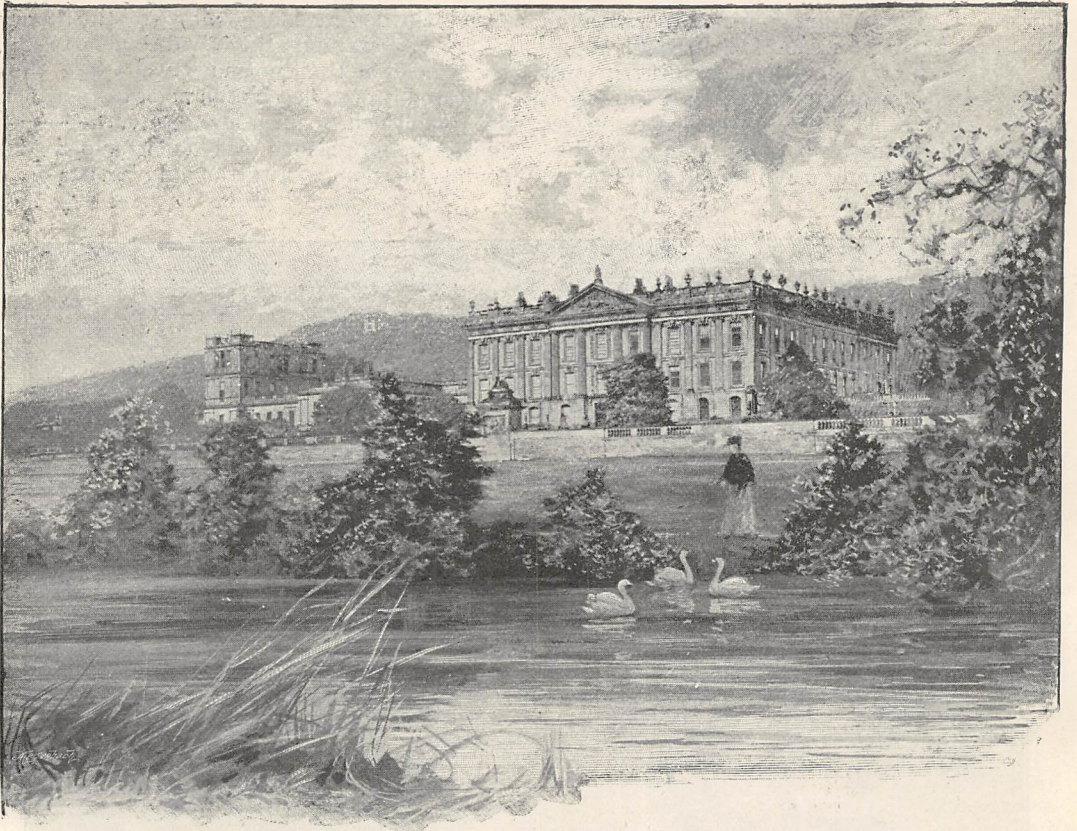
THE SCULPTURE GALLERY, CHATSWORTH HOUSE.

(From a photograph by R. Keene, Limited, Derby.)

world, and the extraordinary number and value of the articles of "bigotry and virtue," these things are likewise matters of common knowledge. But, regarding Chatsworth as the home of one of the leaders in the political life of our time, its most interesting part is that which the tourist naturally finds closed to him—the part of the house in which the Duke of Devonshire actually lives when the flag on the hunting-tower—which on the heights above is a landmark for miles around—proclaims that his Grace is residing there. For it need hardly be said that the apartments, which are as freely open to the public as the National Gallery or the British Museum, are now maintained merely for "show" purposes.

Chief among the rooms which the Duke

occupying two large volumes, and carefully revised from time to time, the Duke has, nevertheless, been able to familiarise himself with the contents of most shelves, and seldom has any difficulty in laying his hands upon any desired volume. The painted ceiling was the work of Louis Charon; whilst the mantelpiece, as is the case throughout the house, is beautifully carved in the finest marble. The large plate-glass windows, through which there is an enchanting view of gardens, fountains, and distant woods, gives the reader the light which is ever the desire of his eyes. A solitary student in this vast apartment could not but be disconcerted by the wide space around him, and for this reason, probably, the Duke always sits and works in the ante-library, or cabinet library. These rooms are, in



GENERAL VIEW OF CHATSWORTH HOUSE.
(From a photograph by R. Keene, Limited, Derby)

comparison, small and insignificant; but, judged by any other standard than that which prevails at Chatsworth, would be accounted large and splendid, with their columns of alabaster and Italian marble. Everything in them is as ideally beautiful as in the state apartments, but the finely-carved writing-tables bear some evidence of actual use; whilst the presence of stray copies of the *Fortnightly Review* and *Punch* brings them into close relation with present-day life. On the other hand, there is, even in these rooms, an absence of the contemporary portraits and sketches such as could be regarded as in some way characteristic of the present owner of Chatsworth.

The billiard-room, like the library, has a large share of the time which the statesman spends at Chatsworth. This is not extraordinarily large, and there is but one table. In beauty and elegance, however, the billiard-room, as a billiard-room, is probably unique. On the walls hang many fine pictures, whilst the painted ceiling is full of classical beauty;

at the same time, the room is pleasantly suggestive of social comfort, with its easy chairs and couches of red velvet. The same union of elaborate decoration, with careful regard for personal enjoyment, is characteristic of the modern dining-room. The large room, in which the present Duke and the late Duke of Devonshire have entertained the most distinguished men of their time, is entered between columns of Sicilian jasper and African marble. The ceiling, contrary to the general rule at Chatsworth, is unadorned by the painter's brush, but its white-panelled wood is refreshing to the eye in the soft glow of the electric light, which was recently installed throughout the house. The two mantelpieces of Carrara marble have carved figures, life size, of Bacchus and Bacchante. The tables round the room are of porphyrite and Siberian jasper, while looking down from the walls upon them are some of the Duke's ancestors, painted by Vandyke, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and less celebrated artists.

There is, comparatively speaking, a similar simplicity about the drawing-room now in use. Its walls and ceilings are of white and gold, the furniture and decoration being of the style of Louis Quatorze. Among its contents is a fine collection of ivories. There are also two or three cabinets of old china in which the Duke takes an exceptional interest, and some good specimens of the "Bluejohn" at one time found in the mines belonging to the family in Derbyshire. On the walls the most interesting canvas is Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of "the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire"—the heroine of the electioneering kiss on behalf of Fox in Westminster.

On leaving the dinner-table, however, the ladies at Chatsworth have an even pleasanter place of retirement than this beautiful room. They can stroll through the Sculpture Gallery, amid the sweet odours of the choicest exotics in the subdued light of a lofty glass roof, and with their eyes resting upon some of the most beautiful productions of the chisel of Thorwaldsen and of Scadow—"Venus and Cupid," "Agamemnon's Herald Carrying off Briseis from Achilles," "Castor and Pollux," and other classical subjects in cold white marble. Some of the plants, which bear an extraordinary number of the most beautiful blooms, were brought to Chatsworth from Malmaison, the residence of the ex-Empress Josephine. Near the Orangery is the

ball-room, which was one of the chief features in the scheme for the extension of Chatsworth carried out by the late Duke. But it is many years since the ball-room has been in use, one of the last Chatsworth balls being given, I believe, on the occasion of the visit of the late Emperor of Russia. At the present time it is largely filled with furniture, etc., brought from Chiswick and not yet disposed of throughout the house. The Duke of Devonshire's residence in the south-western suburbs of London was given up, it may be remembered, a year or so ago, and the old-fashioned villa, with its picturesque grounds, is now the asylum of a number of lunatics of the richer classes.

Since his marriage the Duke has entertained his friends much more largely, and there is some prospect that before very long the ball-room at Chatsworth may again become a gay and brilliant sight. In strolling through the grounds, examining in turn their varied beauties and many curious features, I was more than once reminded of the gatherings of distinguished people that again and again have been brought together at Chatsworth, whose acquaintance the present Duke made in youth and early manhood at his own home and in the company of the members of his

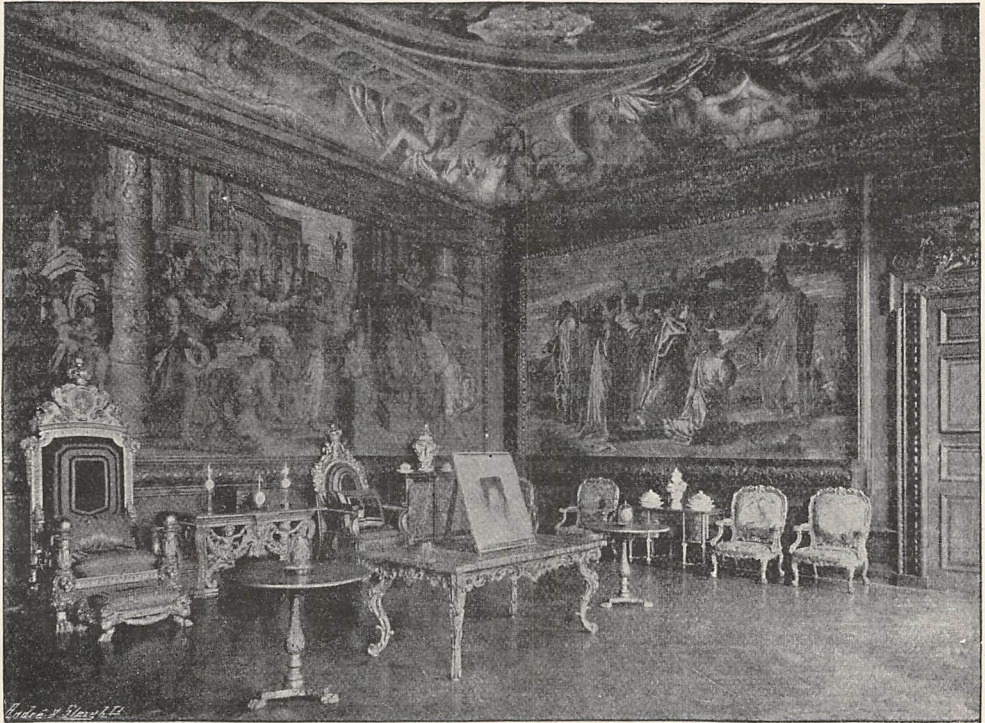


THE FRENCH GARDEN AT CHATSWORTH HOUSE.

(From a photograph by R. Keene, Limited, Derby.)

family. Near the house, at the entrance to the Oriental Garden, for instance, is a group of trees—an oak, a sycamore, a chestnut, etc.—that were planted by the Queen, the late Prince Consort, the Emperor Nicholas, the Archduke Michael, and other royal personages of the first half of the 19th century. The Emperor Fountain, which is in the centre of the largest lake and throws up a jet of water to the height of 267 feet, was so

House, which has been made to flow down a succession of stone steps into the Derwent. Paxton's masterpiece at Chatsworth—the Great Conservatory—is at some distance from the house, rather too far, in fact, to serve as the most delightful of retiring rooms after the dance. But the conservatory—which occupies an acre of ground, is filled with a wonderful collection of the best-known and the least-known plants of the world, and has an



CHATSWORTH HOUSE.—THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM, FROM S.W.

(From a photograph by R. Keene, Limited, Derby.)

named in honour of the visit of the Russian ruler.

The Oriental, the Italian, and the French gardens were all laid out under the direction of Sir Joseph Paxton, each having a distinctive character justifying its name. In what is called the Ornamental Pleasure Garden, which alone has an area of 126 acres, the same artist by means of an unstinted expenditure created a bit of wild and romantic scenery on what was formerly pasture land, rocks, water-falls, trees, plants, and shrubs being strewn about in artistic profusion. Similarly artificial, yet seemingly natural, is the Great Cascade—a broad stream of water from the wooded hills above Chatsworth

agreeably warm temperature all the year round—has as an afternoon lounge an irresistible fascination for most people who are fortunate enough to be guests at Chatsworth. The Great Conservatory is, I believe, still without a rival in the private gardens of England.

In the park are several herds of deer, and in the adjoining woods a large quantity of game, but the Duke shoots comparatively little. Besides the House itself, the park—or inner park, to be strictly accurate—contains two other residences. One is a large roomy house, with a high tower and a very large kitchen garden, but with little pretension to architectural beauty. It was the residence of Sir Joseph Paxton, and is now

occupied jointly by the Duke of Devonshire's steward and gardener.

Edensor, which is in what may be called the outer park, is one of a number of "model villages" now scattered about the country, and is more worthy of that appellation than any that I have seen. The church and many of the dwelling-houses in the place were rebuilt by the late Duke about 30 years ago, Sir Gilbert Scott being employed as architect. The church, which stands on raised ground, is Gothic, while the cottages were built in different styles of architecture, no two being exactly alike. Some are Anglo-Italian, some Swiss, and others Gothic, whilst all these working-men's villas have their gardens, back and front, cultivated with the same care as the pleasure-grounds at Chatsworth. The school-house, standing by itself in the centre of the village, is equally excellent inside and out, whilst a villa near serves as a social club for the villagers, with the usual facilities for recreation and instruction. There is but one public-house at Edensor, the Chatsworth Hotel, and that has only a six days' licence.

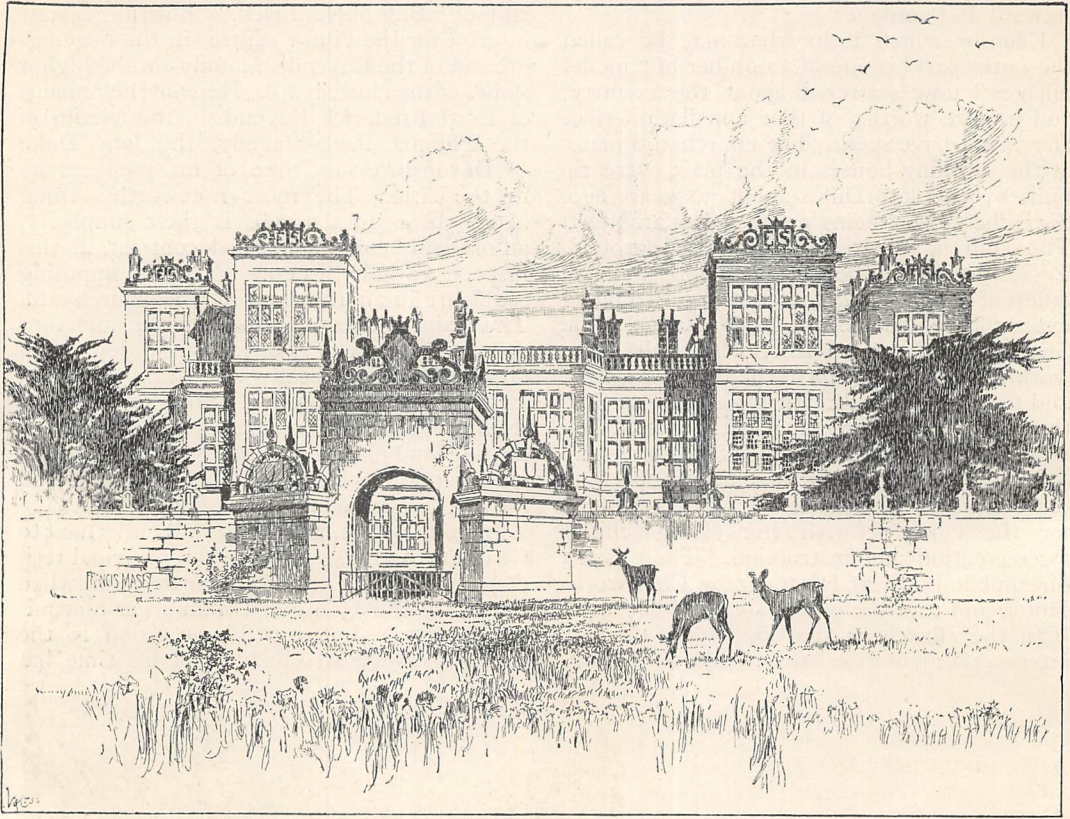
In the church, as may be supposed, there are several memorials of the Duke of Devon-

shire's ancestors; there is also one of the famous "Bess of Hardwick." But the greatest interest for the visitor centres in the burying-ground of the Cavendish family, on the higher slopes of the churchyard. Here lie the remains of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the victim of the Phoenix Park tragedy, the late Duke of Devonshire, and one of his predecessors in the title. The most noteworthy thing about these ducal tombs is their simplicity, all of them being in marked contrast, in this respect, to Sir Joseph Paxton's imposing sepulchre in another part of the churchyard. The plain white grave-stone of the unfortunate Irish Secretary, on which a few fresh flowers are periodically strewn by the instructions of the present Duke, is simplicity itself. Of the murdered Cavendish, the church has a second memorial in the form of a stained glass window, which was, I believe, subscribed for by the people of the neighbourhood.

In point of size, Hardwick Hall ranks next to Chatsworth House. It was the principal residence of the present Duke for many years when he sat in the House of Commons as Marquis of Hartington, but since his accession to the peerage, comparatively little of his time has



DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY.



HARDWICK HALL.

(From a photograph by R. Keene, Ltd., Derby.)

been passed there. Hardwick Hall is near the village of Ault Hucknall, a few miles from Chesterfield; it is close to the Claycross coal district, and the surroundings generally are much less pleasant than those of Chatsworth. The house itself is only less magnificent than "the palace of the Peak." Built in the reign of Elizabeth by "Bess of Hardwick," its stone walls and towers have defied the ravages of time, and to-day one is impressed by its solidity and strength rather than by the symmetrical beauty which it possesses to a considerable degree. Oblong in shape, Hardwick Hall has three square towers, with decorative turrets, at each end, whilst a broad colonnade is the most conspicuous feature of the front. It has been supposed that Lord Beaconsfield had Hardwick Hall in mind when he described "Hellingsley," in "Coningsby," as "a huge and strange blending, in spite of its Tudor parentage, of Grecian, Gothic, and Italian architecture, with a wild dash of the fantastic in addition, with its lantern, watch-towers, oriel windows, Italian doorways, and

Grecian pediment." Near the Elizabethan house are the ruins of the residence occupied by the ancestors of "old Bess."

Lismore Castle has been inhabited chiefly by servants since the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish. Before that unhappy event, the late Duke of Devonshire or some members of the family usually spent some portion of the year in Ireland and entertained a large company at Lismore. It is doubtful whether the present Duke will often visit his Irish home, although it is one of which a man of different taste and temperament might well be fond. The castle was originally built by King John, and has witnessed various vicissitudes by fire and sword. Even now, in the form in which it was "restored" early in the present century, it must be regarded as a fine relic of mediævalism. It stands on a huge rock in the river Blackwater, "the Irish Rhine," as it has been called in compliment to the surrounding scenery. From its highest battlemented windows there is a sheer descent of 100 feet into the water below. The

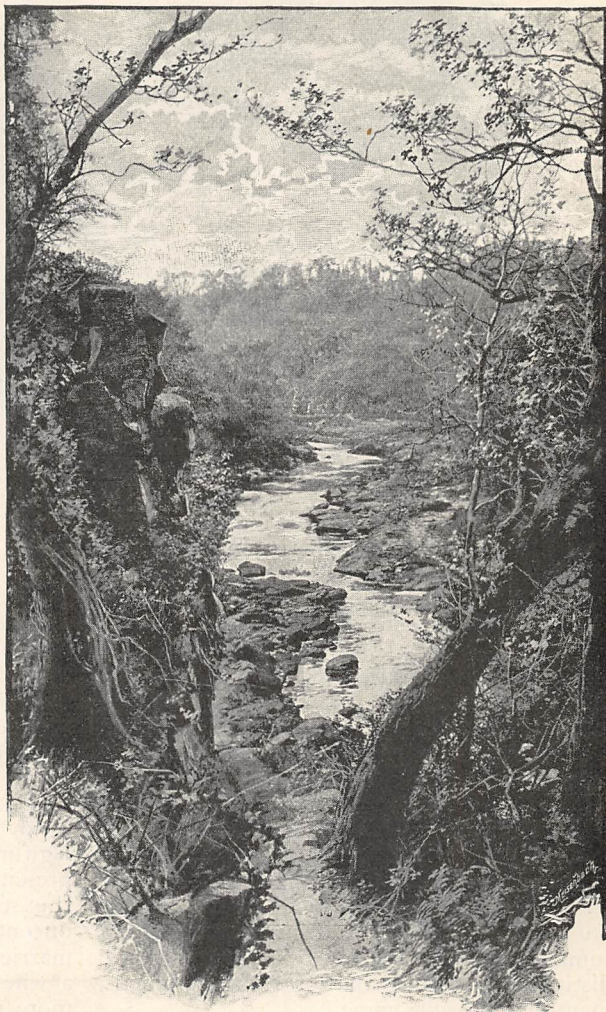
warlike sternness of the castle, however, is now relieved by the foliage which has grown thickly around it, whilst one of the Dukes of Devonshire rendered it more accessible at the expense of its ancient character as a fortress by constructing a stone bridge across the Black-water.

For about a month every year—during the grouse season—the Duke usually resides on his extensive estate in Wharfedale. Bolton Abbey is the name of his Grace's celebrated Yorkshire seat, but it is needless to say that the venerable pile is now a ruin, admirable in its beauty, but useless as a habitation for peer or commoner. The Duke's residence, near the Abbey, is but a shooting-box, a plain, substantial building just large enough to house the small company of sportsmen—friends that the statesman gathers here year by year. On the estate, which is nearly nine miles long and seven miles broad, a large contingent of keepers and foresters are employed. I am told, however, that the present Duke of Devonshire makes no exclusive claim to the sport which this fine domain affords. As a rule, a day's fishing is freely granted to any visitor to the neighbourhood who may choose to ask for it.

The owner of this beautiful piece of country betwixt the smoky, manufacturing districts of Lancashire and the West Riding certainly does his best to make it accessible to the people at large. There are something like twenty-seven miles of paths through the glens and across the fells; the pleasure-seeker has not only to thank the Duke for the excellent order in which they are kept, but also for the shelter to be obtained in a number of moss-covered huts from heavy showers and sudden storms. Every summer great numbers of visitors come from the many large towns within a short railway journey of Wharfedale, greatly to the profit of the cottagers and inn-keepers on the Duke's estate. As an illustration of the feeling entertained for his Grace at Bolton Abbey, the story goes that the vicar presents the choristers in the Abbey Church with clean surplices four times a year—on Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, Ascension Day, and the first Sunday the Duke attends

church on his annual visit to the estate. Bolton Abbey, it may be added, became the property of the Devonshire family on the marriage of the fourth Duke with a daughter of the Earl of Burlington and Corke. This nobleman was a descendant of the Clifford family, who held the leading position in the district at the time of Flodden and Towton.

For some years the late Duke of Devonshire frequently resided at Compton Place, Eastbourne, planning and devising the various projects out of which Eastbourne rose into eminence as a fashionable holiday resort. But when the Marquis of Hartington succeeded to the title and estates, it had long been the residence of his aunt, Lady Fanny Howard. The Liberal Unionist statesman has found Compton Place an exceedingly pleasant and convenient



ON THE WHARFE, BOLTON WOODS.

Saturday to Monday resort during the Parliamentary session. The house has none of the magnificence of Chatsworth, although it stands in the midst of a park which, for natural beauty, might vie with some parts of that more celebrated domain. On the outskirts of Meads—Eastbourne's beautiful suburb—Compton Place is at a slight distance from the sea, with an elevation hardly

floor is a delightful little music-room, adorned (as are other parts of the house) with very clever copies of the decorations in the Vatican, at Rome. This apartment became the sanctum of the Princess of Wales when H.R.H. once or twice visited Compton Place some years ago. Here also is the drawing-room, with its windows looking out upon a tennis lawn, and a series of prettily-shaped flower-beds. The drawing-room contains the pick of the collection of Bartolozzi's work, which, from the artistic point of view, forms the most remarkable feature of Compton Place.



BOLTON ABBEY.

sufficient to give it marine views; but, on the other hand, it has a very picturesque background in the dark-green shades of the South Downs.

The house was built early in the last century, in the style that was then typical of English manor houses—a square shape of white stone, with a broad portico entrance supported on either side by three substantial pillars. The large hall was the result of the one structural alteration made by the present Duke on his accession to power. Formerly you stepped into a comparatively narrow passage, and this was enlarged into the present commodious hall by the sacrifice of one of the rooms. On the left of the hall is the dining-room, panelled in white and gold, with the walls filled by portraits of the Compton family; on the right, a large billiard-room, with an excellent table by Thurston, which on Saturday evenings during the last four summers has given the Duke and several distinguished friends in Lords and Commons many an enjoyable game.

At the back of the house on the ground

Ascending the staircase, you reach a broad corridor which divides the upper floor into two parts, running the whole width of the house from back to front. In the corridor many interesting things are to be seen. Among various pieces of statuary is the bust of the fifth Duke, about whose birth there was a curious mystery. It was alleged that, as an infant, he had taken the place of the legitimate heir, but in the opinion of the present Duke there was no foundation for the story. His title to the dukedom was uncontested, on condition that he never married. To console himself for the want of a wife, the Duke indulged himself in much more expensive luxuries. One of his many extravagant purchases whilst travelling abroad

is in the corridor—a mosaic table, containing no fewer than ninety-nine different specimens of marble.

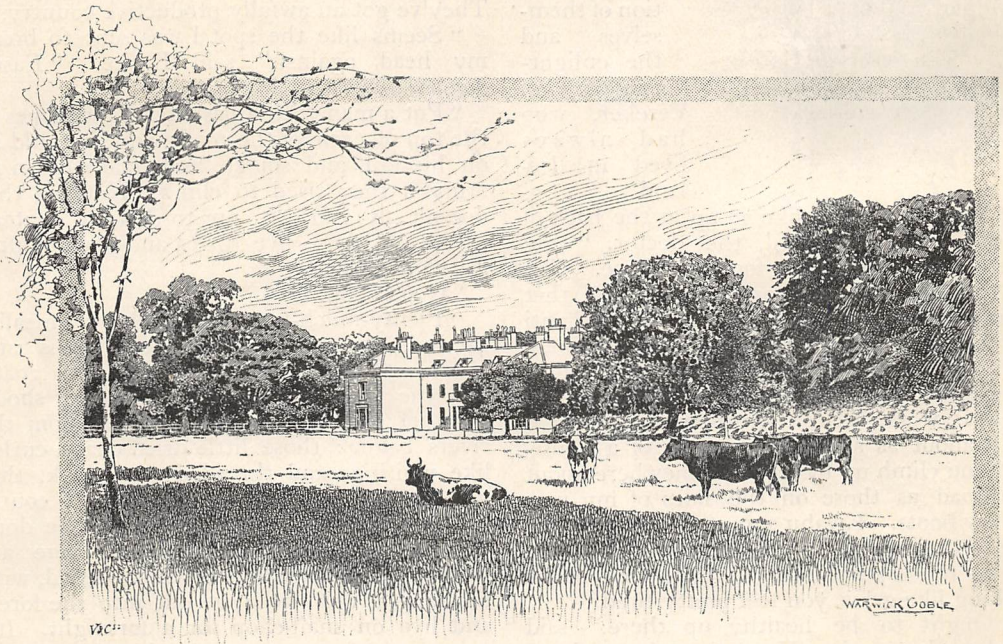
On the ground floor is the library, containing a great number of books, although few are of exceptional value. At present, they greatly need re-classifying and re-cataloguing. To this and similar matters in his ancestral homes the Duke of Devonshire has been applying himself as actively as the other claims upon his time would permit. A day or two before I visited Compton Place, for instance, his Grace had had transferred to it a number of books from the library at Chatsworth, because their subjects were of local interest in Eastbourne and Sussex. Compton Place was renovated and redeccorated, and largely refurnished, as soon as it came into his possession, and in looking through the bedrooms, with their fine old tapestry, one could see the full effect of these measures. New brass bedsteads, among other things, have taken the place of the old "four-posters," which were built into recesses of the walls. The old Duke slept in one of these "four-posters" whenever he was at Compton Place, and his room was formerly quite bare of carpets, the old nobleman preferring his sleeping-place to be as free as possible from furniture of any kind.

The library opens into a room which the

Duke has had furnished as his private sitting-room, and here he does such political and other work as he cannot always escape from by going to Compton Place. But, like the rest of the world, his Grace goes to Eastbourne mainly for rest and recreation, and on his Saturday to Monday visits he is generally accompanied by about a dozen friends bent on the same object.

I have spoken of the billiard-room and tennis court, where the Duke also finds some pleasure. Within sight of the grounds—part of the Compton Estate, in fact—are the links of the Eastbourne Golf Club, and to these his Grace is accustomed to take his guests—notably Mr. Balfour—for a game with "niblicks" and "cleekers."

The private grounds at Compton Place have an area of about thirty acres. For a seaside place trees flourish exceptionally well at Eastbourne, and those at Compton Place are of the best; they consist principally of beeches, larches, and elms, the oak being conspicuous by its absence. The gardens employ eight men, and there are seven glass-houses, which help to supply Devonshire House with its floral decorations during the London season. There are but few orchids, but carnations are grown in great profusion and variety, these being the favourite flowers of the distinguished peer.



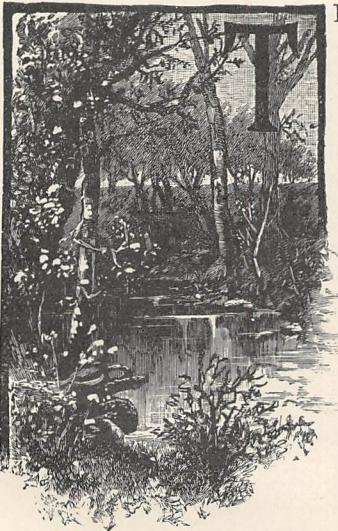
COMPTON PLACE.

(From a photograph by G. and R. Lavis, Eastbourne.)



(A TALE OF A BRITISH WEST AFRICAN COLONY.)*

BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.



THEY had met in one of the clubs which overlook Stephen's Green in Dublin, and the two men in the Colonial Service were discussing West Coast politics for the edification of themselves and the enlightenment of Vereker, who had always lived in Ireland.

"There's a place like it up at the back of Accra," said Beresford, the doctor, "only there's no white man for king there. The natives call it Kwahu, and when we did that year's prowling up and down the Ashanti border, I was in there a good dozen times. It sticks up like a marmalade-jar on a table. There are five roads up from the plains, and each is worse than the others. The best is only about as steep as the side of a house, and you climb up by ledges somewhere about as broad as those on the sides of my new yellow boots. Kwahu sprouts up fifteen hundred feet into the sky, and by the time you get to the top and see the forest trees below looking like grass, you feel pretty tired."

"Ought to be healthy up there," said Burke, who was in a Hausa force lower down the coast.

"Oh, as things go—yes. Of course, the people let themselves die on the smallest opportunity, or they wouldn't be niggers; and they don't know the difference between dirt and clean till they're taught, and forget it in three days if you aren't there to hammer it into them; and if there's any bit of disease floating about, they'll pick it up and stick to it like money. Some Mohammedans are getting amongst them now, and they'll do good. In fact, if only the missionaries keep steady, I should not wonder but what the Kwahu people some day turn out a rather fine lot. They've got an awfully productive country."

"Seems like the spot I was sent to break my head against," said Burke. "Easily defended?"

"Put a man with a basket full of stones at the top of each of the roads, and he could sit on his tail, and smoke, and smash down an army if they tried to climb. Nothing that doesn't fly can get on to Kwahu plateau except by those five roads, and you couldn't starve them out."

"Good chop, then?"

"Plenty-much-fine chop. They've mealie-grounds, bananas, ground-nuts, yams and palms. They've fowls, sheep and goats, and the birds and monkeys that they shoot. Fish, of course, they have to get from the rivers below: those little dried chaps, curled like whittings and threaded on a stick, that you buy for a bob a bundle; but of course fish is merely a luxury, and could be done without in a siege. And then there are snails. Once a year the whole crowd, with the king at their head, go out into the forest and live on snail-chop for a fortnight. It's some sort of a custom—religious ceremony, that is," he added for the benefit of the third man.

"Just as human sacrifices are to the

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Ashantis, or wearing black coats on a Sunday is to us," said Burke in further explanation. "Merely a piece of ordinary devoutness which we should feel very uncomfortable if we were to leave undone."

"Pleasant country," said Vereker, the listener. "Nice genial people. Encouraging place to go to."

"You'll never need to go to the West Coast, that's one thing certain," said Beresford. "You're a rich man, that's why. Now Burke and I are paupers, and so we gamble with our lives for a nutshell income and a dollop of leave."

"Tell me more about the unattackable plateau in your colony, Burke."

"Oh, it's just ditto to the dokitar's."

"Ye-es? Isn't there something more behind?"

"Well, look here," said Burke, "I got to know about the place officially, and so I'm not supposed to gossip; but what's going on there is pretty common property on the Coast just now, so you might hear it from anybody else. Only thing is, if you do yarn about it, don't mix me up with the pickle, that's all."

"Quite so," said Vereker. "Did the niggers up there give you fits or something?"

"Fits was nothing to it. They defied the whole blooming Colony, with Great Britain and Ireland at the back of it. They levied blackmail in our Protectorate, and when the beggars in the plain towns didn't dig enough gold to suit them, they'd catch a headman and crucify him to encourage the others. The Governor knew quite well that he couldn't do anything; but the missionaries kept on sending representations down country, and making rows at home, till at last the old boy had to make a show of trying something, and I was the unfortunate wretch he picked to be his scapegoat. He might just as well have sent me to Sackville Street to pull Nelson off his column by climbing up the outside."

"The place was quite impregnable?" said Vereker.

"It was own cousin to Kwahu that the dokitar has been telling you about, except that there are only four roads into it altogether, and these are invariably blocked. The community up at the top is entirely self-supporting in the way of chop; they're physically and intellectually the finest race in the Colony; they're Mohammedans by creed, and thieves by all their instincts. At one time they used to work on the crude principle of making war-raids—of grabbing what they could find, and killing anybody who got in their way—and they made

excellent dividends at it. Then a white ruffian with a headpiece made himself king over them by the crude process of shooting his predecessor, and the policy of this wasps'-nest changed. They simply took to demanding tribute, and the nigger-towns in the plains paid up like men, and were glad to keep safe so easily."

"But of course that couldn't be allowed to go on?" said Vereker.

The Hausa officer laughed.

"Precisely, and that's where the missionaries came in. They talked on half-knowledge, like—er—like somebody else is doing, and the Governor, after being goaded sufficiently, gave orders that the tribute should cease, one-time. The poor wretches whined and twisted, but of course, in the end, they had to do as they were told, and equally of course the natural result followed. Four or five of the towns were neatly raided, and for every six ounces of gold they ought to have paid, a nigger was strung up to his local fetish tree."

"But what were you fellows doing in the meanwhile?"

"The troops, you mean? Ah! we," said Burke dryly, "were in the other towns. That's the beauty of the bush. In the towns it is seldom that one has a view of more than fifty inches beyond one's front doorstep, and on the roads your elbows rub the trees on either side as you walk along. The news you get is beautifully unreliable, because a nigger will always lie on principle; and your own movements are carefully spied upon and reported by the very gentlemen you were trying to help. You won't understand this, of course, because you haven't been there, and you believe in the ordinary man-and-a-brother palaver as it is retailed by interested persons for home consumption. But it's the commonest fact for all that, as anyone who's been there—and who isn't interested in keeping up the conventional lies—will tell you."

"Delightful neighbours," said Vereker, "charming society, interesting habits. Think I'll stay on here in the 'distressful country' where I am. Tell me, though, what did you do next?"

"Began to think how I could avoid getting sacked out of the Service as a sop to the busybodies who were at the bottom of the mischief. Came to the conclusion that the only way of managing it was to go as near getting killed as could be, without being quite wiped out. Left my Native-officer and the Doctor in charge of the detachment, and set out with one orderly to ballyrag the thief in his nest. Of course one couldn't get anything out of him, and the chances were about



"HE HELPED TO PULL OUT OF THE SURF A FELLOW-PASSENGER,"

nine to one I got my throat cut, or, what's a precious sight worse, tortured ; but as it turned out I got through, neither the better nor the worse ; and the cheek of the thing seemed to please the Governor, and he saved my commission."

Vereker snapped his fingers impatiently. "Tommy, you're the most exasperating man at telling a yarn I ever saw. How did you get into this brigand's camp at all ? What did you see there ? Had they got stacks of gold ? What was the white ruffian like who commanded them ? How did you get away again ?"

"But there's nothing in it," said Burke. "I marched through some very bad bush paths on a very hot day, and scratched myself half to rags because I was covered with prickly-heat. We came to the bottom of the rocks, and they bunged stones at us from above. So I flew a white handkerchief from the end of a stick and waited. But some blackguard started bombarding us with a gas-pipe gun, so we went on again leisurely, and began to climb the cliffs. About a quarter way up the orderly got hit, and was trying to topple down. So I grabbed him and stuffed him

into a cranny, and went on by my lonesome. It wasn't a pleasant job, and it was most beastly hot—over 150° in the sun; but they gave over being objectionable when they saw only one man was coming, and after a bit I scrambled out on to the plateau. They said, what did I want. I said that was my palaver, and demanded to have an audience of their king one-time. So they took me to him, and I must say that in a way he was civil. He killed a couple of tins, and brought out sweet German champagne to wash them down. And then, after we had chopped, we yarned together about home. He flatly refused to discuss local matters, said he was very sorry, but he'd really be obliged to have me knocked on the head if I tried it. He was a very amusing sort of ruffian, big and red-headed, a gentleman for a wonder, and (I rather fancy) he had once been in the Service."

"You didn't manage to pick out his name?" asked Beresford.

"Not I," said Burke. "That would have been hard luck on the man, and, as I say, he was very decent to me. Knew lots of Dublin people too, and asked after them. The only one, though, he seemed in any way to care about I had never heard of. A Miss Quest, she was, but I suppose she's married and changed her name, and that's why I didn't recognise it. Either of you fellows know who she could be?—Hullo! Vereker."

Vereker had dropped back in his chair, white to the lips. "My God!" he gasped.

"What's the matter?"

"Did you see this man's, this red-haired man's arms?" Vereker asked.

"What do you want to know for?" said Burke suspiciously.

"A purely personal reason," said the other, pulling himself together. "I fancy I know him, and if he's the man I think him to be, his arms should be covered with tattooing."

"They were: good tattooing; the right arm was all done with the best Burmese work I ever saw."

"The left was half Japanese, half Jermyn Street?"

"Same man," said Burke. "Is this your long-lost brother?"

"No such foolishness. I had hoped the brute was dead. But as he isn't, I'll go off now to call on Miss Quest, and next week, when you get away back to the Gold Coast, you'll have me as a fellow-passenger. You might just wire off to the steamer people in Liverpool and tell them to keep me a berth."

"My hat!" said the Hausa officer to Beresford, when Vereker had left the room, "what's up now?"

"Don't know," said Beresford. "But you seem to have hit him on a sore tooth somewhere. Perhaps we'll find out afterwards."

II.

THE first flavour of West Coast life and thought and language (which is like unto nothing else on this planet) Vereker picked up to a certain extent on the B. and A. boat, which took him leisurely southward. A few health- and pleasure-seekers went in her as far as Grand Canary; after that all her people were in some way connected with the business of the Coast. There were Colonial Service men going out to duty; there was a low-caste negro auctioneer from Accra returning to sell old clothes, after being teted for three months as an African prince by ignorant, enthusiastic, snobbish London; and there were the modern equivalents of the old "palm-oil ruffian," who were remarkably like other clerks on small salaries at home. They played farthing nap with the purser, and drank gin cocktails with one another, and swapped pills with the captain; and between whiles they talked of steamers and treaties, of death and physic, which are the four abiding interests of all white exiles on the West Coast.

The steamer swung to her anchor off many ports, with names that are not printed on the maps, and Vereker saw Krooboys work cargo under the glare of sun or the glare of electric light, whilst their own headmen helped them with ropes' ends and the mates with example and profanity. And at last he came to his destination, and climbed down over the steamer's side into a surf-boat manned by savages with their heads shaved into garden-plots. The boat was well crammed with the green square cases which betoken gin, besides passengers' luggage and passengers and crew; and as there was a "bad beach," the surf-boat turned tail over nose in the surf, and Vereker first landed on African sand by swimming. He helped to pull out of the surf a fellow-passenger whose thigh had been broken by one of the gin boxes, and then went off up into the town with a man whom he had never seen before, but who had most pressingly offered him hospitality. A fortnight later he was setting off into the bush with Sub-Inspector Burke, Surgeon Beresford, and Native-officer Kwablah, who had charge of a hundred rank and file of the Hausa Force with their wives and camp-followers, hammock-bearers, carriers, cooks, and other encumbrances.

"You know I don't understand it at all," said Burke for the fiftieth time, a week later, as the three whites chatted over an after-dinner pipe in a squalid grass-roofed hut.

The day's march had been hard, over ground which was either swamp or bush-grown lake, through air that was a biting stew; and, because the insects of the place still warred heavily against them, each man sat under his mosquito bar, where he looked like a filmy ghost. Away in the Hausa lines someone was playing *tom-tom* on a tin can, and with the noise came up the faint *shuf-shuf-shuffle* of bare feet dancing on the earth.

"My dear fellow," said Vereker, "don't try to understand, and you'll spare yourself a headache. If you've made your bargain with the Governor exactly as I suggested, you are certain of your step. If you have altered the lettering by so much as a comma, you are more than likely to make no gain out of the matter whatsoever."

"I told the old boy precisely what you said," returned Burke, "neither more nor less. He wanted to know a lot of other things, and of course I couldn't tell him, because I didn't know myself. He wanted to be told, for instance, how the fellow was going to be got at at all, and I had to say that was your palaver. But in the end he definitely promised me promotion if this foxy-headed white man could be cleared out of the country. And that's how the matter stands."

Beresford slipped from under his gauze enclosure, produced quinine tabloids from one of his packages, and distributed two apiece all round.

"Now, you boys," said he, "swallow those wads, and stop worrying your bits of brains and go to sleep. You'll have fever if you don't."

Progress is slow along Gold Coast bush-paths, and Vereker had learnt a good many things which are not set down in books before he came to the foot of the natural fortress where one white man and a small tribe of Mohammedan negroes defied the entire power of the British Empire. He discovered much about fever, a little about dysentery, and imbibed an awe for the inscrutable workings of the African fetish which would be entirely misunderstood by a stay-at-home Christian. Also he learnt that the price of human life varies much in different localities, and cheapens almost to the vanishing point where the temperature is high and the diseases of the soil abundantly plentiful. But at last he and his escort came to the foot of the great robber's mountain, which sprouted from the plains (very lean all of them, and well speckled with bites and prickly-heat), and they sat them down in camp and prepared to make diplomatic advances.

The first attempt was not successful. The marauding gentry who occupied the impregnable cliffs above, refused to have truck or

dealing with the callers in any shape whatsoever; and emphasised their unsociableness by firing lead and stones upon all who approached the narrow stone ladders, whether with a white flag or without. Individuals of them even went further. They slipped down under cover of night, and, creeping up to the camp, endeavoured to slit the throats of unsuspecting sentries. But the Hausa is not unused to being stalked in this fashion, and, being apt to fire as he challenges, proved himself a less pleasant person to deal with than the ordinary negro farmer of the plains. He put bullet-holes into two of his visitors which induced them to stay, and one, who tripped on being fired at, was captured with a sound skin. This last gentleman, confidently expecting abominable tortures, was pleasantly surprised at being set free on the one condition of carrying a little picture to his chief. On it was written merely the sender's signature.

"But hadn't you better send a letter as well?" said Burke. "A girl's photograph by itself doesn't strike me as being a very explicit message."

Vereker was dropping into the language of the coast. "My palaver" he suggested quietly; and so the photograph went, and next day a reply came, written in charcoal on a slab of wood, which was guarded against rubbing by a sheath of banana leaves. "If she is still Miss Quest," it ran, "come up here. You will be quite safe. If you are fooling me, I will chuck you over my cliffs one-time."

Vereker looked up at the gaunt, naked rocks which sprouted out fifteen hundred feet from the plains, and laughed rather unpleasantly. "No such luck," he said; "I shall not be pitched over there." Then he bade good-bye to his friends, and in company with the two messengers who brought the slab of wood, climbed up the ledges through the brazen sunshine till the great trees of the plain-forest below looked like the grass-blades of a lawn. They took him before the tall white man with the red hair, and he and Vereker sat upon long Madeira chairs under a verandah, whilst women in blue cotton cloths stirred the air above them with palm-leaf fans.

III.

"AND she sent you?" said the red-headed man.

"She did not," said Vereker. "She emphatically said so. But I told her I should go and fetch you if she would not marry me then, and she answered, 'Very well, I can't help it.' And if that isn't enough for you, you're a bigger fool than I take you to be."

"Have there been no other men in the running?"

"Three have proposed to her to my knowledge, and one had a fat English title, and she refused them all. There's only one way of reading that which I can see."

"D'you know, you're a very good fellow."

"Oh, as to that, I didn't come here out of any love for you, Master Ffrench. When you disappeared from the view of folks polite into the vagueness of Africa, and were not heard of for all those years, I imagined with other people that you were dead; and I bore up under the feeling wonderfully. I wasn't pleased when that blundering young ass Burke let out that you were alive. But I happen to be extremely fond of Laura Quest, and as she won't marry me after all these years of worrying, I want her to have the man she's hankering after. That's the whole affair in a nutshell, and if you'll get some of your ruffians to cut my throat whilst I am asleep to-night, and have me buried decently, I'll be obliged to you. I'm feeling pretty sick of everything just now, and I don't seem to see that there's any use for me in the world much longer."

"Bosh!" said Ffrench. "You're far too good a fellow to be wiped out. If I hadn't thought you a decent sort, I shouldn't have left you behind to make the running when I started out of Ireland. I should just have murdered you before I cleared. I tell you I wasn't in any mood to stick at trifles just then."

"No," said Vereker thoughtfully. "I heard you were pretty much cut up."

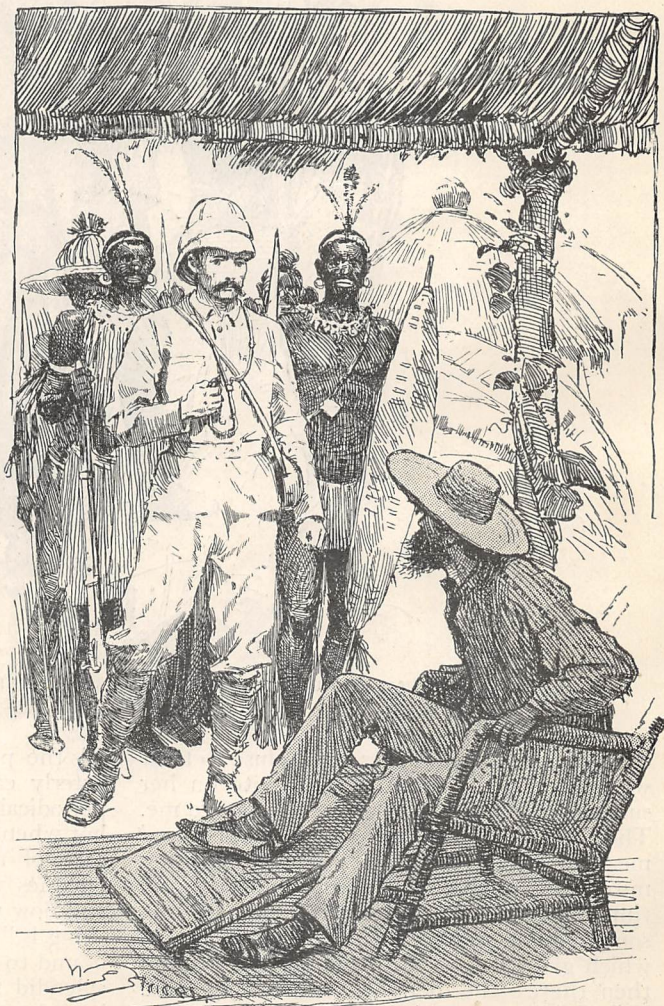
"It was this way: I didn't want to live. Suicide's a poor sort of game, so I barred that. But I made up my mind to get wiped out, and as it seemed nicer to have some excitement in the process, I just started off vaguely for the interior of Africa, where there is always fighting. I don't exactly know where I wandered to, because I wasn't going to write a book about it, y'know, and made no maps; but I jogged along from place to place where there were scimmages going on, and I collected a train of muscular ruffians which seemed to increase. You see, I wasn't the least bit careful of my life, and when a man's that way, and

doesn't get killed, he usually becomes something big in a fighting district."

"Naturally. And so——?"

"Oh, I found myself here some two years back, was rather struck with this place, and took it on the spur of the moment without having any special ideas for the future. Then I found it might be made absolutely impregnable, and as things were getting flat, I thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to set up as a sort of local robber baron and mildly harry the neighbourhood. It stopped them from fighting amongst themselves, and so lowered the death-rate; and besides, as the district was a Protectorate, it was rather amusing to ballyrag the British lion and hear him growl."

"You've done that very successfully," said Vereker. "They're very much annoyed with



"THEY TOOK HIM BEFORE THE TALL WHITE MAN."

you, thanks to missionaries who've been making representations; and they'd much like to send the local army up here and have you shot—if only the thing could be done."

"Which it can't."

"Obviously not."

"So I go on as head of an Independent

alluvial, of course—but the lazy brutes of niggers would never dream of working it if they weren't forced. I force 'em; and the work does 'em good."

"State gold, I suppose?" said Vereker.

"L'Etat, c'est moi. My dear fellow, I'm the most absolute monarch that ever lived.



"AM I TO UNDERSTAND FROM THIS THAT THE FELLOW IS GOING TO STAY?"

State inside their marches, and refuse to treat with Great Britain, and levy tribute on her subjects so long as ever it seems good to me. The situation is not without its charms, and meanwhile life is endurable. My fellows bring me up inferior champagne from the coast, and tinned meats, and ready-made pyjamas; and sometimes a scrap of newspaper floats in which gives me a word or so of news. And then there's the delight of hoarding gold. The plains down below bristle with it—

It's the peculiar perquisite of a man who is utterly careless of life. They used to try periodically to assassinate me at one time, but when they found I was quite able to take care of myself—and twist the tails of my enemies very unpleasantly—they gave it up, and now we get on swimmingly. The only thing is," Ffrench added half sadly, "they're bound to go to smash after I've gone. They're splendid fellows, too, if you can handle 'em, but there'll be no one left with a heavy

enough fist to do that. I believe I shall be very sorry if they do come to grief."

"Then you have made up your mind to go back to Dublin?"

"Does a man who has been thirsting, thirsting, thirsting for four awful years refuse to drink when drink is offered him, even when he knows the offer is costing someone else pretty heavily? Yes, Vereker, I shall go, and because you have got your Hausa officer to promise me a safe conduct, I shall take with me as much gold as twenty carriers can bring for me down to the coast. So I shall land home a rich man, and as Laura will have me after all, I shall be happy from now onwards, and shall look back at these years that have just ended as an unpleasant, whimsical, melodramatic dream. But to you, the man to whom all my thanks are due for this——"

Vereker sprang from his chair with an oath. Night had fallen black and cool, and a splash of noiseless summer lightning from outside the verandah showed his face white and passion-drawn.

"You are a brute!" he cried. "I forbid you to insult me with thanks. Go from here as soon as you may, and take with you what you will. I wish you may get home safely, because she wants you; otherwise, I would gladly see the earth open, and watch you drop down into Hell this moment. You do not want to leave your scoundrels here without a chief? Very well; they will have one who will thrust himself upon them whether they like it or not. I do not ask for any recommendation of yours; I refuse to have one; I will fight my way to the head as you have done."

"They will kill you, you fool."

"They will not; my luck will not be so kind as that. I shall live, and reign, and rob; and the British troops will yelp round the foot of this ghastly rock whilst I laugh at them from the top; and perhaps the movement of it all will help me to forget."

IV.

A STRING of men with loads began to spread itself over the bare rock face of the mountain fortress as the grey of the morning crept above the tree-tops, and Sub-Inspector Burke and Surgeon Beresford from the camp below with their glasses each scanned the cliffs to see if they could perceive any signs of Vereker. The last of the caravan was a hundred yards from the top of the plateau above, and it was evident that no one else was coming.

"Not there," said the doctor. "My faith! I hope they haven't knocked him on the head."

"There's something here I don't understand," said Burke. "See that white man, two from the end? He's the very red-headed scoundrel I was telling you about. Why should he dare to come here if Vereker's left behind?"

"H'm," said Beresford. "Seems queer, somehow. Well, I suppose there's nothing for it but to wait and hear."

An hour later the red-headed man marched into camp and introduced himself as Gilbert Ffrench, and handed in a letter which was written by Vereker.

"Why, am I to understand from this," said Burke, after he had read it through twice, "that the fellow is going to stay?"

"That's the idea," said Ffrench.

"Then we are not to occupy the plateau?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Phew!" said Burke. "This is decidedly awkward. I don't see that we are any forwarder than we were before. We've simply swapped you for the other fellow. If I'd thought of this, Mr. Ffrench, I don't think I should have promised you a safe conduct for yourself and your plunder."

"Call it household gods. But, you see, you have promised," said Ffrench. "And hadn't we better be getting on coastwards? You can do no good by staying, and you've got your report to make. By the way, I suppose I may congratulate you on promotion?"

"By Jove! yes," said Burke. "I understand now what Vereker meant by saying I'd better stick to the exact letter of what he told me. By Jove! yes; I'm right side of the fence there. But look here, tell me—are you going home to marry this Miss Quest, and is Vereker to take on the reversion of your robber baron business?"

"I," said Ffrench, "am going home to marry the lady you mention; and when you're back in Ireland for your next leave, I hope you'll come and see us and have some polo and shooting. But as for Vereker, I can't answer accurately; and if I could, I wouldn't. Probably in the course of time you'll see his method of proceedings for yourself."

"Well," said Burke, "I don't understand all this, and I think you're talking over my head. Come in under the shade, and have a cocktail. Half a minute, though. Mr. Kwablah!"

The Native-officer came up and saluted.

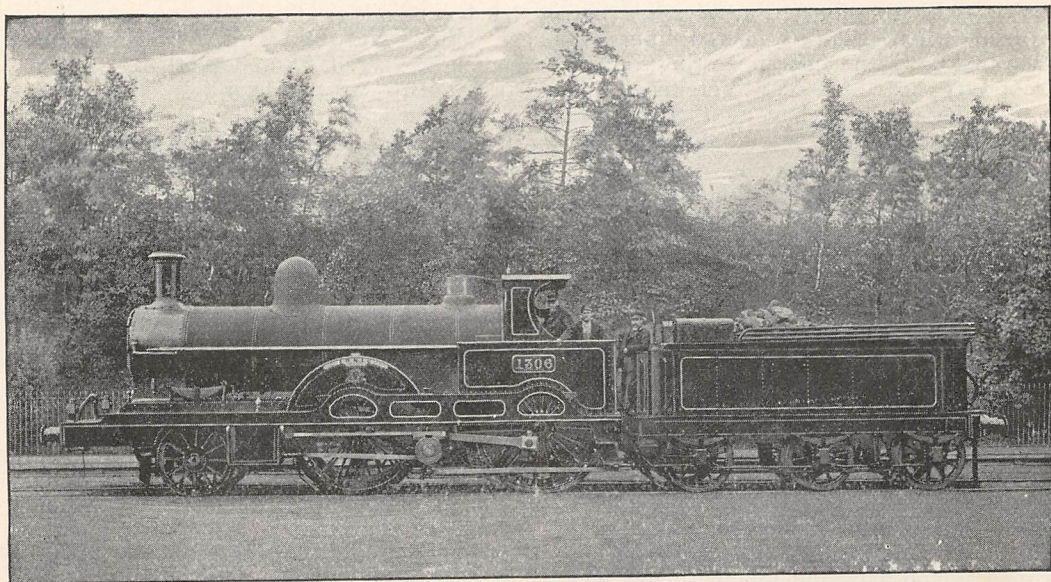
"Yessar."

"Palaver set," said Burke. "We go back one-time. Make dem men fall in."

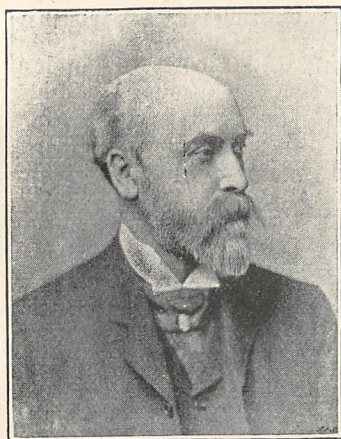
"Yessar," said Native-officer Kwablah.

RECENT RAILWAY RACING.

BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE.



L. & N. W. R. LOCOMOTIVE, "IONIC."
(From a photograph supplied by Mr. F. W. Webb.)



MR. F. W. WEBB, LOCOMOTIVE SUPER-
INTENDENT, L. & N. W. R.
(From a photograph by Van der Weyde,
Regent Street, W.)

"I HAVE no doubt but that a locomotive might be made to take the weight of forty tons at the rate of six miles an hour." Thus spoke George Stephenson before the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to examine the Bill for the construction of the Liverpool

and Manchester Railway in 1825. But the Committee thought otherwise, and in the result the Bill was negatived, nor was it until a sum of £27,000 had been expended that Parliament consented to the construction of the line.

That George Stephenson's anticipations were more than warranted is a matter of

history, but I doubt whether the most sanguine railway man of 1825 would have credited the achievements of seventy years later. During the infancy of the iron horse a speed of twenty miles an hour was regarded as good travelling, while anything over that was spoken of as "express." The accommodation was of the poorest, the fares were high, and the vibration extreme. To-day we take it as a matter of course when we are whirled 'cross country at sixty miles an hour. But the limit is not yet reached, and the records of running are, like promises and pie-crusts, made only to be broken.

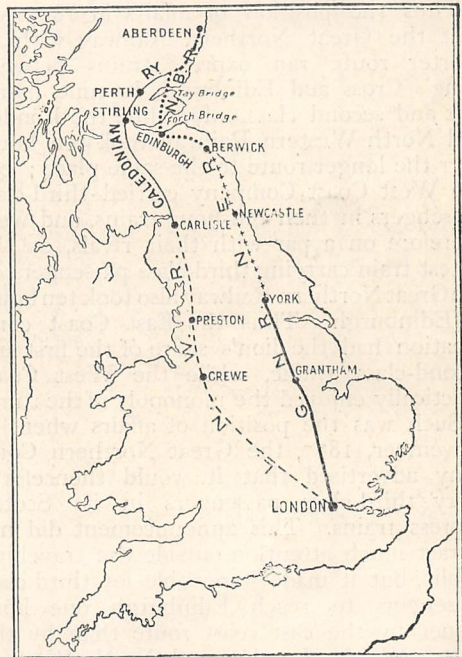
Railway racing may be said to date from the year 1850, though competition such as we are now accustomed to was then unknown. The twenty-five years of experience which had been attained by railway engineers had taught them how to combine the elements of speed and safety; and though the requirements of comfort were scarcely recognised and rapid travelling was regarded as a luxury for the rich only, the best trains on the then established main lines were run at a speed which, all things considered, was creditable to all concerned. In this year the journey from London to Exeter was accomplished in four hours and a half. The distance covered by

the old broad-gauge from Paddington was 193 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles, and the speed, including seven stops, 43 miles an hour. From Euston to Liverpool took five hours and three-quarters, London to Southampton two and a quarter, and London to Dover two and a half hours, these journeys being performed at an inclusive rate of thirty-five miles in the hour. But competition was at this time in its infancy. Half the existing lines were unbuilt, and the sporting instinct had not yet been imported into the railway world.

Till 1887 the fastest run in England was that made daily by the Great Northern Railway in its Edinburgh expresses. These trains, which left King's Cross morning and afternoon, ran to Grantham without stopping, and took one hour and fifty-seven minutes to cover the 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the rate of speed being therefore 54 miles per hour. But this pace, marvellous though it undoubtedly is, was exceeded by the same trains further down the line, the run of 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Grantham to York being regularly accomplished in one hour and twenty-eight minutes—a speed of over 56 miles an hour. These records were, as stated, the fastest made by any regular trains run in England, but they were approached, if not equalled, by the express running on the North-Western Railway, which, serving the same destinations, had every inducement to compete with the Great Northern Company. The Scotch train by the London and North-Western Railway ran from Euston to Crewe (158 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles) in three hours, and thence to Preston (51 miles) in fifty-eight minutes, the speed in both cases being 52 $\frac{3}{4}$, which was further improved between Preston and Carlisle (90 miles), the journey occupying only 103 minutes, equal to 54 miles an hour. I quote these figures at length, not only because they exhibit the fastest running accomplished nine years ago, but on account of their supplying the key-note to the marvellous accelerations which have since been accomplished.

The Great Northern and North-Western Railways practically share all the passenger traffic between London and the North. It is true that the Midland Company also runs trains to Glasgow, but their road is much longer, and passes over steeper gradients. The Edinburgh, Perth, and Aberdeen traffic is therefore worked exclusively by the two lines mentioned, though they neither of them touch Scottish soil. The North-Western Railway system extends, as is shown on the accompanying sketch map, from Euston to Carlisle, where a junction is effected with the Caledonian Railway, which runs to Aberdeen. The Great Northern line reaches only as far as a few miles beyond

Doncaster. Thence to Berwick the Scotch expresses traverse the North-Eastern Company's road, while the journey northwards from Berwick is on the system of the North British Railway Company. In order to make



SKETCH SHOWING STOPPING POINTS IN THE LAST RAILWAY RACE.

what follows clear, I append the rival routes and distances:—

West Coast.			East Coast.		
		miles.			miles.
L.N.W.R.	Euston.	...	King's Cross.	...	105 $\frac{1}{2}$
	Crewe	... 158	Grantham	...	188
	Preston	... 209	York	...	268 $\frac{1}{2}$
	Carlisle	... 299 $\frac{1}{4}$	York.	...	339
	Carlisle	... 299 $\frac{1}{4}$	Newcastle	...	393
CALEDON.	Edinburgh	... 400	Berwick	...	452 $\frac{1}{2}$
	Stirling	... 417	Berwick.	...	523 $\frac{1}{2}$
	Perth	... 450	Edinburgh	...	
	Aberdeen...	539 $\frac{3}{4}$	Dundee	...	
			N. BRIT.		
			Aberdeen	...	

It will be seen from the above table that the Great Northern Railway has the shorter route to Aberdeen by sixteen miles, and that while its course is more direct than that of its rival, it takes in Edinburgh on its way to Aberdeen, while the North Western route passes from Carlisle to Aberdeen *via* Perth only, the connection to Edinburgh being by a separate branch *via* Carstairs, seven miles further than by the Great Northern Railway. The Great Northern route has also the advantage of easier gradients than its rival. But against these advantages, it is handicapped by having to send its trains over three

distinct systems of railway instead of two, a fact which involves frequent delays at the "frontier" stations, as well as being sometimes belated at one of several points where trains are compelled to slack, as in the case of the bridge at Huntingdon, etc.

Thus the position of affairs in 1887 was that the Great Northern Railway with its shorter route ran express trains between King's Cross and Edinburgh in nine hours, first and second class only, while the London and North Western Railway took ten hours over the longer route to the same place; but the West Coast Company carried third-class passengers in their ten-hour trains, and were therefore on a par with their rivals, as the fastest train carrying third-class passengers on the Great Northern Railway also took ten hours to Edinburgh. Thus the East Coast combination had the lion's share of the first and second-class traffic, while the West Coast practically enjoyed the monopoly of the third.

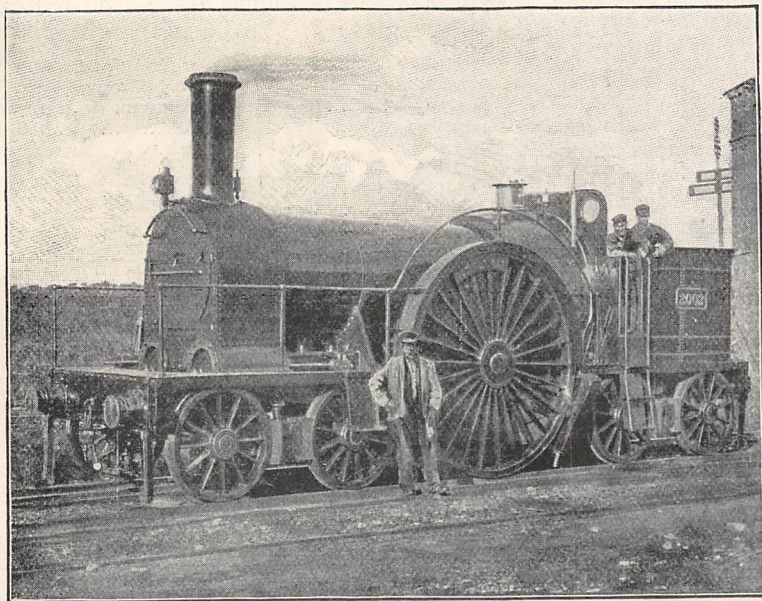
Such was the position of affairs when, in November, 1887, the Great Northern Company advertised that it would thenceforth carry third-class passengers in its Scotch express trains. This announcement did not attract much attention outside the travelling public, but it made it possible for third-class passengers to reach Edinburgh one hour sooner by the east coast route than by the west, and the London and North Western Railway soon found that their third-class traffic was decreasing. Accordingly that

company's officials laid their heads together and, in May, 1888, advertised that the day expresses would be accelerated and that Edinburgh should be reached in the same time as by the rival route—nine hours.

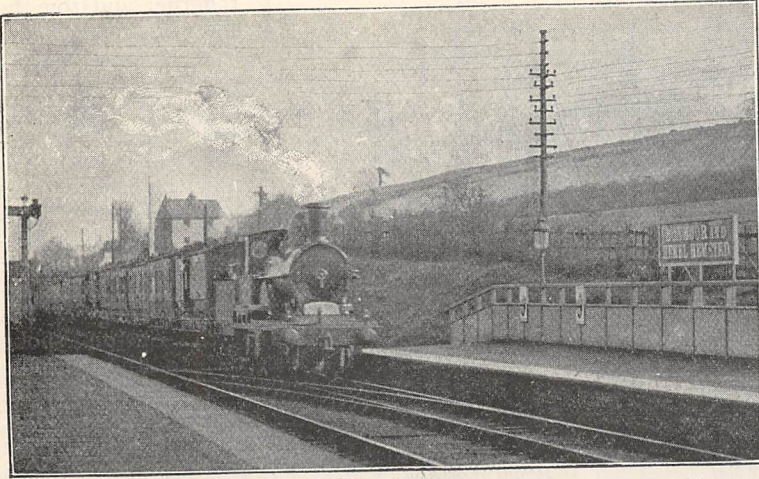
It is not necessary for us to follow seriatim the numerous changes made by the interested companies in the conducting of their Scotch traffic during the railway war of 1888. It will suffice if I give a brief *résumé* of the most salient points. The saving of a whole hour in the timing of the west coast express was not allowed to remain unanswered. The Great Northern Railway promptly reduced their journey to Edinburgh by half an hour, thus again heading the contest; but this advance, made on the 1st July, only staggered the London and North Western Railway folks for a brief interval. On the 27th of the same month the west coast people sprang a surprise on King's Cross by announcing that from the 1st August they would run to Edinburgh in eight and a half hours. But if it was thought that the short notice given would tie the hands of the east coast folks, the schemers were out of their reckoning. Within twenty-four hours the Great Northern Railway had made all the necessary arrangements, and posted huge bills announcing that the journey would be made in eight hours. This feat, which was carried out on August 1st without a hitch, attracted considerable public attention, and evoked some protest from nervous individuals who

measured the danger of travel by the speed attained. From this date the race to Edinburgh became the topic of the hour. The departures of the expresses from King's Cross and Euston were watched by crowds of spectators, as were also the progress of the trains at various points along the journey. Large sums of money changed hands over the times achieved, and the whole railway world watched the contest with breathless interest.

The Great Northern Railway had scarcely achieved the feat of running to Edinburgh in eight hours (at a running average of 54



AN EARLY RAILWAY "RACER." AN OLD 9-FT. WHEEL BRISTOL AND EXETER ENGINE.
(From a photograph by H. Davey, Exeter.)



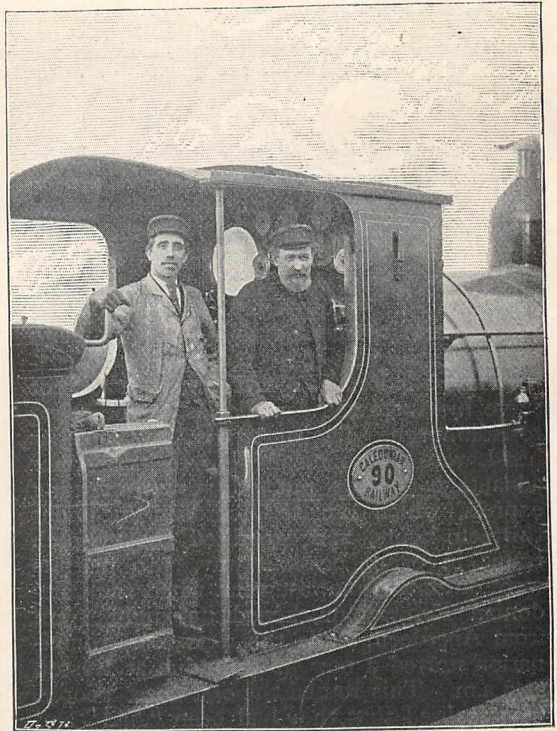
SNAPSHOT OF SCOTCH EXPRESS PASSING THROUGH BOXMOOR STATION.
(From a photograph by Mr. A. Krausse, Great Missenden.)

miles an hour all the way), and thereby established their claim to the record run, than the London and North Western Railway made another bid for the blue ribbon. Finding that their compound engines made light work of climbing the Shap gradients at nearly 52 miles an hour, and that their partners, the Caledonian Company, were prepared to work with them loyally in any enterprise against the rival route, the managers startled the public by announcing that they, too, would run to Edinburgh in eight hours, despite having a longer route by seven miles. This acceleration came into force on the 6th August, and during the following week each company timed to run to Edinburgh in eight hours did its best to beat its own record. Thus, on the first day the west coast train saved fifteen minutes on the road, and on the seventh ran the ninety miles from Preston to Carlisle (over gradients of 920 feet) in eighty-nine minutes. But the east coast managers, despite triple management and frequent slacks, were also saving time, and on the 13th August announced that they would do the journey in seven and three-quarter hours. As both lines had already done it, there was nothing very marvellous in the announcement, but it is one thing to do a feat like this once and quite another to perform it regularly, and the advertisement announcing the reduction in the journey was received with astonishment and alarm by the public. It was on the 13th August that the climax of the struggle was reached. According to its time-table, the east coast was to run to Edinburgh in fifteen minutes less than the west, but it had seven miles less to traverse.

The Euston officials had made up their minds, however, that they must not be beaten. They put on their best engine, bade the driver rival time, and sent off their record train. In the result, Edinburgh was reached in seven hours and thirty-eight minutes, while the rival train was delayed by wind. But on the following day the east coast train covered the distance in six minutes less, and then it dawned upon the management of both lines that enough

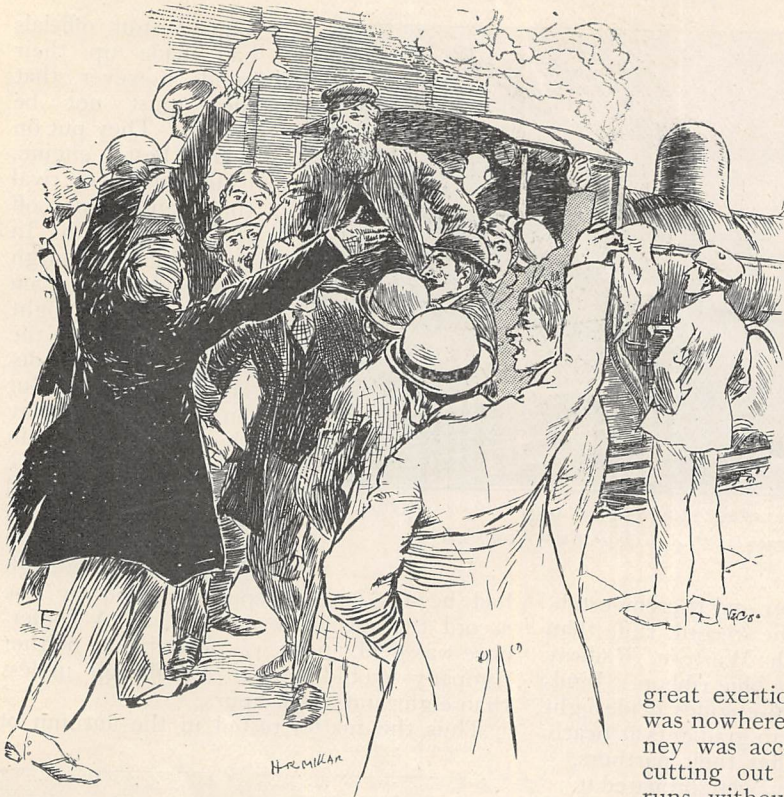
had been done for reputation, and by one accord the race was abandoned. A conference was held, and it was agreed that neither company should run to Edinburgh in less than eight and a half hours.

Thus the matter rested in the autumn of



DRIVER CROOKES AND HIS MATE ON ENGINE NO. 90, CALEDONIAN RAILWAY, WHICH TOOK THE WEST COAST TRAIN FROM CARLISLE TO PERTH, AUGUST 23.

(From a photograph by A. Brown & Co., Lanark.)



THE CROWD AT ABERDEEN CARRYING THE ENGINE-DRIVER OF THE WEST COAST TRAIN ON THE MORNING OF AUGUST 23.

1888, when it was possible to reach Edinburgh in eight and a half hours, or Aberdeen in fourteen (including fifty minutes stop at Perth for dinner). But in 1889 the Forth Bridge was opened, and the North British Company was for the first time enabled to run its trains through to Aberdeen by the new coast route from Edinburgh. But, though this gave the east coast an advantage of sixteen and a half miles over the west, it did not serve, owing to the compact as to the speed to Edinburgh. The west coast, on the other hand, were by no means slow to grasp their advantage. They put on a new morning express, which ran to Aberdeen in under thirteen hours, and expedited their Scotch traffic in every possible way. So matters went on until June last year, when the Caledonian Railway quickened its night train from Aberdeen, while the west coast combination started a new up train due at Euston at 7 a.m. This roused the east coast people, who realised that they had been "had" and that the understanding as to the eight and a half hours to Edinburgh was no longer binding on them. They promptly shook themselves

together, and from the 1st July the 8 p.m. from King's Cross was timed to reach Edinburgh in eight hours and fifteen minutes. This feat, if feat it can now be called, was punctually performed for fourteen days, during which the west coast sulked, but on the morning of the 15th Euston spoke out to the purpose and proclaimed, in letters a foot long, that the 8 p.m. train *that night* would reach Aberdeen at 7 a.m.—540 miles in eleven hours. The west coast thus ran the distance in twenty minutes less than its rivals, and this without any very

great exertion, inasmuch as the pace was nowhere exceptional. The journey was accomplished by means of cutting out stops and making long runs without slacking. The trains also were very light, consisting only of five carriages. Five stops were made on the journey, and it was found that the pace required was so

easy that on the morning of the 17th the train ran into Aberdeen station thirty-nine minutes early.

After allowing the west coast to show what they could do for a week, the east coast management replied by timing their 8 p.m. train a quarter of an hour quicker than the North Western time-table. But at this point time-tables became a thing of the past. It was recognised that the struggle for supremacy would be fought out to the bitter end, and every run made by the west coast companies was made irrespective of official timing, the only object in view being to reach their destination as quickly as might be. On the principle that what has been done once can be easily done again, each day saw at least an attempt to improve on the day before, and thus it frequently happened that a west coast train would have left Crewe or Carlisle before it was timed to arrive there. The east coast combination, more regardful of red-tape, did not permit their trains to start before time was up. Thus matters rested from the 22nd to the 28th July, the west coast advertising the run in eleven hours, but actually performing

it in as little as ten hours and thirty-five minutes, while the east coast, running to time, only reached Aberdeen platform in ten hours and forty-five minutes.

On the 29th July the east coast, with a heavy train weighing 180 tons, reached Aberdeen at 6.20, after having spent thirty-one minutes at stations mostly waiting for time, but, had they not done this, they would still have lost the race, as the west coast train drew up at the platform at 6.5—a record which was beaten on the following day, when the North Western train, drawn by a Caledonian engine, reached Aberdeen at 5.59, one minute under ten hours.

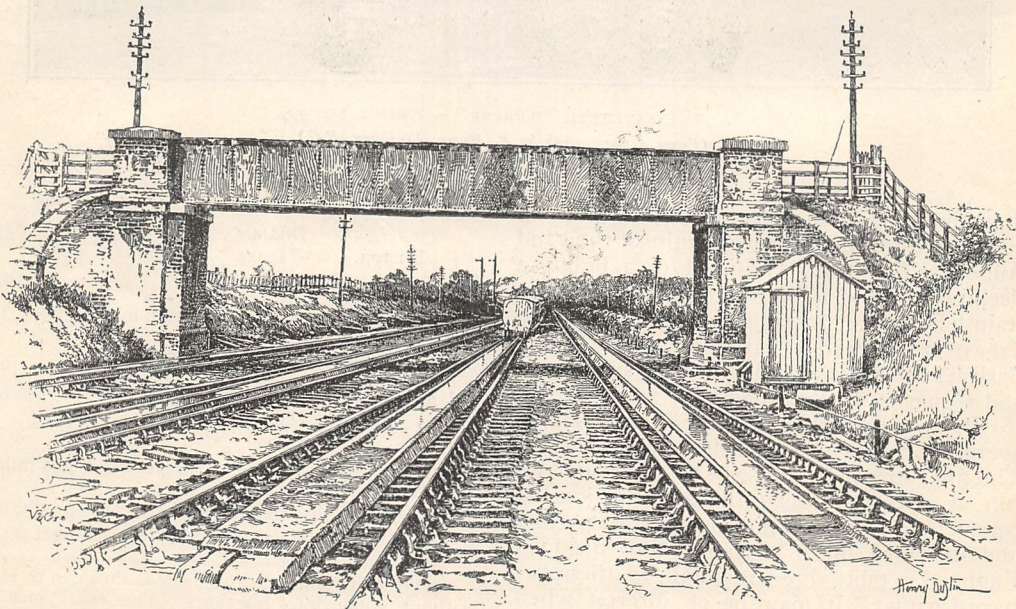
The climax of this contest was reached in the middle of August. It was then that, for the first time in railway history, a train had been booked to run at over a mile a minute. This record was first made by the North British Company which undertook to run the east coast train from York to Newcastle, 80½ miles in eighty minutes, including start and stop. But having once seen that it was possible to pass the mile a minute limit, the various companies interested vied with one another in keeping up that record, and in the result we have several runs by which the whole distance was accomplished at over a mile a minute, *stops included*.

During the week ending on the 23rd August every trip between London and Aberdeen was a race, and on almost every day the record of the day before was broken. The ten-hour performance of the east coast line

soon came to be forgotten in new feats of speed. At one stroke the three lines struck out *three-quarters of an hour* from their previous record and the journey was accomplished in nine and a quarter hours with a heavy train weighing over 100 tons. But the west coast people, who had long resolved that at whatever cost, and notwithstanding their sixteen miles longer line, they would eclipse their rivals, returned to the charge and accomplished the feat of running to Aberdeen at an inclusive speed of sixty miles an hour—540 miles in 538 minutes, including four stops.

The contest was now keen indeed, but the end was yet to come. On August 21st the east coast train improved on this by eighteen minutes. The train left King's Cross at eight punctually and made sixty miles an hour up all gradients to Grantham (105 miles) which was reached in 101 minutes. Thence to York (eighty-two and a half) occupied only one hour and sixteen minutes, a speed of sixty-five and one-third miles an hour. The section from York to Newcastle was only run at sixty miles, but thence to Edinburgh the train was carried by one of Worsdell's new engines over the 124½ miles in 112 minutes, a record of 393 miles in all, with three stops, in 379 minutes. The journey from Edinburgh to Aberdeen was for the most part done at over sixty miles an hour, the goal being reached at 4.40, eight hours and forty minutes from London, being five and a half minutes better than sixty miles an hour all the way.

With this brilliant record the race ended.



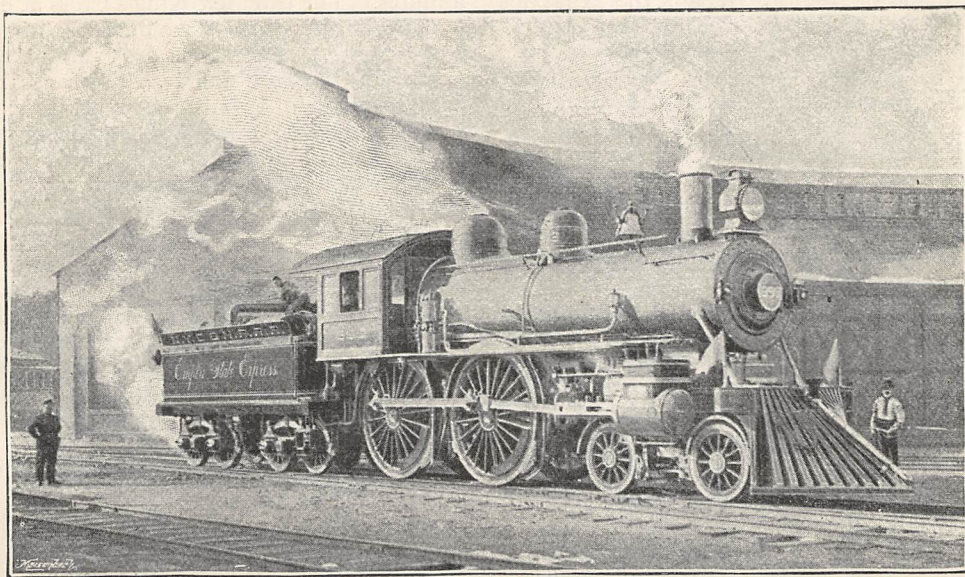
RAMSBOTTOM'S "PICK-UP" WATER TROUGH FOR THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE BETWEEN CREWE AND STAFFORD.

The North British and North Eastern Companies represented to their co-partner, the Great Northern, that enough had been done for reputation, and the strain of working at such high pressure, as well as the delay caused to the other traffic on these lines by keeping the line clear, made such feats a costly business, and in accordance with this view the east coast combination abandoned the race and returned to the very highly creditable performance of a month before.

But the west coast companies were not going to remain beaten, and they accordingly decided to give an "Exhibition" run just to

EAST COAST RECORD, AUG. 21-22, 1895.

		Distance.	8. o p.m.	Speed.
G. N. R.	King's Cross.		8. o p.m.	
	Grantham ...	105	{ 9.41 9.45 }	... 62 $\frac{3}{5}$
	York ...	83	{ 11. 1 11. 5 }	... 65 $\frac{1}{8}$
N. E. R.	Newcastle ...	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	{ 12.25 12.27 }	... 60 $\frac{2}{5}$
	Edinburgh ...	124	{ 2.19 a.m. 2.21 }	... 66 $\frac{1}{10}$
	Dunbar ...	59	{ 3.20 3.22 }	... 60 $\frac{1}{4}$
N. B.	Aberdeen ...	71	... 4.40 ...	... 56 $\frac{1}{4}$

*523 $\frac{1}{2}$ Weight, 105 tons; average speed, 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

A TRANSATLANTIC "RACER" — ENGINE NO. 999.
(From a photograph by F. Moore, Finsbury, E.C.)

show that they could "go one better." The trip in question was made on the night of the 22nd August. The train consisted of a brake, a sleeping car, and a composite carriage. The train left Euston at eight o'clock and ran to Crewe at a speed of sixty-four. Thence to Carlisle, the best record speed of sixty-seven and a quarter was reached, and from Carlisle to Perth, over the heaviest gradients, an average of sixty and four-fifths was recorded. The final stretch from Perth to Aberdeen was run at sixty-six three-fifths, and the journey completed at an average speed of sixty-three and one-third miles an hour, stops included. I append a table showing details of these two record runs. It may be of interest when, as is most possible, the companies involved compete once more.

WEST COAST RECORD, AUG. 22-23, 1895.

		Distance.	8. o p.m.	Speed.
L. N. W. R.	Euston.		8. o p.m.	
	Crewe ...	158	{ 10.28 10.30 }	... 64
	Carlisle ...	141	{ 12.36 a.m. 12.38 }	... 67 $\frac{1}{4}$
GAL.	Perth ...	150	{ 3. 7 3. 9 }	... 60 $\frac{4}{5}$
	Aberdeen ...	89	... 4.32 ...	... 66 $\frac{3}{5}$

*539

Weight of train, 70 tons; average speed, 63 $\frac{3}{5}$ miles.

In considering the value of these records, it must be borne in mind that the east coast

* These distances are as near as they can be stated without going into fractions. The exact measurements of the whole distance are—West Coast, 539 $\frac{1}{2}$; East Coast, 523 $\frac{1}{2}$.

trains were invariably regular ones, well laden with passengers and run to schedule time.

In the case of the west coast performances the records were attained by specially light trains, which were not run to scheduled time but placed in charge of experienced men, who received no single check and kept all time they made by getting away from stations with the least possible delay.

On the 11th September, 1895, the New York Central Railway ran a train (drawn by engine No. 999) from New York to Buffalo, a distance of $436\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 414 minutes 27 seconds, the speed being placed at 64·35 miles per hour, while on the 25th of the same month the same American Company claim to have run their newspaper train from Albany to Syracuse, a distance of 148 miles in 130 minutes, or at the rate of 68·31 miles an hour. Yet more recently the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway ran a train, on the 24th October last year, from Erie to Buffalo, a distance of 86 miles, at an average speed of 72 miles, the timing over one section of the line showing that the train travelled for 8 miles at a speed of 97·2 miles an hour. Presuming these data to be reliable, this record is the best yet attained.

The North-Western Company have recently been making some experiments in the direction of long runs. This company has for years past performed the longest run in the world—that between Euston and Crewe

(158 miles) without a stop; but on the 8th of September last it ran one of its small compound engines, the "Ionic," from Euston to Carlisle ($299\frac{1}{4}$ miles) without stopping, six hours being allowed for the journey, which was completed well within time.

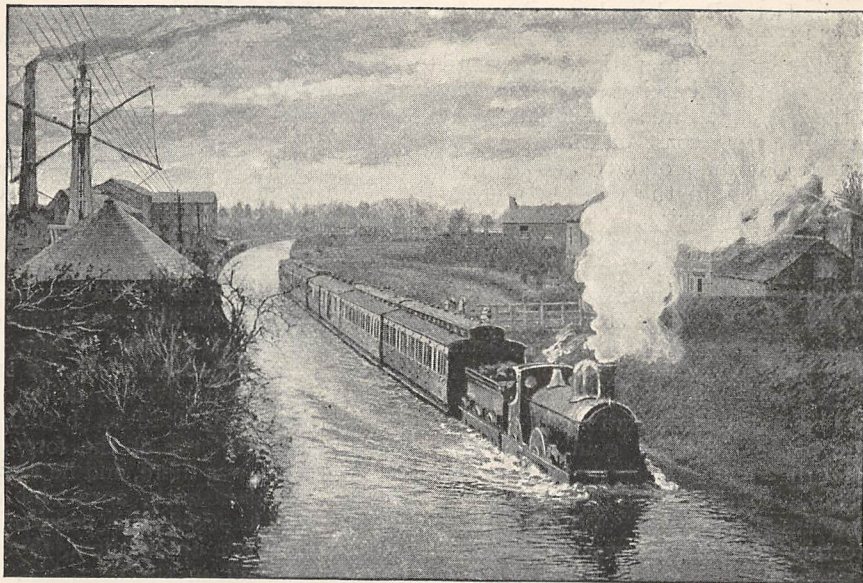
I should have liked to add some of the incidents of the races I have attempted to describe, but am prevented from doing so through the exigencies of space. I have, however, said enough to account for some of the recent records, which, marvellous though they

may appear, are undoubtedly destined to be broken ere long. For the present I content myself with giving a reproduction of a photograph taken of a Great Western express train pushing its way through a flood at Creech. The illustration will serve to give an idea of the adventures which occasionally befall railway racers.



MR. WILSON WORSDELL, LOCOMOTIVE SUPERINTENDENT, N. E. R.

(From a photograph by R. E. Ruddock, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)



GREAT WESTERN EXPRESS IN THE FLOOD AT CREECH.

(From a photograph by A. G. Petherick, Taunton.)

—R. JACK. 96—

• BONEY'S • BONFIRE.

• AN INSTRUCTIVE • HISTORICAL •
NARRATIVE • FOR OLD AND YOUNG •



I.

IT was nearly—but not quite—a hundred years ago; just within this present century, in fact. Be pleased to picture a very old-fashioned village—old-fashioned even at that remote period. Sharlford was its name, and it lay completely out of the world and some three miles inland from the coast—the south coast of England; the latitude and longitude of it to be had on personal application to the existing churchwardens, but not otherwise.

On a particular summer evening a goodly young man rode slowly down the village street, and everyone, as a matter of course, came out to have a look at him and his brown cob. He was dressed pretty smartly, and his horse's skin was so well groomed that it shone like satin, and altogether he was an agreeable object of contemplation.

"Young master Fielding goin' a-courtin' again," said the villagers with sly wags of the head; "goin' a-courtin' up to rectory."

But that was all nonsense. What he came to the rectory so often for was to learn all about bees and bee-keeping from old Mr. Burlingham, the rector, and—yes—from that charming Miss Lucy, his daughter, who knew

quite as much as her father. And young Mr. Fielding was a very slow pupil indeed, and had to come over very, very often. Why, he had been there only the day before yesterday!

He rode leisurely up to the rectory garden gate, and almost before he could get off Tommy, his cob, out came Miss Lucy, a lovely golden-haired vision, flying down the path and looking more charming than ever, but evidently in a great state of mind about something.

"Oh, Mr. Fielding," she cried, "I am so glad you've come! Something has happened, and I'm in such a state of distress about it!"

It was so great a pleasure to the young man to be welcomed like that, and to have both hands held out to him (as Miss Lucy had actually done in her excitement) that it was as much as he could do to control his voice and ask what the matter was.

"Oh, Mr. Fielding, I hardly know how to tell you—and father knows nothing about it; and you know he's so deaf, he would never understand. It was this afternoon, and I had gone down into the village with some gravy soup for old Sally, who lives opposite the green, you know, and just as I had left Sally's and was coming back by Dimble's, the baker's, I saw a man—a poor man looking like a tramp—after a glance round to see that no one was spying (and he never could have noticed me at all), dash into the shop and come out again with a loaf, which he tried to hide under his coat. He set off running up the street, and I, before I knew what I was doing, cried out, 'Stop thief!' as loud as I could. They must have heard me at the forge, for Bull, the constable, was there, and he ran out with Higgs, the blacksmith, and—oh! Mr. Fielding!—they knocked the poor man down, and when I got up to them, there he lay on the road all in the dust, and his head was bleeding and the loaf was rolled away in the gutter.

"And when I wanted them to let the man go, seeing what a poor half-starved wretch he was, Bull said he couldn't do it, and that it was a hanging matter; and then Dimble came up after his loaf, and he said it was a hanging matter too. And the poor man begged ever so hard, and said he was nearly dead with hunger, but Bull wouldn't listen to him; he dragged him up and said he must come along to the lock-up until the morning, when he would be taken off to Dullington to be charged before a justice. And the worst of it is, I am the witness—the chief one, I mean—and if the poor man is hanged, it will be all through me! Think how dreadful! I bound up the poor fellow's head with my handkerchief, and they took him off to the lock-up, and—oh! dear, dear!" cried Miss Lucy, now fairly breaking down and sobbing, "whatever am I to do? My dear Mr. Fielding, do help me!"

The young man comforted her, and said he would do what he could; but all the time he was at his wits' end to think what he *could* do, for he knew enough of the law (as in force in those glorious old times, for the return of which we all sigh and groan continually) to be fully aware that the thief was as good as hanged already unless he could be got clean out of the clutches of Bull the constable. However, he promised vaguely, and Miss Lucy was sure he could do anything he chose, and she should be *so* grateful to him; she could never show her gratitude enough. But Mr. Fielding thought that last might be possible. At which speech Miss Lucy blushed, and the young man departed feeling that he must do or die, and, forgetting all about the bees, strange to say, only wondered whether that charming young lady would listen to him, if he could do her the service she asked. He set his wits to work upon it as he rode off down the rectory lane.

II.

At this time the great Napoleon (this is the instructive portion of the narrative for the benefit of youth)—the great Napoleon, I say, had got the best part of Europe firmly under the heel of his jack-boot, and scarce a creature dared to say his soul was his own except he was a Frenchman; and even then he had (per conscription) to go out and be shot at, as well as try to shoot others, for the Emperor's delectation. All this without a murmur and when called upon. But what chiefly concerned English folk was that Boney was not yet master of *them*, though that he meant to make a try for it sooner or later everyone knew; and none could be certain but that some fine morning the jack-boots and the cocked hat and all the rest of

it would appear with a French army outside the very house-door, and slay every mother's son that could be found.

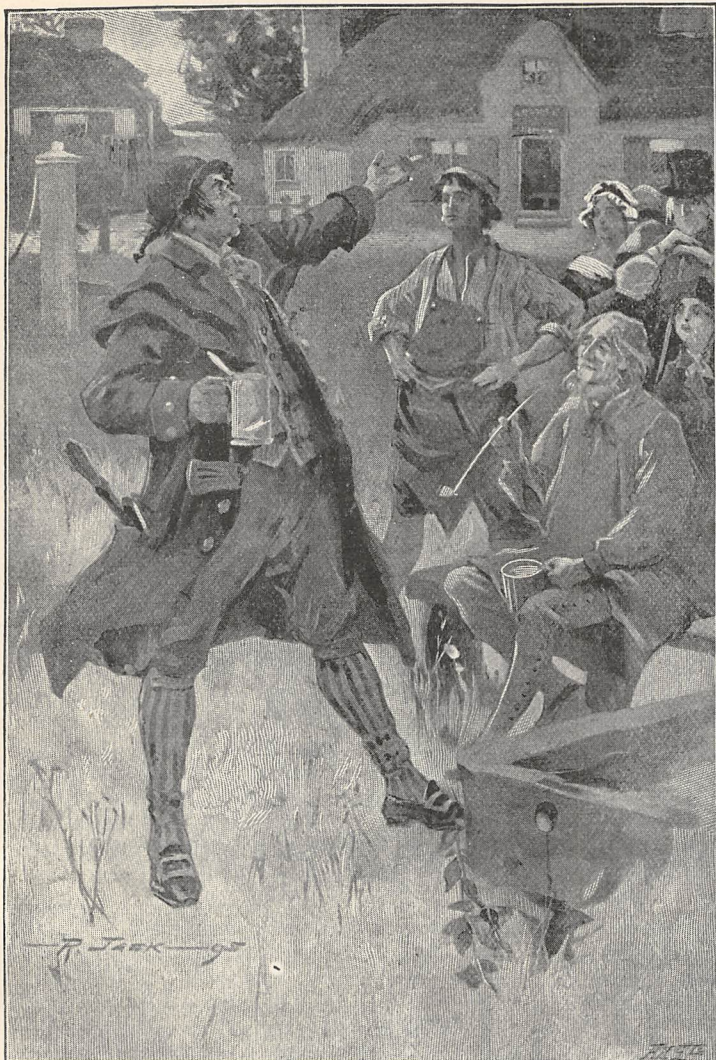
It is all very fine to laugh at these fears now, but Waterloo was not fought as yet, nor had the Emperor received his quietus, although old Nelson was crashing round-shot through as many French men-of-war as he came across, and Wellington was keeping the Marshals lively. Still no one knew but what an invasion of England might take place at any time, and folk slept badly in their bed o' nights, especially if they lived on the South Coast, where the enemy, if ever they did come, would be pretty sure to land.

Now when all kinds of rumours were flying about—some even going so far as to state that Boney had already made a start of it—the village of Sharlford was in a dreadful state of mind. They were clean out of the world, and their news was generally a good week old, but when they did get it, they discussed it pretty fully.

Sharlford considered itself hardly treated. There they were, not three miles from the coast where was as good a landing place as the Frenchmen could wish, and not a vestige of defence was there for the unhappy village—nothing to hinder old Boney from marching his men straight down upon them and (as Bull the constable expressed it) making cold meat of all the inhabitants. Other places had their defences. Southampton, Portsmouth, Plymouth, had nothing much to fear; but Sharlford was perfectly clear that the enemy would never attack one of those big places. They would just slip in quietly at Sandy Bay and swoop down like a wolf on the fold.

And yet nobody took one-pennyworth of notice of Sharlford. A petition signed by the rector, two churchwardens, and three other men who could write, despatched to the Government, setting forth the unprotected state of the village and requesting a body of troops for defence, was simply ignored by my lords and gentlemen, and Sharlford folk finally had to face the bitter truth that, if anything was to be done for their safety, they must do it themselves.

After immense discussion upon the village green, it was decided (the schoolmaster, John Grundy, quoting the precedent of the Spanish Armada) to erect a bonfire on the hill above Sandy Bay, kept in readiness to be lighted, and to station a watchman there at the public expense, on the look-out all night over the sea; who, if he saw the least sign of an approaching French fleet, was to set the bonfire ablaze, and thus warn the village of impending danger. As for the daytime, nobody was afraid of that; all were firmly



"THIS WAS HIS FIRST PRISONER FOR SOME TIME."

convinced that the Frenchmen, if they did come at all, would come in the night.

Two watchmen were hired (at sixpence each per week and find themselves) to stop awake all night, one at the bonfire and one at the village; and the inhabitants of Sharlford each evening saw that everything was ready for flight if ever the beacon fire shone down on them. Their programme contained no single item of resistance. All they wanted was to have time to get away across the River Mullet and break the bridge down after them. Farm wagons were kept in readiness to carry the children and the old people; folk saw that the flint and steel were where they could lay hands on them, and that their boots were

ready, and then went to bed to sleep as well as they could.

This sort of thing went on for a month or more, and as each morning rose without ever a sign of a Frenchman or of the bonfire being lighted, the villagers began slowly to lull themselves into the comfortable belief that Boney was too well occupied elsewhere to bother about such a small place; that he might not come after all; and that there had altogether been too much of a panic. Still they kept on the watchmen and paid them their sixpences with great magnanimity, although it was considered that they had done nothing for their money so far; but the mass of the folk slept sounder and were less particular about the boots and the flint and steel.

They were just in this stage, and with their minds fairly easy, at the time when this little story opens—with which, by your leave, we will now proceed

III.

I AM afraid, now I come to think of it, that young Fielding was not too scrupulous a gentleman, and had but a small regard for law and order. All he

wanted was to please Miss Lucy and extricate her from her unpleasant position as witness in a criminal case. As to the poor prisoner being hanged for stealing a loaf—why there was nothing out of the common about that; people were used to it in the good old times.

Fielding rode down to the village green, and there he found the usual company assembled, discussing affairs of state, and Bull, the constable, swollen to twice his natural size with the importance of his capture, swaggering up and down and taking all due credit for his great achievement. This was his first prisoner for some time, so no wonder he bragged about it. In his character as hero he had also been treated to a good gallon and

a half of beer by his friends, which inflamed his courage mightily.

"Secured him myself," he was announcing (for about the fifteenth time) and waving his truncheon in a valiant manner, "secured him myself, I did, an' fastened him in lock-up."

"First 'angin' matter you've 'ad," quoth one, Jonas Black, butcher and grazier, with a cheerful relish.

"You'll get promoted, eh, Thomas Bull?" said Dimple, the baker, a stout flabby man, who had, since the theft, made money out of showing the particular loaf as a curiosity.

Bull shook his head in a knowing manner, and no one had a doubt of it.

Mattock, the sexton, here chimed in with his thin squeaky voice—"If ye *hev* done a great thing, there's no need to flourish that there staff of yourn, Thomas Bull; I don't want my brains beat out wi' it. Put it up, Thomas, or else go an' fight French wi' it."

"Frenchman!" cried Bull angrily, and scenting sarcasm in the little sexton, "who's afeared of a Frenchman?"

Here, glaring defiantly round the circle, he stuck his chest out still further; and young Fielding (who had stood by, his horse's bridle over his arm, during the foregoing conversation) left the valorous Bull descanting on the summary manner in which he would deal with all "forringers" who came within a reasonable radius of his truncheon.

Now Fielding had intended, as the shortest way out of the difficulty, to have got that truculent constable quietly on one side and offered him so much in good English money to allow his prisoner to quietly escape—by accident. But finding that this plan was now out of the question by reason of Bull's having taken the whole village into his confidence (as well as being some three-parts drunk already), he abandoned that scheme, and cast about in his mind for some other plan of delivering the wretched criminal.

As he rode off again the shades of night were beginning to fall, and old Mattock, the sexton, was ambling peacefully up to the church to ring the curfew.

IV.

UP on the hill above Sandy Bay sat old Anthony Trip, watchman, beside a great stack of wood and other combustibles which had been dragged up there and set ready to blaze when wanted. Anthony was growing used to his professional duties, and less and less fearful of ever being called upon to do anything but watch, though he considered that a penny a night, with one thrown in in every seven, was little enough for his services.

He had now slept comfortably for several nights, and found it such a success that he blamed himself severely for not trying it before. As rather a cool wind blew in from the sea, he sat himself down under the lee of the stack, and faced comfortably inland with a small fire to warm the soles of his feet by, and to get a light for the big bonfire whenever that should be necessary; though how he was to see the Frenchmen coming while looking quite in the wrong direction did not occur to him, or, if it did occur to him, did not trouble him.

He had been doing a job at thatching that day, and repose was particularly grateful; the spot was peculiarly lonely, there was nothing to disturb him; the fire to the soles of the feet was very grateful. Loud snores soon shook the stack of wood, and proclaimed to three dismal shorn sheep, the only auditors, that Mr. Anthony Trip was asleep again for the sixth time that week.

He dreamed, did Anthony—actually dreamed that the French were come; and he knew it, but could neither move hand nor foot to give the alarm. Now, to his horror, one of them—none other, he thought, than Boney himself—came creeping quietly up the hill, while he (Anthony) would have given a week's pay to cry out and run away. But no; he seemed to be chained to the spot, and in another moment up came Boney behind him, and clapped a sack over his head, and—

Gracious powers! He was awake, and the dream was true! There *was* a sack over his head, and he was being tied hand and foot—nay, was already bound and could not move. He gave a stifled cry under the sacking, and thought his last moment had come; and his conscience had time to tell him that this was a very proper reward for his unfaithful service as watchman. He began to beg hard for his life, and even went so far as to say that he thought the French a very fine and noble race, and Bonaparte even a better man than a Briton.

All this was while he was being rolled downhill by unseen hands, and without a word spoken on the other side. Finally he rested, to his great satisfaction, in what in his blindfold state he judged (and quite rightly) to be a ditch-bottom, still alive and able to breathe through the sacking with fair ease.

While lying there and wondering what to make of it, he heard to his wonderment the crackling of wood, and scented the reek of smoke; and, in spite of his desperate situation, old Anthony could not repress a chuckle to think that these very Frenchmen

in their folly were giving warning of their own approach. That they had lighted the fire from his own small embers was clear. The crackling was like guns going off; soon he could even feel the heat of the flames blown down to him where he lay among the dock-leaves, and decided that if ever that dreadful night should be got through with safety, and he ever saw his village again, he would take credit for having lighted the beacon himself and ask for an increase of wages—if the churchwardens were not both of them slain—on the strength of it.

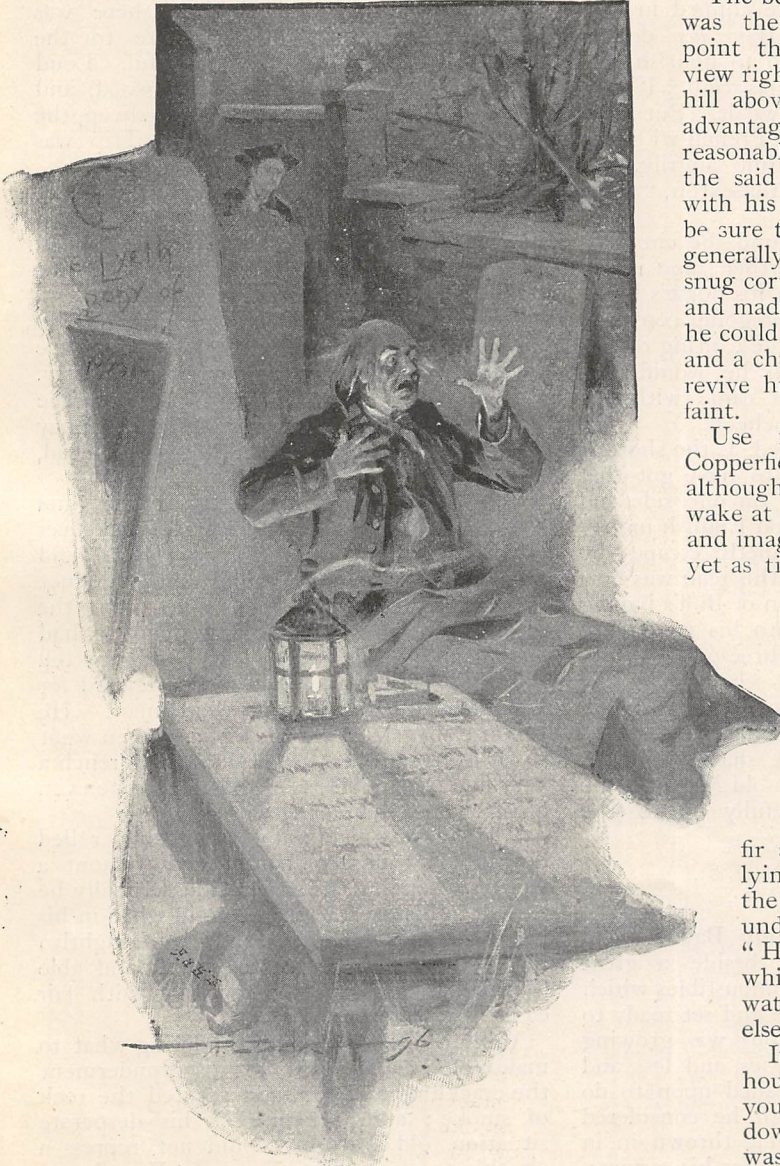
V.

Now the watchman who stopped down at Sharlford to keep one eye—or two, if he chose—on the spot where the beacon might blaze, was old Anthony's own brother. Jeremiah Trip was his name, and he was a more conscientious man than his relative, for he had concluded within himself that to sleep when he ought to be watching was a most dastardly thing, and not to be thought of for a moment. But as he felt that some repose was necessary, he decided to wake once every three hours, cast an eye up to the beacon, and go to sleep again.

The best place for his observatory was the churchyard, from which point there was an uninterrupted view right on to Sandy Bay and the hill above it. It also possessed the advantage that no man could there reasonably expect to sleep more than the said three hours at a stretch, with his mind dwelling, as it would be sure to do, on ghosts and bogies generally. Jerry had sought out a snug corner among the gravestones, and made himself as comfortable as he could with an old piece of carpet, and a chunk of bread and cheese to revive him if he woke up and felt faint.

Use is everything, as David Copperfield's waiter remarked; and although at first old Jerry used to wake at short intervals with a start, and imagine the place full of ghosts, yet as time went on he was as easy in his mind among the gravestones as you or I are (let us hope) in our beds. Ease of mind conduces to slumber, and on that very night when the bonfire was blazing away like "old boots"—and, in fact, very much better, being mainly of fir and pine wood—Jerry was lying asleep at full length, with the carpet round him, and just under a big headstone, with "Here lyeth ye body of—" which happened to do for the watchman as well as anybody else.

It must have been half an hour after midnight when a young horseman came cantering down into Sharlford, and there was a curious odour of smoke and burnt wood about him



"HIS EYE CAUGHT THE DISTANT GLARE ON THE HILL."

which his brown cob could not make out at all. He appeared to be a good deal surprised and even disgusted to find the happy village so perfectly sound asleep and wrapped in darkness.

"Much good their watchmen are!" he muttered. He tied up his horse to a tree on the green and went stumbling into the churchyard, over the stones in the darkness. Here he flung a handful of light gravel at "Here lyeth ye body of—," and concealing himself behind a buttress watched the result.

Nor was he disappointed, for up got Jerry thinking it was rats, and deciding in his mind that he would have Dimble's old Tom with him another night. However, he kicked against the stone to frighten them away, and then his eye caught the distant glare on the hill, and he woke up with a vengeance.

Without a moment's hesitation he plunged down the path, dashed open the creaking gate, and out into the village street, bellowing like a madman—

"French! French! Look at bonfire! Look at bonfire!"

VI.

AT ten of the clock on a sunny morning, the rectory garden, looking its best, was the scene of a little conversation. Miss Lucy was listening with evident gratification to the recital of certain interesting particulars by young Fielding, who, with his horse's bridle over his arm, as usual, was holding forth with manifest enjoyment.

He had stopped for a minute to take breath, but Miss Lucy was impatient.

"Pray go on," she cried, "what happened next?"

"Well," said the young man, "when the alarm was given you should have seen what a stampede there was! Upon my word I felt it was a shame, but I didn't see how else to manage it. The first man to flee out of the village was—just as I had expected—the courageous Bull himself, and when everyone else, as well as they could in the darkness, saw the very fattest and bravest of them running away, they felt that Sharlford was no place for them to stop in. All I wanted was to get the constable off in a hurry, and other folk too busy and scared to mind what I was doing.

"Directly Bull had cleared out of his cottage—you know he lives there alone—I nipped across, had the keys of the lock-up down from the nail—"

"You don't mean to say that Bull had left them?" cried Miss Lucy.

"Left them? I should think he had! Why he had forgotten even his truncheon in

his flight. Well, I say, I got the keys and in another minute I had the poor prisoner out of his den. He was terribly frightened at first, and thought I was come to carry him off to immediate execution; but I reassured him and gave him the food you had tied up ready, and—and a little money to help him on, and I told him to strike away west as sharp as he could, and he would be safe enough."

"And will he?" queried Miss Burlingham anxiously.

"Certainly he will. For no one knew anything of him except the villagers here, and who's to stop him? So you may make your mind easy, Miss Lucy. As for the rest of it, I had a regular business, I can tell you, when I had given my man his start, to persuade the folks that there were no French visible as yet; and as for Bull, he had outrun everyone else, and was too far away, fortunately, to be brought back at all. But he came in this morning, looking scared, and we have all had the laugh of him, for no one will confess to being frightened now, or even on the point of running away. The best of it all was when Bull took down his keys and went to the lock-up. I had fastened the door again so that he thought it was all right, but when he opened the door and found the bird flown, you should have seen his face! He is in a terrible state of mind now lest he should be reported to the justices for neglect of duty, and has been begging everyone to keep quiet about it.

"Dimble and Higgs and some others have been up as a deputation to the bonfire (which is all burnt out now, by the bye), and they found poor old Anthony" (Mr. Fielding's expression very innocent here) "actually tied up in a ditch, and able to tell them nothing. Anyhow, there was no sign of a Frenchman; so they all came down, vowing vengeance on the rascal who had lit the beacon; but—I don't think they'll find him."

"Nor do I," said Miss Lucy with a smile. "And you don't think anyone's any the worse, do you?"

"Not a bit of it! Everyone's greatly the better—except—except me," rather dolefully.

"Oh!—and why—except you?" said the girl, but she turned her head aside and spoke as though she knew the answer.

"Lucy!" cried Mr. Fielding.

She looked up, and the eyes of the two young people met.

The next thing—well, the goodly youth had to drop the cob's bridle, because—really he required the use of both arms, and—

Oh, come! The instructive historical part is all over; there's really nothing more to say.

ANDREW HOME.

STEEPLEJACKS

AND THEIR

BY

F. M. HOLMES.



“DANGEROUS! Well, I dunno; 'tain't dangerous if you don't think o' danger.”

“And you can keep from thinking of it?”

“Why, cert'nly. I've heerd of a man in our perfession go up a chimney two hundred and fifty feet high, and then to amuse

the spectators, stand on his head when he got to the top!”

“Nonsense!”

“No, sir, it ain't nonsense. It was put in the paper, and I s'pose you'd be one to b'lieve what you see in the papers! Anyhow, I can b'lieve it, easy. It comes o' not thinkin' of the danger.”

“And of knowing your work thoroughly.”

“O' course; we can't have no unskilled labourers in our perfession. When you've got to cure a chimney three hundred feet high, a-swayin' like a tree in the wind, you've got to know your business.”

“So you repair tall chimneys, as well as steeples?”

“Ay, and build 'em too. Steeplejacks as they calls us, are workmen, ye know, who looks after steeples and stacks.”

“Chimney-stacks?”

“Jess so. Didn't I say so? There's forests of 'em in the north where there's so many factories. We gets sixpence an hour extry for every fifty feet higher up we go. So they can have a steeple or a stack as high as they like, for all I care!”

“And you begin at a shilling an hour?”

“That's so. And when we're high up aloft, 200 or 300 feet or so, some of us mout git seven-an-six an hour sometimes. And it's worth it. We saves a lot in having no scaffolding.”

Mr. Steeplejack thrusts his hands in his pockets, looks up to the sky complacently, as though he could reach that cloudy dome with ease, and feel quite at home there, and then brings his gaze back to me.

“Ow do we do it? Oh, we've got several ways o' doin' it, we have. Sometimes we flies kites—but that's pretty near over now, 'cept for square topped chimnies; then we has jointed ladders, one fittin' on the top o' the other; likewise we has a little steam winch and buckets.”

"Something like miners in a shaft?"

"Ay, summat like. Ye see we build up stacks inside, and as we build we have little holes in the sides for the putlog to go across."

"The supports for the scaffolds?"

"That's it; putlogs we calls 'em. Two or three across a chimney, with boards on 'em, makes a tidy scaffold. We has two scaffolds, one to stand and work on, and when we can go no higher with that, we fixes the other above us and mounts to it. Then we can take down the scaffold we have left, ready to build it up again, higher up, and we fill up the holes used by the putlogs. We have openings left in the scaffolds so as the big bucket can come thro', and in the bucket the men, and the mortar, and the bricks are whisked up."

"Rather close quarters?"

"Oh! so long as there's room enough to work in, we don't mind, but o' course a very tall stack has a pretty broad base. I've seen some chimneys with a base of near thirty feet across, and they taper to a top of some ten or eleven feet across. Those sort o' chimneys go up to the clouds."

"I should think so!"

"They do make a draught, too; the furnace roars with heat. The air is lighter, too, at the top o' one o' them big shafts."

"And have you any other methods of reaching the top?"

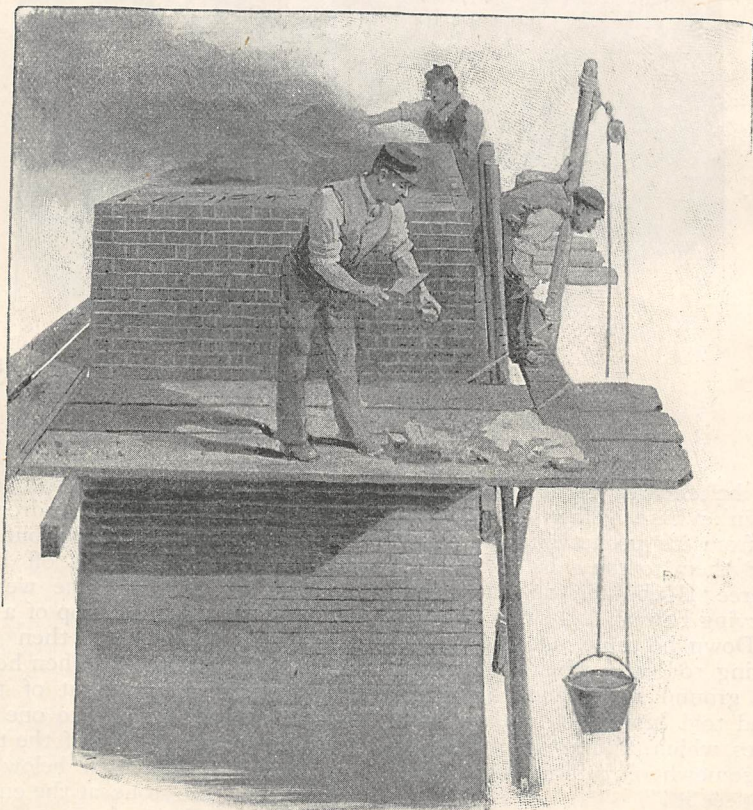
"Well, some steeplejacks can climb right up a tower, without ladders or anything. There was a chap at Vienna, Pilcher or Peecher his name was——"

"Pircher, you mean; I have heard about him."

"Ay, some'ing like that. Well, some years ago, one August, the Emperor of Austria had a birthday, and Pouchet——"

"Pircher."

"Ay, Purcher climbed right to the gilt top o' St. Stephen's steeple and placed a flag and a garland of flowers there. He climbed right away up the lightning rod from the very base of the tower in the square. I should ha' liked to have sin him do it; it must have been a pretty sight. He took off his shoes and climbed up the lightning rod easier than a boy does a tree, placing his feet on every projection of stonework. The



RAISING AN OLD STACK WITHOUT A STOPPAGE OF THE WORKS.

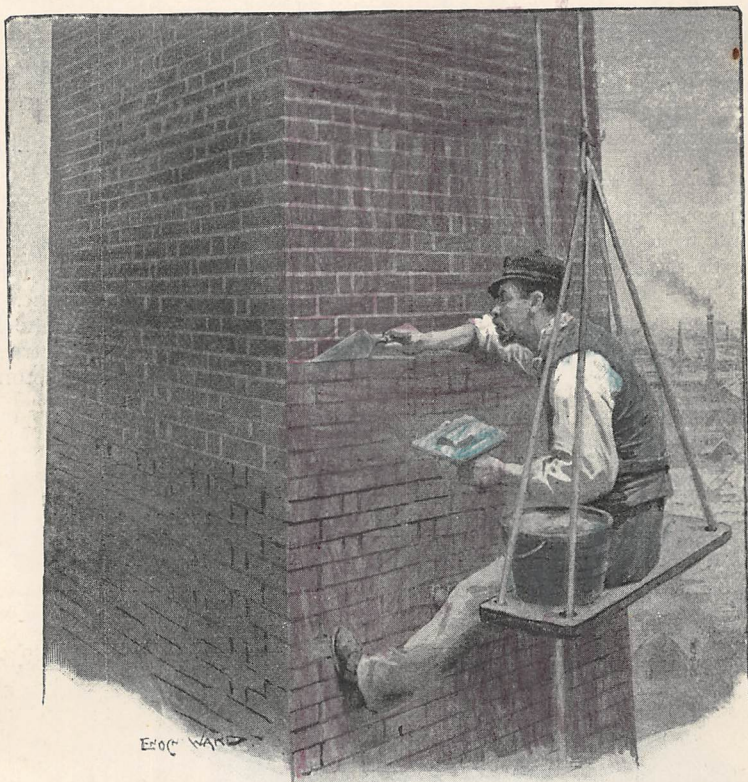
sides of the steeple were 'fretted,' and he got much assistance from them; but the last three or four yards showed a smooth surface, up which he had to 'swarm' the best way he could. Then some of the people got frightened and sent off here and there for the police and the firemen, and the tower was surrounded with mattresses and outspread canvases lest he should fall."

"But he did not?"

"About two hours and a half. The distance to the top was 432 German feet, and the Vienna foot, I'm told, is a trifle longer than an English foot. Mr. Steeplejack was a bit tired when he got down, but yet he jumped pretty briskly to the ground, and the crowd all cheered."

"He must have a very good head."

"Oh, ay; you want that. You must keep your head, if you're a steeplejack. There



REPOINTING A STACK.

"Not he; he climbed right to the top without turnin' a hair. Then he drew an Austrian flag from his pocket and a garland of flowers, tied them to the cross at the top, and giving three 'Hochs' for the Emperor—his way of crying Hurrah! I s'pose—began to descend. Down he came, safe and sound, by the lightning rod, and when he jumped lightly to the ground he chaffed one of the policemen, and told him to go up aloft and fetch his shoes, which, finding inconvenient, he had left somewhere behind him! But Bobby did not see it!"

"No, I should think not. But how long did this trip in the air take Pircher?"

was a chap I heerd on, he had got to the top of his chimney and then he dropped his rope. He made a mistake there, but what did he do? Why, he jess took off his boots and stockin's, as cool as if he were a-sittin' at home, 'stead of at the top of a big chimney-stack near the clouds; then he begins to unravel his stockin's. When he got a ter'ble long thread o' yarn out of the untwisted stockin's, he ties a stone to one end and lets it down—down the side of the tall shaft.

"Meantime, the men below had got big ladders, and the stone at the end of the yarn just touched the top of one. Then a man caught it and tied a string to it, and to the

string was fastened a rope which the steeplejack at the top was able to draw up. So he got his rope again."

"I suppose they could have reached him by flying a kite?"

"Dessay they could, if the wind had been right and he could have waited. P'raps that's how he got up there first. I'll tell you how it is with a kite. You want a steady wind, not too strong; and if you ain't got it, you'd better whistle for it or do without it. 'Tain't no use tryin' in an unsteady wind. Your kite—I was orful fond o' flyin' kites when I was a kid—your kite is a big strong thing, mout be ten feet high and eight wide—a reg'lar heagle of a kite compared to what boys has—though you got to manage 'em in much the same way."

"Your kite is made of canvas, I suppose, and must be pretty heavy."

"Ay, and instead o' costin' three-pence, it costs pretty nigh three pounds. Well, it has four strings or cords—one at each corner—and they join together at a distance of three or four yards, on to one rope. Now comes the important part: about six yards down this single or main rope, is fastened another cord, what we calls the 'down-all,' and by it a clever man can manage the kite a bit, and make it fall over the chimney top."

"It is, in fact, a check-string?"

"Jess so. And when the men have flown the kite over the chimney, this 'down-all' is jerked beautiful, and the kite comes down the other side, and there's the cord a-layin' neat over the chimney mouth. The way some chaps 'll manage a kite is jest pretty to see. It seems as if it was a bird, or as if it really had common sense. I'm sure some folks is stupider nor steeplejack's kites!"

"When they won't listen to reason!"

"That's it; well, when once the rope is over the chimney top, the men can easy draw up pulleys and then chains over the top, with a cage in which a man can get to work."

"So you have strong cords or chains up one side and down the other, and going over the chimney top?"

"Right you are, sir, and mendin' chimneys nowadays is quite a large part of a steeplejack's trade—larger nor steeples. But still we do get steeples, and can't find safe lodgment for a strong rope on the needle point of a spire—then we uses ladders. In fac', ladders I reckon is more often used now, cos there's no waitin' for the wind. We use 'em also for round chimneys, and when there ain't a broad coping-stone. Now, in usin' ladders, we're 'bliged to have dogs——"

"Dogs!"

Mr. Steeplejack looked up at the exclamation of surprise.

"Oh! Not the dogs you're thinkin' of,"



PIRCHER AT THE TOP OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

said he. "A steeplejack's 'dog' is a strong steel-tipped iron pin with a ring at the head. We put a ladder against the building, and mounting up it, drive in a 'dog.' These 'dogs' has to be reg'lar bull dogs, I can tell ye, so that they bites hard and firm, and don't let go very soon. A man oughtn't to trust his life to it, till it is tested every way."

"Well, to this first 'dog' a line and pulley is fastened, by which a long ladder is drawn up flat against the structure. The line is fastened to near the middle of the ladder, so that a longer part is below the 'dog' than above it. By this ladder a second 'dog' is fixed into the building, and another long

ladder drawn up. The ladders can be lashed together, and are kept nearly three-quarters of a foot off the building by means of small bits of wood, so that a man can place his foot fair and firm on the ladder, without knockin' agin the brickwork. In this way we could build up a ladder to the clouds."

"And are the fires under the chimneys kept burning when you are up aloft?"

"Rather. 'Twouldn't pay to put them out for a week or more. And very hot and smoky it is up there. That's what helps to make it such dangerous work. Look out after your whiskers if you goes steeplejacking. You mout get your hair and eyebrows all burnt off a treat, in no time, up one o' them tall chimney shafts."

"But about these 'dogs,' are they always used?"

"Not when we can get loopholes, or windows or anything, where we can fasten strong poles; these poles jut out, and we can lash the ladders to them. It is about those 'dogs' that accidents often happen—when they do happen. A 'dog' may lose his hold after a little time, or wobble a bit, and then just as someone is a-carryin' up some bricks or mortar—down he comes!"

"O' course he may catch hold o' the next ladder, but what he's carryin' may fall on the man below him; there's often more than one a-passin' up the line o' ladders at the same time."

"Does the steeplejack work from the ladder itself, then?"

"Well, he mout do so; but sometimes he fixes up a bit of a scaffold round the spire. And some church gentlemen are very particular, and don't like 'dogs' driven into their buildings; then we has to depend a great deal on scaffoldings, which takes us much longer. But as I was a-tellin' you, the wobblin' o' the 'dogs' is one o' the riskiest things, and the most often cause of accidents."

"A man must keep himself in the best of nerve, and if he finds his nerve give way, the less he goes up aloft after that the better. Sometimes he may go wrong all in a hop, though he's been goin' up steeples and stacks

for years. There's no accountin' for that, unless he ain't quite digested his breakfast that mornin', or unless he gets thinkin' o' the danger and lookin' below, and wonderin' what his wife and children would do without him; then they're only too likely to have to do without him, for maybe he'll come tumblin' down with a run."

"Ah! it is a risky business."

"It is, no mistake; but let a man keep his head and his nerve, and not think o' the danger, and he ought to do. O' course, if an important rope breaks, or if he trusts to a rotten brick, then he may find himself in a flash tumblin' thro' space and lookin' at his past life in a jiffy. It's when you've got to repair rotten buildings, or the coping-stone of a chimney's loose, or anything like that, then's the time you've got to look out and be hextry careful."

"What should you say is the riskiest bit of work you have to do?"

"Well, one o' the riskiest things I know, is to have to 'cure' a chimney that's got some way out o' the straight. Then you've got to go aloft, and cut some courses o' bricks out o' one side of it that's gone crooked, so that it may settle itself like and get straight again. It's no joke to cut and hammer at them bricks, while the fires are a-roarin' below, and the wind is rockin' the chimney above."

"And the ringin' of church-bells likewise makes a steeple rock! Oh, it does, I tell you. I don't care for pointin' a steeple myself when the bells are clashing. Still, if it's all in the day's work, o' course we do it. You know what pointin' is, o' course—fillin' in cement tight between the joints of bricks or stones; but some spires are of wood, covered with copper, or lead, or slates."

"So you have to do a bit of plumbing up aloft, sometimes?"

"Oh, ay, anything; if it's got to be done, a steeplejack will do it. And so long as the tackle holds, and he keeps his head, and don't think o' danger, he's all right. But how to teach a man to keep his head, I don't know. I reckon he's *borned* to it."



A MISSING WITNESS.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF DOROTHY HEATHERLY.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Hidden Gold," "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—MYSTERIOUS GOOD LUCK.



AS this man my father, or was it simply a coincidence that John Evans resembled him so strongly? The points of resemblance must be striking indeed to make the likeness apparent under such altered conditions and in the brief space of time before distance rendered his features indistinguishable. It seemed barely possible that I could recognise my father, the man in clerical dress, clean-shaven, haggard and grey with fatigue and starvation, abject and fierce by turns with fear and despair, in this bearded cricketer, with the sunny tint of health upon his cheek, a fearless bearing, and the placid expression of happiness and well-being. And yet a dozen arguments favoured the supposition by clearing away as many anomalies that had made my mother's behaviour unaccountable and mysterious. If my father stood in danger of the law for some past offence, my mother was compelled for his sake, for her own and our welfare to observe secrecy and even to practise deception in all that regarded his existence, since a single word dropped in accident by us might betray him to his enemies. In venturing to return to England, where he stood within easy reach of apprehension, his first object would be to assume disguise and another name, to conceal his identity. The next step to avert suspicion would be to declare that he was dead. Little mother's changing colour, and the absence of grief in making this announcement and putting on her widow's weeds, had already suggested to my mind the possibility that my father was not really dead. I had the evidence of my own senses to show that my mother's love for my father had not warped by ten years of separation, nor his for her, and their first natural desire would be to live near each other. With that view little mother had resolved to leave Wood Green, where it would be dangerous for my father to come again, and bound us to secrecy with regard to the place where we were in future to reside. Those mysterious visits to Aunt Laura may have been but pretexts for meeting my father

and making arrangements for the future—indeed, as Elsie had laughingly suggested, Aunt Laura might turn out to be John Evans in disguise. My mother's trepidation in meeting James Redmond, whose professions of friendship for herself and "po'r George" she had reason to believe were false, was easily to be traced to her fear that his malevolent purpose would lead him to track her down if his suspicions were aroused by any unguarded act or course of conduct for which she could offer no plausible explanation.

"What *is* the matter with you, you small-sized Sphinx?" asked Elsie, with a nip that effectually broke off my speculations. "You have been staring stonily at nothing ever since we passed John Evans: he seems to have petrified you and little mother as well. There's no getting a word out of either, and I believe you have noticed nothing for the past quarter of an hour."

Indeed, I should have found it difficult to tell what had passed before my eyes in that time. I was hazily conscious of having passed through a sleepy street with shops on either side, and that was all. We were now on the outskirts of the town again, on the side of the hill farthest from the station, and between the scattered houses one got glimpses of the deep wooded valley, flashed with bright spots and streaks here and there, where the bend of the beck caught the light, a faint blue mist closing in the distance. Presently our driver drew in by the footpath and stopped.

"Is this *our* house?" asked mother, in a tone of doubt that caused Elsie and me to look round sharply with the apprehension, on my part, that it might be too mean—even for our humble tastes. For the houses we had passed were strikingly plain, not to say ugly, being all built of dark stone, quite square, with small windows, and no attempt at any external ornament—as if the practical builders had found that Nature supplied all that any human being could require in the beauty of the surrounding country.

"Ay; if thee 'rt Mrs. Heatherly, this be thy home for a certainty," replied the old man, throwing the reins on the back of his Galloway. "'Tain't exac'ly the kind of house Ah should choose for myself now, though it *was* as good a house as any this side o' the vicar's



"WE MUST WISH!"

in Farleigh," he added, getting down. "So be thee don't like it, thee'll ha' to call John Evans to account, for it's him as has decked it out this outlandish like."

We looked at our new home and then at each other with smiles of delight and astonishment. Why, it was beautiful! The house might have been as square and ugly as the rest, but John Evans had transformed it altogether by lengthening the eaves and lightening the gable with ornamental woodwork; by enlarging the upper windows and furnishing them with jalousies to keep out the sun and admit air in the hot days; by cutting down

the lower windows to the ground, so that one could walk directly from the living-rooms on to the lawn, and protecting them with a light verandah beneath which one might sit and work; and by covering in the entrance at the side of the house by a glazed porch that was almost large enough to be called a conservatory. And the garden about the house was as trim and bright and gay as the house itself: wherever the eye rested there was colour and beauty. Oh! no paid workman with the friendliest disposition towards us could have prepared such a house for us; only one who knew our little mother well and loved her

deeply could have had the foresight and the tender care to provide all that could gratify her taste and ours.

"Moggy, come hither, lass; what art hiding fur? Don't 'e see Ah've brout home thy missuses?" called our driver when he had helped mother to descend. And Maggie, a fresh-coloured girl in the stiffest of print dresses and the whitest of aprons and caps, came forward blushing from the place where she had doubtless been watching our approach and opened the gate to us with a demure little curtsy. "Help the lasses get down from tail of cart while I get out their baggage."

"How much shall I pay you?" asked little mother, taking out her purse when these arrangements were concluded.

"Nowt, missus; John Evans has settled all that, an Ah've only to wish thee a good-day."

We bade him good-bye and followed Maggie into the house with our packages—through the porch filled with flowers, and into the prettily-ordered little hall; and up into our bedrooms, where even a woman's taste seemed to have been bestowed on their adornment, everything was so dainty and sweet; and then down to the breakfast-room, where the table was laid for a real Yorkshire tea, with a big ham, and a "simmel cake" and "parkins," and other delicacies of which we had yet to learn the names.

"Why, there are your pet ornaments, dear, and our pictures that you sent to London," Elsie exclaimed, looking from the chimney-piece to the walls and then to little mother.

Who could have thought where these household treasures should first meet my mother's eyes and make her feel that this was really her home, save my father?

"The kettle is boiling, ma'am, in the kitchen," said Maggie. "Mr. Evans thought you would like tea better than anything, feeling tired after your journey."

"Yes, we will have tea," said mother with a little tremor in her voice, and then sitting down she covered her face with her hands, for these testimonies of love and care overcame her.

But Elsie, who did not observe this, burst out into a peal of laughter as the door closed upon Maggie, and clapping her hands, she cried—

"Why, this is more wonderful than Puss in Boots; and John Evans is more marvellous in his powers than the Marquis of Carabas." Then turning about still in amazement, and catching sight of little mother, she was down on her knees at the beloved one's feet in an instant, all contrition and solicitude.

"Oh, darling little mother!" she cried, "have I said anything to hurt you? What is it?"

"Happiness, dear—too much happiness," answered mother, kissing her and smiling again.

Yet something more than happiness made tears spring in my eyes. What if this were not the happy ending of a fairy story, but an illusion that would melt away and leave us still three poor struggling dressmakers!

Elsie buried her face in mother's lap and was silent. I dare say she was thinking of Philip, and how she, too, had cried from excess of joy when he gave her the ring that was now at her lips. Then, looking up, she said—

"Oh! mother dear, if one can only feel like this just two or three times in one's lifetime, all our hardships would be well paid for, eh? But it does all seem a little too good to be quite true, doesn't it?" she added, looking about her as she rose to her feet. "The carpets are all new, and the furniture is all so good. There's nothing suggestive of great bargains or payment by weekly instalments anywhere. And look at that table! Why, we have seen nothing like it since we emptied dear Phil's hamper at Christmas."

And when Maggie, having brought in the tea, asked if we required anything more, we could hardly keep a sedate countenance.

Tempting as our table was to hungry travellers, we hurried through tea, all eager to see the extent of our possessions before the twilight faded. We went out through the open window into the front garden, and surely there was enough there to content us; but going round to the back of the house we found another garden ten times as large, with a view beyond stretching across the deep valley to the wooded hills on the horizon.

"Oh, how beautiful!" we exclaimed, and then we stood still in silence, awed by the repose and beauty of the earth and heavens as by the presence of Divinity. A blackbird whistled in the distance; the still air was fragrant with flowers and sweet herbs and new hay; the sky was dappled with carmine clouds, a tissue of golden red seemed to spread over the west, fading away towards the south through shades of orange and primrose into deepening tints of blue.

"See, little mother, there is the new moon!" whispered Elsie. "We must wish!"

Looking at the thin crescent, her rapt soul in her eyes, I could see that she was wishing for Phil to come home and share her joy; but as I turned the halfpence in my pocket I could only wish that our happiness might last.

It was a real old-fashioned garden, with fruit-trees trained against the walls, and borders of flowers and pot-herbs surrounding plantations of vegetables, and a privet hedge at the end dividing it from the orchard and paddock beyond; and it seemed that these, too, must belong to us, for the communicating gate in the privet hedge was unfastened. We were debating whether we might venture to explore further or not, when Maggie came down the path.

"If you please, 'm," said she, "Mr. Evans is in the house, and could he see you, if you please, 'm?"

"I will come directly," replied little mother, and turning to us she asked with some hesitation if we would come with her or join her a little later.

"Perhaps, dear, Mr. Evans may wish to speak to you on business matters, and it will be best for you to see him alone at first," I suggested.

"Yes, dear, that will be best," she said, as if relieved of some embarrassment.

When she had left us, Elsie and I walked along the lower path awhile in silence; then taking my arm, she said—

"Has it occurred to you, Dol, that little mother will never have money enough to pay for all this?"

It struck me that this would have occurred to anybody in our position except Elsie long before; but as I made no reply, she continued:

"I suppose not. You're too dreamy to look at things practically. But you must see that it isn't reasonable to expect the Marquis of Carabas to partly rebuild the house, furnish it throughout, and do everything for nothing."

"No," said I meekly.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he has called with his bill, and that poor little mother at the present moment is having a very bad time. How much do you think it will come to?"

"I can't tell."

"Do you think all those carpets and things would cost a hundred pounds?" She never could realise the value of money.

"Oh, much more than that," said I.

"Oh, Dol! why, you know at Christmas we had hardly enough to pay the bills, and since then we couldn't have earned more than fifty pounds, and out of that we've had to pay—oh, I can't think of it; it's too terrifying!"

"I don't think there is any reason to be terrified, Elsie. It's not in little mother's nature to be imprudent."

"It *was* not; but that only makes the present case more alarming, little stupid. Everyone must break out now and then, but

when you habitually self-restrained people do let yourselves go, nothing less than an eruption follows. A year ago nothing could induce her to think of leaving Wood Green—the expense of moving, the danger of not getting a connection, were her arguments against it. Then suddenly she commissions someone of whom she has not the slightest knowledge—except through Aunt Laura, who seemed to be in the last stage of dotage when we saw her—to take a house and furnish it without even asking the cost. And now, when we come here and find ourselves plunged over head and ears into debt to the Marquis of Carabas, instead of being overwhelmed with a sense of our responsibilities and the general unfitness of things, little mother bursts out crying from sheer happiness. You know well enough that I do not wish her to feel anything but happiness, whatever the consequences may be to us, but it does seem so unaccountable. Why, just think, Dol, is there any house in the whole town more unsuitable for us to set up a business? It's so grand that the poor people will never dare to give us work for fear of being overcharged, and the stuck-up persons will avoid us for presuming to live in a style above their own."

I really could not think of any excuse to make for poor little mother, and Elsie, carried away by her own eloquence, continued:

"Supposing the Marquis demands immediate payment of the money he has laid out for us, what are we to do? Throw ourselves upon the generosity of an absolute stranger? It's absurd! Look at that girl, Dol"—indicating Maggie, who was plucking peas near at hand—"is it possible that we can hope to keep a nice little servant with tails to her caps when we could only afford to have a charwoman with a rusty crape bonnet twice a week? Yet little mother did not seem at all astonished to find a servant engaged for her—not a bit more surprised than she was with this beautiful little house and garden and all the lovely things in it. One would think by her manner that she had come into a little fortune——"

This happily suggested a notion to reconcile all anomalies.

"Perhaps she has," I said.

"Dol!" exclaimed Elsie, stopping short and clutching my arm, "what do you mean? Who in the world could have left anything to little mother?"

"Father, maybe."

Elsie gave a little cry of joy and surprise, then taking me by the shoulders and holding me at arm's length, she said:

"You little brown witch! why didn't you tell me this before?"

"I was not sure that it might be true"

"Why, it must be true: no other explanation is possible, and that makes all things clear. And you kept it to yourself because you were not sure that it was true! Why, if I had only dreamt of such a possibility I couldn't have kept it secret for a moment. I can understand little mother concealing it."

"For the pleasure of surprising us," I suggested.

"Partly that, but chiefly, I think, because she loves to be mysterious."

It made me smile to think of little mother wishing to be mysterious, she who was so unfitted to play any but an open and straightforward part that she could find no better means of cloaking the dissimulation which circumstances compelled her to employ. Her actions were mysterious because she had not the art to deceive which those should have who seek to be mysterious.

"Oh! Dol," exclaimed Elsie, with a sigh of prospective bliss, "if we should never have to sew another stitch—if I can get my finger tips smooth by the time dear Phil comes home!"

"Hush! here they come," I said, catching sight of John Evans and little mother coming slowly towards us down the path.

"He's paid," whispered Elsie, squeezing my arm in exultation; "see how amiable he looks."

Indeed two happier faces than his and dear little mother's it would have been impossible to find; they seemed to reflect the calm and peace of the lovely evening.

He was as we saw him on the green, only now he wore a grey tweed jacket over his cricketing shirt, and a coloured silk handkerchief knotted loosely. He looked a giant beside slim little mother in her black dress. Both were quite at their ease, he seeming to have imparted to mother the confidence he felt in his own strength and vigour.

"This is Elsie," said mother when we met.

"Elsie—I shall take the liberty of calling you by your name, if the custom of the north country is not objectionable," he said, holding Elsie's hand and smiling in her face as he spoke.

"And this is Dorothy," said mother, turning to me.

"Dorothy," he repeated, with a gentle inflexion in his voice that thrilled me. He had thrown off his cap, as if he wished to reveal his identity to me, and as he grasped my hand in his and looked steadily into my eyes, we read each other's thoughts.

"As you love me, Dorothy, keep my secret," was his mute appeal.

"By all that is dearest to me, I will," was my silent response.

Then I felt by the parting pressure of his hand that he knew my heart and trusted me.

"I hope you like your new home," said he, turning to Elsie.

"You have left us nothing to desire," she answered; "it's as if you knew our tastes—even our hopes."

"Perhaps I gauged them by my own. One always hopes that our coming neighbours will be nice."

"And you're not disappointed at first sight?"

"No; but I expect a great deal."

"Ought we not to know what you do expect?"

"I expect you to look kindly at me when I drop in, no matter how often; to call upon me whenever you need anything that is not within your reach—you'll find me in my workshop on the other side of the hedge there at any time during the working hours of the day—and to regard me always, however peculiar or odd my manners may seem, as a true friend and a good neighbour."

"What an original individual!" exclaimed Elsie, when John Evans was gone. "One would think he'd known us all our lives. But there's such an unassuming kindness and freedom in his manner that somehow it seems quite natural, and one can't resent it as one would in an ordinary acquaintance. And I think he's immensely handsome, don't you, mother?" Little mother's face as she bent over the lamp she was lighting flushed with pleasure. "I wonder why he never married. Oh, supposing!—supposing he should fall in love with you, dear little mother!"

"Elsie!" said mother, in a tone of remonstrance; but she covered her face with her hands like a young girl at the hint of a sweetheart.

"Well, I don't see why he shouldn't, and I don't see why you shouldn't marry him if he did; for you can see by his strong face and earnest eyes that he's a thoroughly honest good fellow."

I don't know what there was in this conclusion that made me think Elsie's impressions were generally wrong. Possibly the belief that my father had committed some great act of dishonesty in the past had something to do with it—that coupled with the unexplained origin of his present prosperity. For granting that he was a skilful workman and that chance had favoured him in finding immediate employment, it seemed to me incredible that in the short space of six months he could gain

sufficient by his labour to provide us with such a home and enable us to maintain a position of independence. Had there been the shadow of a doubt in mother's mind about his ability to provide for our future welfare she would have been the first to take alarm; the perfect composure with which she accepted our new condition was, to my mind, a convincing proof that my father's generosity was not in excess of his means. How had he acquired those means—he who six months before came to us in the night starving, and was compelled by his necessity to take the few pounds mother had saved by years of careful saving?

From the moment our hands met and we

looked into each other's eyes, all doubt as to my father's identity was banished; but accident added a confirming proof that John Evans and my father were one and the same.

My brain was over-excited that night. For hours I lay awake reviewing the strange experiences of the day, and at length, to chase away certain disturbing speculations I rose from my bed and seated myself by the open window that looked down upon the garden. There was not a breath of air to stir the foliage below; all was still and hushed; the peace and silence of the star-spread heavens was upon the earth. In the dim twilight which takes the place of night at this season

of the year, I could distinguish the paths in the garden and fix upon the spot where we had met little mother and my father. "My workshop is on the other side of the hedge there," he had said, pointing across the garden; and now, turning my eyes in that direction, I noticed a square patch of light crossed with window sashes. "That must be a skylight in the roof of the workshop; is my father working now—at this hour, when all workers sleep?" I said to myself.

At that moment the click of a latch fell distinctly on my ear, and then followed the muffled sound of hushed voices and the slow tread of footsteps. Then as I strained my eyes that way, two figures became visible in the obscurity. They came slowly towards the house, then stopped. I could make them out more clearly now—a man and a woman, but the man was the clearer because of his light clothing and his size.

They were knit closely together and stood locked in each other's arms for some minutes, and then with a whispered farewell they parted—the little woman in black coming quickly and lightly towards the house; the man in grey standing still till a door below closed, and then disappearing slowly in the deep shade of the high hedge. The man was John Evans; the woman my mother.



"PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOU AND WORK THE TREADLE"
(p. 334).

CHAPTER VIII.—ABOUT A CHAISE AND OTHER THINGS.

I SHOULD like to tell a great deal about our happiness at Great Farleigh—of those four long months of peace and repose in which a sense of contentment and security seemed to grow and strengthen with our own physical health. But the events that followed are so much more important to the history of our lives, that I must content myself with some meagre extracts from the diary I began to keep as some employment for my leisure moments, to account as briefly as possible for the flow of time.

June 25th.—I overslept myself this morning; so did little mother. The swallows were twittering on the eaves before I fell asleep. Elsie was down before six. She came in from the garden just as we entered the sitting-room, with a big basket of flowers in her hands and looking wonderfully bright and pretty. The freshness and beauty of the flowers and the clear sunny morning seemed to be reflected in her face.

"I've been flirting with the Marquis," she said; "but it's a very one-sided and hopeless affair at present. Look at these lovely roses. I thought he was cutting them for me by the care with which he took off the thorns, but when he had arranged them to his taste he told me to give them to you, little mother, and there they are, dear. There's a little gate in the hedge that opens into his workshop, and, hearing a great strong voice singing on the other side, I knocked at the door and walked in. Such a queer place, full of queer wooden things and machines and shavings and a smell of pine; and there was the Marquis turning something with his foot, and a piece of wood twizzling round and throwing white chips up into his beard. 'I've come to fulfil my part of our contract,' said I. 'I'm very glad to see you,' said he, 'and shall keep my covenant with pleasure. What can I do for you, Elsie?' It seemed odd to be called by my name in that familiar way, but he looked so kind and honest as he gave me his hand that I couldn't resist it, so I told him I wanted to know if I might go through the gate at the bottom of the garden in the meadow. 'Of course you can,' said he; 'the meadow's yours and all that's in it. I don't know if the red apple is ripe yet, but we will see.' So he brushed the chips out of his beard, took off his bib, put on his grey jacket, and came out with me. And there are cocks and hens in the orchard; and he has promised to give us a dog, for no one, he tells me, is considered respectable in Yorkshire without one; and he showed me a wren's nest in an old tree, and where to find eggs for breakfast, and here they are, see—six

lovely brown ones; and he's going to put up a seat under the apple tree—there are the apples, do smell them—so that we can sit there when we are tired of the verandah and want a wider view; and he seems to know something about everything, just like dear Phil—and, indeed, he resembles him so much in that quiet, helpful, unobtrusive, kindly way, that I really believe I'm half in love with him—in a neighbourly spirit, you know." As she ran on in this rambling fashion it was good to see the delight that twinkled in dear little mother's eyes; for how dear was it to her to hear the praises of him she loves so dearly.—Very busy all day learning the extent of our premises, finding places for things, and so on; and most happy and gay in this pleasant occupation. John Evans called in the evening and stayed to supper. He told us that he worked chiefly at pattern-making for Mr. Gardener, who has large engineering works in the village—we can see the chimney shaft rising above the trees that clothe the hill right down to Farleigh Beck—preferring an independent shop to working in the factory and "going in with the bell," and, seeing that I was greatly interested in a description of some new machinery he was working out, he told me I should be welcome in his workshop at any time to see "how he does it." Also he proposed that if the weather continues fine we shall go for a good ramble in the woods next Saturday. All that he said was pleasant to hear; his voice is gentle and sweet; he is not impatient with our ignorance, and is so considerate and kind, so easy and natural in his manner, that all feeling of constraint is removed from our conversation. He seems—as indeed he is—an old and dear friend to us, even to Elsie, who has less reason than we to understand his feeling towards us. After supper we sat under the verandah and he lit his pipe. The smell of the tobacco recalled Philip to my mind, as I am sure it did to Elsie's; for she was unusually silent and reflective for her. Only when John Evans was gone she burst out into eulogiums of his amiability and gentleness and his good looks—to the evident delight of dear little mother.

June 28th.—John Evans this evening suggested that we should keep a pony carriage—pointing out that there was every accommodation in the outhouse at the end of his workshop. Elsie was, of course, enraptured with the idea. I fancy she saw herself at once in imagination driving to the railway station to fetch Phil when he comes home; little mother hesitated a little, doubting whether we could drive a pony without a man, but Elsie undertook to do that with a few lessons

from John Evans, and I believe would have undertaken to groom the pony as well, if it had been necessary ; and so little mother was quickly overruled, and we are to have the equipage, and Morris, who keeps our garden and helps Maggie in the house, is to look after the stabling arrangements. Little mother never questioned for a moment our ability to pay for this luxury, which shows how confident she feels in father's continuing prosperity. Oh, if I could only feel as easy in that matter ! The thought is ever uppermost in my mind : how has he made so much money in these past few months ?

June 30th.—I have not felt so truly happy, so free from covert forebodings, since we came here ; and, oddly enough, I have never felt more ashamed of myself. This morning, when little mother and Elsie were gone out shopping, I went down the garden and knocked at the door of John Evans's workshop. "Come in," he cried cheerfully. So I went in and found the workshop very much as Elsie had led me to imagine it. John Evans, in a white apron, was standing before a strange-looking lathe inspecting a delicate piece of work that he held up to the light. "Come to see how it's done, Dolly ?" he asked with a smile ; "well, look at this." He put a fragile piece of white wood in my hand, shaped in a graceful spiral, and scarcely thicker than a shaving.

"Did you bend it like this ?" I asked.

"No, it's cut," he replied.

"Did you make it ?" I asked, wondering how so fragile and delicate a thing could be cut in such a material.

"No ; it made itself—that is, it is as nearly self-made as anything may be. Come here," he added, going to the lathe. "You can work a treadle."

"The treadle of a sewing-machine."

"Ah, well, for such slight work as this you need scarcely more power. Put your hands behind you and work the treadle."

I did as he bade me, and certain wheels began to revolve, whilst a part of the machine, travelling horizontally, began to cut and throw out shavings from a piece of wood no thicker than a broomstick fixed in a revolving vice, and gradually under my astonished eyes a thin spiral like that he had shown me was produced from the piece of wood, and grew longer and longer as I worked the treadle, until he told me to stop. He unscrewed the vice and put the spiral in my hand. "There," said he, "you can show what a famous turner you are." The work was marvellous, but the machine that could make it automatically was still more marvellous to me, and I looked at it in silent wonder, trying to comprehend its movements.

On a flat piece of steel some words were stamped, and examining them I read : "John Evans and Thomas Gardener, patentees."

Turning to my father with a kind of awe, I said :

"Did you invent this ?"

"Yes, Dolly," said he ; "nearly eleven years ago. For over ten years it lay dormant, and then I had the luck to find a shrewd Yorkshireman, who saw its merit and found the necessary means for making it profitably advantageous to both of us. Without that, we should not have been standing here now—you and I." He put his arm round my waist as he spoke and I pressed his dear hand to my heart fervently, seeing the significance of these words. But I could not speak one word. A great wave of contrition overwhelmed my heart as I thought of the unjust suspicions I had entertained ; how I had leapt to the unjust conclusion that he had amassed a fortune by dishonest means, overlooking the possibility of his achieving the same end by the effort of genius. But with repentance there was mingled a feeling of joy and reverence and love that took the sting from my humiliation.

"It will do almost anything," said he, leading me to a bench ; "see, this is a wooden shoe, and here's a rifle stock, both turned out by the same tool."

I could not see them clearly for the tears that sprang in my eyes.

When we parted he said, "Good-bye, dear, for this morning," and bending down, he kissed my cheek ; then, unable to restrain myself, I threw my arms round his neck, kissed him, and ran away.

July 2nd.—The things mother and Elsie bought on Monday came home this morning. Little mother has bought a lovely dove-coloured silk and a beautiful little bonnet, and Elsie a charming crêpon dress, a hat that cost a guinea and a half, and quite a lot of things beside. A week ago I should have been frightened by such an outlay, but now that I know the source of our wealth I am fully as delighted with these purchases as they, and I have agreed to go with mother to-morrow and buy new dresses and things for myself.

July 10th.—We went out for the first time in our beautiful little chaise, and the drive to Felstone was the most delightful I have ever had. I don't think I ever felt really proud before, but I *did* feel exalted to-day as we drove through Farleigh, mother in her pretty half-mourning, and Elsie and I dressed "up to our carriage," as she said. I suppose it's stupid and wrong to feel like that just because one is better off than others ; but it

is at least a harmless pleasure to feel that everything you have on is good and pretty and nice. It gives one a certain sense of delicacy and refinement that one can't possibly feel with darned gloves, a rusty skirt, and the consciousness that as you walk anyone behind can see that your heels have been newly set up. Coming back was not quite so enjoyable, for Elsie insisted on driving, and in spite of John Evans's directions she nearly drove into a ditch on one side of the road, and in pulling the reins too tightly made the pony back almost into the hedge on the other side; and instead of pulling the left rein when we had to pass a butcher's cart, she pulled the right, so that it was only by the greatest skill on the butcher's part that we escaped a collision. And as this was just in passing Farleigh market-place, it made us look rather ridiculous. At any rate, some rude men made some unpleasant remarks. However, we reached home in safety, and Elsie was very proud of her performance as a whole. Mamma felt a little shaky, and I must say that I wish John Evans had driven us all the way.

August 3rd.—Elsie received a letter from Phil this morning. He is in California now, where he intends staying until the great heat is past. He thinks he shall be home in October. Dear Elsie is half beside herself with happiness.

August 20th.—"What do you think, little mother?" said Elsie when she came in from feeding her pigeons this morning—they have learnt now to come down on her arms and shoulders, and feed from her hand, when she calls them—"John Evans called me 'dear.' I don't mind, of course—in fact, I rather like it, because there's no one in the world except Phil whom I love—for whom I have such an affection; but I hope Phil won't object. You see, it isn't as if John Evans were an old man, or even an ugly man, because he is neither, and one can't tell what Phil might think."

"I don't think he would be very jealous, dear," said little mother, smiling and looking as pretty—ay, as pretty as Elsie herself.

My father calls me "dear," and we kiss whenever we meet unseen by Elsie. It is only to her that his identity is not an open secret. I sometimes wonder why she is kept so scrupulously in the dark. It can only be because something in my father's past life might be prejudicial to her marriage with Philip. Yet it seems contrary to the integrity of my father's character, and to my mother's also, that Philip should be hoodwinked. For the suppression of any fact implies that the fact is of a damaging nature.

Yet I will not think that my father can have done wrong, knowing how my suspicions have already misled me. Still less will I suffer myself to think that he could now do wrong who in every action of his life shows such honest purpose and high principle. I can only wonder what the solution of this mystery can be.

September 4th.—"Doll, I wonder if I might trust you with a secret?" said Elsie when we were alone in our room last night.

"Don't, dear," said I.

"Yes, I must—because I can't keep it. Do you know, when I peeped into the workshop this evening to see if John Evans was coming into supper, I saw him standing with his arm round little mother's waist, and her head lay on his shoulder, and she was holding his hand to her cheek—there! They did not see me, happily, and I got away without being heard. I'm awfully happy—but you don't seem a bit surprised."

"I'm not, dear. Didn't you yourself suggest that he might fall in love with little mother, the very first day we came here?"

September 5th.—It is true that Elsie cannot keep a secret, and I think she must have given mother reason to suspect what she discovered yesterday, and so have precipitated an event which otherwise might have been delayed. For when we came home from church this evening, my father, who had been walking in advance with mother, met us at the garden gate, and linking his arms in ours, said—

"I've something to tell you, dear girls," and so he led us expectant down the garden, where the reflected glory of the sunset still lingered, and said: "Little mother has consented to be my wife; will you consent to have me for your father?"

"Oh! yes, yes, yes!" cried Elsie, impulsively. "Oh, I am so glad, for little mother's dear sake, and for yours as well. More glad than I can tell you."

"Let me see if I can read what you cannot tell," said he, taking her by both hands and looking down in her face with yearning love.

"See," said she, looking up responsively in his eyes; "see how truly I speak. I shall love you more than I have loved my first father, and," she added, smiling, "you may kiss me in advance, if you like."

September 26th.—To-day we went to the registrar's office, and there my father was married to my mother for the second time. I cannot lose sight of the significance of these precautions, but I regret them only because they were found necessary. The obvious

motive is to destroy the last trace that might identify my father with the unhappy man who was forced into exile eleven years ago. My mother will no longer be known as Mrs. Heatherly, I also shall take the name of Evans, and in a little while Elsie will become Phil's wife and bear his name. Thus, so far as we are concerned, the name of Heatherly will be extinct. Already our burden of secrecy is lightened, and I am grateful to Heaven for the relief it gives dear little mother and myself.

October 2nd.—Elsie received a letter from Philip this morning, and choking with joy read us an extract: "We leave here to-morrow, and within a few days of the time this reaches you I shall be with you, please Heaven. Of course I shall telegraph the moment I reach Liverpool."

Three days after the receipt of this letter, my father, coming back from the mills to breakfast, swung open the garden gate and strode up to the house with unusual haste.

"I found the telegraph boy playing hop-scotch with another young rascal at the end of the lane," said he.

"The little wretch!" exclaimed Elsie; "and he may have a telegram for me."

"No, he hasn't, for I took it from him, and here it is, dear," said he, smiling as he put the buff envelope in Elsie's eager hand.

"He's come home!" she cried, reading the message; "and he will be at Farleigh this afternoon at 3.15. Oh, you dear father to bring such good news!" and she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "May I have the chaise to meet him?"

"Of course you may."

"And—and would it seem very selfish if I asked to go alone—that I might have him all to myself for the first half hour?"

"I think that will be best, Elsie: you can prepare him to meet and satisfy a most exacting father. When shall the chaise be brought to the door?"

"Not later than a quarter past two, eh?"

"That will give you time to go slowly down the hill, certainly, and so avoid any unpleasant accident. I will see that everything is trim and bright."

"Oh, I shall see the pony groomed myself. Don't you trouble in the least about that," said she eagerly.

Father smiled and nodded as he cracked his egg, understanding her feeling, maybe, better than we. And so Elsie superintended the repolishing of the harness, the washing of the chaise, and the brushing up of the pony, with the result that she overlooked the one thing

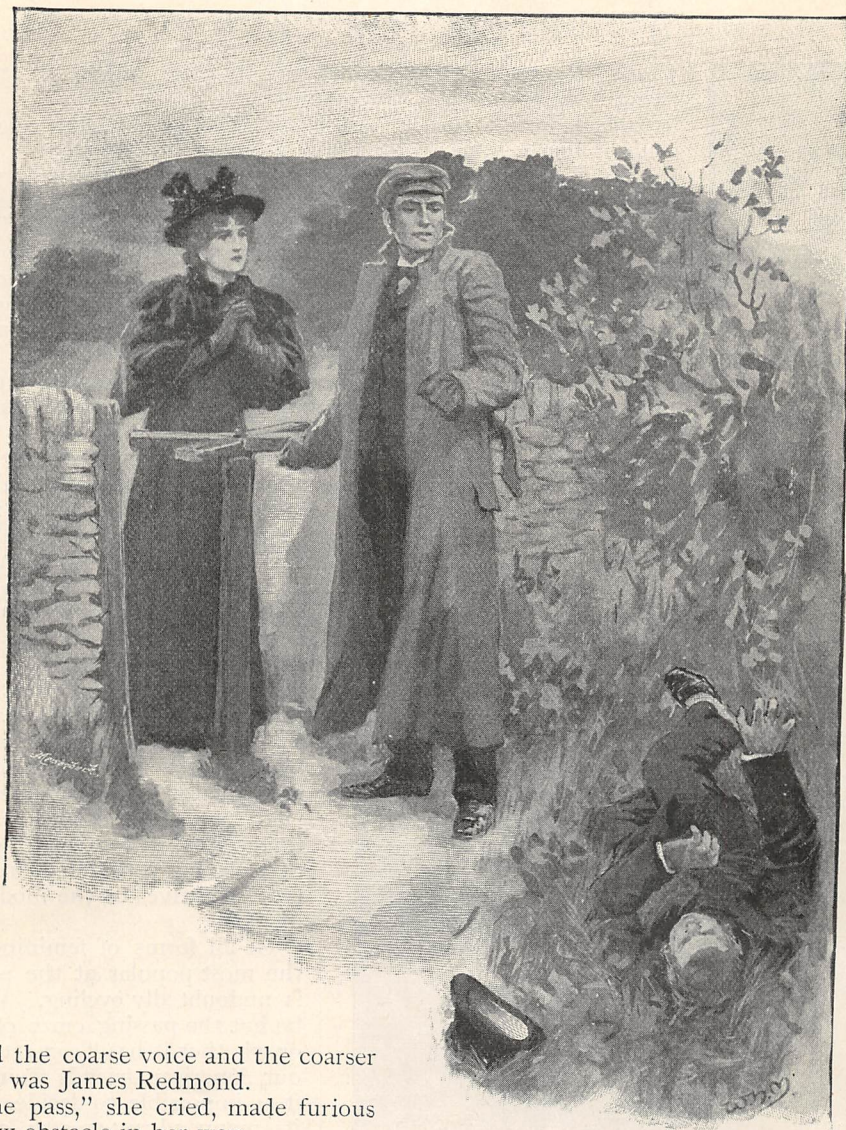
which father probably would have first regarded, and, consequently, as she stood drawing on her driving gloves, old Morris came to the door with a long face to say that the pony had a shoe loose and must go round to the farrier's to be shod. How long would it take to get the shoe put on? A matter of half an hour or thereabouts "so be farrier's at the smithy." Starting in half an hour there would yet be time to reach the station for the arrival of the train; so the old man was sent away with the pony. Then followed a dreadful period of suspense, poor Elsie fretting with inaction, her eyes for ever wandering to the clock and all trying to conceal our anxiety on her behalf. At the end of the half hour no sign of old Morris or the pony could be seen from the gate, and then Elsie in desperation resolved to walk to the station, we promising to send the chaise after her. Her dress was unfit for walking but there was no time to change it. I offered to accompany her, but she declined and I would not press the useless offer, and she left us with tears of vexation and disappointment in her eyes. Little mother and I were scarcely less unhappy; but something more than sympathy distressed me. Unreasonably enough, no doubt, this accident impressed me as being of evil omen, and I could not shake off the presentiment.

Poor Elsie hastened along till she reached the Green, and seeing the road behind her still blank and hearing no sound of distant wheels, she determined to take the path across the fields as being the nearest. From the crest of the hill she saw the white steam of vapour from the coming train, heard the whistle as it neared the station, and hasten as she might it would take her ten minutes to get there. What would Phil think of her? He must be disappointed in not finding her on the platform to welcome him back.

She had yet another meadow to cross when she met the first passenger coming from the station, and there came another and another, and she had yet that field to cross. She was faint with fatigue and agitation; as she struggled on she could not see clearly for the tears that blinded her. And as she came to the turnstile a man stood in her way and blocked the passage—it wasn't Phil, she would have known him through a sea of tears; but who, then, was it who dared to stop her with the familiar assurance of an intimate friend?

"Well, if I didn't think it was, and so it is! An' if it ain't as if it was to be, dear heart to me!" cried a coarse voice.

She had forced the tears from her eyes, and saw now who the man was as soon as she



"HANDS OFF, YOU DOG!"

recognised the coarse voice and the coarser laugh. It was James Redmond.

"Let me pass," she cried, made furious by this new obstacle in her way.

"You shall, missy, but not before you've paid the toll. Do you understand what I mean? I can tell you I ain't to be fubbed off now same as I was the first time we met, nor the last either."

She thrust the turnstile back, pushing his hand from it, passionate anger lending her momentary strength.

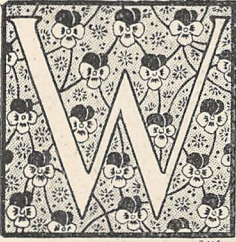
"No you don't, missy. I've said you shall pay toll, and by George you shall," and he

caught up her wrist and lifted it to kiss her arm.

"Hands off, you dog!" cried a voice not a yard off, and before James Redmond could turn Philip had grasped his collar by both hands, and the next moment he was flung into the ditch by the hedge-side like a clod of earth.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

ATHLETICS FOR LADIES.



WHATEVER may be thought of the intellectual advance of the modern woman, there is no denying the thousand benefits that she has received from her physical or muscular progress. The proprieties which ruled

the simpering miss of a hundred years ago would to-day be considered mere absurdities. In the times of Miss Lydia Languish any exercise more exciting than embroidery was considered, to use the jargon of the day, as "unbecoming and indelicate." Horse exercise was indeed allowed, but regular hunting was considered somewhat unusual. But, besides the dictates of fashion, woman was considered to possess an inherent weakness which forbade

her entering into the athletic amusements of the other sex.

All these theories are now swept away. Any opposition to her invasion of what was once considered as man's domain is now put down to the jealousy of the "mere male," as he is sometimes contemptuously called. And certainly woman ought to be proud of her victory. The pioneers of the movement had a hard fight for it. For years they were a standing object for ridicule and abuse, and in this their own sex were often the worst offenders. However, they triumphed, and now woman can take pretty well almost any exercise she likes.

But in the flush of victory she must remember that there are perils which she must avoid. It is physically impossible for her to compete with men in their more dangerous pastimes. Her motto should be moderation, and she should not attempt feats which can only prove injurious to her health. Indeed, the leaders of feminine athletics have justly condemned the women who have tried to gain notoriety and, what is more to the point, pocket-money by displays on the football field and the cycle path. However, the number who have thus foolishly exhibited themselves is too small to allow of their being considered in any way representatives of the modern movement.

Of all forms of feminine athletics the most popular at the present day is undoubtedly cycling. Whether it be but the passing craze of the hour or whether it has "come to stay," as our American friends would term it, it is impossible to decide. Probably its many advantages as a means of rapid and easy progression will always recommend it to ladies until a flying machine or some such novelty is invented. At present, however, the demand for ladies' cycles is so great that the makers find it difficult to keep up the supply. The London parks are crammed with the fair enthusiasts, who number amongst them representatives of every grade of society.

Makers who could read the signs of the times invented long ago a special machine for ladies' use. In 1893 all Paris went mad after the new craze, but the gay Parisiennes produced



LADY NORREYS ON HER "HUMBER."

(From a photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.)



A GROUP OF ROYAL CYCLISTS.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. PRINCESS OLGA OF RUSSIA. | 5. PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES. |
| 2. PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE. | 6. PRINCE ANDREAS OF GREECE. |
| 3. PRINCESS XENIA OF RUSSIA. | 7. PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES. |
| 4. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE. | 8. PRINCE WALDEMAR OF DENMARK. |

(From a photograph by A. Th. Collin, Copenhagen.)

such wonderful "creations" in the way of rational dress that the movement in England was rather retarded than advanced. Last year, however, cycling sprang into sudden popularity amongst English ladies. It became the "proper thing" to do, and the lady cyclist at last felt her position assured. From royalty downward everyone seemed to have caught the cycling fever, and that severely. In fact, 1895 will probably be known in the future as the "ladies' year." Battersea Park was the great *rendezvous*. There ladies rode at a moderate pace, met their friends, and extracted just that amount of enjoyment out of the exercise which was possible without over-exerting themselves. The presence of the fair riders soon collected large and fashionable crowds, and Tuesday and Thursday mornings in Battersea Park soon became recognised society functions. It would be impossible to enumerate the names of half the well-known ladies who were to be seen at the cycle promenades,

amongst whom were Lady Dudley, Lady Wolverton, Lady Lurgan, and Lady Norreys. This year Hyde Park has been opened to cyclists, and this convenient field of operations has still further increased the number of lady cyclists. On a fine morning the moving crowd of pretty faces and dainty dresses make a charming spectacle. Occasionally the old and new styles meet, and the spectacle, which cannot fail to prove amusing to old Park *habitués*, is presented of a damsel on her iron steed accompanied by a cavalier on horseback. Accidents are rare, for the bicycle "scorchers" is conspicuous by his absence. If he does put in an appearance, the police "keep their eye on him" pretty closely.

The latest recruit to royalty on wheels is Queen Margherita of Italy. An amusing story is told of an interview between the Queen and a sentry, who, in ignorance of her identity, was protesting against her crossing the royal sward of the Park Monza. The



LADY FOOTBALLERS.

(From a photograph by Symmons & Thiele, Chancery Lane, W.C.)

Queen, who had just had a tumble, replied merrily, "I may do what I like with mine own, but I find that mine own sometimes does what it likes with me." Princess Maud of Wales has lately become an enthusiastic cyclist, and has been photographed on her machine in company with her *fiancé*. Princess Victoria of Wales has now ridden for some time.

On the vexed question of rational dress it is difficult for a mere man to speak. It would appear, however, that society has set its face sternly against its introduction. It is scarcely ever seen in the London parks. On the other hand, the more energetic and enthusiastic lady cyclists, who believe in long tours in the country, have in most cases adopted it. It is certainly safer, and seems more appropriate when long rides in a strong wind or heavy rain may have to be undertaken. At the same time a shortish skirt well cut and stiffened is far less an encumbrance than many ladies who do not cycle would imagine. However, the whole question is a problem, the solution of which only the future can show.

The protests lodged against the new fashion are singularly few. Mrs. Lynn Linton, as was only to be expected, found it necessary to include cycling amongst the "cranks and crazes" of women in an article which she wrote last December for the *North American Review*. According to her, it is "a doubtful sort of amusement—such a queer cross between the treadmill and the tight rope—demanding such a constant strain of attention to keep your balance, with such a monotonous and restricted action of the limbs as to render

it a work of penance rather than of pleasure." After this it is needless to add that Mrs. Lynn Linton does not cycle herself, and thus feels peculiarly capable of criticising the fondness of others for that form of exercise.

Before leaving the subject, it is necessary to mention the exhibitions of cycle racing by women which have taken place in several of our large towns, and at the Aquarium, in London. It should be distinctly understood that this is paid, or professional, cycling, and is absolutely unconnected with cycling as a pastime. There is not a ladies' club or asso-

ciation in the country that has not set its face against such foolish performances. Those who race are in exactly the same position to the lady cyclist as the circus rider is to the horsewoman taking her morning canter in the Row. There can be no doubt that women are physically incapable of bearing such severe strains without injury to their health.

During the summer months, the Thames



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

(From a photograph by H. S. Menellssohn, Fembidge Crescent, W.)

offers an opportunity for all ladies who care to scull and punt under the most favourable conditions. Many girls can pull a very fair oar indeed, and in some of the up-river regattas there are races set apart for them. On several occasions eights have been formed, and have regularly practised together. But hard is the

Punting and canoeing races are favourite fixtures for ladies in the minor regattas. Punting is a capital exercise. When once the desire to hold on to the pole and topple into the water has been overcome, it is perfectly safe, and the work is not too severe. There is no prettier sight than that which may be seen on the Thames almost any day during the summer, of some handsome girl, with her sleeves turned up in workmanlike fashion, wielding her bamboo punt-pole with the grace and ease of long practice. The glimpse of a man amongst the cushions in the bow of the little vessel, gives us a peep into the probable



lot of the instructor who has to "coach" them. From reading descriptions of the athletic man written by the novel-writing woman, each rower has become convinced of the fact that there is only one seat in the boat worth occupying, and that seat is stroke. To place her in any other position is little less than an insult. So the "coach" goes sorrowfully to work, and, taking one of his crew aside, points out to her that there is really only one place in the boat where a first-class oar is wanted, and that is "bow." Will she accept that post of honour? She eagerly consents, and off he goes, begging her not to say anything about it, as it may cause jealousy amongst her companions. The artful man pursues exactly the same course with the one he wishes to row "two," and so on, through the whole eight of them. From a very short experience, the most truthful "coach" finds himself morally certain that the end justifies the means.

LADIES ON THE RIVER.
(From a photograph by Marsh Bros., Henley.)

future of the "mere male." A few generations of athletic women, and he will be reduced to his "proper subordinate condition."

A game that is in great vogue amongst girls is hockey. Many schools and colleges can place highly-skilled teams into the field. At the colleges for women, at both Oxford and Cambridge, regular teams are formed, and the game is played with great science and enthusiasm. In imitation of the athletics of the undergraduates, an annual match has been arranged between the girl students of Oxford and those of Cambridge. The game is generally decided at Wimbledon Park, and here

the ladies, armed with their clubs, fight out the battle of the rival Blues. Accidents are rare, though on one occasion, as a celebrated Cambridge poet sang—

"But a rather nasty knock,
Caused a universal shock,
And the men who came to mock,
Shed a tear."

He even went further in his cynicism, and described—

"How the temporary rout,
Brought the smelling-bottles out,
And the Cantabs lay about,
Pale as ghosts."

But besides this match, the members of Newnham College at Cambridge play other ladies' clubs about the country; while amongst themselves the different houses compete for a cup, for which they play twice a year. Indeed, the fame of the Newnham hockey has spread far and wide. Tennis is nowhere, and it has laughingly been suggested that, instead of the short hair and spectacles which heretofore have represented the ideal Newnhamite on the stage, the make-up in future should include a hockey stick, and cap and belt of her college colours. While on the subject of these colleges,

we may mention the game of "fives," which is regularly played. Fives courts have been built at nearly all of them, and a regular system of competitions has been instituted.

Golf is another game that has of late attracted many fair supporters. It is a form of exercise well suited to ladies who are not anxious to undergo any very violent exertions. At many links ladies take their places side by side with their husbands and brothers in journeying round the course, but on others special links are set apart for their benefit. In a few cases, ladies have taken matters into their own hands, and several links have been started for ladies only, men either not being admitted, or merely allowed admission on certain days of the week. Medals and cups are competed for, and many of the lady golfers attain a very high standard of proficiency. Matches are also played between representative teams of rival clubs. It is pleasing to note that the fair sex seem to keep their temper under better control than the average male golfer. There is no authentic case, for instance, of a lady golfer, after playing atrociously, wading into the sea, and hurling her clubs solemnly, one by one, out into the deep

water, as is recorded of an irate elderly gentleman on a Scotch links.

It is difficult to deal fairly with the subject of lady cricketers and footballers. A strong prejudice has arisen against these games since the country has been traversed by professional teams, whose displays were rather of the circus character. Even if ladies had seriously intended to adopt the former of these games, it is improbable they would now care to do so, after the foolish exhibitions given by travelling teams before large and very mixed audiences. Cricket in a modified form is, indeed, played by girls at some large schools, but these games are in the privacy of their own grounds. In the country, matches between ladies and gentlemen are of common occurrence, but in

MRS. RYDER
RICHARDSON.

MRS. WILLOCK.



LADY MARGARET
SCOTT.

MISS LYTHGOE.

THE MEDALLISTS FOR THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, PORTRUSH, 1895.
(From a photograph by Messrs. Lee, Portrush.)



THE FINAL IN THE LONG VALLEY: MISS LYTHGOE "PUTTING."

(From a photograph by Messrs. Lee, Portrush.)

these cases the gentlemen are handicapped by being obliged to bowl, field, and bat with the left hand only, while they have to find in a broomstick a very inadequate substitute for a bat. Such a game, however, has no pretence to be called cricket, although it is sure to offer plenty of amusement, and is an excellent method *pour passer le temps*. We cannot but conclude that cricket is not a game which will ever be taken seriously by ladies. There is, indeed, too great an element of danger in it to allow of their doing so, were they even so minded. Further, with the many means of pleasant exercise now thrown open to them, there is no reason why they should make the attempt. As to the advisability of ladies playing football, there can be no two opinions. It is essentially a man's game, and even then it is a game suitable only to the strongest. For a woman to attempt to play it is to make her appear ridiculous. It is evident that the opinion of the nation is against it, for last year, when a team of lady footballers appeared

and played in public, every newspaper condemned the innovation with remarkable unanimity.

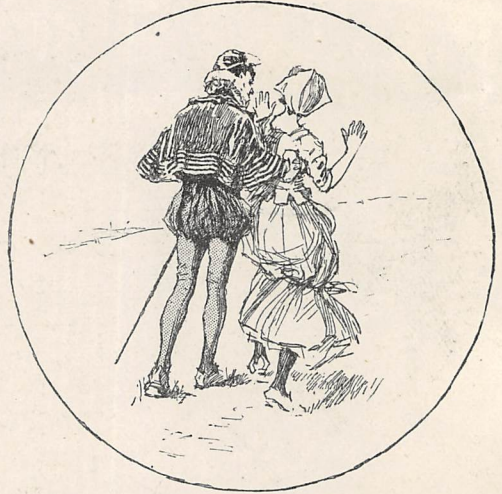
We have now mentioned the chief forms of what may fairly be called ladies' athletics. Lawn tennis, indeed, has been excepted, but lawn tennis is too well known an amusement to need mention or criticism. Of course, there are plenty of other forms of exercise into which we find ladies entering, but which can scarcely be termed athletics. There are girls who hunt and girls who shoot; girls who explore, and write books of their travels, and girls who mountaineer, and take photographs on giddy heights; girls who play billiards, and girls who play "Badminton." In short, it seems as if in a few years' time there will be nothing left that man has done for the enthusiastic woman pioneer to try to likewise attempt. This will be quite a depressing state of affairs, and will demand fresh exertions on the part of mankind in this game of "follow my leader," into which the sexes have entered.

B. FLETCHER ROBINSON.

VIRTUE REWARDED.



I.—THE VILLAIN.
 "OH, HO! A BUXOM WENCH!"



II.—"THOU'LT FLY WITH ME? AH! NO? THEN
 PERFORCE I MUST CARRY THEE!"



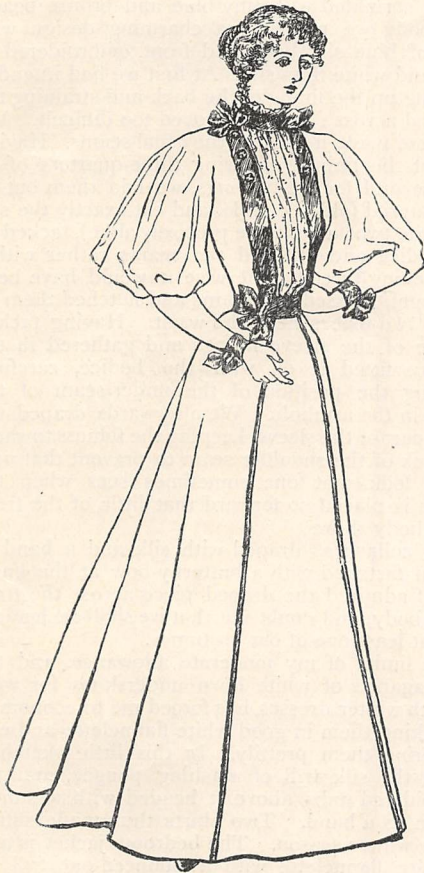
III.—THE DEVOTED SWAIN TO THE RESCUE.



IV.—THE SWAIN TRIUMPHANT.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

MARCH.

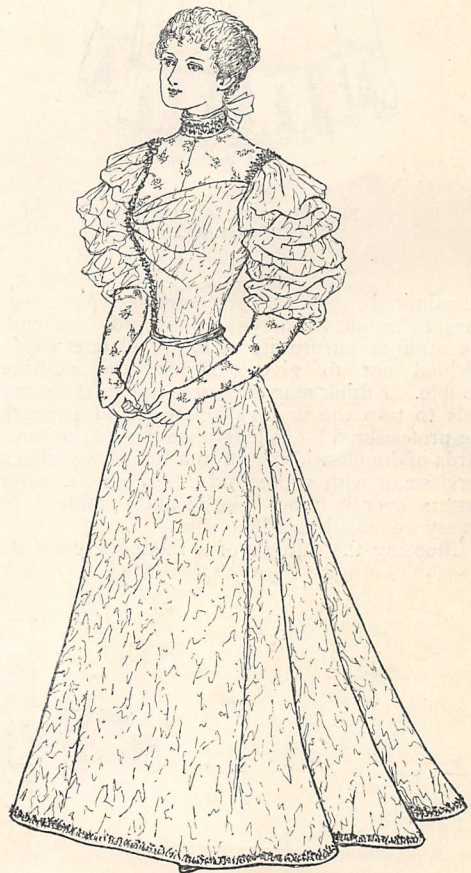


REMODELLED CLOTH COSTUME.

TO-DAY I want you to take note of the natty costume my clever little friend has made for herself. She is one of those fortunate dark-haired girls with exactly the right amount of colour in her complexion to look well in a costume of full blue, consequently this blue cloth one of hers is a great favourite, and has proved most useful during the autumn as a plain skirt and open jacket; but to her grief the latter was never perfect in fit, therefore it was readily sacrificed to cut a bodice for spring wear. Wisely she chose a blue sateen for lining, as it wears well and looks as nice as silk, easily moulds to the figure, and may be had in colours to match the material. From a good paper pattern she had cut a model bodice in cheap brown holland, which only needed decreasing in size at the back by an eighth of an inch on the double down the centre seam to make it a perfect pattern to keep at hand for all future bodices. The jacket sleeves had been full from shoulders to wrist, and by cutting off the

lower piece below the elbow and making them up on a tight lining with a puff at the top, the alteration was complete. At a sale of silk remnants she had bought a couple of yards of black satin and a short piece of cream white brocade; the satin cut on the bias piped the front seams of the skirt, and made the straps and loops on the bodice which fastened with pretty jet buttons. Not content with the plain white silk for a vest, here and there she had embroidered the pattern in pale pink and dull green silks in a pretty way. Beneath this vest lining only was needed, and it fastened over underneath the satin strap. So neatly had she joined and pressed the seams that no one could have detected the amateur dressmaker.

The prettiest girl in our group—a girl with fair complexion, brown hair, and dark eyes—is destined to wear the new spring costume we are at present so busy making. Long were the consultations, and many and varied the patterns we looked at, before the final decision was made. One very pretty grey material, with a pattern in green,



A SPRING COSTUME.



FLANNELETTE JACKET AND
UNDERSKIRT.

we admired; but as each separate piece would have to be cut with the top towards one end of the stuff to ensure its shading all one way, we decided not to give ourselves the additional trouble. I think manufacturers design these materials to trap the unwary amateur and strengthen the professional! At length we decided to buy six yards of double-width stuff in a light fawn, checked very small with white and blue, with a watered pattern over it in tan colour; and to make it look dressy we added pale blue silk.

Choosing the pattern of a moderately full skirt,

we cut out and lined each piece with white "fibre chamois"—this gave substance to the material, and made it set out well; the skirt worn over the bodice we neaten with a piping at the waist and draped with blue silk, and the galon we used for trimming the hem was in tan colour sprinkled with tiny blue and bronze beads. The body we made to a charming design with yoke of blue silk back and front, embroidered in fawn and white floss silk. At first we had intended seaming up the lining of the back and straining the material across; but this proved too difficult. We therefore made it up with the usual seams. Having cut out the linings, allowing three-quarters of an inch beyond for the turnings, we laid them out on the material folded double, and cut exactly the size (thus the two halves were precisely alike), tacked up the bodice and stitched the seams rather within the tacking-thread (otherwise it would have been too large), pressed the seams and notched them in one or two places near the waist. Having tacked up one of the sleeve linings and gathered in the top, we fitted it on with the bodice, carefully marking the position of the under-seam of the sleeve in the armhole. We afterwards draped the upper part of the sleeve, keeping the fulness towards the back of the shoulder seam to prevent that ugly floppy look that one sometimes sees when the fulness is placed so forward that little of the front of the body shows.

The collar was draped with silk and a band of galloon fastened with a butterfly-bow at the back. We all admired the draped piece across the front of the body, and doubt not that we shall each adopt it for at least one of our costumes.

The limits of my moderate allowance, and the extravagance of white lawn underskirts for wear beneath winter dresses, has forced me to economise by making them in good white flannelette and embroidering them prettily. In this little sketch is shown the silk frill of washing pongee, and the embroidered tabs above it headed with a simple pattern as a band. Two skirts thus made suffice for the winter season. The bedroom jacket is also of white flannelette with a pounced-out frill all round the pointed yoke and the elbow; at the back is a double box-pleat, and each side of the front are also box-pleats; a bow of blue silk ties the collar, and a pocket at the side furnishes one with a handy receptacle.

BIZZIE BEE.

Paper patterns of the above are cut in three sizes; the price of either of the skirts or bedroom jacket is 6½d., and either of the two bodices on page 345, 1s. 1½d. Address, Bizzie Bee, c/o the Editor, Cassell's Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.



DRESS TIPS FOR THE SPRING.

BY A WOMAN WHO KNOWS.



TOQUE OF GOLD EMBROIDERED
WITH BLACK VELVET BOWS
AND CACHE-PEIGNE OF ROSES.

IF a young man's thoughts on the approach of spring turn, according to the poet, towards love, in sober prose a woman's take the direction of a new bonnet, a new toque, a new hat, or whatever else may be in fashion. This spring our head-coverings out-of-doors are to be more important, broader, and, as far as bonnets are concerned, seem to be returning to the days of long ago. We are to welcome strings again, and the shapes come well down towards the ears and are protective as well as becoming; but I am afraid they are relegated to older women. It is the toque that the best-looking of our

sex seem to affect, and I am introducing to you herewith one of the newest Parisian triumphs. The foundation of the toque, the wings, etc., are all of massive gold embroidery, the bows of black velvet, and the aigrette and feathers black, but at the back is a sort of cache-peigne, a double wreath of roses. A great deal of attention is now directed towards the trimmings which unite the hair and the back of the headgear, whether hat or toque.

There are many novel points in spring millinery which I desire to impress upon your mind; for, as "knowledge is power," when you have to make your own decisions you will find the benefit thereof. Straw is the fashionable material, the plait about an inch in length, loose and rough of surface, though the straw itself is satin-like. It is employed in extraordinary colours—at all events, we should have thought them extraordinary, so applied, ten years ago—bright reddish mauve, rose pink, deep claret, or rather the shade of bee's-wing port, and more than all green, generally eau de nil; we are apt to fall back, when we can, on many of the delightful tints that characterise spring foliage. There is, however, something newer than all this—viz., the silk plait, just about half an inch wide, sold in gold, green, and brown; a very finely-plaited straw, which is used in loops like ribbon to form a *ruche* at the edge of the new bonnets, and sewn in rows on black lace, helps

to keep the large and necessary bows in their original shape. Tulle in various colours is well to the fore again, ruffled and pleated; it surrounds the crowns of hats, and is also employed for strings.

The Capeline is the favourite shape in hats, which means a flat, all-round brim, with a low crown. This admits of much trimming, and generally takes the form of ostrich tips turning downward, and always an aigrette. The silk straw is also closely interplaited for crowns, which are fashioned like the Tam-o'-Shanter and then crumpled and bent. Chiné ribbons, wide and important and bright in colour, form loops: I have seen fourteen on one hat, and very decided bows on bonnets. Charming flowers are used in millinery, with shot and shaded foliage; for the moment violets are in the ascendant, and velvet roses are made to play an important part. Bright cerise is becoming to faded complexions.

Silk gowns, satin gowns with silk blouses, and fancy woollens are being prepared for the early spring dresses; there are many new blues, greens, dahlias, and claret reds employed for plain materials. Of course, you want to know the really exclusive fashions ahead of the general modes, and therefore I must tell you that the skirts are going to be trimmed. For evening the fulness is congregated on the hips like panniers, and one deep flounce from the knee displays three or four rows of narrow ruching at the foot; for day-gowns the seams are outlined with rouleaux or with a narrow galon of beads, jet or sequins, laid on satin, and ruches figure at the feet. The tight coat-sleeve is coming back again, generally covered with some diaphanous material, filled horizontally with gathered tucks on the outside of the arm; but to accustom ourselves to the change the breadth is maintained on the shoulders by means of three or four flounces, either of silk or chiffon. The evening sleeves are also diminishing. The most dressy of demi-toilet bodices are made of tucked chiffon, the tucks gathered and drawn.

For the Drawing Room, which it is hoped will take place this month notwithstanding the personal sorrows of Royalty, wonderful materials are preparing. Chiffon diamanté—viz., with actual paste stones in applique upon it—is used on bodices, and the same treatment is applied to satin for the skirts. *Moire perlé*—viz., a *moire* watered in such a way that the pattern assumes a stalactite effect—is new, and there are Chiné moires with blurred flowers thrown upon *moire* grounds, and marvellous restorations of exquisite Venetian velvets. Those who can afford it are having trains made of the finest spun glass woven into a gauze-like fabric made up over satin; this throws Cinderella's slipper quite into the background.

In the early spring most of us like to invest in a useful tailor-made garment, and for London there is nothing like plain cloth—for rough country wear, tweed and homespun.

The GATHERER

An Illustrated record of Invention Discovery & Science

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

Photographing the Skeleton.

VIENNA journals announce that Professor Röntgen, of Wurzburg, has made a discovery which is likely to be of much practical importance in the medical arts. In a former "GATHERER" we drew attention to the fact—discovered by Lenard in 1894—that photographs could be taken by the "dark rays" proceeding from the cathode or negative pole of an electrical induction coil. As such invisible electric rays can penetrate wood, thin metal sheets, etc. (which are, so to speak, transparent to them), but cannot penetrate thick metal

sheets (which are opaque to them), it follows that a photograph of a metal object, say a coin or jewel, can be taken not only in the dark but in the dark interior of a box or cabinet. Quite recently Professor Röntgen has made a further advance in this direction by finding that some of the luminous rays from the electric discharge of an induction coil in the vacuum tubes of Professor Crookes are capable of penetrating flesh, paper, wood, and other bodies as though they were transparent, but are stopped by lead, iron, and bone, which are opaque to them. Hence, if the living hand be interposed between the luminous tube and a photographic camera, a photograph of the fleshless bones within the hand is obtained. In the same way one could take a photograph of his own skeleton. The discovery has already enabled physicians and surgeons to examine fractures and malformations of the bone, or stony matter and metal bullets in the living body quite painlessly, and without the use of the probe. Our photographs of the bones inside a living hand and the metallic contents of a pocket have been very kindly taken for us by Mr. A. A. Campbell Swinton the well-known electrical engineer. Mr. Swinton's photographs are obtained by exciting an induction coil with an alternating current from the street mains and charging a battery of twelve Leyden jars with it, then discharging the jars through a "high frequency" coil of Tesla insulated in oil.



THE LIVING HAND, PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH BLACK VULCANISED FIBRE, WITH AN EXPOSURE OF FOUR MINUTES.

(From a photograph by Mr. Campbell Swinton.)

Aluminium Dishes.

M. Moissan, the famous French chemist, has discovered that a slight percentage of sodium in aluminium causes it to decay when in contact with water. It follows that pure aluminium should alone be employed in making dishes and flasks, or canisters for holding beverages or provisions, otherwise the metal will corrode and contaminate the viands. M. Moissan has also found that aluminium should never be joined or attached to other metals, or else the joint will decay in presence of moisture. In all these cases the foreign metal sets up a voltaic couple with the



METAL OBJECTS IN CALICO POCKET, PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH A SHEET OF ALUMINIUM, WITH AN EXPOSURE OF FOUR MINUTES.

(From a photograph by Mr. Campbell Swinton.)

aluminium and water, which causes corrosion of the aluminium, just as iron railings are apt to be eaten away at the junction of them with the lead which fixes them into the stone socket. Manufacturers of aluminium utensils will profit by this chemist's researches, as they have already suffered from the corrosion of the metal in this manner.

Experiments in Memory.

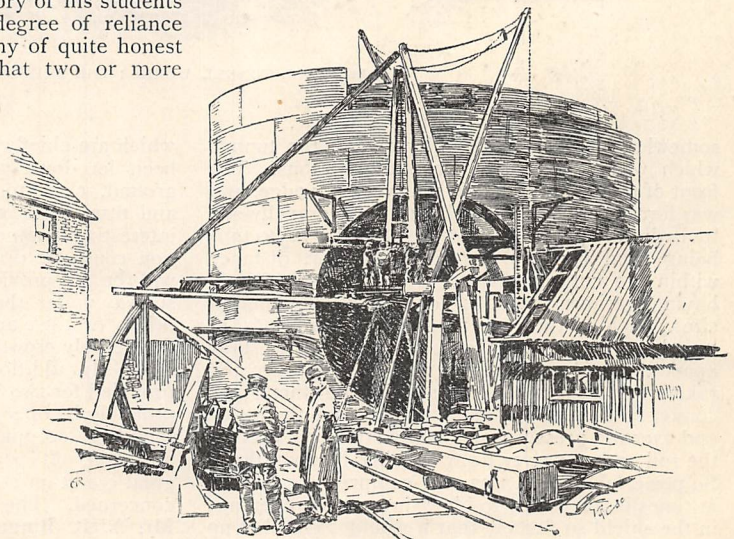
Professor McKeen Cattell, an American psychologist, has been testing the memory of his students with a view to discover what degree of reliance is to be placed on the testimony of quite honest witnesses. It is well known that two or more witnesses of the same event will give different accounts of it, a fact which should "give us pause" in accepting the conclusions of historians, even though these are based on the narratives of eye-witnesses. The subject is of great legal importance, for it may happen that an honest witness is discredited in the eyes of judge and jury by questions which indicate a failure of memory in some particulars. If, therefore, we had some sort of criterion as to the degree of reliance to be placed on the recollection of certain kinds of facts, it would be a gain. Professor Cattell asked his class to write an answer to the question, "What kind of weather was it a week past

to-day?" and to indicate the degree of confidence with which they replied by means of three marks signifying "certainty," "doubt," "guesswork." The answer went far to show that the average person has about as much notion of the weather a week past as he has of that a week to come. Not a single student of the class, numbering about half a hundred, answered correctly. Many other questions were asked with doubtful results, from which, however, it would seem that in general there is a tendency to over-estimate weight and under-estimate distance. The forms of buildings and rooms were given without much approach to accuracy.

Tunnelling by Compressed Air.

A very fine piece of engineering work, and one likely to prove of immense service to many thousands of persons on both sides of the Thames, is rapidly approaching completion at Blackwall. This great public work is none other than the construction of a spacious tunnel only five feet under the bed of the river, and with gradual and easy sloping approaches on either side, reaching from the Greenwich and Woolwich road on the southern bank to the East India Dock Road, near the docks, on the northern. And perhaps the most remarkable thing about this gigantic subway is the fact that the operations under the river were conducted in a huge chamber of compressed air, which, together with a very ingeniously constructed shield, prevented the water of the Thames and the loose wet shingly soil through which the tunnel passed, from pouring in upon the men and drowning them and their work. The excavation of the Blackwall Tunnel is probably the greatest undertaking that has yet been accomplished by the aid of compressed air.

We are so used to the pressure of ordinary air on our bodies that we do not realise that it weighs upon us at the rate of about 14·7 lbs. to the square inch. But in this huge chamber under the Thames the pressure was increased to 40 lbs. to the square inch. And this great pressure acting within the



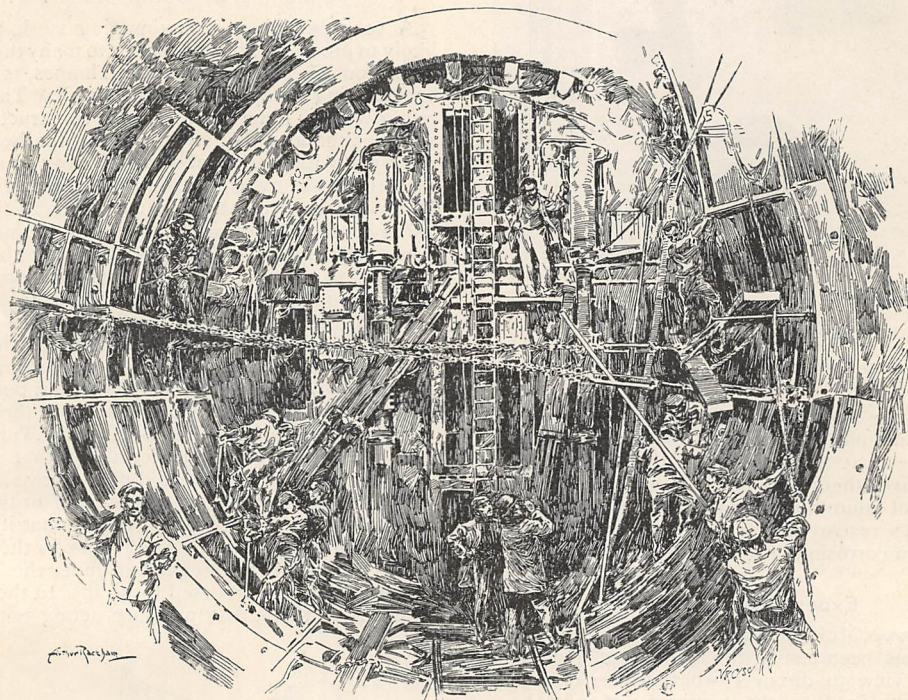
BLACKWALL TUNNEL WORKS.

shield and within the tube of the tunnel—which was built up quickly behind it of immense flanged plates of iron weighing a ton each—was sufficient to prevent the water from rushing through the gravel. The air was first sucked in from the ordinary atmosphere through a valve in an air-compressing cylinder, where it was compressed by engine power, and then forced into a huge iron reservoir, from which, after being cooled by water, it was conducted, rushing along pipes, to the compressed-air chamber below.

At the end of the chamber rose the famous shield. It consisted of an immense iron cylinder

"dump" down clay through the water on the river bed, over the spot where the men were at work.

The shingly soil, as fast as it was dug out, was shovelled into waggons and drawn through an air-lock at the entrance to the compressed-air chamber, and removed to the surface. The air-lock was worked in much the same manner as a lock on a river or canal, and enabled the men to become "acclimatised" to the pressure as it was gradually increased in the lock, when they passed through to their work. In order to afford entrance to the tunnel for foot passengers, without walking to the commencement of the sloping approaches—



BLACKWALL TUNNEL WORKS : THE SHIELD.

somewhat larger than the diameter of the tunnel, which was 27 feet, and weighing 250 tons. The front of this cylinder had a sharp cutting edge, and was forced forward through the loose gravelly soil by hydraulic power, a pressure of about 4,500 tons being used for this purpose. A short distance within the cutting edge were "shutters" of iron, having various openings, or doors, of different sizes. Behind these openings were fitted cells, or "pockets," in which the men could work: they opened the door of their pocket and dug and raked in the gravel and soil before them, the compressed air whistling through from their side and exerting pressure sufficiently strong to prevent the soil and the river from pouring in upon them. So powerful, indeed, was the compressed air that at times it was likely to blow through the openings in the shield so fiercely that it would have shot up the gravel and mud through the bed of the river. To prevent this catastrophe, the engineers had to

which are chiefly for vehicles—huge caissons have been let down 76 feet below the surface of the ground, close to the river banks on either side, and fitted with stairways. There are other very interesting engineering operations to which attention could be drawn, but the result of the whole will be to provide a handsome and spacious subway under the wide Thames, faced with white bricks or tiles, and illuminated by electricity, for the densely crowded districts on both sides of the river. In addition to foot traffic communication is provided for two lines of vehicles. The tunnel will probably be opened in the spring of 1897, and will then have occupied from four to five years in construction. Its successful accomplishment reflects great credit on both the engineers and contractors concerned. The work is being carried out under Mr. A. R. Binnie, chief engineer of the London County Council, and he is ably assisted by his two resident engineers on the works, Mr. David Hay

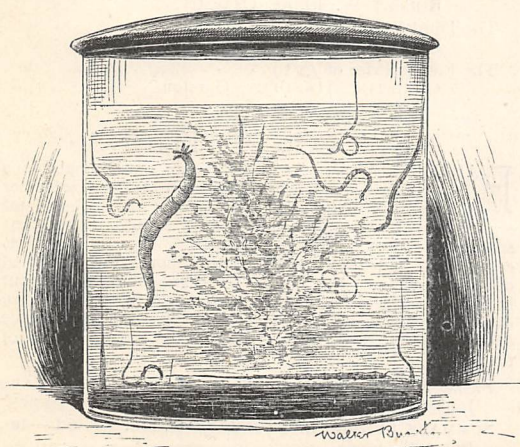
and Mr. Maurice Fitzmaurice. Messrs. Pearson and Son, of Westminster, are the contractors, and their engineer and manager on the works is Mr. E. W. Moir, who occupied a similar position under the same firm at the Hudson Tunnel, New York.

Another Cure for Headache.

The *Medical Record* prescribes walking backwards as a cure for nervous headache. Any kind of walking will do, so long as it is backward, but it is well to walk very slowly, first placing the ball of the foot on the floor and then the heel. A long narrow room with high windows is recommended. Besides curing the headache in ten minutes or more, the exercise tends to bring about a graceful carriage of the person.

Water-Scavengers.

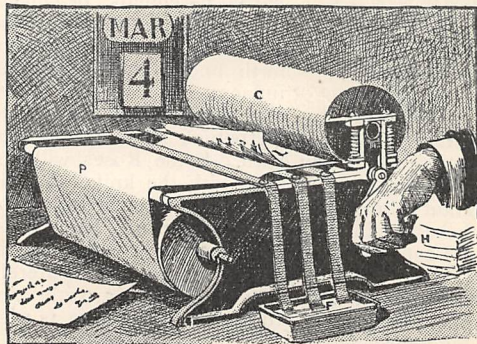
It must have occurred to many people to inquire the reason why stagnant pools, such as one sees by the roadside in the country, do not become utterly corrupt. Microscopic vegetation plays an important part in the purification of these waters; but there are scavengers who are constantly at work—some consuming decaying animal matter and others feeding on the bottom mud, which they purify by abstracting from it all organic matter as it passes through their bodies. Two of this class are figured below, and their various attitudes are drawn from life. The long, slender creatures are the larvæ of a crane-fly, closely allied to, but much smaller than the well-known Daddy-long-legs. They lived for some months in the vessel here shown, and the correspondent who placed the material at the Editor's disposal has been successful in rearing the fly. The stouter larva is that of a bee-like fly, often seen hovering over flowers near water. Both these larvæ breathe through the tail. Some of the crane-fly larvæ are shown with the tail, which is telescopic, thrust above the surface. In the other larva the tail ends in a star-like process of six rays, covered on each side with fine hairs. When the animal floats up to the surface these pierce the film, and conduct a supply of air to the breathing-tubes.



WATER SCAVENGERS.
(Sketched from life.)

An Automatic Letter-Copier.

The little machine for copying letters which we illustrate hails from America. As will be seen, the copying-paper, P, is carried on a roll, from which it is drawn forward underneath a copying cylinder,



AN AUTOMATIC LETTER-COPIER.

C, by turning a handle, H. Before it reaches the cylinder the paper is moistened by passing over wet wicks of felt dipping into a pan of water. The letter, L, to be copied is laid, with the writing undermost, on the moistened paper, and is copied by giving one turn to the handle. It is stated that a hundred letters can thus be copied in five minutes.

"The Queen's London."

This work is one which is of interest not only to citizens and residents in the capital of the Empire, but to all its visitors from the provinces and from over seas. Messrs. Cassell's album of beautiful views, which is issued under the above title, is singularly varied in its contents, and Greater London falls within its scope, to the great profit of lovers of suburban "beauty spots." For gift or memento a more suitable volume has seldom been issued.

In Handy Form.

Messrs. Longmans have added to their "Silver Library" a new edition of Mr. Rider Haggard's stirring Mexican story, "Montezuma's Daughter."—Mr. Lang's interesting chapters on "Cock Lane and Common Sense" are also issued again as an addition to this series, and a volume of "Leisure Readings," edited by the late Richard Proctor, comes to us side by side with Mr. E. A. Butler's "Our Household Insects," and completes a set of four useful volumes in a most acceptable form and dress.—Messrs. Cassell have just published a new edition, in a single, very easily handled volume, of C. A. Fyffe's "History of Modern Europe," a work which goes far to make the present position of international politics intelligible, and which should be by the side of every newspaper reader and in every library. While avoiding excess of bewildering references to authorities, chapter and verse for each important statement are clearly indicated.—Another new and cheaper edition, from the same publishers, is the late G. A. Sala's "Life and Adventures," which is now put before the public at a price and in a form which makes it possible for all his friends and admirers to possess a copy.

AMONGST FLOWERS, BEES, AND POULTRY.

March.



HIS is a seed-sowing month, when one must think of Marigolds, Sweet Peas, and such homely flowers. Also plant hardy perennials, or divide the roots to increase the stock, as they will now shoot forth under the quickening influence of brighter skies.

Roses may be pruned, leaving the dwarf, hybrid, perpetual, and tea-scented varieties until early April. Some Roses will not stand severe cutting back with the knife, and the fragrant Gloire de Dijon resents such treatment by behaving in a way to cause alarm. The shoots, where cut, sometimes die back their whole length, the tree itself occasionally expiring. Merely remove at a stroke superfluous growth, not snipping back every growth as the custom is with jobbing gardeners.

Roses may still be planted, but this is not, as my readers have been informed before, the best season—November is the proper rose-planting month. Trees and shrubs may also be planted now, but they will need greater attention during the summer in the way of watering than those planted in the autumn.

Cut back ivy close to the house, and a delicious surface of green leaves will come, but never recklessly tear ivy from gable ends, or spots that get their beauty, so to say, from this evergreen mantle,

unless damage to the building is anticipated. It is not often, however, that ivy is hurtful in this way.

In the poultry yard hens are sitting in force. Goslings may be soon expected, ducklings also; and to get good laying hens in winter, chickens must appear before Lady Day. If the owner has been remiss about breeding, buy several sittings of eggs at once from a sound source. For each hen, from eleven to thirteen eggs will suffice, but eleven is the safer number. As the month lengthens, cease supplying warm food to the fowls, and at once examine coops, feeding-vessels, etc., to see that they are in condition for the chicks.

Bee-keeping may be commenced now, as no month is better than March to make a beginning. Purchase stocks in straw hives that have wintered well. Take great care in removing hives that the combs are not displaced, and in preparing straw skeps that are to go a distance, put them into cheese-boxes with hay in the bottom to prevent damage. Plenty of air is provided, an important matter in bee management. To keep the combs steady push crumpled newspapers between them. A novice in bee-keeping should try and see for himself how to manage a hive, as a few practical illustrations are better than many articles. I am surprised that so few good apiarists exist. Honey is always in demand, and should be an important detail in the work of the farm or cottage garden.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AWARDS.

LAUNDRY COMPETITION.

IN this Competition our readers will remember that Prizes were offered for the two best got-up gentleman's collars. A large number of entries were received, and

The First Prize of ONE GUINEA is awarded to
KATE AITKEN, Dumferline.

The Second Prize of HALF-A-GUINEA to
LUCRETIA WALKER, Handley, and

An Extra Prize of SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE to
ADA FURNESS, Sheffield.

The following are COMMENDED :—
JANE ANDERSON, Dundee;
SARAH THOMAS, Narberth;
LOUISA WEST, Allerton.

Competitors are reminded that their collars will be returned if they make application, and send postage, within one month of the publication of this number. Otherwise we cannot undertake to return them.

"OPINION" COMPETITIONS.

THE award in the first Competition was announced in our last issue, and we are now able to give the list of prize-winners in the remaining two :—

COMPETITION No. 2.

The First Prize of £5 is awarded to
CAROLINE COOPER, Oldberrow.

The Second Prize of £3 to
M. A. MATTHEY, Folkestone.

The Third Prize of £2 to
C. E. MORGAN, Llandderfel.

The Fourth Prize of £1 to
SOPHIA S. COLWIN, Creetown, N.B.

COMPETITION No. 3.

The First Prize of £5 is awarded to
WILLIAM D. HARRIS, Cheddar.

The Second Prize of £3 to
ROBERT W. JONES, Oswestry.

The Third Prize of £2 to
EDITH J. QUENTIN, Watton.

The Fourth Prize of £1 to
CHRISTINE HANDLEY, Garston.

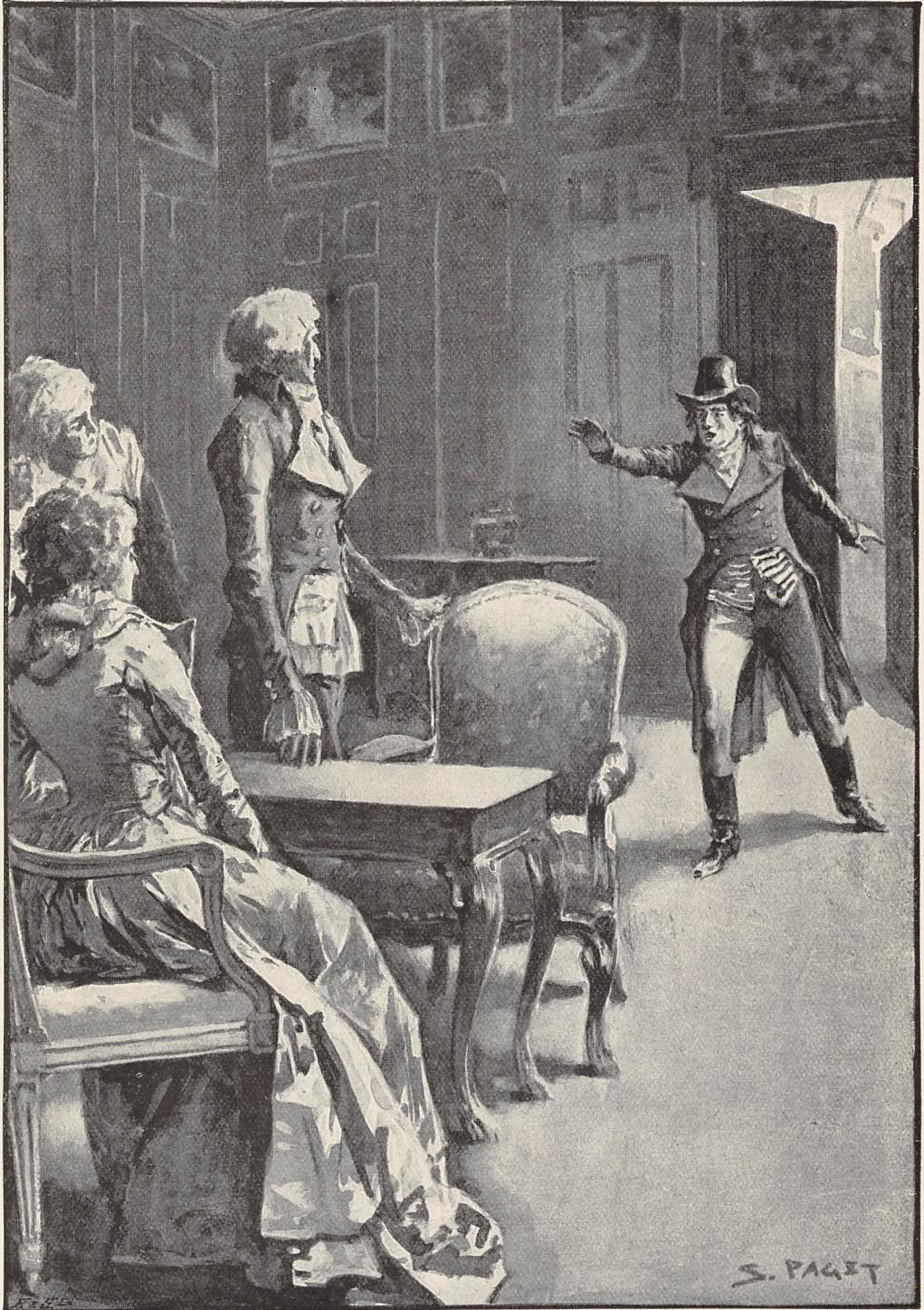
NEW COMPETITIONS.

PARTICULARS of the first series of new Competitions for 1896 were given on page 76 of our December issue, in which Prizes were offered for the best- and second-best Serial Stories of 40,000 words—for the best summaries of "A Missing Witness," when this story is completed—and for the best Snap-Shot Photographs of out-door scenes. The Rules and Regulations were set out fully in the December number, together with the respective dates when the work is to be sent in. For the convenience of our readers, however, we append here a short note of the dates :—

PRIZE STORY OF 40,000 WORDS (£50 and £30—due June 1st, 1896).

SUMMARY OF SERIAL STORY (£1 is. and 10s. 6d.—due July 30th, 1896).

SNAP-SHOT PHOTOGRAPHS (£5 and £3—due May 15th, 1896).



"FLY!" CRIED DUVAL; "HIDE YOURSELVES!"

"WAYWARD LOVE" (P. 358).

WAYWARD LOVE.

BY M. P. SHIEL, AUTHOR OF "PRINCE ZALESKI."



AMONG the less understood tricks of the will, few are more curious than that implied in the old distich:

"Forgiveness to the injured
doth belong,
But he ne'er pardons who
hath done the wrong."

That it is *true*, no one can doubt who even reads the newspapers. The Nero of the slums first really hates the wife of his early fancy when he has once seen the trickle of her blood, and the diviner her patience, the more unappeasable his greed to watch her sufferings. And the proposition suggests its converse: if we hate what we have cursed, we inevitably love what we have saved. This is especially true of women, in whom the instinct to *protect*—to hide *hen*-like under the wing—seems to be more deeply-seated than in men. With them, especially, vicarious suffering does not merely imply, it creates, affection—a truth which may be an index to the only correct analysis of "the maternal instinct." The nature of men—and, above all, of women—longs for the caress, not of the hand which has blessed it, but of the hand which *it* has blessed: as the hart after the water-brooks, so it pants for fusion with the life it has suffered to save.

The telling of an incident, the details of which lie in certain letters now in the possession of a very ancient family in the south of France, may very well illustrate this tendency.

A howling Paris mob, one evening late in 1788, had gathered round the bronze statue of Henri IV. on the Pont Neuf. Lamoignon, the hated "Keeper of the Seals," had that day been dismissed from office—hence the jubilation of the people. The full terror of the Revolution was not yet, but the populace already felt the stir of its young energies, and all day in various parts of Paris a roar of *pétards*, firelocks, and *fusees*, had mingled with the roll of drums and the peal of the tocsin. The City Guard everywhere fled before the playful roughness of the rabble. A large number of wicker figures of Lamoignon were burnt; and on the Pont Neuf all passers-by were forced to stop and exclaim: "Long live Henri Quatre! To perdition with Lamoignon!"

This revelry was at its height when a young member of the *noblesse*, Camille de Mounier, passed that way, returning earlier

than usual to his dingy garret from a wild scene of tavern licence at the Café du Foy; his rich coat, still showing its frogs and laces, was old, squalid, ragged; his wig looked like a dish-clout; he wore no mantle. Camille had long been the despair of his friends. He had lately run through a patrimony as the result of a night's play. As he walked towards the Pont Neuf now, his foot stumbled, lagged; in his uncertain eyes swam the rheum of intoxication.

The mob, watchful as a cat, pounced upon him, insisting upon a repetition of its formula:

"To perdition with Henri Quatre!" he shouted, laughing loud, waving an arm; "*vive* Lamoignon!"

This drunken daring was terrible. A sea of lank faces closed round him, their cruel grins giving place to a look of still grimmer meaning. An Aristocrat—who cursed the people's king! In a moment he was seized, and in the same moment almost sobered. A hundred talons reached out to tear him. A gathering roar, wonderfully like the lion's, dinned menace to his inmost brain.

"Let me go!" he gasped, pallid under the lamp-post. "I will say as you will!"

They ungripped, and stood about him. He cast his eyes round, hesitated for half a minute, and then with the same loud, mocking, staccato laughter, shouted—

"To perdition with Henri Quatre! Ha! ha! ha! *A bas le peuple! Vive* Lamoignon!"

And before the crowd could seize him, to their complete stupefaction, he had leapt on to the parapet of the bridge and plunged into the river, leaving his coat in the hands of the few who attempted to stop him.

The mob sent up a shout—half applause, half rage. They crowded to the parapet: saw him rise; saw him making toward the bank. A detachment ran yelling round to intercept him at the Quai.

But Camille, a stout swimmer, reached the water's edge before them. He shook himself like a water-dog, yelled out a jeer, and dashed up a narrow court. And now began a race for very life. Asahel himself was hardly swifter of foot than the young noble, but he was handicapped by his saturated clothes and broken shoes; while, on the other hand, he was befriended by the dark passages which he chose. Sometimes, for moments, he thought himself victorious, till, emerging into a more

open space, the shout rose close behind him, swelled by ever new volunteers to the hunt. Camille, originally of iron frame, had long been spoiled in wind by his life of riot; there was a stage of the chase at which he began to heave ominously; many of his pursuers, too, stopped jaded like spent steeds; but a straggling line of runners, still shouting, gained surely upon him. The effort to live intensified the love of life; the humour of devilry was clean gone now, and he ran as if Asahel himself was upon him. His lower jaw dropped wide, and his eyes grew glassy as with the power of a new sort of wine from whose stupor is no awaking.

All at once a shout of triumph rose from the heated *canaille*. Camille had dashed into a *cul-de-sac*! He stopped desperate, and the crowd rushed forward to clutch him. Drawing his rusty rapier, he ran to place his back against the dead wall; but, on coming to it, he discovered it to be only the high, rough back of a garden—not of a house—not therefore unscaleable. With a last great effort he climbed to the coping. As he reached it, a missile, tearing his temple, covered his face with blood. He leaped down on the opposite side, and found himself in a tangled jungle of trees, half park, half garden, at the back of a great mansion.

As he passed onward—in mad panic now—half dead, but lusting for life—a low sound of singing fell upon his ears, and all in a moment he found himself face to face under the moonlight with a lady, who had just issued from a summer-house among the bushes. Seeing him wet, ragged, blood-stained, with the wild eye of a hunted creature, she shrank back with a scream.

It was the daughter of the Comte d'Arrien, a *dame* of the Court of Versailles, but just then spending a week with her parents in Paris. Camille in the old days, when he had not yet sunk into the abyss, had met her twice or thrice, and it was whispered, thrown fond eyes upon her too—but “as they that have no hope.” Her father and his had been close friends. He recognised her at once.

“Oh, Adeline—mademoiselle—for the love of heaven, hide me!”

“What *you*, Monsieur le Comte de Mounier! And *another* escapade? Ah, wild, wild!”

She smiled, but at this moment the cry of his pursuers sounded from the top of the wall.

“Hide me, for pity's sake!”

Trembling from head to foot, now thoroughly demoralised, he forgot *her* danger—everything but the dastard love of life. She looked at him with pity, contempt. The thud of feet falling into the garden reached them.

“Save me!”

The instinct to protect rose strongly within her.

“Go, into the summer-house,” she said, now pale as he. “On the opposite side there is another door. I will wait here to meet them, and while they are on this side speaking to me, do you escape through the other door to the end of the garden where is a gate. You will be unseen.”

With a sudden gesture he bent and dipped his lips to her forehead. She looked after him while he dived into the house, her heart flutteringly anxious for his safety. As she shut the door upon him, the first few of the crowd, running forward, saw the action. The cry was raised: “We have him at last—he is in there!” and they gathered round Adeline.

She, voiceless with terror, held her arm outstretched before the door.

“Does the lady then shield from the people a man who curses the People's King?” asked a huge butcher.

They tore her with a roughness not all unkind from the doorway, and rushed into the summer-house. A shout of baffled rage followed their discovery of the means by which the fugitive had escaped. Only a few continued the now useless chase.

The others crowded round Adeline, handling her with sinister roughness.

“Let *her* be hanged, then!”

“Why not? She, too, is an enemy of the—”

“To the *lanterne*!”

The butcher at this point went up to two of the others, and whispered into their ears. Then, smiling all the time, he hustled back the crowd, and with his two companions—all the three being armed with firelocks, snatched that day from the City Guard—stood facing the girl a few paces from her.

“Mademoiselle has been judged by the people, and must be shot.”

She cast her eyes in the direction of the mansion, and recognising her distance from help or hope, turned them in mute appeal to the heavens.

There was a count of one, and two, and three, and the weapons cracked out. Adeline fell; the mob laughed and departed.

The *canaille* of Paris during the Revolution were, of course, characterised by all the playful cruelty of the lion's whelp; but the element of human reasonableness at no time altogether failed to distinguish them from the brutes. Men, like lions, will shed blood, but they stand in absolute need of some sort of *excuse*; and the excuse, however poor in itself, must be sufficient to satisfy *their* reason. Thus, in the present instance, the butcher, lacking a motive strong enough, had seen to it,

as the others well knew, that the cartridges of the weapons were blank. The only missile which had pierced Adeline was the shaft of the terror of death. Her attendants found her later and bore her to her bed, where for a long time a fever of the brain confined her. But a morning came when, with the gladness of new intelligence, she opened her eyes. Her mother stood by the bedside. Adeline sat up and looked toward the window and its flowers; then, with a strange quick intensity, up toward the ceiling—around—down at the bed. And now, a low and piteous moan escaped her, and she cried out in her pain—

"Oh, maman—God help me—I am blind!"

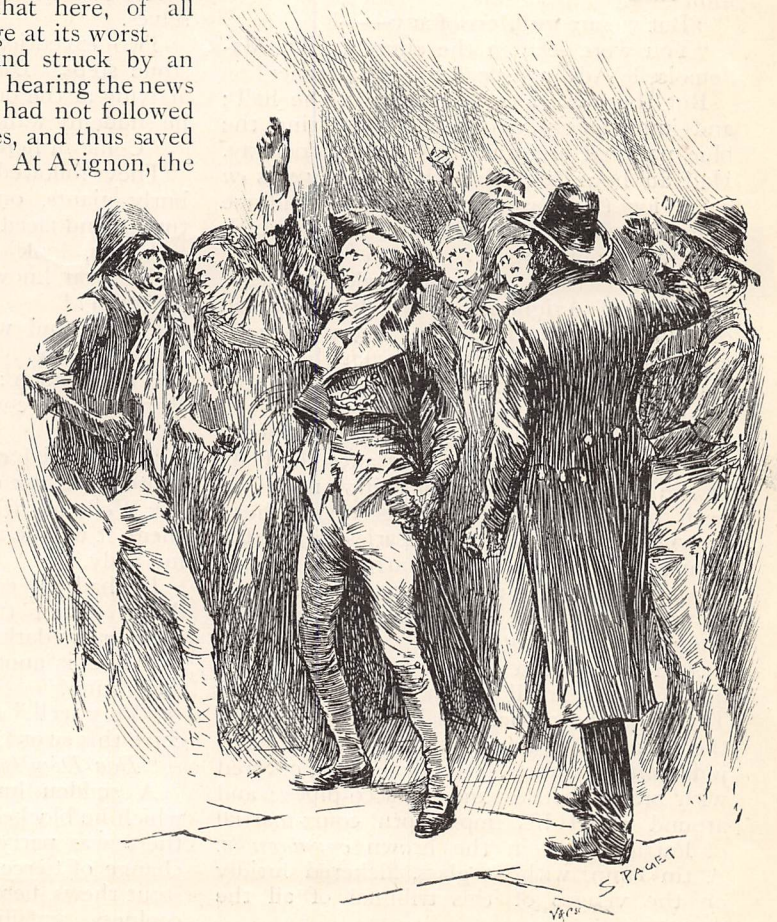
The château of the Comte d'Arrien stood—in the midst of vineyards, and groves of orange, almond, and olive—a short distance outside Avignon, in the pastoral land of Provence. To this, the Arcadia of France, with its melodious *patois* and Southern *joie de vie*, the family came when the fury of the Revolution began seriously to manifest itself in Paris, little dreaming that here, of all places, the Terror was to rage at its worst.

The Count, being old, and struck by an attack of partial paralysis on hearing the news of his daughter's blindness, had not followed the Emigration of the Nobles, and thus saved his estate from confiscation. At Avignon, the Countess, by a tactful diplomacy, contrived to keep the heads of the family on their shoulders, and to this feat the loveliness of the blind girl was highly contributory. The *bourgeois* members of the Municipality, the Mayor and his wife, and the most powerful of the patriot middle-class of Avignon, proud of the honour, walked on three nights every week up the lane of olives and the low marble steps, to take a hand at whist or *reversi* in the seigneurial *salon* of the stately old Comte d'Arrien.

Acertain Philippe Duval, one of the Municipals of Avignon, was the most constant of these guests. Though not a Provençal, he had distinguished himself by his zeal in the revolutionary cause in the neighbourhood, and had grown to be greatly feared.

It was quickly seen that he was violently in love with Adeline, nor did the father and mother check him in this presumption as rigorously as was expected of them. He was, of course, acquiring vast powers over life in the Commune, and, as everyone said, the complaisance of the great folk must be due to motives of prudence. But to his insinuations the blind beauty turned a smile as cold and dead as her own sightless eyes.

Late in '91 the fire which had been smouldering in Avignon broke into flame. One Sunday morning Madame d'Arrien led Adeline through the vineyard paths, through the town gates, and so to the Church of the Cordeliers within the town. Madame d'Arrien, a rather stout old lady—with piquant smile and gentle blue eyes—held a breviary; they were going to church. It would have been well for them, however, had they shunned the house of prayer that day. The curé was in the midst of his orisons, the heads of the congregation were bowed, when a Patriot entered



"VIVE LAMOIGNON!" (p. 355).

the church and walked up the aisle. In bantering words he began to address the worshippers, mostly women: there was a pause of horror—a shriek of execration—a rush forward. He was hurled to the ground, trampled, pricked by a thousand points, and left a flaccid mass on the steps of the chancel.

Madame d'Arrien, sitting near the end of the church, fled with Adeline at the beginning of the *émeute*. She reached the château, but fainted on entering it.

Three hours had not passed, when a young man rushed panting into the chamber where the family sat.

"Oh!" he cried, "for heaven's sake——"

He could not go on. His face was distorted with affright. It was Philippe Duval.

The Count, a tall old man, with wide masses of white hair and beard, said gravely—

"Tell me, Citoyen Duval, why this hurried intrusion?"

"Fly!" cried Duval; "hide yourselves! The Brigands are on the road; they follow behind me to arrest you. Your life—mine——"

"But we are guiltless of any——"

"You were seen in the church. Ah, Mademoiselle Adeline, speak to your parents!"

But there was a tread of feet in the hall; and immediately two soldiers, wearing the blue national uniform, stood in the doorway. Half an hour later the whole family was *en route* for the Castle of Avignon, Philippe himself ordering forward the troop which escorted the prisoners.

At this time, the self-styled "Brave Brigands of Avignon," under the command of "Jourdan the Headsman," were the sovereign lords of the district. Even the power of the Patriot municipality had dwindled to a shadow; the town walls had been adorned with gibbets for "the Suspect"; the fields laid waste. Hence it was, that after the body of the desecrator of the morning's mass had been borne through the streets, his head crowned with laurel, the emissaries of Jourdan scoured the vicinity, making arrests to avenge the *manes* of the murdered "patriot." These all were thrown into the subterranean dungeons of the castle.

And now began "the butchery of Avignon." In a small room in the Glacière Tower of the castle, which rose sheer from the languid Rhone, sat Jourdan. His judgment-bar was a little deal table, covered with brandy-bottles and tobacco-pipes; and around stood his impromptu court-martial of Patriots clad in the brown *carmagnole*. A tin lamp, without glass, flickered luridly on the visages of this tribunal of all the demons.

A name was called from the list, some hurried words spoken, judgment pronounced; a Brigand at the door shouted the name, and others waiting outside with drawn swords set out to execute the sentence.

One only of the Municipals was present at these orgies. It was "the good patriot," Philippe Duval. He stood leaning against the rough wall of the cell in the shade of a corner with folded arms, lithe and muscular as a Greek Hermes, and as coldly silent.

"Citoyen d'Arrien, his wife, and daughter!"

There was not even the usual parley on the reading out of these names. The guilt of these people was too evident. Jourdan, with a nod to the door-keeper, drank from a bottle. Philippe Duval stole quickly from the room.

The Count and his family had been thrown into one of the deepest of the Glacière dungeons, where the moan of the Rhone far above their heads never came, nor any light of the sun, nor the hope that comes to all. They lay numbed in the mire, quite dazed, bereft even of the feeling of pity for themselves.

Two executioners descended the narrow stone steps. Duval crept behind them till, arriving at the door of an empty circular cell, he suddenly walked up to them, and said—

"Come in here."

They followed him into the room, two burly giants, one swinging a lantern. He turned and faced them.

"Now, look you, Jean and Pierre," he said, "you know that I am a Municipal of Avignon?"

"Well, and what of that, citoyen?" answered Pierre.

"This much: the three citizens of the Republic you come to kill have not had fair trial."

"Bah! trial enough. They are aristocrat traitors. Come on, Jean."

"Well, my friends, but in order to reach them, it will be necessary for you to pass over my body."

He had placed his back against the closed door. Their two throats rattled a laugh; their brows darkened.

"Here is another of them!" cried Jean. "Pin him!"

"Very well," said Philippe, "but you perceive this sword?"

"*Bon Dieu!* have we then no swords?"

A sudden lunge was made at his head, which he blocked. They closed upon him—there was parry and thrust—flashing interchange of tierce and quarte—on the one side stout thews, fierceness; on the other perfect coolness, unflinching head, exquisite science.

The first blood flowing from Philippe's cheek stirred the Brigands to imprudence, and in the next instant a terrible sweep of the blade passed through Jean's thigh. Pierre, fighting now for dear life, heaved high his sword for a desperate blow at the scalp; it fell slashing through Philippe's shoulder; but at the same time the man's own weasand ripped upward like a bag, and he fell dead across his mate.

Duval, writhing with pain, and weak, hurried to the cell of the d'Arriens. They had been there four days. The key shrieked in the lock; they looked up, thinking him their executioner come at last.

There was no time to lose. He led the blind girl, and supported the Count on the other arm. The Countess, weeping, followed.

"Have no fear," Philippe whispered to Adeline; "everything is in readiness. You will all—"

"But you?"

He pressed her hand, and forgot danger and the sting of his wounds when she falteringly returned this slight caress. They passed through a multitude of torture-chambers, black corridors. Philippe had made himself master of every mystery of the vast structure. At last he opened a small gate, and they stood on a step washed by the Rhone, under the open sky of night.

A boat waited by the postern. Philippe whispered to the Count the name of the friends who, living by the river, had arranged to receive and hide them. The Countess kissed and called him "son." The Count called blessings upon his head. Adeline was silent. He stood, and guided by the whispering of the oars, peered after them as they vanished into the gloom.

The "treachery" of Duval did not long escape the keen patriotic scent of the brave Brigands of Avignon. Jean still lived to tell his tale; and Philippe had hardly reascended to the trial-chamber when he was accused; then tried, condemned, and flung into a cell, all in the same hour. That he was not instantly killed, was due to the shrewdness of Jourdan who knew of his popularity, and had, moreover, just heard rumours of the advance of an army under Choisi. To butcher any number of aristocrats was felt to be one thing; to kill a patriot Municipal another. Philippe therefore languished in his cell for sixteen days, till the army appeared, when Jourdan was seized, and his still-living prisoners were released. In the Glacière Tower, over a hundred dead bodies were discovered by Choisi.

The Comte d'Arrien emerging now from his hiding-place resumed possession of his estates. The receptions of the Countess

became more crowded than ever. Duval was always there, silent, wrapped in himself. He would have seemed a statue, but for the fact that he took advantage of Adeline's blindness to follow with his eyes every listless movement, the shadow of every thought on her face. Hidden from her, he imagined himself hidden from all, and could never have guessed that his passion was the talk of all the town.

The Revolution rapidly developed itself, and Duval, who had something of the faculty of the ruler of men, rose on the rising waves. When the implacable tribunals called the "Comités Revolutionnaires" were established, and he was made a judge of this court, his powers over life and death became as absolute as that of any Sultan who ever went mad with pride.

Hence every consideration, not only of gratitude, but of policy, must have seemed to the Count and Countess to combine in his favour. One morning the Countess called Adeline into her boudoir, and stroking her brown hair, said fondly—

"Ah, Adeline, I see by your pallor and blushes that you know what I am going to say. I am commanded by your father to speak to you on the subject that is so near to all our hearts. Don't cry—kiss me! Least of all good children, I know, will you disobey your father's will. Tell me, isn't it so?"

"Yes, maman," said Adeline, choking with sobs.

"And Duval is quite a noble fellow; we owe him all; I wish you could see how handsome and finished he is; and he is so powerful! and he worships you, you know!"

"But I do not love—"

"Hush, my child! Time—time—does these things. If he were to withdraw his protection from us in these awful days—"

"But is it noble of this man to have me flung to him as the reward of his uncertain protection? Oh, why could he not leave me to die in the Glacière!"

"Ungrateful girl! But silence—here comes your father—not a word before him!"

But the limits of Philippe's generosity had not been reached. He divined exactly the girl's mind, and with a patience really heroic waited, hoping to conquer her by ever-repeated proofs of his devotion; while she, surprised at not being at once made to acknowledge his rights over her, for the first time felt a poignant sense of gratitude towards him. Even for his inveterate silence she was thankful—for the sound of his voice was seldom heard. In her heart she grew to admire him. Those hardly-perceptible pressures of the hand after the *soirée*, upturned

appeals of the darkened eyes, spoke volumes to Philippe. They at least understood each other.

So passed the greater part of the terrible year '93. Between such people as the d'Arriens and the scaffold there was now hardly a step; to be rich was to be "suspect," and to be suspect was to die. On the advice of Duval the Count had yielded, in the shape of a "patriotic gift," the greater part of his estates, but the "Revolutionary Courts" were seldom to be balked of their prey by such devices. Philippe Duval found all his cunning and activity called into play. As President of the *Comité* he could show no lack of zeal—upon this his own life depended. One after the other the few nobles of the neighbourhood who had not emigrated mounted the scaffold. Three several times had the Public Prosecutor mentioned the name of the Comte d'Arrien, and three times had the adroitness of Philippe defrauded the guillotine. But in the performance of these feats of cleverness lay a frightful danger. Already there was the faintest whisper that the *Citoyen* Duval might not, after all, be sound to the very heart of him. And this additional question arose: what was the secret of his evidently close connection with the *doctors* of Avignon? At such a time, to act in any way out of the common course was to be suspect. His housekeeper revealed the fact that he would sit up all the night poring over books and charts. What, then, was the meaning of these vigils?

One morning he sat at the table in the great library of the Château d'Arrien with a Commissioner just arrived from Paris. These Commissioners were sent out singly or in pairs over France with absolute power to "take in requisition" the whole property of any citizen whatever. Before the two men lay a map of the estates of the Count.

"The château," said the Commissioner, "shall be used as a magazine; the rest of the estate, corn being scarce, may be planted in wheat."

"You take the whole in requisition, then?" asked Philippe.

"Certainly."

"There is this strip of woodland in the corner here."

"Let it be sold."

"But it is almost useless. It contains the forester's old cottage——"

"That at least may be sold."

"I recommend that it be left to the family as a residence."

The envoy glanced sharply at him.

"Are they not aristocrats of the old type?"

"Aristocrats, yes—but good patriots."

"Popular in Avignon?"

"Very."

"And your own good friends, no doubt?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, be it so. They may have the cottage."

The next day the family took up their abode in this new home—a two-storied *cabane* in the depths of the forest. Philippe's *finesse* had thus snatched them a shelter from the wreck of their fortunes; but the infirm old count not being able, like many of the nobles, to take his place at the blacksmith's forge or carpenter's bench, they were now without income. Henceforth they were completely at the mercy of Duval, and ate daily of the bread of his bounty.

Through the woods, capped in his *bonnet rouge* and wearing the *carmagnole*, he came as usual in the evening, full of good hope, to sit with them at their poor hearth. The elders would retire early, leaving him with the blind girl. They were the best of friends now. She trusted in him, and revered him above all men.

"Adeline," he said late one night, taking her hand, "tell me this truly: have you—have you ever loved?"

A wave of scarlet blushed to her face.

"And you love still?"

In a whisper, with bowed head, she answered, "yes."

"Ah! and for me, then, there is no hope?"

"But I love you, Philippe. How you pain me by speaking so! But not—oh, no, no—you do not know!"

For a long time he was silent, then looked up suddenly and said—

"Ah, but I have it in my power to bring you a blessing so great and precious that you may yet—but with it may come to you the consciousness that I am not what I seem, and it may then be too late—too late."

"You speak strangely! What blessing?"

"Look toward the fire. Can you not see anything?"

"I dimly—yes, I am conscious of a—red-dish glow."

"Just so—then you are not what can be truly called blind at all. And now, shall I tell you a secret? For nearly five years I have been studying for your sake the medicine and surgery of the eye, and if you will let me, I am certain I can make you see again. I firmly believe that a thickening of the crystalline lens, due to a shock of sudden fright, is the only obstacle between you and vision. A week ago, in the presence of three physicians of Avignon, I operated on just such a case in the hospital, and they are all saying I have acquired a skill quite exceptional, and performed a wonder."

In a paroxysm of emotion, Adeline turned her face toward him, felt for his hand, and covered it with kisses.

And so there came a day when she sat facing an open window, and the doctors stood around her, and the cruel-kind knife of Philippe quivered in her eye. The Countess, all tears and tremors, knelt by a bedside; the Count, dumb with pity and wonder, glided from room to room.

The light, the heavenly iris, came! She saw. One dull afternoon, in her impatience, she lifted the bandage, and as trees walking, saw men move before her. Philippe was there; he had come to make his *adieux* before starting for Paris with, as he said, a Report to the Convention. Holding her hand to say good-bye, he bent and kissed her cheek, and in her reception of this caress was all the charm of acquiescence, consent; the Count and Countess saw the action, and they, too, in confirmation of the tacit compact, came and kissed her. Duval put a hand over his eyes, and went away hurriedly, trembling with agitation.

Adeline rapidly recovered sight. Crazy with the ecstasy of a new sense, she walked out every day along the paths of the wood, frolicsome, laughing, the deep winter turned in her fantasy to leafiest summer.

The sun had set one evening when, in a narrow road between hedges, she saw a man coming toward her. Overcome with surprise, she launched that species of shrill cry into which women can crowd the expression of whole paradises. Then she stood in marble, pallid to the lips. Camille de Mounier! it was he!—the scapegrace young nobleman whom, more than five years before, she had saved from the Paris mob. He still wore the same aristocratic dress of the wild Café du Foy days, the old coat, frogged and laced, ragged and soiled. With the old *négligé* repose, airy



"CAMILLE DE MOUNIER! IT WAS HE!"

courtliness, he stepped forward, and took her hand.

"Camille! oh, Camille," she cried, the light of love beaming from her face, "it is long since we met!"

"You thought me eaten by le Père Guillotine, of course?"

"Eaten? I? No—I knew you were alive."

"How?"

"I should have *felt*, Camille," she said quite simply. "Sometimes I knew you *so* near me that I could hear your very voice. But you did not write to me!"

"Yes, twice, after the—the mob affair."

Her fingers touched her bosom; the two letters were there, heaving over her heart.

"Only twice," she said, "and the rhapsodies and vows were not taken to be over-sincere——"

"They *were* sincere, however; and the vows have been kept."

"So?" She trilled a laugh. "But they might have been longer—there might have been more of them! My maid, who read them to me, was little winded by the effort!"

"Yes, I heard of the blindness. It made me—can I say it now?—fonder of you than ever."

"Camille!" her burning face went hiding on his shoulder.

Again and again they met in this way, secretly, under cover of night, the cicada chirping mournful to the intense whisperings of their secret. The time approached, came, passed, when Philippe Duval was expected to return and claim his bride.

And so it happened that one morning the distracted Count and Countess d'Arrien searched in vain through the house, and through the woods for Adeline. Adeline could not be found. It was only toward mid-day that, half mad with terror, they found this note on an *escritoire*:

"My Darling Maman,—I am going from you full of pity for you! but I know that however insane I seem, my dear maman will never, never believe me undutiful of heart! The power of a love far stronger than a thousand wills—ah, you will pity me still, and forgive! You know him well, maman; my father knows him; before long you shall hear his name. He has powerful friends across the border, whom he says we may hope to reach. As for you, Philippe Duval will not desert you now; I know him altogether noble and generous. Only for a time, farewell, farewell."

The Comte d'Arrien, on reading this tear-stained message, lifted his arm, about to utter a curse.

At that moment a messenger broke into the room with a sealed packet. The Count tore it open. It was from Philippe Duval.

"My Dear Comte d'Arrien," it said, "it is now five years since I declared to you my love for your daughter; it is four since, when you came to Avignon, I followed you. Forgive me if I remind you why—to protect her and you. How I have done this you know: I won office, wealth; many times, often by ways unknown to you, I saved your lives. And you can never dream what all this year-long hypocrisy in a cause I detested cost me. But like Jacob serving seven years, and yet seven, for his Rachel, I counted it nothing if I might win the cold heart of your Adeline.

"Three months ago, after all this labour of love, she confessed to me that her woman's affections were given to another. I abandoned hope, and resolving to sacrifice myself, I brought back the light to her eyes, never intending that she should see my face. Had I not every reason to believe that, on looking at me, her feelings of friendship for me would at once turn to abhorrence?

"Soon after the operation I therefore pretended to start for Paris. In reality, I lingered hiding in the neighbourhood, watching her window by night, hoping for a last sight of her dress among the trees. I had cast off with loathing the trappings of the Revolution, and resumed the old apparel of my order.

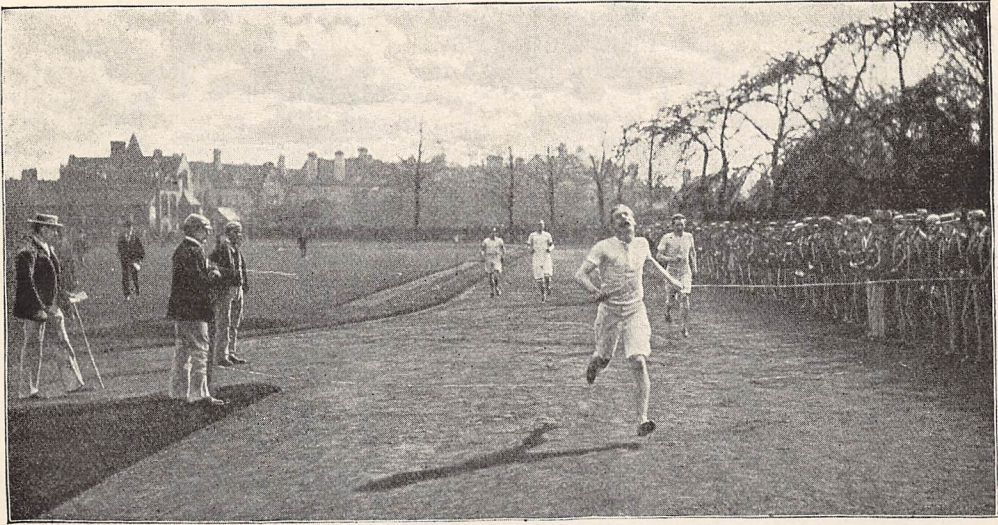
"My last evening had come, when Adeline, at a turn of the path through the glen, came suddenly upon me, and with her new eyes saw my face. Ah! I noticed the involuntary opening of her arms, the scream of joy, and glance of peace after long years of pain! In an instant my heart knew all. I was loved! loved! loved!

"And yet not I, Philippe Duval, but I—Camille de Mounier! Five years ago, when I vowed to you to deserve her by the annihilation of my old self, when even the old name was doffed with the rest of the old life, you consented to the innocent deception, believing that in this complete burying of my former self lay my only hope of winning her. But could either of us imagine that all this time her wayward heart would be wearing itself with sighs, not for the honest man who crowned her life, but for the profligate and losel whose cowardice had robbed her of sight? So near akin, it seems, is pity to love; and so disconnected with love is the feeling of gratitude.

"But you may imagine my anxiety to keep my two personalities apart, for the present at least, in the mind of my Adeline. You will not refuse to pardon us our flight, for this you will see to have been my wisest alternative, and our separation from you will not be long. I return to resume the mummery of *bonnet rouge* and tricolour, and to live with you till the evil days are over."

This letter, with others bearing upon this narrative, lies now in an old buhl cabinet of the Château d'Arrien; for under the *régime* of the Directory the estates of the Count were restored to him, and here the family, with Camille de Mounier and Adeline his wife, continued to reside. It is a great-grandson of Adeline who is the present lord of the old pile, the greatest of the ancient feudal castles round Avignon.

KINGS OF THE PLAYING-FIELDS.



MONYPENNY'S RECORD RUN.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.)

“ATHLETICS,” in its modern sense of a muscular education, can hardly be said to have existed prior to the middle of this century. It is true that a love of healthy out-door exercises has always

been a leading characteristic of our race. Young men have run, and leapt, and thrown the bar, from the times of our Saxon forefathers. But from the pleasure a healthy mind finds in exercising a healthy body, to the self-satisfaction of a carefully-trained sprinter as he does his 100 yards in the “level time” of 10 seconds, there is a very wide step indeed. The difference is almost as great as that which exists between the terrier who runs yapping after an impossible rabbit and the same wiry little animal trained to turn back-somersaults on a music-hall stage.

Before 1850 amateur athletes were coached little and trained less. Bicycles were, of course, mere toys, and what running and walking races there existed were in the hands of professional “pedestrians,” as they were termed, who were by no means a respectable class. If gentlemen ran, it was to indulge an occasional freak, or to win a heavy wager. Indeed, a large section of the nation regarded such foot-races as reflecting little credit on

the amateurs concerned in them. Gradually, however, the love of athletics spread from school and university to all classes of people. Distances began to be measured with exactness, races to be “timed” with accuracy. Improvements suggested by experience enabled men to achieve feats undreamed of in former times. The course of training through which they passed, the shoes which they wore, the track on which they ran, and later, the bicycle on which they rode, steadily improved.

Athletes began to “specialise” in their sports. “All-round” men became few and far between. A man became a mile-runner, a high-jumper, a five-mile bicycle-racer, and did not attempt to combine the three. Increased competition and increased efficiency forbade it. Style was seen to increase speed, and style was cultivated. As speed became the main thought of the athlete, “record-worship,” as it has been fitly called, sprang into existence. To such an extent has it been carried that it has proved a curse, rather than a blessing, to athletics of all descriptions.

At the same time it must be admitted that although every sportsman should set his face against an undue reverence for records as a complete standard of athletic ability, these same records are exceedingly interesting. They furnish us with the only standard we can possibly obtain by which we can measure the real worth of famous feats of the past.

It is very difficult, however, to separate the grain from the chaff. For instance, when two running-footmen were matched against each other by their masters, in Woodstock Park, in 1720, Sir Erasmus Phillips, an Oxford undergraduate, calmly writes in his diary that the winner ran the four miles in 18 minutes. He probably did not wish to exaggerate, but he, in common with the other spectators, thought more of pocketing their bets than of measuring the ground or taking the time. It is interesting to notice that the present record for that distance, made by C. E. Willers in 1893, was 19 minutes 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. Thus no reliance can be placed on these early records. Exaggeration was, perhaps, only natural in times when the modern system of record-keeping was unknown, and the desire of the narrator was to express his approval of a fine performance. In this respect poets, from Virgil to Sir

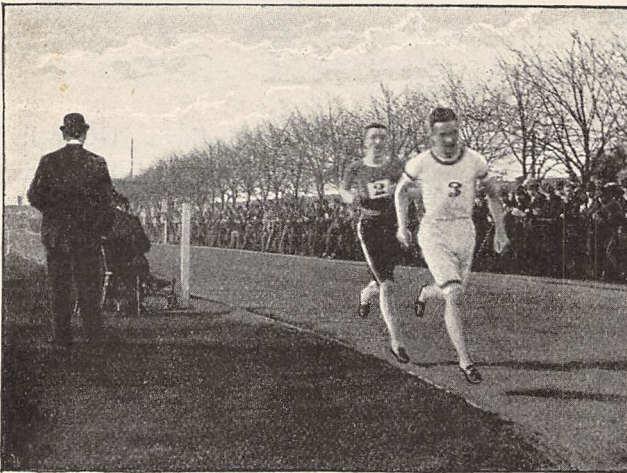
a minute; half, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ minutes; mile, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 minutes."

From this date, however, the popularity of athletics spread with amazing rapidity, and, in 1868, J. Colbeck actually accomplished a quarter mile in 50 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, although he cannoned against a sheep as he was finishing the race and broke its leg. But it was an American, Myers, who was to teach Englishmen what could be done at this distance. Unlike most of his predecessors he started at his fullest speed and ran the race throughout as a "sprint," instead of reserving a vast effort for the last 100 yards. At Lillie Bridge he finished in 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds—a time only broken by H. C. L. Tindall in 1889, and E. C. Bredin in 1895, who both accomplished that distance in 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. Myers was a lean man of 5 feet 8 inches in height, and only just 8 stone in weight. His body was small and light, while his legs were extraordinarily long. As he tired, his stride lengthened instead of growing shorter. Indeed, he fully deserved the title since acquired by C. J. B. Monypenny, the Cambridge quarter-miler and record holder at 150 yards, of a "human greyhound."

The mile race is always an interesting feature of an athletic meeting. In 1865 we find R. E. Webster (afterward Sir Richard Webster and Attorney-General) winning in the Cambridge University Sports in 4 minutes 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds—a fine performance, and then equal to record. It is interesting to notice that, in the following University Sports, Webster met and defeated the Earl of Jersey after a great struggle. In 1884, W. G. George won the English Amateur Championship in the record-time of

4 minutes 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. George was then tall and thin, with a great easy stride from the hips. His staying powers were enormous. After 1884 he became a professional, and on August 23, 1886, beat the mile record in the time of 4 minutes 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. In 1895 F. E. Bacon wiped out George's amateur record. Bacon is perhaps the finest mile runner England ever produced. Of our present "milers" Bacon is the best, and has run George hard for the record at that distance.

The 100 yards' sprint has always presented considerable difficulty to the record compiler. The small space of one-fifth of a second is so important, and yet so hard to measure with any degree of accuracy. In the days when



BACON RUNNING.

(From a photograph by Symmons & Thiele, Chancery Lane, W.C.)

Walter Scott, are invariably sad offenders. Poetic licence may possibly be pleaded as an excuse, but it was quite unnecessary for Sir Walter to give a standing jump of 18 feet to a clansman when the record in any athletic meeting is 10 feet 9 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches.

From the commencement of this century we find a greater accuracy in the descriptions of contests. In 1809, for instance, a mile match was run off, in the Bayswater fields, in 4 minutes 56 seconds. That was considered a good performance. Slight improvements on this time were subsequently made, but in "British Rural Sports," published in 1855, we find it stated that the best running speeds were a "quarter of a mile in

stop-watches, worsted, and pistols were non-existent it was, of course, impossible to time 100 yards at all. Yet, in 1808, Shewball, a Lancashire shepherd, was credited at Hackney with running 140 yards in 12 seconds, while Grinley, at Hampton Court, about the same date, was supposed to have run 120 yards in 10 seconds. This distance was very popular with amateurs, as they were then classed, who ran off many matches of 100 to 120 yards for wagers of varying amounts. About 1860 there were several men who approached the "level time" of 10 seconds. It was not till 1886, however, that A. Wharton was able to claim that time as indisputably his own. Wharton ran in a very peculiar style—his body bent forward, and his feet falling almost flat on the ground. His time of 10 seconds has been equalled, but never beaten, until last year, when L. E. Wefers beat our English champion, Bradley, at New York, in the time of $9\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, thereby establishing a fresh record. Few people realise that for this short distance a man can thus travel at the rate of over 20 miles an hour.

An ancient and popular event in athletic meetings is hammer throwing. Barry, the English champion, is a fine performer, although the record is held by Mitchell in America.

In both the high and the long jump practice has worked wonders. Before 1860 a high jump of 5 feet 6 inches, and a long jump of 18 feet, were considered remarkably good

performances. In 1871, however, R. Mitchell, a Manchester man, won the high jump with 5 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the long jump with 20 feet 4 inches; both fine jumps, and then far above record. His prowess was, however, entirely eclipsed by M. J. Brooks, who first became famous in the Inter-University Sports. He trotted quite quietly up to his jumps and then sprang almost straight into the air, tucking his legs well beneath him. The result of this somewhat peculiar style was, that if he knocked down the bar it was generally with his body, his legs already being in safety the other side. In 1876, at Lillie Bridge, Brooks, jumping from grass, cleared the extraordinary height of 6 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, a height which for eleven years remained a world's record; for, although T. Davin, at Carrick-on-Suir, was credited with a quarter of an inch more in 1880, there was some doubt thrown on the accuracy of the measurement. In 1887, however, W. B. Page, an American, cleared 6 feet $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches at Stourbridge. He was only 5 feet 6 inches in height himself, and the leap from that fact seemed all the more wonderful to the spectators. Last year M. F. Sweeney, amid a scene of immense enthusiasm, carried off the high jump from the London Athletic Club, in their contest with the New York



FRY'S RECORD JUMP.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.)

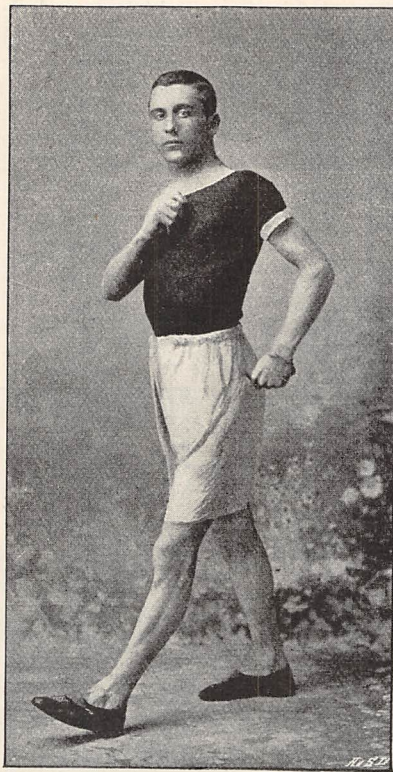
Club by a leap of 6 feet $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches, beating his own record of 6 feet $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches made in 1892. The long jump has improved almost as rapidly as the high. In this event athletes discovered that the secret of success was the swiftness of the run in approaching the jump, rather than the spring itself. The size of the leap was also increased by a judicious swing forward of the legs while in the air. The result of increased skill was soon manifest. Jumps of over 23 feet were accredited to Lane in 1874 and Lockton in 1880. In 1891 C. S. Reber, in America, established a world's record of 23 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches; a distance subsequently equalled by C. B. Fry, of Oxford University, in 1893. Fry is undoubtedly one of the finest all-round athletes of the century. He has represented his university in football, cricket, and athletics, and at the same time has proved himself to possess considerable intellectual ability. He is a fine sprinter, and his body is light and well-proportioned. He has, in fact, every requisite for a champion long jumper; but he has discovered, as many athletes have done before him, that he cannot afford to play such a stiffening game as football and expect to maintain his form on the cinder path.

On many other forms of sport want of space forbids a long dissertation. Hammer throwing with its great exponent Barry is always an interesting spectacle. Walking may, perhaps, be mentioned, as it was one of the most popular forms of athleticism in the beginning of this century. Mr. Foster Powell, in 1773, walked from London to York and back in five days and eighteen hours, the distance being 402 miles, thus maintaining an average of between sixty and seventy miles a day. Mr. Powell became so famous as a pedestrian that he was engaged at Astley's Amphitheatre to exhibit his powers in a small circle. This he did for twelve nights, and received a handsome remuneration. His reputation, however, paled before

that of Captain Barclay Allardice, more commonly known as Captain Barclay. This famous amateur was of wonderful physique, and rejoiced in all forms of athletics for the sake of the exercise rather than the wager. At Newmarket he walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, travelling over the distance of a mile during every hour, and reducing his weight some two stone and a half during the performance. On rough roads he walked on another occasion the distance of 90 miles in about nineteen hours, a feat which compares fairly with the English amateur record of 100 miles in 19 hours 41 minutes, made under

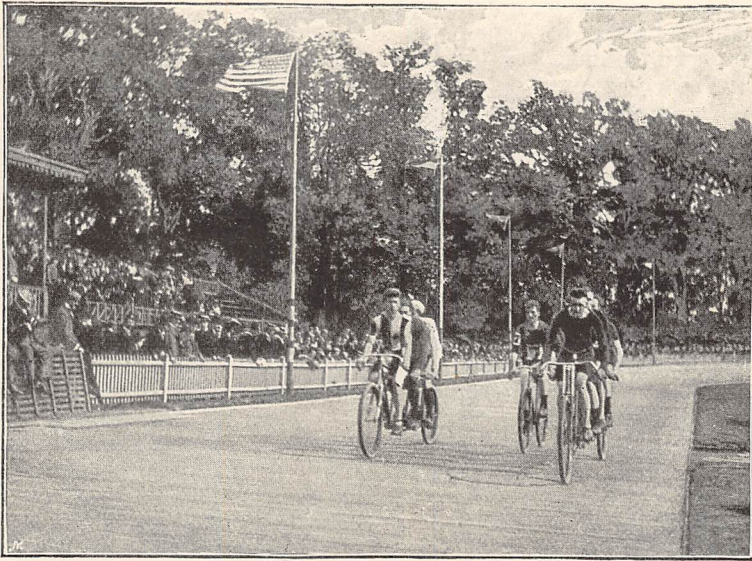
the most favourable conditions on a track. During our own times walking has fallen rather into disfavour. Amateurs have not adopted it as a form of athletics with any keenness. Worse still, the desire for great pace has made many a record very doubtful, the change from a very fast walk to a slow run being difficult to notice. Considerable improvement there has undoubtedly been; for, while in 1855 we find it stated in "British Rural Sports" that "from 6 to $6\frac{1}{4}$ miles an hour is the outside rate of walking," last year W. J. Sturgess walked the extraordinary distance of 8 miles 340 yards in one hour, thereby establishing for himself a world's record.

Of cycling records it is more difficult to speak. In the first place, the great increase of pace which every year demonstrates is due rather to the continued improvements in tracks and machines than to the increased pluck and endurance of the cyclists themselves. What a fine cyclist could not accomplish in 1880 is comparatively easy for a second-rate performer in 1895. As soon as a record is set up a dozen competitors are in training to knock it down again by perhaps some fifth of a second. The distances for which records are held seem innumerable, while, besides the safety, there are ordinary, tandem, and tricycle records to be considered as well. For



STURGESS WALKING.

(From a photograph by Symmons & Thiele, Chancery Lane, W.C.)



HUNT IN THE CUCA CUP RACE AFTER THE TWENTY-FIRST HOUR.
(From a photograph by Symmons & Thiele, Chancery Lane, W.C.)

every road in the kingdom records exist, so that one man can hold a record from Woking to Surbiton, and another from Surbiton to Woking. A cyclist is even said to have claimed a record when his machine ran away with him down a hill. All this is very absurd. A "champion" at, say 648 yards, is in a scarcely superior position to the cricketer who described himself as the "best cover-point in Europe—south of the Pyrenees." At the same time some of the old records are of interest. In 1877 W. Tomes, of the Portsmouth Club, cycled the mile in 3 minutes 5 seconds, beating previous records. This was a fine performance if the time be correct. In 1879 we find a competitor in the Cyclist Union championships winning the mile in 2 minutes 59 $\frac{1}{5}$ seconds. In 1894 Carl Zeigler, with a flying start, cycled the same distance in 1 minute 50 seconds, or at the rate of over 32 miles an hour. This remarkable feat was performed at Waltham in the United States, and is undoubtedly authentic.

In long distance races the improvement is equally marvellous. In 1882, the Hon. Ion Keith Falconer, a well-known Cambridge cyclist, travelled from Land's End to John o' Groats in the time of 12 days 23 hours 15 seconds, thus averaging about 75 miles a day. Later, G. P. Mills cut this record down to 5 days 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours, and by a slightly shorter route, in 1894, he accomplished the distance in 3 days 5 minutes 49 seconds, averaging about

287 miles a day. This is an excellent example of the rapid improvement of the modern bicycle, for, in establishing his first record, Mills only allowed himself 6 hours of sleep *en route*.

In 1884, R. H. English, before a large crowd at the Crystal Palace, managed to place 20 miles 560 yards to his credit in one hour. This feat caused a great sensation in the cycling world, and yet, in 1894, Martin rode 26 miles 1103 yards, in England, and A. T. Linton 28 miles 419 yards, at Bordeaux, in precisely the same time. It is scarcely satisfactory for an Englishman to notice that the Safety world's path records are almost entirely in the hands of French and Americans. Our best-known champions are F. W. Shorland, who, at Herne Hill, in 1894, rode in 24 hours the wonderful distance of 460 miles 1,296 yards, and G. Hunt, who last year travelled over 260 miles in twelve hours.

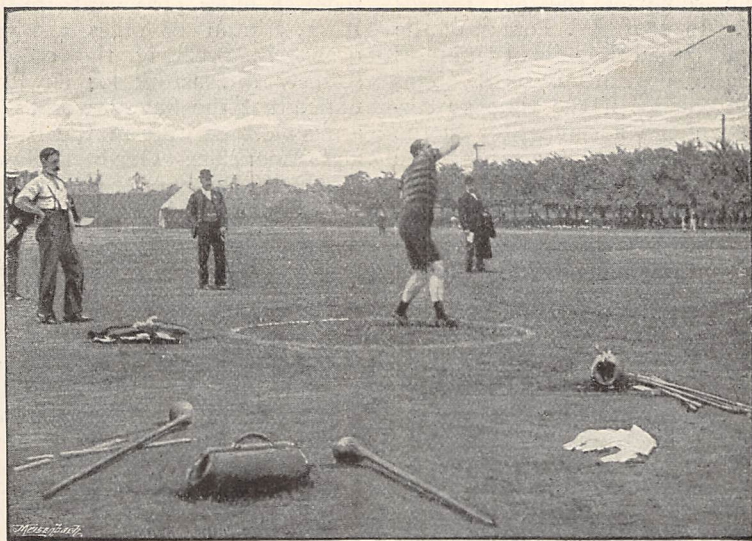
The early records of skating are, unfortunately, obviously inaccurate. Marvellous were the stories circulated of the performances of the old fen-champions. They could travel 30 miles in an hour, they could skate a mile in a minute and a half. These are mere complimentary legends. At the same time the improvement in skating is probably not so marked as in the other branches of athletics. For instance, in 1821, a Mr. Woodward bet a Mr. Bland 100 guineas that he would nominate a man who would skate a mile in less than three minutes. With such a wager

it is more than probable that Mr. Bland measured the distance pretty accurately, and yet Mr. Woodward won, his champion, John Gittam accomplishing the distance with a flying start in 2 minutes 53 seconds. This is equal to the authentic record-mile of George See, in 1886, although See did not have the benefit of a flying start. The histories of the families of See and Smart may be said to be the history of modern English skating. Old "Turkey" Smart was known as "the father of fen championship skating." He was also literally the uncle of the fen champions, for his nephews, "Fish" and James, long shared that honour. Of these two, "Fish" was the older man. In 1879 he won 27, and in the following year 28, races without once suffering defeat. It was not till 1889 that his younger brother lowered his colours. In 1881 he skated 2 miles in 5 minutes 43½ seconds; and in the same year he accomplished a mile with a flying start in 3 minutes dead. The performance was, however, eclipsed by George See in 1886, and by T. Donoghue in 1887, who, with a strong wind behind him, is supposed to have skated a straight mile on the Hudson River in 2 minutes 12¾ seconds. Great doubt exists as to the authenticity of this record. James Smart, who is perhaps the best known of the two brothers, is a lithe and active man, unlike the typical broad-shouldered fen-man. He skates with a shorter stroke than either his uncle or brother, but has a beautiful style and wonderful spurting powers. Perhaps his best

performance was the mile in 2 minutes 53¾ seconds, in 1886, when he was just beaten by George See. He has won many races in England and Holland. Harald Hagen, a Norwegian, has accomplished several remarkable performances. In 1891 he skated 5 miles in 15 minutes 11 seconds, and, in 1892, 1 mile in 2 minutes 49 seconds. In 1894, at Zwolle, in Holland, he established two world's records—namely, 5,000 mètres in 8 minutes 33¾ seconds, and 10,000 mètres in 18 minutes 52½ seconds, thus becoming champion skater of the world.

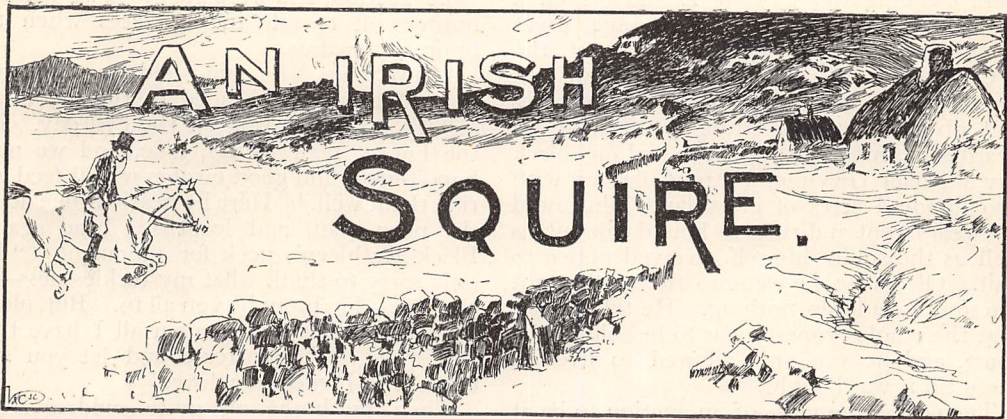
In speaking thus shortly of records and record-makers, it is only possible to touch the fringe of so wide a subject. Many wonderful performances might be mentioned unconnected with any definite sport, such as Captain Webb's celebrated Channel swim in 1875, or J. Finney's plunge under water lasting 4 minutes 29¼ seconds, in 1886. We have, however, confined our attention to the most popular races of the most popular sports. In every case a steady improvement in records has shown what training, skill, and experience can perform. How far this improvement will be maintained as the competition increases, it is impossible to say. There must be a limit, even to records, for time is one of the few things that America cannot "improve off the face of the earth." In conclusion it must be remembered that on such a subject it is impossible to be quite up to date, since records, like good intentions, are only made to be broken in a day or two.

B. FLETCHER ROBINSON.



BARRY THROWING THE HAMMER.

(From a photograph by Symmons & Thiele, Chancery Lane, W.C.)



(TOLD BY AN OLD RETAINER.)



HERE were strange things that happened in the old days in the sweet district known as Ballybragh: when landlords were lords and not merely land-owners, and tenants were friends and not merely rent-payers (so called, as Father Brophy mentioned to me once in course of instruction—and I owe my literary talent to him—because they did not pay rent)—when a word and a blow meant the same thing, and the word without the blow was as good as the bond; for lying was imported into the old country with bonnets and the potato disease. And the strange things, no matter how strange, were never reported in any newspaper; for we liked to keep our little amusements, jokes, murders, faction fights, and such-like to ourselves, as Irish gentlemen—and all Irishmen were gentlemen then—should do.

Well do I remember the fun we had—how many years ago is it now, bad cess to it?—when some thieving lawyers in Dublin processed our Squire O'Claragh, of Castle O'Claragh—situated, as everyone knows, in the cream of the Ballybragh district—and tried to seize his goods. Only one bailiff died of that. There must have been some sealing-wax or extra thick parchment in his documents that wouldn't go down his throat, but stuck there and choked him. But there wasn't one of the poor deluded men who hadn't a spell of hospital, and no inclination left to come again to Castle O'Claragh except on a peaceful errand. But that was long ago.

Squire O'Claragh, Master of the Ballybragh Hounds, was then a grand specimen of an Irish gentleman—upstanding, masterful, with

the eye of an eagle, the frown of a Roman emperor, and the smile of an angel in a holy picture. He knew no law but his own. And wasn't that enough? For he was a just man when not out of temper. And generous?—well, he gave pretty well everything he had away and spent the rest. There was open house at the castle, and dancing and gaming and all diversion, morning to night, or to next morning, for many a long year; and 'twas reckoned by a man cunning with figures that if you put together all he owed and all he was owed you'd get a sum fit to set up a King of England or even a Lord Mayor of Dublin.

As the Saxons are apt to say, with their characteristic caution, such a state of things could not last for ever, and times changed a little. Well, if the squire was broke most of his tenants were broke, too. Indeed, I remember one day when he had bought a lovely blood mare from Paddy Walsh, of Tinvogue, and Paddy sent her over to the castle to be surrendered when the two hundred pounds were paid, the groom was kept riding over the property all day collecting the money in small bits from the tenants, on account of their arrears of rent. And he'd have taken another twelve hours, too, if she hadn't been such a beauty—by Sir Hercules, four years old, bright bay, with such a girth, such shoulders, and loins to lift her over St. Patrick's Cathedral.

As I was saying, when the mare interrupted me, times got very tight with the squire, and even he began to see and acknowledge the fact. He, and all of us, were living too late. Fifty years before the king's writ didn't run anywhere near us, and debts were not things to trouble us. But Saxon civilisation, like bad whiskey, was demoralising us, and we

were catching the ways of Londoners on a Sunday. There was talk of some great insurance company getting hold of the O'Claragh estate, castle and all, turning out the tenants in a lump, consolidating the farms and giving them to strangers. Then we heard something of a receiver; and one black day Michael Gwynne, a strong farmer, with two hundred acres of grass land, who owed five years' rent and rode to hounds almost as well as the squire himself, received notice to quit. Of course, he went to the castle; but the squire could do nothing. He told Micky that the whole property was to be sold in the court, and he was only allowed to live on there till it was bought.

Then came the news of an auction to be at the castle—horses and carriages, and ploughs and asses, and the jennet, all to be sold to pay some beggarly tradesman's bill. A lot of us broke into the stables the night before that

same auction, and were about riding the best hunters off to safe hiding-places when the squire stopped us.

"Sure, boys," he said—and I can see him now, standing bareheaded in the moonlight—"it's no use putting off the evil day. Let the horses, poor things, bide, and we must hope they'll find good owners who'll feed and ride them well." Here he nearly broke down, the poor man, and leant his head against Black Kathleen's neck for a moment. "I'm only sorry to think what my recklessness—its example—has brought you all to. But, please God, when they have taken all I have they will wipe off the arrears and let you stay on in the homes you love."

Then he broke off quite suddenly, and didn't wait to listen to us cheering him; and even forgot to tell us to go inside and have a drop—which shows how altogether broken-hearted he was, God bless him!

We did all we could next day. We bid some of the lots up and then couldn't pay, so that they had to be sold again; and we hustled the auctioneer and his men till the squire made us stop that; and we hooted and boo'd, and made fine commotion. But it was all no use; and, as Tim Doolan, the steward, told me next day, when all was over the master stood there on his doorstep looking over the Galteragh Hills, where the sun was setting, and murmured, not knowing that Tim was so near—

"The sun—my old friend of many years—setting; and mine has set, too, over the Galteragh Hills."

Tim declared that if he hadn't had an extra glass a few minutes before with the auctioneer he would have burst out weeping, so touched was he with the hopelessness of the squire's tone.

I don't think I have mentioned that he was unmarried; and, as at the time I speak



"SHE HELD HER HEAD
MIGHTY HIGH."

of he had reached five and-sixty years, was likely to remain so; especially as the last few years, while the trouble was darkening round him, had aged him terribly, till he was gaunt and thin and grey, and stooped like Jemmy the Fiddler. But he had adopted many years back the daughter of his only brother, who had died a glorious natural death, riding in a foxchase against a batch of men from County Galcommon, who had presumed to boast they were harder than our men. Miss Nina I could remember as a pretty child out on her pony and trying to follow her uncle; and on the days she was out he rode as gently as an Englishman in kid gloves. But we did not see much of her, for as she grew up the squire kept her away from the wild doings of the place, and one only caught sight of her now and again when home for her holidays, or with a governess with spectacles and an English accent. Then she went away, when she was a tall slip of a girl and handsome, they told me, to go to Court—the real thing, not the make-believe in Dublin—and then we heard she was to be married to Lord something who managed his big estates in the west of Ireland from Piccadilly; and we tenants of the O'Claragh estate subscribed and gave her a pearl necklace.

I remember about that necklace well, for two reasons. The first is that I was one of the committee who went up to Dublin to choose it (much about pearls we five knew!), and I got blind, and very nearly cost the country a new Dublin policeman, in consequence of one of those gentlemen in Dame Street forgetting his good manners when addressing a member of a pearl committee. And the second is that when I represented to old Jack Moore, the O'Claragh agent, that I had naturally the right to deduct the amount of my share of the present from my rent—or arrears of rent—he proved very insensible on the subject. But he was always a stupid body and drank milk with his diet.

I heard afterwards that the reason of a bit of a screw he put on us at that time was that the lord who was going to marry Miss Nina wanted a fortune with her, and the squire had to raise it somehow. In argument with me one day poor old Jack Moore actually stated that the richer a man was the more he insisted on having his wife's fortune paid to the day.

We all had a sort of idea that the squire was mighty fond of his niece and adopted daughter, but that she had become rather Englishlike since she had been to Court. And certainly at one time when she came over to Castle O'Claragh—it was a few months before her engagement to marry the lord—

she held her head mighty high, and young Mr. Kelly, of O'Kellystown, declared that she'd have turned up her nose at St. Patrick and Brian Boroinhe rolled into one unless he could talk about the Bond Street shops and do tricks like a French poodle.

When the squire came back from the wedding, which was in London, he seemed a little changed; and perhaps, as I think now, it was from then might be dated his ceasing to be quite a young man, with all the daredevilment of an O'Claragh. Yet at that time he was only about fifty-six, and could ride against any horsebreaker in all Ireland.

Well, to come back (or rather go forward nine years) to the sad time of the auction. There was a new rumour every day, one more foolish than another. All we knew for certain was that the master was living in one room of his great empty house, with just two servants to wait on him, and try to make him swallow enough food to keep the life in him. And his one fault came against him, as I often feared it would one day. He had never taken whiskey *seriously* enough, and now he missed a mighty consoling friend.

There's a deal of nonsense talked about that same good spirit "J. J." Strong, is it? Of course it is. Who likes weakness in anything but a policeman or a wife? It's like a spirited horse—apt to run away with you and play the devil entirely if you're not constantly using it and accustoming yourself to its little ways. And that's where the moderate drinkers make such fools of themselves. Don't drink at all if you can't drink properly, like an Irish gentleman of the old days I am telling about; and don't go hunting if you're only accustomed to cavalcading with the ladies in the Fifteen Acres.

But I am digressing, wandering about the boreens like an omadhaun.

Well, I heard from time to time from Murtagh, the master's old servant, and it was always bad news he had to tell. The master seemed to grow a year older and two years sadder every day; his clothes (such as they were) hung about loose, as if he had forgotten to get into them when they came out of his room in the morning. And he scarcely spoke at all; only sat and stared at nothing in particular, as if he was waiting for the last trump.

Then we all heard—it was in the county paper, and we read it at the shebeen on Saturday night—that the lord who had married Miss Nina had come with his wife—"the beautiful Countess, leader of *haut ton* in London society," the paper said; and we all wondered what they hunted, and if the fences were as big as ours—to visit His

Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. I went up to the castle next day and got hold of Murtagh, and unfolded my plan to him, which was that the squire should be persuaded to put on his best suit and go to Dublin to see his adopted child, and to tell her and the lord the state of things at her old home. The lord was as rich as a Jerusalem gombeen man; and sure, wasn't there the trifle of a fortune the squire had handed over with Miss Nina? Couldn't he have that back, and so be allowed to live comfortable in his old age? Did Murtagh think that a girl could refuse such a little thing to the man who had been a father to her, and who loved her?

Murtagh was cautious about that, but he doubted the master being brought to go to Dublin. But somehow we did persuade him betwixt us. We put it that it wasn't only for himself: it was for all those about who had lost their livelihood by the shutting up, so to speak, of the castle. And he went, taking Murtagh with him, for he was weak, and had lost a good deal of his independent spirit.

What happened in Dublin I extracted afterwards from Murtagh. And, faith, it wasn't much. The countess was "not at home" three times; then she looked the other way when she drove past him as he walked along Sackville Street; then she sent a letter to his lodgings, and that night she and the lord crossed over back to England.

Murtagh found the master in a sort of half faint—they were on very short commons; for tickets by railway cost money, and lodgings are dear in Dublin City—with the letter lying on the floor beside him, and by it just the corner of a burnt bank-note.

He kept the letter, and I copied it:—

"VICEREGAL LODGE,

"March —, 18—.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—I am sorry you exposed yourself in this cold weather to so long a journey; especially as you are unwell, and as surely you must see for yourself our meeting would only be painful on both sides.

"My husband is most particular about money matters, and was much upset by the public exposure of the state of the O'Claragh property, brought about, as he says, by such reckless, indeed criminal, extravagance. Speaking for myself, I would most willingly have welcomed you here, and have cheerfully given up my poor little fortune, and more, to help you. But Alfred says that it is absolutely immoral to throw good money after bad, and, indeed, has shown me that this fortune is not mine to give away, which it isn't. So you see that our meeting would only be terribly painful and do no good.

"Alfred thinks—and begs me to add—that by careful living, strict economy, and insisting on the arrears of rent due being paid up, you ought—being alone and having no expenses—to live quite comfortably. In any case he says you have the power of petitioning the Court of Bankruptcy, in which case it is the custom to allow the bankrupt—which you would be—a small income.

"We go back to London to-night.

"With much love,

"Your affectionate niece,

"NINA.

"P.S.—I enclose a £10 note, which Alfred says may help you to defray the unnecessary expense you have incurred in coming to Dublin."

The only words the squire said when he came to himself were:—"She's quite right—hard—but quite right. A beggar should be treated as a beggar. But Nina——"

Then he gave a kind of a little gulp, and recognised Murtagh; and he looked round as if searching for something, and saw the bit of bank-note. Then he smiled—Murtagh says it was a smile that ran into your heart like a knife—and muttered: "No—not quite a beggar yet, after all."

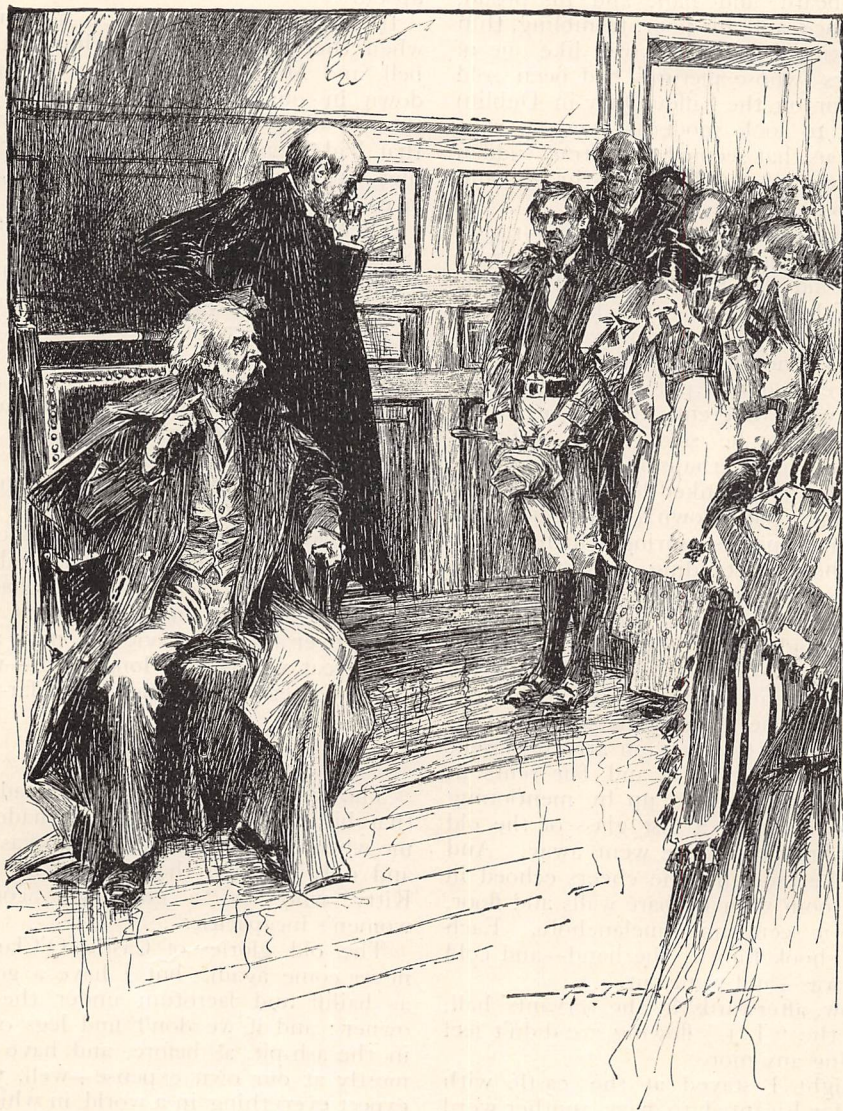
He looked a little more for the letter, but Murtagh kept it in his pocket; and I expect the poor master thought he had burnt it along with the bank-note.

When he came back to us, which he did next day, looking like a man dug up from his grave, he was met by the news—Jack Moore had it—that a Mr. Smith, of London, had bought the O'Claragh demesne, castle and all, by private treaty under the court—or some such way—and that possession was to be given in a month's time.

I don't think anything could hurt the squire then; when you've shot a hare through the head, you don't need to break its neck; and he said nothing at all about it, but just dropped into his old chair (it was one we had clubbed together to buy at the auction, made of oak off the estate some hundred years ago) as if he hadn't been away, and felt for his pipe, forgetting that he'd given up smoking six months before.

But we all said a good deal; and many were the plans—foolish mostly—we devised to stop the rooting out of the old O'Claragh stock from among us for ever. True, there was no heir we cared about; but to have a Mr. Smith, of London, over us as landlord! It seemed unnatural.

The time went on; the days of grace were fast coming to an end, and not one of us was



"THE SQUIRE MADE A LITTLE SPEECH—RATHER SLOW AND HESITATING" (p. 374).

there to devise a plan. The law and the police were too strong for us; and even old Jack Moore and Father Brophy told us we had just to grin and bear it.

What was to become of the squire no one knew. He had refused long ago all offers of a home with any one of us; and, of course, an O'Claragh could not be expected to live even in such a house as O'Kellystown, which young Mr. Kelly—who had had a soft place in his heart for Miss Nina, till she snubbed him—asked him to come to.

Then—there were only a few days left before the new owner of the castle was to take possession—Mr. Moore, as old Jack liked to be called (him that had been agent to the property nearly all his life, and could not quite realise that he wasn't so still), rode round to the tenants on his grey mare, and asked us all up to the castle on the Wednesday, to say "good-bye" to the squire. You may bet your soul there wasn't one of us that stayed away; and when we were showed by old Murtagh into the great hall, and saw the

squire sitting all alone in his oak chair, with his white beard and hair, and his proud, handsome face, and his poor, trembling, thin hands—looking for all the world like one of his ancestors (whose pictures had been sold to a collector on the Liffey Quay in Dublin) dressed up to look modern—there were a good few of us that seemed to contract sudden colds and wanted to clear our throats and blow our noses.

The squire made a little speech—rather low and hesitating, but we could hear every word. He said that too late he had seen the mistakes of his life; that too late he knew what a lot of harm the example of his wild extravagance had done in the part of the world where God had put him to do good, and set a very different kind of example. The punishment, he said, in his old age, seemed hard; but perhaps it was not rightly hard enough. He thanked heaven he had no son to whom to hand down a ruined heritage. Then, after a pause—during which Father Brophy, who was standing nearest to him, blew his nose, and old Biddy Murphy sobbed—he went on that he had asked us to come up that he might look once more on his old friends and bid them a long good-bye. He asked us to try and conform to the changed times, and said he thought he had arranged that we would be forgiven our arrears of rent and given a fair chance and fair rents in future. And he finished up by mentioning that we could drink a last glass of the old O'Claragh brew before we went away. And then we cheered, and the cheers echoed in the great room with its bare walls and floor, and made it seem more melancholy. Each one of us shook him by the hand—and cold that hand was—and went out.

Somehow, afterwards in the servants' hall, even with the "J. J." flowing, we didn't feel like cheering any more.

That night I stayed at the castle with Murtagh, for I wanted to have another word with the master, and to know where he was

going to; and Father Brophy stayed, too, upstairs.

It was about six o'clock next morning when there was a great ringing of the hall-bell, and Murtagh and I (who had just laid down in our clothes after a long talk of the old days at the castle, and the glories that had been) ran upstairs. Father Brophy met us outside the hall-door with a scared face.

"Send for Doctor Tobin, quick; take my little horse from the stable."

Murtagh ran off to send a lad on the horse, and I entered the hall and knelt down.

The old master was sitting in his chair just as he had been the evening before when he bade us good-bye; the morning sun was shining on his calm white face, and he seemed asleep. But I knew what it was, and, without knowing what I did, there on my knees—sobbing as I was—I just murmured the "Miserere" under my breath.

He had died in his sleep, the doctor said, and used a long name for what killed him. But we all knew well enough he had died of a broken heart; died looking at the sun rising over the sweet view of park and lake and great woods—no longer his—with the lovely Galteragh mountains for a far-off background.

* * * *

The day after the funeral my headache was that big and active it almost made two of me when I was alone; and that was the one and only occasion that I lifted my hand on Kitty, who was a good wife, considering women's incapacities.

The old glories of Castle O'Claragh will never come again; but I have a good place as bailiff and factotum under the present owner; and if we don't find legs of mutton in the ash-pit, as before, and have to drink mostly at our own expense—well, you can't expect everything in a world in which Home Rule doesn't come and fusel oil does.

Desart



WHERE MR. CHAMBERLAIN LIVES.



THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)

THE residence of Mr. Chamberlain at Moor Green, on the outskirts of Birmingham, is significant in its way of the new order—if it is not already beginning to be old—of men and things in statesmanship. A big villa, with what Lord Randolph Churchill contemptuously called “pineries and vineries,” built less than twenty years ago, within the tram-car area of the busy town in which Mr. Chamberlain, like his father before him, was engaged in trade; such is the home of the statesman who has attained to power and position second only to those of Prime Minister. Compared with Hatfield or Hawarden, Chatsworth or Mentmore, the house and its environments are quite unimpressive. Yet good taste cannot

be denied to the building of red-tinted brick and white stone, with its various-shaped windows, wood-covered gables, and sloping grey roof. The Birmingham smoke has long since chastened its newness, and ivy and creeper have been induced to give the walls a touch of the picturesque.

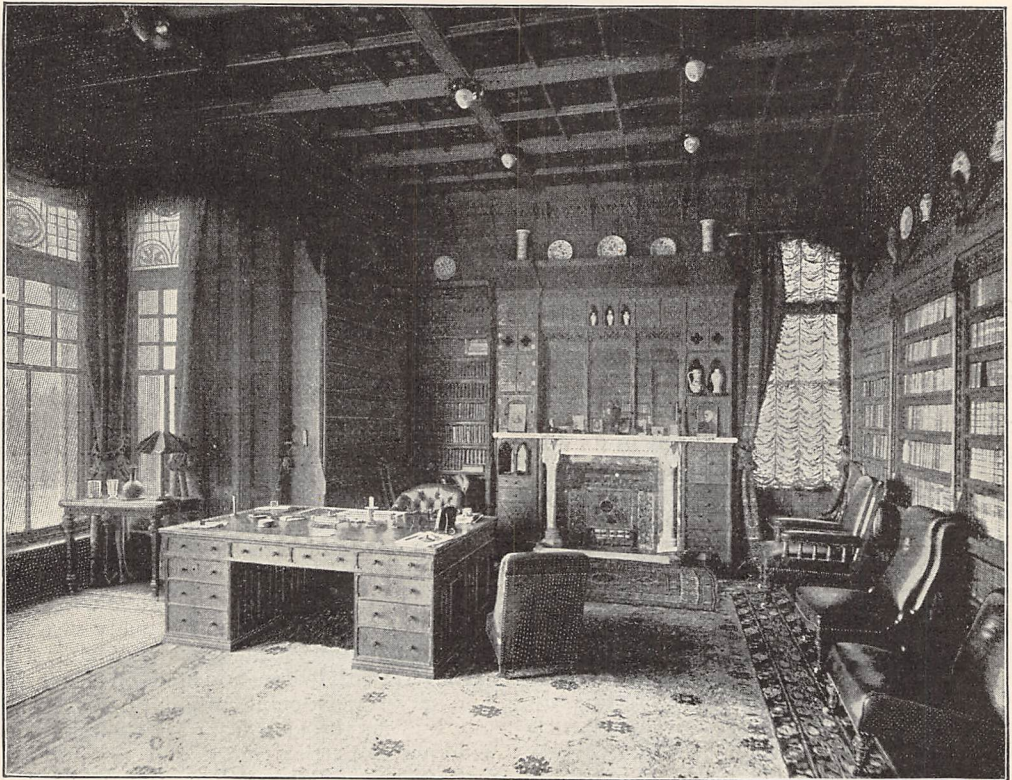
Highbury—Mr. Chamberlain named his house, I believe, after the North London suburb in which he lived for many years—is approached from the main road by what is still a rustic lane with hedges and fields on either side. The city is advancing rapidly, however, and year by year the view from Mr. Chamberlain’s windows is getting more and more dotted with other villas. When the right hon. gentleman built his house, seclusion was not

his first object ; he desired to be within easy driving distance of the municipal buildings in which he was working day by day for the welfare of his fellow-citizens. Birmingham has grown at even greater speed, perhaps, than was foreseen by its most popular Mayor, and I dare say there are times when Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain wish that their domicile were a little further from its noise and smoke. As it is, Mr. Chamberlain has assured himself of a larger amount of open space around Highbury by recently purchasing the greater part of an adjoining property and adding it to his own. Originally about thirty acres, the grounds of Highbury now contain over seventy acres. The adjoining property on one side belonged to a member of the Cadbury family ; Mr. Chamberlain's neighbour on the other side is his brother Arthur, whose house and grounds somewhat resemble Highbury.

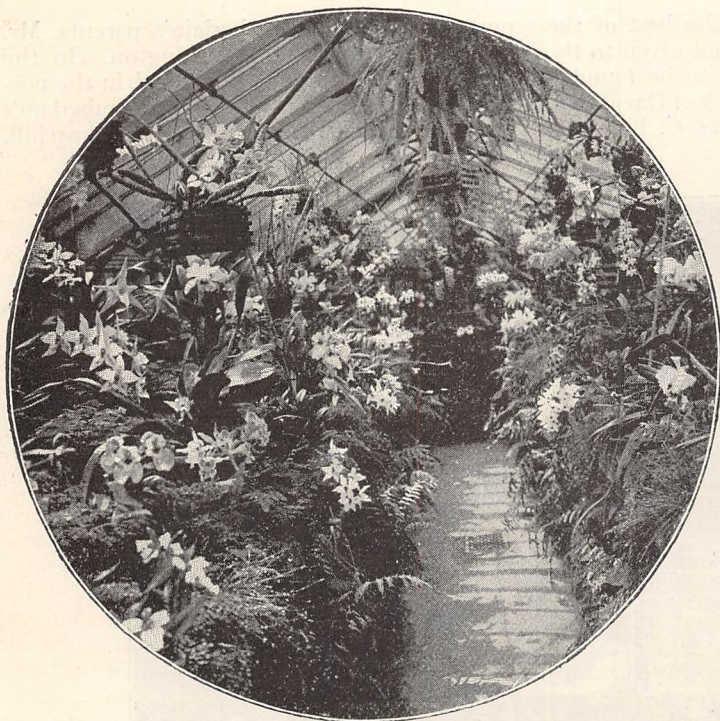
The suburban conventionality of Mr. Chamberlain's dwelling-place ends with the front door. Passing through a short corridor you find yourself in a large and lofty hall which, with a gallery opening into the upper rooms, occupies the whole of the central space of the house. It is prettily and cosily

furnished with thick rugs and easy chairs, several vases of cut flowers, two or three dainty tables on which some current books and magazines are to be found, and a number of landscapes and "subject" pictures by artists who are well known and otherwise. This bright and pleasant apartment, with its polished oak floor, becomes the ball-room on occasions. On the right are the breakfast-room, Mrs. Chamberlain's boudoir, and the drawing-room ; and on the left the dining-room. From a side corridor, which leads from the entrance hall, opens Mr. Chamberlain's library and his secretary's rooms. For smoking-rooms there are the library and Mr. Austen's room. At Highbury one soon discovers that its owner has practically but one recreation—the culture of the orchid.

Mr. Chamberlain's library is a large square room, at a corner of the house, with a finely panelled ceiling, and broad windows of tinted glass, through which there is a good distant view of the Worcestershire hills. The first thing which caught my eye on entering the room was a photographic portrait of Mr. Gladstone over the white marble mantelpiece. It has hung there, I was told, for a dozen years or more. In the secretary's room are



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S LIBRARY AT HIGHBURY.



ONE OF THE ORCHID-HOUSES.

large framed photographs of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, and a pen-and-ink copy of a *Punch* cartoon by Tenniel of Mr. Chamberlain as "The Cherub" at the time of the agitation over his Merchant Shipping Bill. The open oaken book-shelves, ranged round the library contain works of reference on every subject. History, biography, poetry, and general literature, English and French, are all well represented. A writing-desk near the windows—for the use of Mr. Chamberlain—is generally covered by Parliamentary and official papers. I am struck by the apparent absence of blue-books and similar literature until I discover an abundance of them in a smaller room adjoining, which is given up to Mr. Wilson's use. In curious contrast to these business-like apartments is the room

which, since Mr. Chamberlain married for the third time in 1888, has been Mrs. Chamberlain's boudoir. It is one's *beau-ideal* of a lady's sanctum with its delicately tinted silk and satin curtains, screens, and upholstery, a small bookcase mostly given up to miniature volumes of the American poets, tea-table and tea service, water-colour drawings and friends' photos.

The corridor between these rooms and the hall contains a number of interesting souvenirs of Mr. Chamberlain's brilliant career. Among the number are several relating to the part he played in the settlement of the dispute with the United States about the Behring Sea Fisheries. In one frame are the portraits and signatures of the statesmen and diplomats who signed the treaty, together with the steel pen used for the purpose. There are innumerable illuminated addresses from Liberal and Liberal Unionist Associations—significant testimony to Mr. Chamberlain's platform activity in various parts of the country—and several scrolls presenting to him the "freedom" of municipal boroughs.

In the drawing-room and dining-room on



THE LAKE IN THE GROUNDS, HIGHBURY.

the other side of the house, the best of the pictures Mr. Chamberlain has not given to the Birmingham Art Gallery are to be found—some fine specimens of the work of David Cox, A. W. Hunt, Pettie, F. Walker, C. Fielding,

portraits of Mrs. Chamberlain's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Endicott, of Washington. In the dining-room I am most interested in the portraits, which include one of Mr. Chamberlain's father and another of Lord Randolph Churchill,



MR. CHAMBERLAIN RECEIVING DESPATCHES FOR APPROVAL AND SIGNATURE IN HIS ROOM AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

Marcus Stone, Brett, Lewis, and other distinguished English painters. A feature of the drawing-room, which is tastefully furnished in subdued tints, is the big palm in one corner of the room. Somehow or other, Mr. Chamberlain's gardeners have succeeded in preserving the perfect freshness and greenness of this beautiful plant without taking it out of the room except for occasional ablutions. On a cabinet of black and gold stand

presented with his autograph to the Secretary for the Colonies after a cordial friendship had sprung up between the erstwhile bitter opponents.

Mr. Chamberlain can, if he pleases, adorn his dinner-table with presentation plate which, in some measure, tells the story of his life. Among other things is the silver salver presented to his grandfather by that historic body, the Cordwainers' Company of London,



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE ORCHIDS.

whilst another salver is greatly valued by him because it testifies to the goodwill borne him by the workmen of "Nettlefold and Chamberlain" when he retired from business in 1874. A silver cup among the presentation plate was given by Lord Randolph Churchill. In the company of such things, under the protection of impregnable iron, are the silver trowels used by Mr. Chamberlain in laying the foundation stones of several of the principal buildings of Birmingham, including the fine municipal buildings. There are also curious specimens of silver ware picked up by him in the course of foreign travel.

From the drawing-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain receive several hundred guests in the course of an evening, you walk into a charming conservatory, filled with the scent of the sweetest flowers and shaded by the foliage of the finest tropical plants. A fountain of alabaster plays in the centre, and amidst the gentle rhythm of the water sparkling in the electric light, several seductive chairs tempt you to delightful ease. The conservatory opens into a series of glass-houses, filled with Mr. Chamberlain's famous collection of orchids, which can all be visited without once venturing into the open air.

For the enjoyment of the feast of colour which, at times, this collection affords, Mr. Chamberlain has had all the orchid houses furnished with the electric light and paved with tessellated stones. There are, with recent additions, about thirty glass-houses at High-bury, and of this number one-third are devoted to the cultivation of the orchid. But, although he has made a hobby of orchids, the Colonial Secretary grows almost every kind of flower under glass or in the open garden. In two or three houses the rose—which is Mrs. Chamberlain's favourite flower—is grown in large numbers and with great success.

Outside the glass-houses are several acres of well-kept flower beds. The grounds are well furnished with timber and foliage, and although few of the trees are remarkable for age or size, there is a yew which is said to be mentioned as a landmark in Domesday Book. The winding walks lead to one or two grottos and ferneries and a lake large enough for

boating and fishing. In another part of the grounds is a little dairy in which the ladies of the house are accustomed in summer-time to serve afternoon tea to their friends. This rustic retreat adjoins some farm buildings, for Mr. Austen Chamberlain takes an enthusiastic interest in agriculture, and on a large part of his father's acres experiments in stock-raising.

About twenty gardeners are usually employed at Highbury, the care of the orchids making the demand the whole of the time of three of the number. For the welfare of these plants an experienced orchidist is held responsible, but Mr. Chamberlain himself still contrives to take a keen personal interest in their cultivation. On his Saturday to Monday visits, and when residing at Highbury during the Parliamentary recess, the best part of his little leisure is spent in the plant houses. Every plant is numbered according to a private catalogue the right hon. gentleman himself keeps, and the gardeners declare that every one of the five or six thousand specimens at Highbury is individually known to him. In this great collection of orchids, all the gardeners

naturally take pride, and visitors are shown a number of cards in their sheds awarding various prizes at "shows" in Birmingham and the neighbourhood to Mr. Chamberlain's exhibits. For the benefit of the gardeners, by the way, the right hon. gentleman has established a provident fund, and from his own pocket doubles every contribution made to it by them.

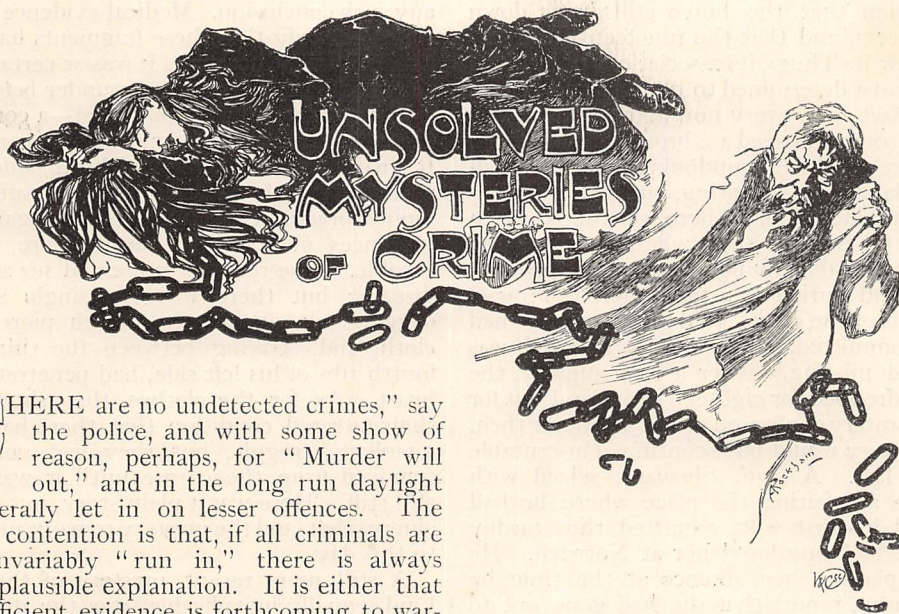
As I have indicated, a liberal use of the electric light is made at Highbury, and this is supplied on the premises, the engine house being close to the moderate-sized stables. Mr. Chamberlain planned this supply of his own when the domestic use of the light was still in its infancy, and even now he occasionally devises little improvements in his house and grounds. For the right hon. gentleman would seem to have retained all his old affection for his Birmingham home, notwithstanding the glamour of London life. He tries to spend as much time as he possibly can there, and when away from Highbury he is always in touch with its household. For one thing, he receives from it a regular supply of his beloved flower for the decoration of his table and the adornment of his person.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.



HIGHBURY.

(From a photograph by Draycott, Birmingham.)



“**T**HERE are no undetected crimes,” say the police, and with some show of reason, perhaps, for “Murder will out,” and in the long run daylight is generally let in on lesser offences. The police contention is that, if all criminals are not invariably “run in,” there is always some plausible explanation. It is either that no sufficient evidence is forthcoming to warrant arrest or secure conviction, or that during the inquiry certain facts have become perverted; the false has been taken for the true, and innocence has thus been wrongly established. To this day, old officers at Scotland Yard are firmly convinced that Dr. Hessel was the real perpetrator of the Great Coram Street murder, and declare that the *alibi* by which he escaped was not unimpeachable. It is to be feared that this comforting assurance of ultimate detection cannot be fully accepted. There are some crimes—a large number of them, indeed—that are mysteries, and will remain mysteries, to the end of the chapter. No real solution has been offered as yet of the notorious Whitechapel murders; no reasonable surmise made of the identity of that most mysterious monster “Jack the Ripper.” Given certain favourable conditions, say the police, thus contradicting their other contention—conditions such as were present in that long series of gruesome atrocities—and a murderer will always escape retribution, if only he has the good luck to escape observation at the moment. If he is able to remove himself quickly from the scene of action, and can cover up his tracks promptly and cleverly, detection is, and must be, at fault. Various theories, based upon these alleged conditions, were put forward by the police in the Whitechapel affair. One was that the murderer only visited London at certain intervals, and that at all other times he was safe beyond all pursuit. Either he was at sea—a sailor, a stoker, of foreign extraction, a Malay or Lascar—or he was a man with a double personality;

one so absolutely distinct from, and far superior to the other, that no possible suspicion could attach to him when he resumed the more respectable garb. It was, in fact, a real case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Granted, also, that this individual was afflicted with periodic fits of homicidal mania, accompanied by all the astuteness of this form of lunacy, it was easy to conceive of his committing the murders under such uncontrollable impulse, and of his prompt disappearance by returning to his other altogether irreproachable identity. No doubt this was a plausible theory, but theory it was, and nothing more. It was never, even inferentially, supported by fact.

To admit so much, then, is to concede beyond all question the existence of unsolved and, presumably, unsolvable mysteries of crime. Many such are to be met with in the judicial records of all times and climes; many more are still occurring continually. However disquieting the statement, there is much to justify a belief that murder most foul, and still most mysteriously unrevealed, stalks constantly in our midst. I have myself heard an eminent and very famous police functionary declare that many people come by their deaths in this huge overgrown city of ours by foul means, without being missed, or if missed without any explanation of their disappearance. We come from time to time upon the fringe of such terrible mysteries; the hem of the dark veil is lifted, and light let in on the doings of modern Borgias and Brinvilliers unscrupulously wielding the terrible weapons that advanced science places at their disposal.

We have still an uncomfortable but distinct impression that the bravo still lurks down side streets, and that the nineteenth century can show its Thugs, its associations of branded miscreants, determined to plunder and kill.

The fact that, every now and then, the vestiges of some foul deed are brought to light, the existence of which is undoubted, but of which all explanation is wanting, supports this unpleasant conclusion. There was the Norwich case, as far back as 1851, when a dog turned up unmistakable human remains chopped to pieces, and buried in a plantation at Trowse, a suburb of the city. No doubt a murder had been committed, yet no one in Norwich was reported missing. After a long inquiry, the matter dropped for eighteen years, and but for the voluntary confession of the murderer then, the mystery would have continued inscrutable to the last. A man, Sheward, seized with remorse at visiting the place where he had married his first wife, admitted thus tardily that he had murdered her at Norwich. He had explained her absence at the time by spreading a report that she had gone out to Australia on a visit to her relatives. Sheward's confession was hardly credited at first. It was considered another of those sham statements of self-accusation which men so often make for purposes of their own. As everybody knows, when any crimes remain long unexplained there are always fools, idiots, or knaves anxious to accept the guilt; so Sheward's story was largely disbelieved. His confession was commonly thought false, mainly because it was shown that his wife's age at the time of the supposed murder was fifty-four, while the medical testimony proved that the remains discovered had been those of a young woman between sixteen and twenty-five. In the end, however, Sheward was convicted, sentenced, and duly hanged. Yet the case may still be classed among the mysteries of crime.

It is generally thought murder would be made more easy if greater facilities offered for the disposal of the *corpus delicti*. But murderers are often at no pains to conceal the guilty record of their crime. It is difficult, as in the Norwich case, to connect the discovery of remains with any particular individual. It was so in the Waterloo Bridge mystery, nearly forty years ago. One morning in October, 1857, soon after dawn, two boys in a boat came upon a carpet bag, locked and corded, hanging below Waterloo Bridge. The bag when forced open was found to contain the mutilated fragments of a human body (a male), and also a quantity of torn and blood-stained clothing. A theory was soon set up, and generally believed, that this was a hideous joke from the dissecting-room—the prank of some reckless medical

students. But closer investigation forbade any such conclusion. Medical evidence denied unhesitatingly that these fragments had been professionally dissected. It was as certain that they had been cut or sawn asunder before the rigidity of death had supervened—a condition that always precedes all anatomical operations. It was shown that they had been boiled and partially salted, all processes that are commonly practised by murderers. Again, the evidences of a violent death were unmistakable. The remains presented no signs of disease; but there was one single stab—a dagger stab, apparently—which pierced the cloth, and, striking between the third and fourth ribs of his left side, had penetrated the heart. As for the clothes, they showed by their tattered condition that there had been a violent struggle, but they had not been removed from the corpse until it was stark and stiff. Here was a plain story, but still no clue was left, and the mystery remains unsolved to this day.

A still more recent mystery of the same kind, equally inexplicable, was the discovery in 1880 of a woman's body in a cellar, under the pavement, of a fine mansion in Harley Street. The butler of the family in cleaning out the cellar came upon a cask, and within that cask he found the body preserved in quicklime, which had been used, no doubt, with the idea of preserving it, but the opposite result followed. Decomposition had, however, gone too far to make recognition possible, and there was never the slightest clue to the identity of the criminal, or of that of the murdered person. The woman had been stabbed to the heart. Nothing whatever was elicited in the house itself. It had been occupied by the same gentleman, its proprietor, an unimpeachably respectable person, for at least twenty years, and he could throw no light whatever upon the mystery.

Even where a body has been clearly identified, and within a short space of time, the solution has not been reached. Let us take some of the less familiar cases, as recorded in the criminal history of other countries. There was the murder of "the pretty cigar girl," as she was called, Mary Rogers, of New York—the foundation, indeed, of Edgar Allen Poe's famous story "The Mystery of Marie Roget," although he placed the scene of the crime in Paris.

Mary Rogers left her home one evening for a walk in Hoboken, on the Jersey side of the Hudson River, and was never afterwards seen alive. Some days later her body was found floating in the North river; she had been strangled by her own lace *fichu*. By-and-by the traces of a fierce and mortal struggle

were found in a neighbouring wood, and in due course several arrests were made, all of men supposed to have been desperately in love with Mary Rogers. Every one was able, however, to establish his innocence, although one, by name Payn, subsequently committed suicide near where the crime was perpetrated. This mysterious murder agitated the whole of the United States to an

have hanged herself, then said to have been killed by a Methodist minister; but he was acquitted, and the deed, now proved to be one of violence, was always a mystery. So was that of the girl fished up from the bottom of Manhattan well, in the days when New York was a small place; but the murderer who had first strangled, then thrown Gulielma Sands down the well, was never discovered.



THE NORWICH CASE.

extent unparalleled, except by the murders of Presidents Lincoln and Garfield, and no satisfactory clue was ever obtained.

Not long ago, at the death of the tobacco merchant who had been Mary Rogers's employer, and who as the years passed had become a very wealthy man, certain facts were said to have come out, which in a measure implicated him with the crime; but these do not seem to have been more than a vague story of his being haunted on his death-bed in Paris by the ghost of the murdered girl. Other cases of a similar kind have occurred in the United States. There was the murder of Sarah Cornell, who was at first thought to

A much more recent New York mystery was the murder of the rich Jew, Benjamin Nathan, in 1870. He came home one night from the country to his house in West 23rd Street, close to Fifth Avenue, and as the place was dismantled, he slept on the floor of his reception room. Two of his sons and the housekeeper also slept in the house. Next morning Nathan was found lying in a pool of blood, gashed and slashed, and stabbed to death. Near at hand was a ship-carpenter's chisel, besmeared with blood. All his money and valuables, the three costly diamond studs in his shirt, his gold watch and chain, all had disappeared. More, the iron safe standing in

this same reception room, and the key of which was in the murdered man's trousers pocket, had been rifled, and many securities and important papers stolen. Those who had occupied the house with him were at first suspected, but their innocence was clearly established, and other theories set up. It was thought to be the work of a burglar come to rob, and forced to kill to escape capture; or, again, of a business man in Nathan's power, and determined, at all hazards, to become repossessed of dangerous and discrediting documents held by the Jew, in which case the

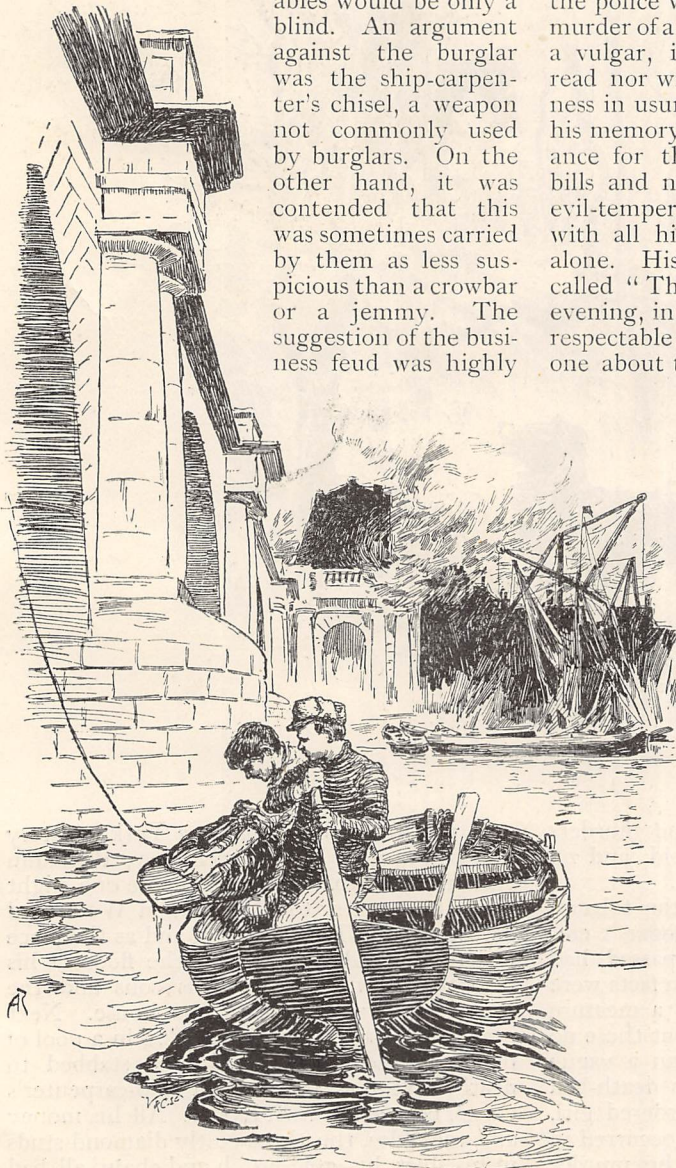
theft of cash and valuables would be only a blind. An argument against the burglar was the ship-carpenter's chisel, a weapon not commonly used by burglars. On the other hand, it was contended that this was sometimes carried by them as less suspicious than a crowbar or a jemmy. The suggestion of the business feud was highly

plausible, as Nathan was supposed to be concerned in many strange operations. But he was a silent, reserved man, whose own wife never knew what he carried in his pocket, or what was lodged in his safe. The police believed that the murderer had gained access to the house during the day, and remained close concealed until the midnight hour of action arrived. Whatever the solution of the mystery, it remains to this day unknown and undiscoverable.

Feuerbach, the famous Bavarian judge, who unravelled so many criminal mysteries, records a case not unlike that of Nathan's, in which the police were entirely at fault. It was the murder of a goldsmith, Christopher Rupprecht, a vulgar, illiterate man, who could neither read nor write, but who yet did a large business in usury. He trusted almost entirely to his memory, only occasionally calling in assistance for the drawing and arranging of his bills and notes of hand. Rupprecht was an evil-tempered old miser, who had quarrelled with all his near relations, and lived quite alone. His favourite resort was a beer-shop, called "The Hell." And he sat there one evening, in company with a party of staid and respectable citizens till half-past ten. Some-

one about that time came to the front door, and asked the landlord for Rupprecht. The usurer when called went out into the street, and almost immediately loud groans were heard, and a heavy fall. All rushed out, and found Rupprecht lying just within the door, covered with blood, flowing from a great wound in his head. He was just able to murmur a few words, "Wicked rogue!" and "The axe—the axe!" Later, when interrogated as to the murder, he gasped out, "My daughter!"

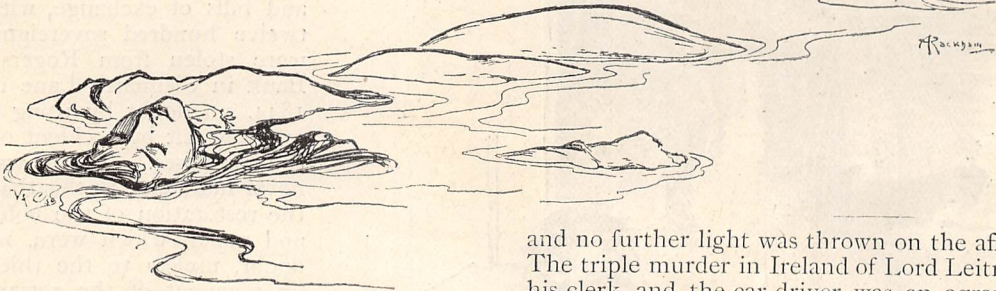
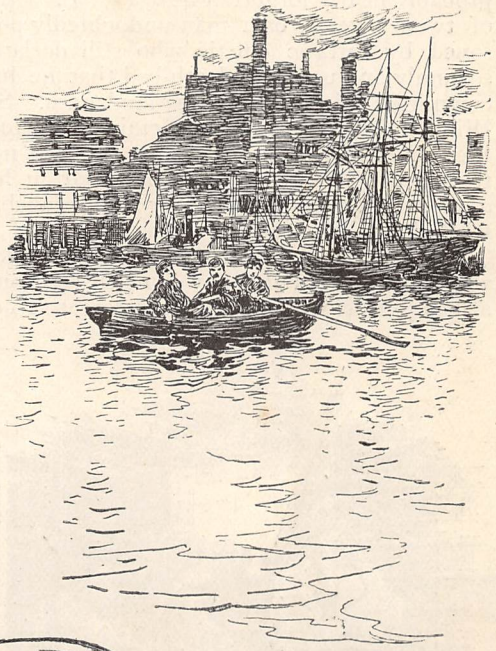
The wound, which was in the skull, and evidently mortal, had been inflicted by some sharp, heavy instrument, possibly a sabre, wielded by a practised hand. Rupprecht had been struck beyond doubt in the narrow street, a *cul-de-sac* at one end, and he must have rushed back into the house-porch to drop, dying, in the hall. Again, the position of the wound showed plainly that it had been given on the very door-step. Here were many facts. Here, too, was the chance of taking the criminal



THE WATERLOO BRIDGE MYSTERY.

red-handed, at the very time of the crime. The victim, last of all, was never quite unconscious, and he gave his own explanation of the murder, with plain indications of the murderer; yet nothing was ever brought home to a soul. Rupprecht when questioned, hanging between life and death—at a moment when, presumably, no man lies—declared that he had been struck down by Schmidt, a woodcutter, with a hatchet; that he recognised him by his voice; that Schmidt owed him no money, but that they had quarrelled. There were many Schmidts in the village, all woodcutters, and all were arrested; but to none could the crime be brought home. On one suspicion long rested, Abraham Schmidt, but his hatchet did not fit the wound. Moreover, he proved a clear *alibi*, and it was shown that he was a hard-working, peaceable man, a good husband and father, and he was in due course released. Then the law fixed upon the victim's daughter, whom he had mentioned after he had been picked up; but neither she nor her husband, who was also implicated, and although both of them lived on bad terms with Rupprecht, could possibly have committed the murder. Many other persons were arrested, interrogated, charged, but in every case suspicion, however plausible, fell to the ground. The mystery has remained a mystery, and the only solution offered was that the usurer had been slain by some disappointed

called—the case of the girl found nearly dead in an Eltham lane, and the suspicion in which fell upon her master, a printer in Greenwich. This person, Edmund Pook, was arrested on a speciously devised chain of reasoning, for which the police were afterwards blamed by the judge; Pook was held to be innocent,



THE PRETTY CIGAR GIRL (p. 382).

suppliant for a loan, or some debtor, unable otherwise to purge his debt, and that in both cases concealment was rendered easy by Rupprecht's plan of keeping no written record of his transactions. No one—not even his nearest relatives—were cognisant of Rupprecht's dealings, and it was generally believed that the only person to give a clue was the murdered man. So the secret was buried with him.

One or two more murder mysteries may be mentioned before leaving this branch of the subject. There was the Pook affair, as it was

and no further light was thrown on the affair. The triple murder in Ireland of Lord Leitrim, his clerk, and the car-driver was an agrarian outrage on which the seal of secrecy was strictly enforced; still some sort of clue might have been looked for, and was yet never found. At an earlier date the supposed crime of Johan Franz, accused of murdering a housekeeper when he was committing a burglary, is an instance of the uncertainties of circumstantial evidence, strong suspicion of an individual's guilt being met by coincidences as strongly affirming his innocence. Certain papers belonging to Franz were picked up in the room near the body; he had a shirt tied up with string similar to that with which the murdered woman had been bound. Yet it was proved by independent testimony that Franz had actually lost his papers, and

that the string or twine was of a kind very commonly used. Franz was acquitted, and the crime must be still attributed to persons unknown.

In the once notorious Bravo case there was strong presumption of guilt, but the inquest upon the dead man could not fix it upon any particular person. It was a strange story, probably nearly forgotten now after the lapse of twenty years, of a man undoubtedly poisoned by tartaric emetic who still declares solemnly and upon his death-bed that he has committed suicide by taking laudanum. Sir William Gull, one of the most eminent doctors then practising, plainly saw that this was not truth; yet the dying man persisted in his assertion which was further unmistakably falsified by the autopsy after death.

The motive for murder rather than suicide was to be found in unhappy domestic relations, although suicide was for the same reason not

impossible. Suspicions turned chiefly on a certain bottle of burgundy, from which Mr. Bravo alone at dinner had drunk three glasses; the decanter had been left all day in the dining-room cellarette, so that anyone in the house might have tampered with it. In the evening the residue of the burgundy was thrown away. Two other people—Mrs. Bravo and her companion, Mrs. Cox—had dined with Bravo, and all had partaken of the same food but not of the wine. There could be no doubt, then, that the burgundy had been drugged and presumably with tartaric emetic, but no one could say by whom. Neither suicide nor accident could explain Bravo's death; it was murder, but mysterious murder, and such it still remains.

Of crimes less heinous than taking life many have occurred, and will yet occur without being definitely cleared up. Incendiarism, such as the repeated devastating fires at that

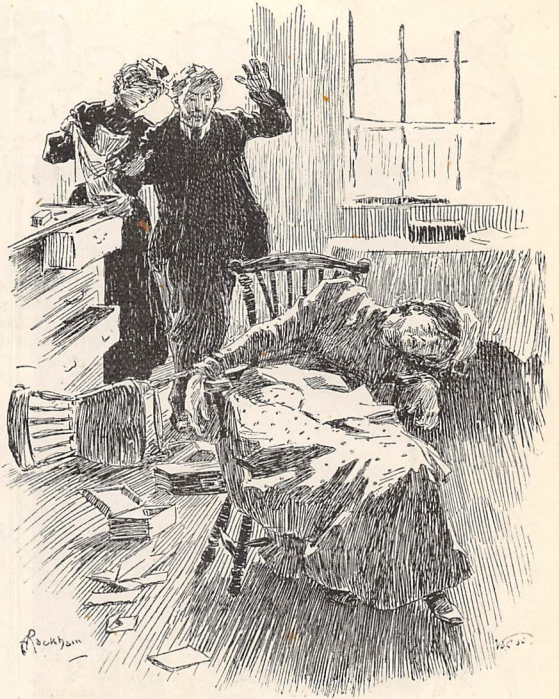
great emporium, Whiteley's—work, no doubt, rightly attributed to nefarious causes, to the action of spite, jealousy, possibly revenge for fancied wrongs—in any case no precise explanation has ever been made public. Robberies of every category from banks, country houses, bullion merchants, stockbrokers, collectors. £40,000 in notes and bills of exchange, with twelve hundred sovereigns, were stolen from Rogers's Bank in Clement's Lane in 1844, no doubt by using a safe key left by accident on the premises. There was never more clue to this than the restoration of the notes and paper, which were, no doubt, useless to the thief, on payment of the reward of £2,500 offered for their recovery; they were returned, but not the sovereigns, through the Parcels Delivery three years later. In 1848 a box of two thousand sovereigns was stolen *en route* between Praeds, the London bankers, and Cornwall without being traced. The same happened when the premises of Messrs. Baum, the bullion merchants, were broken into, and £10,000 in cash stolen therefrom. No clue was



THE FINDING OF RUPPRECHT (p. 384).

obtained to the robbery of Mr. Cureton, of the British Museum, who was assaulted by three visitors who came ostensibly to see his collection of coins, and robbed him while insensible. Jewel robberies, accomplished without leaving traces, have been frequent; for instance, the daring theft of the Duchess of Cleveland's diamonds from Battle Abbey, which was entered on the "portico burglary" principle at dinner-time by means of ladders placed against the wall. The "swag" in this case was valued at nearly £10,000, and included diamonds, rubies, emeralds, some of them the gift of royalty, but none of them were recovered; nor did the police ever come upon the track of the thieves. A very similar case occurred only a few years ago at Ramslade on the Thames, when the house of Mr. White, of the United States Embassy, was broken into, and jewels worth some £5,000 abstracted. The thieves were never caught, but only the other day some portion of the jewel boxes or cases were recovered empty among the timbers of a Thames lock.

The immunity sometimes enjoyed by the criminal need not, however, encourage candidates for the perpetration of crime. There is nowadays a much keener *flair* on the part of the detective police, and they have greater chances of success from the publicity given to crimes by the newspaper press, the improved international arrangements for the tracking of suspected persons, and their extradition when caught. Great crimes are undoubtedly cosmopolitan nowadays; they are often planned in one European capital, committed in another, and the criminals take refuge in a third. This is especially true of London, Paris, Brussels,



THE CASE OF JOHANN FRANZ (p. 385).

Vienna, and Berlin; the detectives of all countries are in close touch, and when called upon render each other prompt and often most effective assistance. Finally, the general acceptance of the principle of extradition ensures proper retribution in the end. But you must "first catch your hare," and, as has been shown in the foregoing pages, the hunt is not always entirely successful.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

A DROP OF DEW.

DRIGHT drop of dew,
How much I envy you—
To hang all night
Upon the rose's breast,
With lip to lip in silence prest,
Must be a rare delight;

And then to wake
From dreams
What time the morning beams,
And soft winds make
A music all about thee must be bliss—
The while the sun
With smiling face
Salutes thee with a kiss,

And deeming thy brief hour run,
Draws thee in kindness to his warm embrace.

Ah! would that I
In dreams might lie
Through Life's dark hour
Upon the breast of Love,
As thou upon a flower,
Till breaks the light
Upon my waking sight
And mercy smiles upon me from above.
Then might I be,
Like thee,
Exhaled to heaven,
Pure and forgiven.

MATTHIAS BARR.

1



2



HRH Princess

Maud

Wales

3



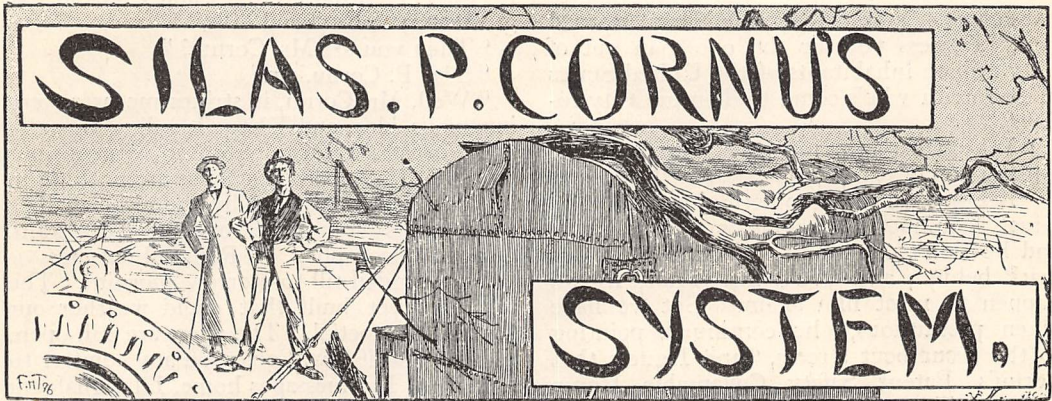
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Photographs by Lafayette Dublin

1, 2, AND 3.—TAKEN ON THE DAY OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S WEDDING, JULY 6TH, 1893.

4.—TAKEN IN 1887.



BY HENRY A. HERING.

"**T**ONTINE next stop!" shouted the conductor, so I got out my baggage-checks; but the transfer man did not come round.

By the time I had stowed away my books and papers in my handbag, and had put on my coat and hat, the train had pulled up. There was a big crowd of people waiting, and they seemed very anxious to get on board. My luggage was ejected in the usual manner, and when I had gathered the remnants together the train had steamed off. I found I was absolutely alone. There was not even a railway official to be seen, and, as a matter of fact, there did not appear to be a depôt. I was somewhat surprised at this, as I had been told that Tontine was pretty forward for a city out west, but I forgot my surprise as I stared at Tontine itself.

I shut my eyes before I looked again in order to convince myself that I was not the victim of some extraordinary optical delusion.

The city, which was built on the slope of a hill, lay telescoped. In the distance it looked like a huge Chinese puzzle, but closer at hand I was able to investigate the phenomenon, and I discovered that every building in the place, as far as my eyes could carry, was lying on the ground neatly folded up, with the painted street front uppermost; and that the various heaps of prostrate architecture were pinned down by means of staples, wedges, chains, ropes, or rocks.

At last I came to an open space, in the middle of which was the only erect structure I had yet seen. It was an iron hut, about seven feet square, and it was held to the ground by steel guy-ropes. The door was open, and a dried-up, wizened old man stood in it.

"Can you tell me where the Columbus Hotel is?" I asked.

"Yes, I can, stranger; it's there," said he, pointing to a recumbent pile I had noticed.

"Well, I want a bed."

"There's only one bed in Tontine to-night," he replied, "an' I guess I'm going to fill it."

"What's it all mean?" I cried, staring helplessly around.

"There's a feller fixin' up oddments down in Fourteen Street who knows what it means. You'd better ask him."

I was walking off in the direction he indicated when he called me back.

"Say, Judge," said he, "I might as well do it now. It'll save time," and before I knew what he was about he reared a yard measure up against me.

"Six feet one by two feet two," he muttered. "That'll do nicely, Judge."

I thought the man was a lunatic, and was glad to get clear of him. I left him chalking the measurements on the side of his hut.

I made my way down Fourteen Street, and at the far end came across a man with his coat off driving a staple into the ground. I helped him to hitch a chain on it.

"Thank you, sir," he said, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "I think that's the last of them, and thishyer city's as safe as Cornu's Patent System can make it. I guess that air Equinoctial will be a bit dazzled when he turns up to-night for his annual frolic. But might I ask what your business is in Tontine City on this pertic'ler day?"

"I came here on some mortgage matters," I replied, "and it seems to me I've been taken queer. There's an unnatural look about your city to my eyes."

He surveyed me with mournful interest.

"Young man," he said, "you ought not to have come. Your parents should have warned you. I guess you air the one man out of sixty million inhabitants of the United States of Amurrica who's come to Tontine City to-day."

"Why, what's the matter? Have you got a plague on?"

"No, sir; we've got somethin' worse. The Great Equinoctial Cyclone is due to-night, and he won't disappoint us. He'll leave his mark behind, and you'll know him if you happen to meet him again. But we have taken precautions," he continued, pointing to the recumbent streets, "and I guess that Cornu's Patent Safety Collapsible House System will save Tontine City to-night. It's

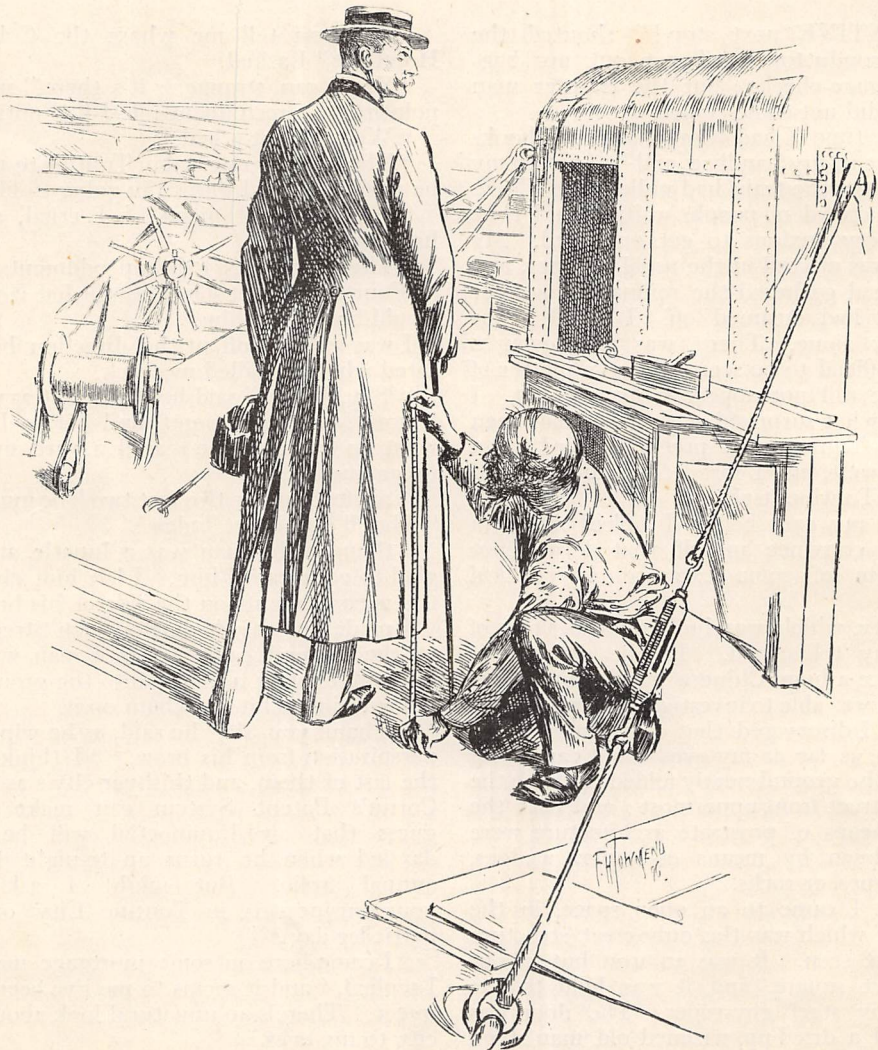
my own invention, stranger, and I reckon I've got reason to be proud of it."

"Then you are Mr. Cornu?"

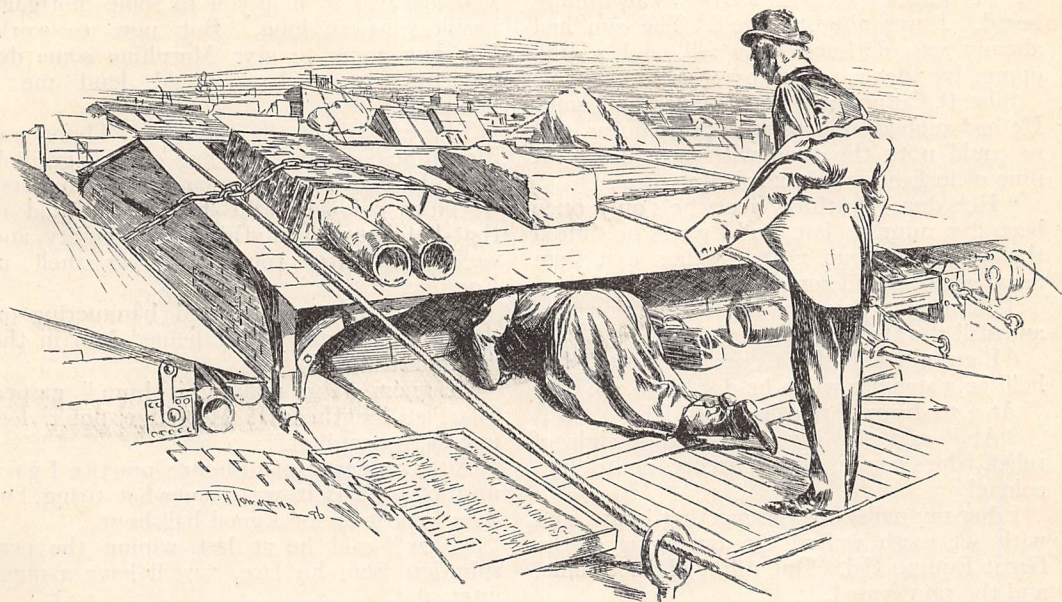
"Silas P. Cornu, sir."

"Well, Mr. Cornu, it strikes me as a very ingenious idea, and I hope it will work well but I'm afraid I can't stop to witness your success. Equinoctial cyclones are nothing in my line, so I'll clear out by the night mail."

"I guess you came by the last train, colonel," he replied. "Railroad business is now suspended till to-morrow mornin'. The car ain't yet built that could weather our Great Equinoctial. The wires are still open, though, and if it will give you any comfort to send a few last messages home, I'll signal 'em myself," he added, putting on his coat.



"SIX FEET ONE BY TWO FEET TWO," HE MUTTERED. "THAT'LL DO NICELY, JUDGE" (p. 389).



"YOU CREEP IN, SIR, AND I'LL BLOCK UP THE ENTRANCE MYSELF."

"Surely," I said, in some alarm, "things are not as bad as all that? You are going to run the risk yourself."

"I have said good-bye to Mrs. Cornu, and I've gone through my will again," replied the inventor. "I wouldn't be in Tontine City to-night if the reputation of Cornu's Patent Safety System was not at stake."

"And what's the other man staying for? He isn't running a patent, is he?"

"No, sir; he's a slave to duty. Someone has to stay to mark the spot where Tontine City once stood in case the elements whirl it away. There was about as much competition for the job as you'd think, so we drew lots for the prize, and Morphine Tomkins got it. They rigged up a weather-proof shanty for him, and if anything sticks to Mother Earth to-night his old hutch will. I'm sleepin' on the floor inside, and I'll try and get accommodation for you as well; but I reckon Morphine won't be over-anxious to have you."

By this time we had reached the iron hut. The old fellow was at work in front of it, planing a piece of lumber.

"I've got ye fairly into work, Judge," said he. "Y'u'll have to be content with a wooden shell this time, but we'll do fer yer hand-somely in screws."

"He air a coffin-maker by trade," whispered Silas P. Cornu. "Morphine," said he to the old man, "thishyer won't be wanted; the colonel is goin' to hitch up along with us."

"I'm blamed if he do," said Tomkins. "I

drewd the prize in the lottery an' I guess I'll have the honour of it. I 'lowed yer to share my crib fer fren'ship, but paint me if anyone comes in now. This place is mine by Act of Legislature."

And before we had time to interfere he had got inside, banged the door to and shot the bolt.

Silas sprang to the door and hammered.

"You old heathen," he yelled; "if you don't let us in I'll squelsh you to-morrow."

But Morphine Tomkins made no reply, and the door remained closed.

"This pertic'ler cyclone is due in thirty-five minutes, colonel," he said, in a resigned voice, "and I guess we'd better hunt round for a lodgin' somewhere."

Then he rose and commenced poking about the adjacent buildings.

"See here, colonel," said he at last. "Thishyer meetin'-house happens to have a projectin' roof. I designed it myself, and it was generally supposed to add to the gentlemanly appearance of the edifice. If we creep under these eaves, we shall be safe as long as my system holds good, and if that goes bust I guess I don't want to survive. You creep in, sir, and I'll block up the entrance myself."

I did as Mr. Cornu suggested, and he followed. It was a tight fit.

The day had been oppressively hot, and the air was still quivering. The ground was parched and cracking, the paint on the meeting-house was peeling off with the heat, and

the wood itself was about as cool as an ironing board. I was almost stifled. The sun had already set; darkness soon fell, and a dull, oppressive silence settled over Tontine City.

Silas P. Cornu held his watch in his hands. He had rubbed the face with phosphorus, and so could note the time with accuracy. At nine o'clock he said in a solemn voice:

"He's due. In thirty years he's only once been five minutes late, and I guess he shifted the city sixty-four miles further east than usual when he did come then."

The minutes passed with terrible slowness, and still the Great Equinoctial tarried.

"B'gosh," said Mr. Cornu at 9.15, "but he'll be a steamer when he does turn up."

At 9.30 drops of rain began to fall.

"Ah," said the inventor with a sigh of relief, "he's comin' now. Freeze on to her, colonel."

I dug my nails into the meeting-house, and with set teeth waited the oncoming of the Great Equinoctial. But still it did not come, and the rain ceased.

Then Silas began to babble to himself.

"Well, of all the infernal fizzles! . . . He ain't a-comin' after all . . . I guess he's taken a wrong turn, and some city's smarting on its back . . . It's a fine yarn to have to spin to-morrow, and my premium won't be paid." Then a sudden idea seemed to strike him. "By thunder, though, it shall. I reckon Tontine City has weathered its record Equinoctial to-night," and with these words he hauled himself out.

"Say, colonel," he called; "would you be kind enough to follow me?"

Nothing loth, I did so, and we stood facing one another.

"Sir," said he, "you ain't got no pertic'ler grudge against my system, have you?"

"Well, as it has done me out of a bed to-night, Mr. Cornu, you can't expect me to be an enthusiastic admirer of it."

"You air mistaken, sir," replied the inventor earnestly. "There'd have been no sleepin' accommodation in Tontine City any way. Now I want you to do me a good turn. If you air asked any question about this old Equinoctial, keep dark. Say nothin' at all, and if they insist upon figgers, refer 'em to Silas P. Cornu; and if you have a fancy for a new repeater or a diamond stud or scarf-pin, he will be proud if you will accept that memento of our pleasant meeting."

"Thank you, Mr. Cornu," I replied. "I'm pretty well supplied with timepieces and jewellery just now, but if my silence will help you, then you may rely on it."

Silas P. Cornu grasped my hand.

"Thank you, sir," said he; "may-be I

shall be able to help you to some mortgage business before long. But now to work. I'm just going to give Morphine some demonstrations; perhaps you'd lend me a hand?"

We walked up to the hut. There was Morphine Tomkins' tool-bag on the ground, and Silas seized hold of a couple of hammers.

"Now, colonel," said he, "grab hold of that hatchet and anything else weighty, and we'll just patter round thishyer shell in Equinoctial style."

With this he commenced hammering on the iron structure, and I helped him in the "demonstration."

"I guess we're making it hum," gasped Silas, at length. "If Morphine don't feel uneasy, he oughter."

After a quarter-of-an-hour's practice I gave up the game as it was somewhat tiring, but Silas kept it up for a good half-hour.

"Now," said he at last, wiping the perspiration from his face, "we'll have a quiet interval."

With these words he pulled out a six-shooter from his vest, and at twenty yards' distance levelled it at the hut.

"For heaven's sake stop, man!" I cried. "You may kill him."

"Not me. That structure's made of boiler-plate," he replied.

Then he blazed the six charges out in one continuous rattle on the hut.

"That air a good imitation of Equinoctial hail," he muttered as he reloaded. "I'll give him some more to talk about when he comes out again."

Silas P. Cornu kept up a rattling fusilade till his cartridges were exhausted. Then he looked around. There was a tree overshadowing the hut, and this riveted his attention.

"Thishyer shoot," said he, in an explanatory way, "is called 'Liberty Tree,' because all the lynchin's take place on it. They reckoned the hut would protect it from the cyclone, but they were mistaken. It shan't."

He surveyed it thoughtfully for some minutes. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, and with a grunt of satisfaction he hurried away. In a quarter of an hour or so he returned with something in his hands.

"It's most pertic'ler lucky," said he, "that those quarry blasters left some of their dynamite charges behind, and if they hadn't asked me where to store the article, I shouldn't have been able to assist the elements."

He selected an auger from Morphine Tomkins' bag, and proceeded to drill a hole in the tree about five feet from the ground, a little

below the main fork. Then he placed a cartridge in it, fixed a cap and fuse, and lighted the last.

We retreated to a safe distance. In two minutes or less there was a sounding explosion, and the old tree split in two. The

I was thoroughly worn out from excitement, want of food and rest, and Silas, noting my condition, suggested I should go to sleep. He gave me his coat for warmth. He didn't want it himself, he said, as he had to knock up a little extra evidence of the Great Equi-



"I HELPED HIM IN THE DEMONSTRATION."

main part fell athwart the iron shanty, bulging in the roof, and only a jagged stump was left erect.

"If that limb ain't been shattered by lightnin'," said Silas, "I never saw one as was."

Then he gave a final hammer round the shanty and rested.

"The Great Equinoctial is now off," he said.

noctial. I curled myself up in a corner, and soon fell asleep.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke; it was Silas P. Cornu's voice that roused me.

"Yes, Senator," I heard him say, "we've had a rough time of it. That air Equinoctial was pertic'ler desperate last night, but I guess my system dazed him. I took most awful care

goin' round last thing and tightenin' up all round, but even then some of the buildin's moved a few inches, as you see. At 2.30 the Post Office started off for a run but me and my friend, the colonel there, managed to hitch it back, and I do believe you'll find it somewhere near where you left it. My friend air pretty well exhausted with the exposure, as you see."

I was now sitting up, staring at the crowd of citizens who had entered to take repossession of Tontine City.

"I am proud to make your acquaintance, colonel," said the senator, coming up to me; "and I guess one of the first proceedings of our Legislature will be to make you a free citizen of Tontine, Dak."

A couple of traction-engines were by this time puffing up the street, hauling some steam-crane, and presently Cornu's Patent Collapsible Houses were being raised and adjusted.

Meantime, a bugler was at work outside Morphine Tomkins' shanty. It had been agreed that the strains of "Hail! Columbia" should apprise him that the Great Equinoctial had passed. He opened the door after the first verse. It seemed to me that he had aged considerably overnight, but it might not have been so. He shook hands with the senator.

"Yes, I've survived," said he; "and I calculate I'm entitled to the medal. I've known equinoctials before, but this one whipped creation. I heard those streets go waltzing by pretty briskly. I knew Silas Cornu's Patent wouldn't hold."

"You air mistaken, Morphine," said Cornu; "the streets air here. It was an outlying forest you heard pass."

"Ah, was that it?" said Tomkins. "There was a fair amount of hail, anyway."

"There was," said Silas P. Cornu; "and it has left its mark on your hutch."

"What time does the next car east go?" I broke in.

"You ain't a-goin'," said Silas; "there's that mortgage business you've got to attend to."

"I'll let it stop this fall," I replied. "I'm not in a fit condition to transact business. You are used to equinoctials; I am not."

I had a good square meal on the car, and then went to sleep. I did not awake till we pulled up at Chicago.

Two days later, I read the following in the *Chronicle*:—

"THE GREAT EQUINOCTIAL.

"A DOUBLE EVENT.

"TONTINE, DAK., ANNIHILATED.

"We regret to have to report the total annihilation of Tontine City, Dak. The Great

Equinoctial was due there for its annual visit on Tuesday, and it had been signalled by the Weather Bureau. Tontine City was ready for it. After the terrible experience of last year, the whole place had been rebuilt on Cornu's Patent Safety System, whereby each building could be folded up with a minimum of inconvenience, and easily re-erected. This was the first occasion on which the patent had been put to proof, and its success exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its inventor, Silas P. Cornu. By Tuesday evening the whole city was lying on the ground, and the population had left. Silas P. Cornu remained to witness his triumph.

"According to his statement, the cyclone was five and three-quarter minutes late. Its approach was heralded by vivid flashes of lightning, and a deluge of rain. Then it came; no such equinoctial had ever visited Tontine before, and Silas had seen some. Nothing outside Tontine City was secure. Whole forests from the far west were borne along like scraps of paper, and had Tontine been erect, there can be no doubt it would have been carried away as well. But Tontine lay low, and survived. Some trifling damage was done to the buildings it is true, but nothing of moment. The great Liberty Tree, which had weathered all preceding equinoctials, was struck by lightning and hurled across the iron hut erected by the legislature, and inhabited by M. Tomkins for observation purposes. M. Tomkins bore out S. P. Cornu's statements, and the battered appearance of his iron hut was sufficient evidence of the power of the equinoctial.

"By dawn on Wednesday the cyclone had passed, and the inhabitants returned to fix up their city. Operations were in full swing by electric light on Wednesday night, when, without a word of warning, the cyclone returned, and in fifteen minutes Tontine City was annihilated. Its remains may be found scattered over the plains around. M. Tomkins was asleep in his iron hut at the time, and his structure alone remains to tell where Tontine stood on Wednesday. He it was who brought the information to Wibseytown last night. Barring him, every man, woman, and child perished, and Silas P. Cornu will never register another patent.

"We think our weather officials are to blame in not notifying the double event. Possibly they will say it was a freak of Nature, but the salaries they get should include freaks. Another set of meteorologists is badly wanted.

"To-day we mourn the loss of Tontine City, its inhabitants, and that inventive genius, Silas P. Cornu."

PICTURES OF ITALIAN LIFE.



A NARROW PASSAGE

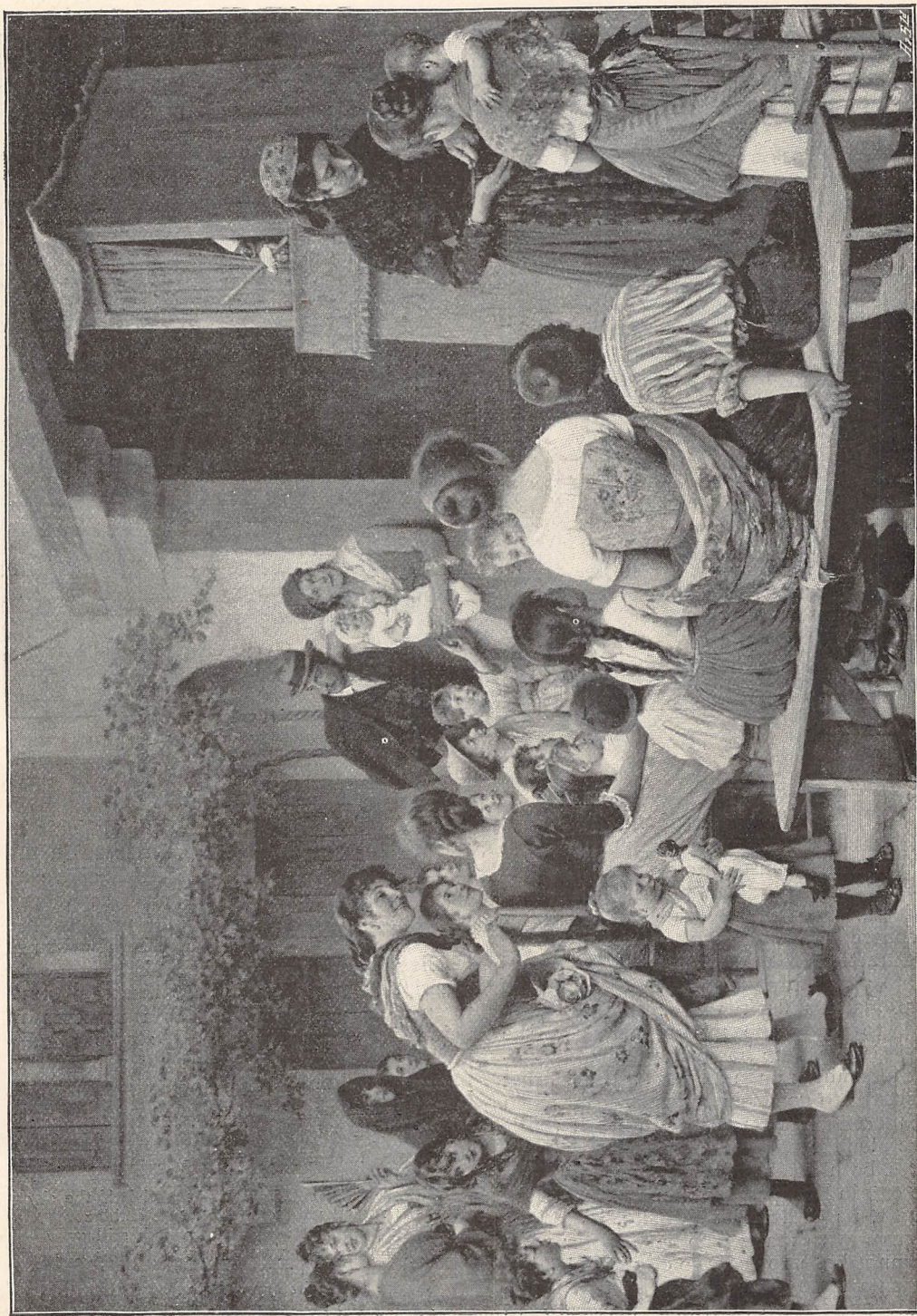
(By V. Cabianca.)

ITALY, as the centre of activity in art, has long lost its pre-eminence, but as a field of inspiration for painters it is almost unrivalled. Its charming and varied scenery, its glorious skies, its clear atmosphere, its picturesque towns and people offer attractions to artists in search of subjects that are practically inexhaustible. Artists of all nationalities flock there: primarily, of course, to study the mighty works of the artistic giants whose home it was—a pilgrimage as incumbent upon all good artists as that to Mecca is to good Mussulmans. But when this is done many remain to work there. Venice alone is perhaps answerable for more pictures, both good and bad, than any other single city in Europe. How familiar its canals, its quays, its cathedral, its Rialto, its Bridge of Sighs are to many who have never seen, and cannot hope to see, the city itself! And there is no cause for wonder that this is the case—it possesses everything necessary to fascinate the artist. Its beauty is unique; its history is a romance; its inhabitants are cheer-

ful and picturesque. True, it is difficult to portray, and but few painters succeed in the effort so to do. Turner succeeded above all others, and only a colourist such as he was could grasp the difficulties and produce the visions of its beauties that came from his brush. Shelley in "Julian and Maddalo" gives us a description of a Venetian sunset—a word-picture which, like Turner's transcripts in paint, is unsurpassable, and serves to emphasise the fact that none but a master of painting could do justice to it on canvas.

" . . . The hoar
And æry Alps toward the north, appeared
Through mist—an heaven-sustaining bulwark
 reared
Between the east and west; and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
Among the many-folded hills.

" . . . So o'er the lagune
We glided; and from the funereal bark
I leaned; and saw the city, and could mark



Copyright, 1892, Photographische Gesellschaft.
 PUNCH AND JUDY.
 (By E. von Blaas, By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.)



THE LOVERS.

(By Silio G. Rolia. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.)

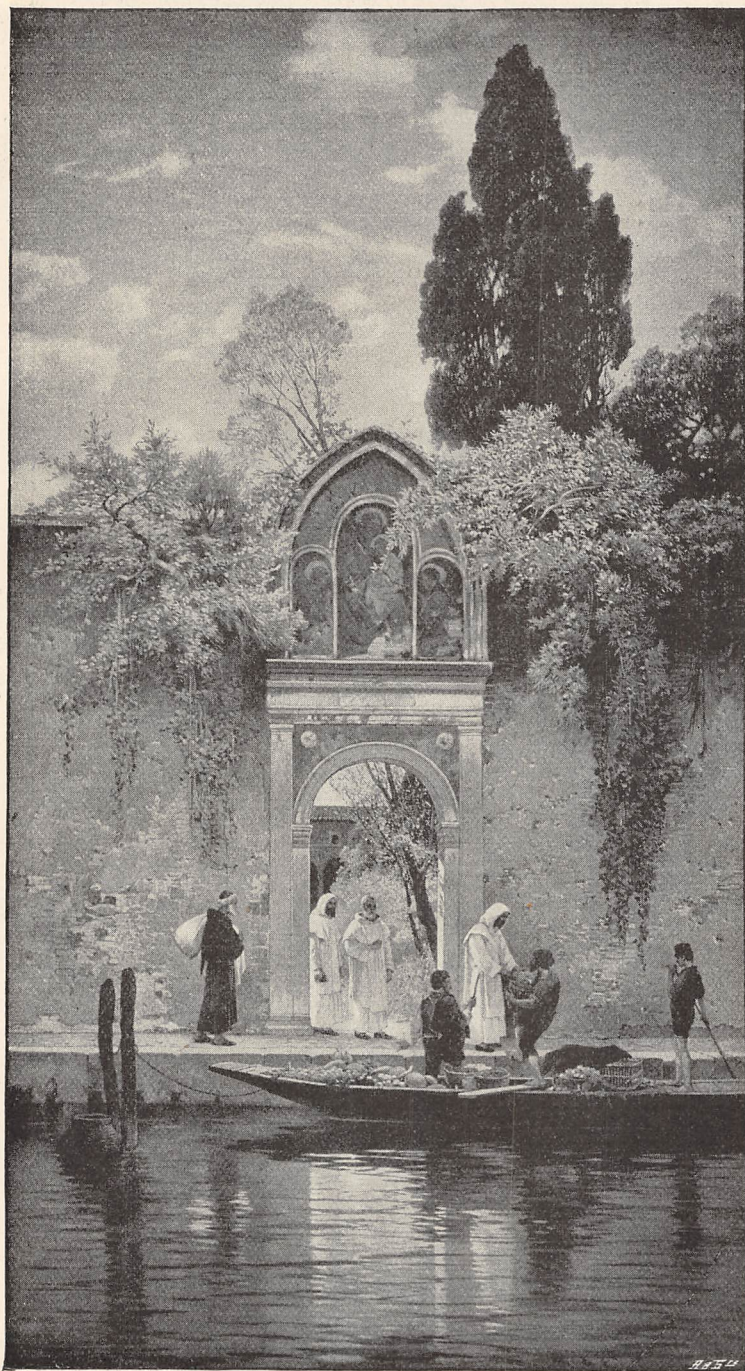
How from their many isles, in evening's gleam,
Its temples and its palaces did seem
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to heaven."

Among modern artists Miss Clara Montalba

has, perhaps, succeeded as well as any in giving us true presentments of "The Queen of the Adriatic" in her charming water-colour drawings. But she lives there and sees it under all conditions—and loves it.

Another successful painter of Venice and its glories is Signor Hermann Corrodi, an Italian artist who has won renown throughout Europe. Signor Corrodi inherited his artistic talent from his father, a painter of exceptional ability of landscapes in water-colour. Born in 1844, Hermann showed at a very early age that his desire was to follow in his father's footsteps, and was soon studying the rudiments of art in his father's studio. Later on he went to Germany and France with a younger brother to study under masters in those countries. The Prince and Princess of Wales chose one of his works, entitled "The Fisherman's Ave Maria at Chioggia," as their present to her Majesty on the occasion of her jubilee, and many others of his pictures find places in royal collections. The one we reproduce on this page is a representative specimen of his art.

But in this paper it is proposed to deal mainly with pictures showing the life of the Italian people, and here again we are taken principally to Venice. A recent writer deplores that Venice is not what it used to be for picturesqueness. Prosaic commerce has come to the front, and marked the city for its own. "A score of years ago," he says, "the



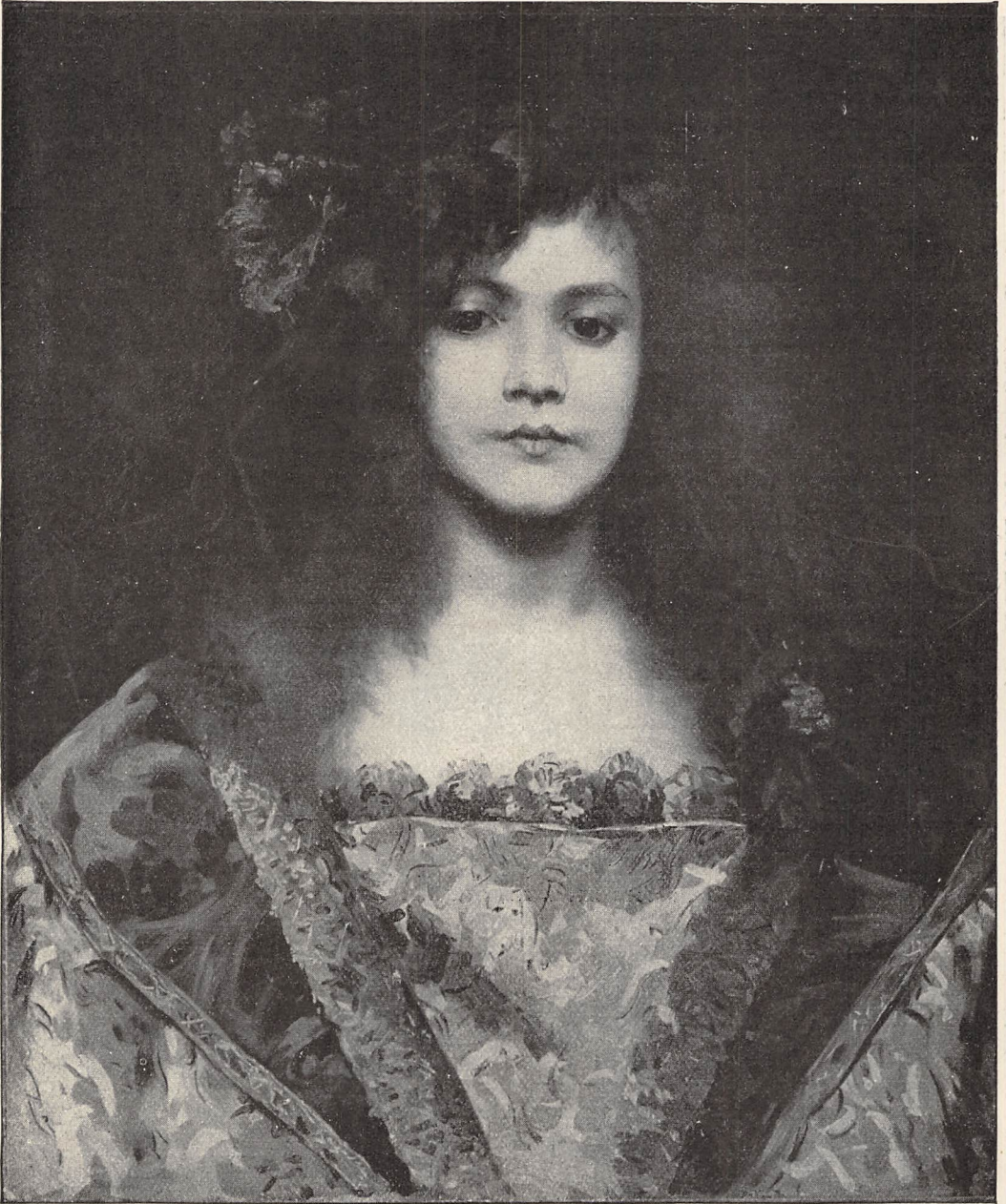
CONVENT OF ST. GIORGIO, VENICE.

(By Hermann Corrodi.)



VENETIANS.

(By Luke Fildes, R.A. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.)



PENSIEROSA.
(By Juana Romani.)

inhabitants of each quarter could be known by special details of dress. For instance, a girl from Cannaregio wore something that distinguished her from a girl of Castello or Giudecca: it might be a dainty little pointed slipper (*mulete*) with high heels or rosettes;

a different head-dress or a shawl." But all this is changed: the fishing quarter, Santa Marta, is blotted out by a hideous cotton factory which stands on the once picturesque site; the men and women have ceased to wear their characteristic dresses: the former

have adopted the democratic blouse of the Parisian workman, and the women have discarded their strikingly picturesque costumes. Nevertheless, as the works here produced will show, there is still much that contributes to the composition of delightful pictures. There are still left the gaiety and light-heartedness of the Venetian; the women still inherit the taste for strong colouring in their dress; the gondoliers, to a certain extent, retain their gay costumes, and propel their strange craft along the silent highways; the people still love to congregate as of old on the Piazza St. Marco; and, above all, there is still the brightness of Nature and the time-tinged *palazzi* to lend Venice its distinctive qualities as a picture-making city.

Foremost among English artists quartered in Venice is Mr. Henry Woods, R.A., one of whose works we regret we are unable to reproduce. But his brother-in-law, Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., has been there and painted one of his best-known pictures, which we give on page 399. The original hangs in the Corporation Art Gallery at Manchester, having been purchased in 1885.

There are two artists, however, who have done more than any others to popularise Venetian pictures—Messrs. Cecil van Haanen and Eugene von Blaas. They are both foreigners to the country, but have both become enam-

oured of the city of the lagoon, and adopted it as their place of habitation and labour. We give reproductions of characteristic works by both, which will serve as types of the "pretty" pictures of Italian life. M. Van



THE FIRST DIP.
(By Cecil van Haanen.)

Haanen was born of Dutch parentage in Vienna in 1844, and received his early art training from his father, a landscape-painter well known in Germany and Holland. He afterwards went to the Academy at Vienna, and subsequently to Antwerp for six years. At the end of that time he passed six months in London working as an illustrator, and then in 1873 went to Venice. Its charms conquered him, and he has stayed there ever since, gaining a certain amount of fame by his pictures of Venetian prettiness. In 1885, by a curious oversight, one of M. Van Haanen's pictures was rejected by the Royal Academy, a matter which caused some surprise, as up to that year he had been treated with the courtesy generally extended to distinguished foreigners. Since then, I think, his work has not been seen in Burlington House, but at other galleries he has been a frequent exhibitor. Within the last two months a collection of his works was to be seen in a London gallery—perhaps the best that has ever been got together. There appreciation

could be felt for his skill as a draughtsman and for his wonderful colour-sense. All the pictures, with but one exception—a beautiful rendering of the dead Juliet—were taken from Venetian scenes, and proved that there is still a large scope for the artist there who has the necessary gift of discernment of beauty and the skill to paint a pretty picture when he discovers his subject.

M. Eugene von Blaas works very much on the same lines as Van Haanen, choosing his subjects and models from the streets of the city. The picture on page 396, of the crowd watching the performance of the ever-youthful Punch, is pretty as a picture and interesting for its clever delineation of Italian character.

The work we reproduce on page 401 represents a scene that can be witnessed on any of the quiet canals in Venice during the hot season, and is one of Van Haanen's most delightful compositions.

All the other pictures here presented are by native painters, and are interesting examples of Italian art of to-day.

ARTHUR FISH.



THE CARDINAL'S GARDEN.

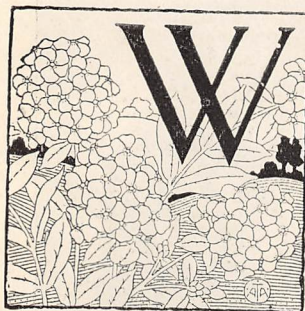
(By Tito Lessi. By permission of M. Sedelmeyer.)

A MISSING WITNESS.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF DOROTHY HEATHERLY.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Hidden Gold," "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—WHAT JAMES REDMOND CARRIED IN HIS BAG.



E sent Morris with the trap to the station the moment he returned from the farrier's; and then, after a long and anxious interval of suspense, little mother and I, sitting under the verandah trying

to fix our thoughts upon the books in our laps, caught the welcome sound of wheels, and ran quickly to the garden gate.

"There they are!" we cried in a breath.

Elsie was driving, her cheeks flushed with colour, joy smiling in her face, her eyes sparkling with excitement, and by her side was our dear old Phil: browner and fuller in the face for his long voyage, perhaps, but otherwise just the same honest, open, kindly, earnest old friend we had ever known him. He kissed us, and it seemed quite natural that he should, for we felt that he was even more to us now than a friend. And then as we entered the garden, father came from the house in his light grey suit; and the two men took each other's hands, and looked in each other's eyes with the fearless steadfastness of those who wish to know and be known. It quickened our pulses to see the smile that broke over their manly faces, for it told us that these two whom we loved so dearly had gauged one another's character and found nothing wanting to fulfil their expectations.

There was something hysterical in Elsie's delight which was easily attributable to reaction from her late distress; but they told us nothing then about the meeting with James Redmond. Philip only explained how, after waiting a few minutes at the station, he had asked the nearest way to our house, and met Elsie in the meadow, whence they returned to the station, seeing the chaise going towards it along the road.

We had only time to show him the house and the room we had prepared for him before dinner. He admired everything duly, and

when we told him how father had prepared it for us, he said, slipping his arm round Elsie's waist and turning to him—

"You will have to do the same for us if you want to keep us near you."

After dinner, Elsie took him away to see her pigeons, and the puppies, and the cow, before it grew too dark, and we thought it advisable to let them go alone; but it was quite dark before they returned, for the beauty of the woods tempted them to stray beyond the orchard, and their happiness made them forgetful of time and us.

Then we had a real Yorkshire tea; and, after that, Phil opened a great leather case that had been brought from the station, and showed us what it contained; and all, save his own personal effects, which might have been packed in a Dorothy bag, was for us—beautiful things brought from all parts of the world, and some of them very costly indeed. But it was not their price, nor even their beauty, which gave them their real value: it was the reflection that wherever he had wandered he had thought of us and searched for things to please us. He had even thought of father.

"Elsie told me that you smoked," he said, dragging out a great packet of true "Virginia"; "but she added that your baccy was not up to mine; so here's some that we can smoke together to obviate invidious distinctions."

We left them smoking together when we went up to bed—Phil wanting to know about the trout-fishing and otter-hunting. And we three women sat together for an hour talking about Phil, and looking again at the treasures he had brought us; and it was good to our ears to hear the sound of those two manly voices as they talked together below.

When we were in bed, Elsie told me what had happened in the meadow.

"I think I lost consciousness just for a moment or two," she added. "I couldn't faint quite, because my darling Phil was there, holding me in his great arms, and giving me strength and courage. I seemed to see things through a whirling mist, but I was conscious of that horrible Redmond dragging himself out of the ditch, the mud all clinging to his hands and clothes, and I heard him say to Phil—



"ALL WAS FOR US" (P. 403).

"You'll find this the worst day's work you've ever done in your life, and you shall rue it to your dying day, as sure as my name's Jimmy Redmond."

"You shall be paid for *your* work, do what you will," answered Phil, "and you may think yourself lucky you get off now without the flogging you deserve."

"Of course, I had told Phil in my letters all about the wretch, and mother's terror, and we both agreed that it would be best to say nothing to her of this affair. I think it is quite clear that he will keep well out of the way while Phil is here; but doesn't it seem like a fatality that I should twice be the means of betraying our whereabouts to this man?"

I felt less disposed to regard it as a fatality. His coming by the same train as Philip, and making his way across the meadows as the nearest cut to Farleigh, were not a very remarkable coincidence; but it seemed to me

that his presence in Farleigh was due to something more than mere accident.

Something striking the window awoke me in the morning; but Elsie was already up and dressed, all save the last touch which is the most tedious part of dressing; and as she opened the window a bunch of rosebuds came up, with a cheery "Good-morning" from Phil.

They came in late to breakfast—"we must expect that," said father. Phil had been down to the beck "prospecting for trout," and Elsie had wreaths of travellers' joy, and tufts of heather, and sprays of golden bracken to offer as excuses for their delay.

"But what do you think?" said Elsie in a tone of desolation, when the history of their lovely walk had been told; "Phil is going away to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" we exclaimed.

"Won't do to neglect the main chance," said Phil. "My noble relative has to be

settled with, and there's a trout rod—I've kept a loving eye upon it for years—to be bought."

"But you said you might not be back for a whole week."

"Unless I'm lucky enough to finish my business before."

We knew that he would not leave us so soon or for so long if it had not been necessary, so we put the best face we could upon our disappointment—Elsie as well as we. And the next morning we bade him good-bye at the garden-gate, and Elsie drove him down to the station.

He had taken his ticket, and was standing with Elsie on the platform, when he said gravely—

"I don't think I'll go by this train, Elsie."

"Why not, dear?" she asked joyfully.

"Because I fancy I saw the red face of that consummate rascal, Redmond, on the bridge a minute ago."

"Oh, if it were any reason but that, I'd have you stay—you know that, Phil—but not if that is your only reason. I will not give him the chance to insult me again, or if he dares—!"

Philip tells me that as she spoke she looked capable of thrashing James Redmond, or anyone else, with her own hand. Then, the anger melting from her eyes, she pressed his arm a little closer to her side as they walked down the platform, and she said—

"Oh, Phil, you must let me prove that I have courage—that I can take care of myself, when I have not your dear arm to sustain me."

"You shall, love."

"I sometimes think, Phil, what a poor, frivolous, light-headed girl I am. Dol has twice as much character—she's like little mother, and—and I have thought she would be a better wife for such a man as you than I could be. But I do know this, love," she said with growing energy, "if there should come a time when it pleases God to put me to the trial, I shall prove that I am something better than an idle child, something worthier of my husband's love."

The train came in, and Elsie watched it glide away, taking Philip and with him, as it seemed, her heart; she stood there till the train became a mere speck upon the line, and could think only of Philip.

A porter touched his hat, and put a folded piece of paper in her hand. She looked at it and opened it in a kind of bewilderment. Some lines were written in pencil, and she read—

"I've got something to say to you as it's for your good you shall hear. Go into the waiting-room, and I will join you there.

The porter shall stand outside where you can see him and call to him, if you find it nesusary. If you won't see me, you'll force me to call upon your mother and spile her happiness, besides bringing John Evans and the whole fambly to disgrace and ruin. Mind you, there's no danger for you, as you can give me into custody if I don't behave like a gentleman, and I give you this one chance of saving your fambly from certin shame and utter ruin.—J. R.

"N.B.—Send this paper back by the porter if you agree."

Elsie did not hesitate a moment: she folded the paper, gave it to the expectant porter, and walked into the empty waiting-room. She placed herself on the further side of the broad table, and waited for the coming interview with every nerve braced up to meet an attack which she foresaw must be one of an intimidating kind, her pulse beating high with the exultant belief that she should come out well from the encounter and prove herself to be "something better than an idle child."

Presently, through the open door she perceived James Redmond carrying a bulky blue bag in his hand, and the porter with him.

"There's a shillin' for you, my man," said Redmond, stopping the porter and speaking in a tone to be heard by Elsie, "and you shall have another if you stand just there and come in when you're called."

Then he came into the waiting-room, taking off his hat, and stood before Elsie, bowing and looking at her under his brows with a strange mixture of abject humility and set purpose in his face.

Elsie pointed to the opposite side of the table, and he came up to the indicated place, setting his hat on one side, his bag on the other, and his great hands on the table as he leant forward to speak.

"Elsie," he began in a voice that was thick and husky.

"Miss Heatherly is my name."

"Miss Heatherly," accepting the correction meekly, "you're the fust and only gal as ever made a fool of me, and the fust and only as ever made me make a fool of myself. When I parted from your mother at Wood Green, I said I should find you out if I found it wuth my while; and I have found you. But when I said that, I thought to myself I should never want to see you again and I shouldn't try to, seein' as I was wastin' time and loosin' money in a matter unworthy of a man of business. But I was mistook—I didn't know the holt you'd got on me—I couldn't ha' believed as any living creature

in the whole world could take that holt on my brain and body as you have. I tell you, I've tried all a mortal man could try to shake off this madness—for it is a madness wus than dram-drinking—and I've failed. I own to it: I've failed as was never yet beaten before by anything where my will was concerned. I tell you, I've gone and walked down past the house where you lived a dozen times after you was gone, and knowin' all the while it was madness. I've bought photographs of beautiful women, because I fancied I see a blee in 'em of you. I've gone after other gals that called you to my mind, and chucked 'em up when I see how far and away they come behind you. And look here"—he grasped his waistcoat with both hands and shook it to show its looseness—"I've gone down more 'an half a stone in these past five months. 'Five months more of this,' says I to myself, 'and I shall be a member for Colney Hatch.' Then, I see it *was* wuth while to find you. And I *have* found you. And when I did find you, that madness took holt on me and overmastered every idea of discretion——"

"If you tell me this as an apology," Elsie began; but he interrupted her quickly.

"It ain't no apology; I should do it again if I got the chance, though I was to be chucked into a dozen ditches after'ards. I tell you, I ain't got no sort of control over myself, and to prove it I'll show you what I'll do. I'm wuth fifteen thousand pounds and more: every penny piece that I possess I'll settle on you by any legal act a lawyer can draw up in your behalf. I'll make myself absolutely dependent on you for a crust of bread and cheese, if you will consent to end my purgatory and be my wife."

"If all the world were yours to offer me and I were at the last extremity of want, I would refuse you."

"Wait a bit, I've something more to say."

"I've heard enough—too much. I will hear no more. I loathe your very presence, I despise and hate you——"

"I know you do; and I love you all the more for it."

"Do you wish me to call the porter?"

"Yes; if you wish him to know what your mother would give her life to conceal—if you are indifferent enough to her happiness to publish openly what even I have had the mussy to keep secret."

"Your threat doesn't frighten me."

"Then call the porter and let us see if the reading of this does not frighten him." With these words he opened his bag and produced a packet of newspaper cuttings tied round with a piece of red tape. "Read it for

yourself fust, if you still doubt," he added, throwing the packet on the table; but glancing at the fire behind him, he snatched it up again as quickly.

Elsie saw the glance and understood the significance of his act, which was so unpremeditated as to force the conclusion upon her that his threat was not without foundation. Redmond perceived her doubt, and took advantage of it.

"The feller as chucked me in the ditch counts for something in your refusal," he said, tapping his knuckles reflectively with the packet—"the feller who went off just now in the train. You think he'll marry you, maybe; but suppose I tell you that you *can't* marry him, nor anyone else with a rag on his back or any self-respect except me—how then? Would fifteen thousand pounds, carriages, horses, mansions, and everything else the money would buy, be despised, missy?"

"I have answered you already," she replied.

"You won't believe me, eh? Well, I'll soon convince you." He slowly untied the red tape that bound the cuttings as he continued: "I'll convince you at a glance that you can't dare to marry that feller as chucked me in the ditch—if he's the gent he looks. I told him that should be the wust day's work he'd ever done, and I'll prove it by knockin' the bottom out of his chance of gettin' you. Just cast your eye on that there headline." He laid the cuttings out on the table facing Elsie, keeping them flat with his outspread hands.

An unfathomable dread caused Elsie to hesitate for an instant; but reluctantly she dropped her eyes upon the headline printed in bold type, and then as she read, started as if a knife had been struck into her heart. These were the words she read:—

"THE MURDER OF JOSEPH PETTIGREW.

Trial and Conviction of George Heatherly. Verdict and Sentence."

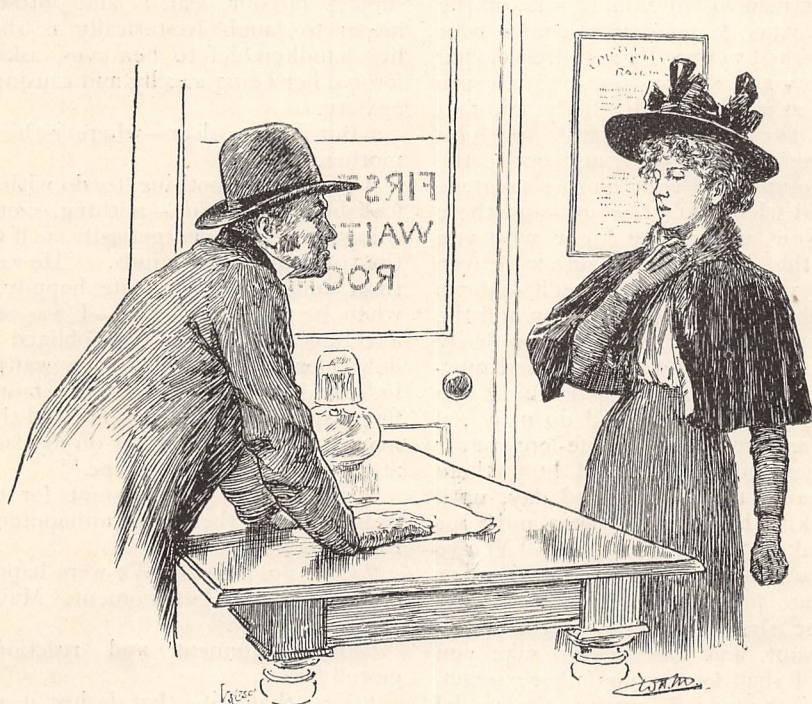
"There's no mistake about it," said Redmond, pursuing his advantages. "See, here's the date—just eleven years ago come November. Eleven years since your mother couldn't hold up her head no longer in North Wales, and bolted with you and your sister that you might not know of your father's crime and the shame that lays for ever on your name. Now can you marry that feller?"

Elsie put up her hand to her throat to loosen the collar that seemed to be strangling her—

"No, no!" she gasped, "that cannot be true. Another might bear the same name."

"Oh, don't run away with that error. Here, I'll read the whole evidence if you like; but it ain't necessary. See, here's my name as a witness for po'r George—James Redmond; here's your mother's name—Olive Heatherly; here's even your name and your sister's in your mother's cross-examination—'My children, Elsie and Dorothy, were at school,' she says, 'when Mr. Pettigrew called and made his offer'—the offer your father

hammer in his hand. He was sentenced to death; but on the petition got up by me, his old pal, that sentence was remitted to penal servitude for life. For ten years he served as a convict at Dartmoor, and then he escaped—escaped about last Christmas, as near as I can make out. Your mother soon after made out that he was dead—put on black and the rest. Whether she grieved much, you know better 'an what I do. She



"NOW CAN YOU MARRY THAT FELLER?"

overheard, that made him mad with jealousy and led him to kill his governor, Pettigrew. Shall I read you the lot?"

"No, no!—no, no!" cried Elsie, feeling a fresh gash in her heart with each proof of her father's crime.

"You know enough to see as no decent man will marry you now—except me."

"If my father was maddened with jealousy," Elsie faltered, speaking rather to herself than to Redmond, and as if in answer to her own argument—"and if my father is dead—"

"But he ain't dead," whispered Redmond, leaning forward and thrusting out his chin in savage exultation.

"Not dead!" Elsie answered incredulously.

"No more dead than I am. Listen—your father was convicted of having murdered Joseph Pettigrew, and attempted to murder Yates, who discovered him with the sledge-

told me he was dead, and I, like a fool, believed her. And so I might now—only my tool-maker brought a wonderful shaper to me, as he wanted me to go in for showing, as it could do everything pretty near except talk. I seemed for to know the tool the moment I clapped eyes on it; and then it struck me that I had seen a model like it amongst the things po'r George left behind in the pattern-shop. I went and hunted it up, and here it is. Perhaps you've seen it before." He drew from his bag a wooden model of the shaper she had seen working in father's shop. "P'o'r George was for ever inventing something, and most of 'em failures, so I hadn't taken any account of this, not bein' a mechanic, other-ways I might have patented it myself years ago, and made a mint of money out of it. 'Now,' says I to myself, holding it up so, 'is it likely this idea could strike another

man in such a way that he could work out all the parts similar, or ain't it?" and reason answered, 'it ain't.' 'Then,' says I, looking at the patentees' names on the new shaper, 'either Thomas Gardener or John Evans is my old friend po'r George, as have got out of prison and taken another name. And further,' says I, 'where p'or George is, there I shall find my other old friends, Olive Heatherly and her two gals.' So, bein' now mad to find you, I hunts up the address of Evans & Gardener, comes over here, and the first person I meet after leaving the station is you. 'Now,' ses I, 'it's a sure thing.' So I asks for Mrs. Heatherly, and find she's quite lately been married to John Evans. Then I hung about, and out of the workshop alongside of your mother's cottage comes my old friend po'r George—and there you are. Now, missy, you know why you can't marry that feller; for as sure as heaven and earth, if you try to do so, you'll find me and a constable standing betwixt you and the altar, and your father shall be taken publicly for an escaped convict and a condemned murderer. I say, and I swear it, I'll do this if you try to marry another. But I'll do more: if you don't marry me, I'll be a life-long terror to your father and mother. I'll hunt them down, I'll haunt them night and day, until your father kills himself in despair and your mother is taken to the madhouse. You've got to choose between that fate for them or the other fate for yourself. I stick to my bargain: you shall have what legal settlement you want, and for my own sake you may be sure I shall keep your father's secret. —I'm done," he added, putting the model and the papers in his bag. "I'll leave you now, and I'll wait patiently in the neighbourhood for one week to give you time to make up your mind. Your father and mother's happiness—their very life is in your hands; and if at the end of the week you don't say you'll be my wife, their death and dishonour will be upon your head."

He left Elsie standing by the table like a thing of stone. And when he was gone, she must have fallen to the ground insensible.

CHAPTER X.—THE CRASH COMES.

WE thought Philip must have missed his train, it was so long before Elsie returned from the station; but a terrible fear that some accident had befallen him seized us when at length the chaise came back with Elsie alone, and we saw that her face was white and drawn as if with the agony of death.

Father, who had shared our anxiety in her absence, was the first to be at her side; he

took her in his strong arms as she tried to step from the chaise, and almost carried her into the house, for she had not the strength to walk unaided. She smiled gratefully upon him as he seated her in the big chair; but she threw her arms round little mother's neck as mother bent over her, and burst into a passion of tears. We soothed her, mother and I, with what loving words came from our hearts, not daring as yet to approach the subject of our fears; and presently she began to laugh hysterically as she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, asking us to forgive her being so silly and causing us such anxiety.

"But Philip, dear—where is he?" asked mother.

"Oh, it has nothing to do with him, this foolishness of mine—nothing, nothing, nothing!" she said energetically, as if to impress the truth upon our minds. "He went by the train, and we parted quite happily. Only—when he was gone—I—I—I was seized with a feeling of faintness that obliged me to sit down for some time in the waiting-room; indeed, I think I must have fainted, for I found myself on the ground, and the station-master was dashing water on my face. Look at my poor hat and my cape!"

"But cannot you account for feeling ill, dear? Was there no unhappiness before Philip went?"

"Oh! no, no, no. We were happy—oh, so happy!—till the last moment. Maybe I have been too happy."

"Over-excitement and reaction?" suggested father.

"Yes, that's it—that is just it, dear," she replied, jumping eagerly at this explanation.

So we agreed it must be that, and advised her to lie down in her room until dinner-time, thinking that an hour or two of repose would restore her, and that she would come down our own bright Elsie again.

But that happy change did not follow. She mustered strength to come down to dinner, but her eyes were swollen and red, and it was evident she had not slept. She tried to eat, but we saw that it was a mere pretence, to allay our anxiety; and she strove to be cheerful, but the words faltered on her quivering lips; and her laugh was so like the echo of a sob that it wrung our hearts. The effort to bear up was too much for her strength, and we persuaded her to go again to her room.

What was the matter? Mother and I could only think that, despite her protestation to the contrary, a lovers' quarrel was at the bottom of her unhappiness.

And at night-time, when I lay down beside

her in the dark, and she clasped me close, yearning for sympathy and love, and pressing her cheek low down upon my shoulder that I might not detect the tears upon her face, I whispered—

"Tell me all about it now, Elsie dear. It will ease your poor heart."

She pressed me tighter, shaking her head upon my shoulder in silence.

"Let us talk about him—Philip," I said.

"No, no, Dol dear. Not about him. We must not talk of him any more—never any more," she whispered, choking down her emotion.

"You must tell me why, dear."

"Because—because—it is all over, that long dream of happiness; and now I am awake, I see that I can never, never be his wife."

"Has he done anything to——"

"No, no! Oh, don't think that, Dolly. Make what excuses you can for me, but never think that he has ever said a word, expressed a thought, a wish, a feeling, that is not true and good."

I felt a tear trickling down my breast, and my own began to flow in sympathy so that I dared not speak. She was the first to find strength for speech.

"Sister, dear," whispered she, "I, who have never kept a secret, hold one now that I would rather die than tell. As you love me, help me to keep it. And oh,"—with a little cadence of sobs—"for the love of mercy do not talk to me of Phil—Phil whom I must try to forget."

"Be sure, dear, that I shall try to make your trial, whatever it be, less, and not more hard to bear," said I; and then I tried to interest her in other things, and did, I think, partially succeed in distracting her thoughts. Maybe I only wearied her, but after a while she kissed me fervently and bade me "Good-night." And then we were silent, but neither I nor she slept.

Poor Elsie! how could she sleep?—a light-hearted, careless child brought face to face with an ordeal that would have strained the fortitude of one inured to suffering and self-denial. It would have been easier to pluck out her own heart than to stem the current of love that flowed from it, giving warmth and life to every part of her being. She had to stifle every hope that she had hitherto fostered, and reconcile herself to a hopeless future. She must overcome despair to resign herself to loss, to live and suffer patiently: light-hearted Elsie was to die this night, to be re-born in another Elsie who could never smile again. Who could call her weak who came victorious out of such a struggle? And she did come out victorious, wearied and

shattered though her forces were. The idea of temporising or evading the great calamity by devious means never entered her head, I am sure. Martyrdom was offered her as the price for shielding those she loved from dishonour and disaster, and within such limits as her own conscience prescribed she prepared herself at once to accept it.

She came down to breakfast at the usual time, looking worn and ill, painfully unlike herself; but she had dressed with more than usual care, and strove to assume cheerfulness. Indeed we all looked as though we had passed a wretched and sleepless night, and our conversation was forced, our gaiety palpably unreal.

When the postman knocked, Elsie, instead of rushing to the door, bowed her head and grew a little paler, although she had exacted a promise from Philip to write the moment he arrived at his destination.

I took the letters; there were two, both from Philip: one for Elsie, the other for father. I called Elsie out, and she took the letter from me with feverish haste, and ran quickly with it upstairs, as if she had determined to allow herself one last half-hour's indulgence. The other letter I gave to my father, and then I went out into the garden.

It was some time before he came from the house, and then his head was bowed and he walked slowly to the workshop without once raising his eyes from the ground. Philip had felt it advisable to say something about Redmond, and warn him of the danger Elsie ran of a second encounter with him.

The old look of dreadful apprehension had come back to poor little mother's face when I saw her again: they must have divined the cause of Elsie's trouble, and foreseen consequences that I alone could not see. Little mother did not speak of her new trouble to me—partly because for ten years she had practised from necessity this habit of speaking only upon matters that concerned my father and herself when she was questioned, and also, maybe, because it was natural for her to suppose that Elsie had confided her secret to me.

It began to rain that day, and the down-pour continued without cessation for four days, beating down the flowers, and the leaves from the trees, and casting a gloom over the world without which was reflected by the little world within our house. It seemed as if our short summer was ended and the sun was never to shine again upon us.

On the fourth day, as I was returning from the village, I was startled by catching sight of James Redmond. I was at the end of the lane that passed by my father's workshop, and he was twenty or thirty yards distant.

It struck me that if instead of going in by the front gate I hurried down the lane, I might slip into the workshop before Redmond could reach the end of the lane, and possibly throw him off the scent by that means if he had not recognised me. I ran, slipped into the empty shop, and stood there panting for breath and listening in dreadful suspense. Heavy steps crushing the soft path came nearer and nearer, the latch was lifted without any hesitation, and he confronted me, his "piggy" eyes screwed up in an expression of malicious satisfaction, his under-lip overlapping the upper in stolid resolution.

"Parties as think they are goin' to give Jimmy Redmond the slip makes a great mistake," he observed with a forbidding nod; then, drawing his hand over his square chin, he asked, "Where's your father?"

"I don't know. I think he's down at the mill," I answered.

"And where's missy?"

"I don't know. I've been out."

"Ah! well, now you can go in and see if she's there, to save me the trouble. Tell her I can't stand it no longer. Tell her I'm losin' flesh every day, and what's more, I'm losin' money every day I'm hangin' about here frettin' my in'ards out with vexation at my own madness. They want me at home; there's somethin' going on there as looks bad, they tell me, but I can't go while this madness holds me. Tell missy I won't keep her five minutes; I won't do her no harm; you shall be here all the time. I won't insist on havin' her answer now, and I'll treat her like a gentleman in every respect, and I'll make it wuth her while—tell her that I'll make it wuth her while; for when I've seen her I can go back to Wales and see what's up with a easy mind—tell her that."

Should I go with this inducement, or should I not? While I was asking myself this question, my father came in through the door opening into the garden and faced James Redmond. He did not seem surprised nor alarmed, but looked at him with steadfast composure in his strong manly face.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Evans," said Redmond, affecting not to recognise him; "I was just speaking to Dolly—me and 'er's old friends; but I dropped in chiefly to see you."

My father walked across the shop to the bench by which I was standing, and putting his arm about me, drew me to him as he half seated himself on the bench so as to face Redmond. The light from the bay window fell full upon his face: it was as if he purposely courted recognition.

"What do you want to say to me, Redmond?" he asked.

"Well, it's like this, Mr. Evans—you've brought out a shaper that's goin' to revolutionise the trade. If I'm to keep pace with the times—and I intend to do so—I must just chuck my old plant on the scrap-heap, and go to the expense of fitting out the workshop with these new tools, at a cost of I don't how many hunderd. But the queer thing is as I've got to pay for what ackshally belongs to me."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, this here tool was invented for Pettigrew by Pettigrew's servant and my old friend, po'r George Heatherly, and as such became my property when I bought up the business and stock-in-trade of Mrs. Pettigrew after her husband's death. I've been to my lawyer about it, and he says I've got a clear case to take into court and challenge your right to patent a tool as I can prove is my property. Now, Mr. Evans, you see what I can do: I can summons you to appear in a court of justice, and have you cross-examined, bully-ragged, and turned inside-out by my counsel, to show that this tool is not your invention, but the invention of my friend, po'r George Heatherly. But I'm always for settlin' jobs amicable, and so I come here to see what arrangement you care to make to spare yourself the aforesaid bullyragging and turning inside-out."

"Have you any arrangement to propose?"

"Yes, I have, and it's like this: you've married the widow of my old friend po'r George, and I've fell that desperate in love with her daughter Elsie, as it comes to this—I can't do without her; I'm wastin' away like a man that's cut off his food and is starvin' to death. It's a sheer madness, but there's only one cure for it—she must be my wife. And you must help to make her my wife, Mr. Evans, if you want to keep out of a court of justice, cross-examination, and searchin' inquiry. You must, if needs be, force her to be my wife, if this tool question is to be sunk and we're to live in a united friendly spirit."

"Have you asked her to be your wife?"

"I have."

"Has she consented?"

"Well, not exactly. She's sort of holdin' off, but a little pressure on your part, Mr. Evans, as her *stepfather*—"

"Has she refused?" my father asked, interrupting him.

"No, she ain't."

"Have you considered that you are thirty years older than she, that she is beautiful and that you are hideous, that she is good and that you are the greatest scoundrel unhung?"

"I say!" remonstrated Redmond, "do you call this settlin' things amicable, Mr. Evans?"

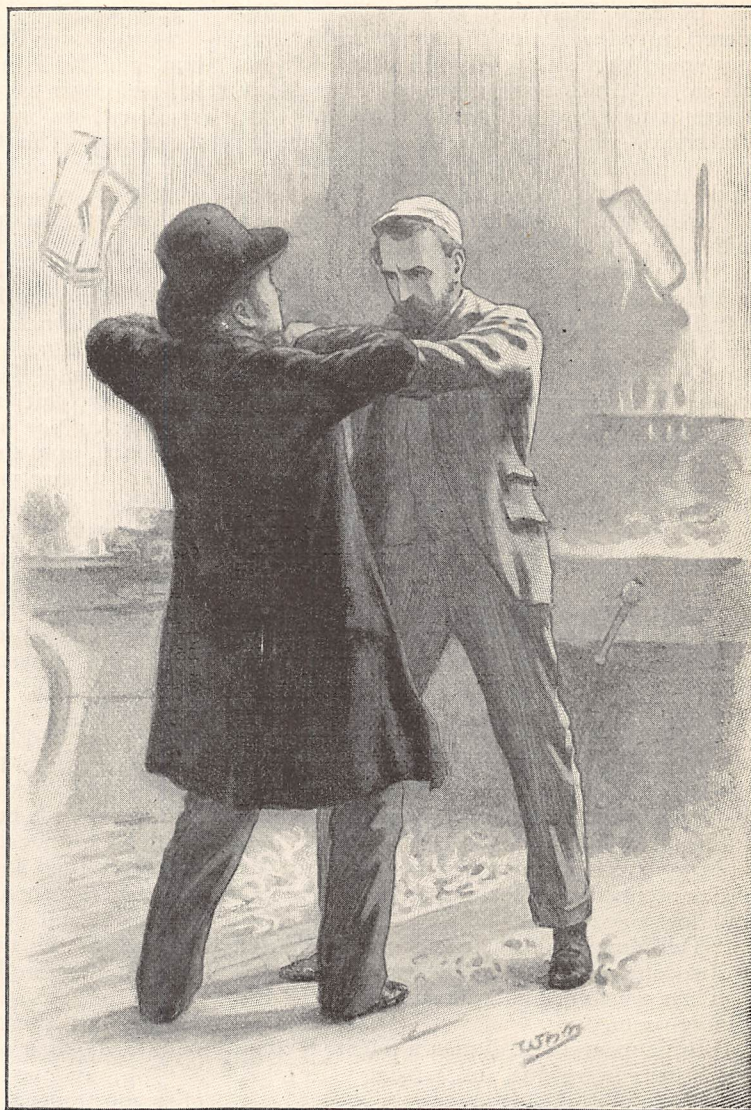
"We'll have no playing at cross-purposes," said my father, dropping his arm from my waist and starting to his feet, his face growing grey with passion, but losing none of its fine expression by the wrath he felt. "My name is George Heatherly, the convicted murderer and escaped convict. This you have told my daughter, and you have threatened her as you threaten me to gain your end."

"Yes," muttered Redmond fiercely, "and by the law I'll gain it. One passion shall be gratified—love or vengeance, I swear!"

"You accursed villain, I know you now!" cried my father, seizing him by the throat with both hands, and shaking him as he held him at arms' length. "It was you who murdered Pettigrew for your mercenary ends—you, who in cold blood so planned the deed as to throw suspicion upon me. You, who under the pretence of friendship brought damning evidence to convict me. You who, not content with blasting the life of an honest man, sought to ruin the happiness of his wife—you, you! who would cap your villainy by forcing me to give my daughter as the price of freedom!"

Redmond, struggling in vain to wrench my father's hands from his throat, upon which they closed like a vice, choked and spluttered as he strove to cry for help, his face growing purple, his little snaky blue eyes starting from their orbits.

"Oh! you may well fear me," cried my father, "for such fierceness is in my heart as never stirred it yet. And I would choke the last breath of life out of your villainous body if I could believe that any power upon earth



"YOU ACCURSED VILLAIN, I KNOW YOU NOW! CRIED MY FATHER."

could one day induce my child to be your wife." He pushed him back against the wall and kicked the lane door open with his foot. "There's no fear of that. Go!" he added, flinging him out into the road. "You've done your worst, and you're not worth hanging for."

"I've done my wust, have I?" gasped Redmond, picking himself and his hat up from the mud; "done my wust, have I? You shall see about that—felon!"

As my father shut the door and turned to me, I ran and threw myself in his arms, bursting into tears, my pent-up emotions overcoming me.

"Courage, Dolly dear, courage!" he whispered, pressing me to his breast and kissing my drooping head. "You have stood by us all so bravely through our troubles, and now there is more need than ever of your help. Be brave—your own dear helpful little self, for the sake of poor little mother and Elsie—and for my sake."

"Oh, I will try, father—I will do my best indeed; only tell me what I *can* do."

"Help little mother to bear the last trial with fortitude."

"The last trial—why, what will that man do?"

"Obtain a warrant for my arrest. I have been waiting for it—expecting it long enough, and happily I have left nothing unprepared."

There was a step in the garden, a tap at the door, and Maggie came to say that dinner was served.

"So much the better. We will come at once, Maggie."

My father, still holding me, crossed to the lane door and shot the bolt. Then, pausing, he looked round the workshop lovingly, and with a suppressed sigh led me out into the garden.

"We'll say nothing of this incident at dinner, Dolly," he said almost cheerfully, and slipping my hand through his arm he walked boldly into the house, with perfect composure in his face.

Maggie was standing in the passage. My father stopped, and looking at his watch, said in a low voice to her—

"Tell Morris to be at the door at a quarter to two, sharp. Tell him at once."

Then we joined mother and Elsie in the dining-room.

Whilst we were at dinner a telegram came for father; he read it, and, passing it to Elsie, he said to mother—

"Philip will be here to-night."

There was fervent gratitude in his tone, and I read it in his deep eyes as he glanced significantly at me.

"There will be someone to take my place and help you, Dolly," they seemed to say.

When dinner was ended, Elsie rose to leave the table, for the coming of Philip presented a problem which she had yet to solve. Then father, looking at his watch, said—

"Stay a minute, Elsie," and drawing his chair nearer to little mother, he took her hand, and said gently, "The end has come, dear wife."

Little mother bowed her head in silence, as if the blow were expected. She did not cry, only turning very white as she clasped my father's hands, she murmured—

"So soon?"

"I have seen Redmond and had it out with him, and he is now getting the warrant, I believe. We have seen that it must be so, love, and we must resign ourselves to the inevitable. The darkest day has come; who can say that brighter will not follow?"

"God's will be done," murmured my mother with a quivering voice. She rose from the table and left the room.

Then Elsie, who had sat for a moment paralysed by the light breaking in upon her, sprang to her feet, and, throwing her arms about my father's neck, poured forth a babble of sweet and loving words—unconnected, unwritable, but not to be misunderstood. She knew or comprehended what had happened, and she offered to make the last sacrifice to save my father.

"Thank heaven, dear child," said he, "no further sacrifice on your part is necessary."

He wrote a few lines to Philip, and enclosed them in an envelope; and he took a letter already written from his desk that was to be sent down to Mr. Gardener at the mills, for he had foreseen the possibility of being forced suddenly to go away. Then he unlocked the cupboard in the under part of the bureau, and brought out a parcel.

"Here comes the chaise: it will soon be over, dears," he said, opening his arms and taking us to his heart.

Oh! I cannot describe that last parting for the tears that flow as I think of it; but we did not cry then, the moments seemed too precious, and our agitation was chiefly centred in the dread that Redmond would arrest him before he had time to escape.

As the chaise came to the door, little mother ran downstairs in her bonnet and mantle, drawing on her gloves.

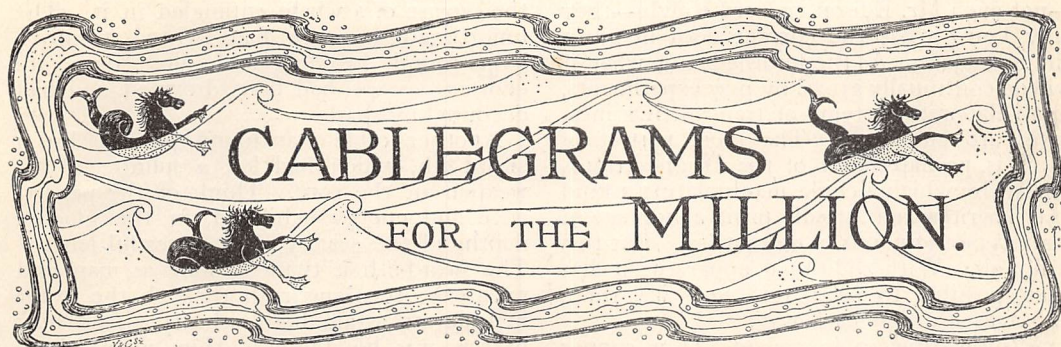
"Oh, my love!" said my father, in a tone of remonstrance.

"George, I must go with you as far as I may," said she with gentle firmness. "The girls can do without me for a little while."

"Yes, yes!" we said eagerly. "You cannot go alone, father dear; it's too cruel. Little mother must go!"

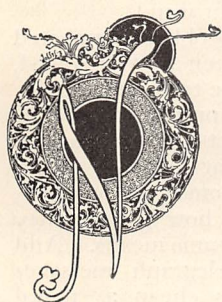
My father tried to speak, but his voice failed him, his strength breaking down with the belief that he should never again hold us in his arms.

And so he went away, we knew not whither. Yet I might have guessed, had I known that the parcel he carried contained the clothes he had worn when he came to us at Christmas—clothes that he had taken from the chaplain's house after his escape from the prison at Dartmoor.



CABLEGRAMS FOR THE MILLION.

BY J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.



O magician in the "Arabian Nights" ever worked such wonders by aid of incantations and genii as Mr. Edison has accomplished through magnets, coils of wire, and motors. He is the greatest of inventive electricians—those master spirits who fear

not to unloose forces from the bowels of the earth, to light their lamps in the clouds, to harness the lightning and make it turn wheels, bear messages, and even transmit the human voice and features to a distance of thousand of miles.

I have concerned myself for many years with one application of electrical science, which is, perhaps, the most useful of all—I mean telegraphy, and especially submarine telegraphy—wherein there is much to delight and entertain both young and old. Probably the very youngest reader has some acquaintance with its methods, and yet, I will venture to say, very few, whether young or old, are aware of the great degree in which telegraphy is restrained by selfish and mistaken interests. When the wires and cables of the world shall be released from this bondage, telegraphy will doubtless be brought into uses far more general than this generation could rightly conceive.

It is difficult to say who invented the electric telegraph, but the men who perfected it were Cooke, Wheatstone, and Morse. Of course every young American knows that Professor Morse, of New York, devised the simple method, still generally in use, of representing each letter of the alphabet by a special group of dots and dashes, marked by the electric current on a moving slip of paper. This alphabet made telegraphy commercially practicable.

The transmitter, or operator, taps a key—perhaps in Liverpool—and a dot, meaning a letter, is consequently marked on a paper slip in New York. He next makes a tap, and then holds down the key for a second, the resulting marks in New York being a dot and a dash, which together represent another letter; and in this way the message is spelled through.

The modern telegraph consists of a wire supported by posts, or laid in the bed of the ocean, and conveying currents of electricity generated by the battery placed at each end



MR. J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.

(From a photograph by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.)

of it. What this electricity is no one can tell—not even Mr. Edison or Lord Kelvin—they only know what the current does in given circumstances. As the knowledge of what it will do continually grows by new experiments, more elaborate systems of transmitting messages are employed. The most perfect of these is, perhaps, that of the Hughes transmitter, by which a clerk, manipulating a kind of typewriter, can actually print a message in plain type thousands of miles away. But this is not all. With additional apparatus it has been possible to send, on one wire, three messages at a time each way.

A submarine cable consists of a copper wire, or "conductor," for conveying messages, covered with gutta-percha, which is a "non-conductor," and therefore prevents the current of electricity from escaping into the water. The gutta-percha is itself covered with iron wires to strengthen the cable, and these wires are saved from rusting by a coating of hemp soaked in tannin.

A section cut through a cable reminds one of a nerve in the human body. The copper wire in the centre conveys messages, just as the "grey matter" in the centre of a nerve telegraphs sensations to the brain; and the wire is protected and isolated by sheathing, just as the "grey matter" is by muscular fibre.

Again, the cable system of the world is strikingly like the nervous system in a man's body. The brain may be placed in New York, whence the cables branch out to all parts of the earth. In each country the cable is in connection with an infinite network of local land wires, just as the great nerve entering a limb is sub-divided into thousands of smaller nerves.

Any person in any part of the world may employ the whole or a section of this vast net-work; and this is, indeed, a development vastly beyond the dreams of electricians fifty years ago. Yet I shall show that the telegraph might speedily be made of infinitely greater convenience to human kind.

But let us, first, return to our cable. It may almost be believed that perfection has been attained in the construction of it; gutta percha is, in particular, an ideal protector. When a piece of the Dover and Calais cable of 1850 was fished up recently, the covering was found to be quite sound and fresh, even after so long an immersion. Most marine creatures avoid it as a tough, unsavoury, and indigestible substance. But it is sometimes attacked by burrowing sea-worms, or, when stretched over a depression, or submarine valley, it may be filed by the sharp edges of icebergs, or snapped at by angry sharks and other fish which swim against it.

Once a broken cable was pulled up with the carcase of a whale entangled in it. The unfortunate creature had twisted it into a loop round his tail, and, after desperate efforts to escape, had been drowned, and half devoured by sharks.

Another cable was found pierced by a sword-fish, which had left a splinter of his weapon in the core. Think of the persistence and energy exhibited, in the gloomy depths of the sea, by that successful fencer! The sword-fish is twice as long as man, and must execute a long rush through the water in order to attain high velocity. And how narrow was his target! How many times the huge creature must have rushed before hitting the cable! It reminds one of Robin Hood shooting at an upright wand.

Because the mechanical problems connected with the telegraph have been so well solved, it is sometimes said that the telegraph service admits of little more improvement. The benefits that humanity gets from it are so obvious and numerous that men are rather given to congratulating themselves on these benefits than to thinking how greatly they might be increased by the same means. And yet experts know that telegraph messages might be made almost as cheap as postal cards.

One of the torments of prison life is the restriction on communication with friends beyond the prison walls; but prisoners in emergencies of life or death are permitted to have such communication quickly. In that they are better off than multitudes of innocent people who have emigrated. These are compelled to wait weeks, and even months, for news of dear ones at home, although, thanks to the electrician, space and time have been annihilated. This delay is because telegraph messages of all kinds are far more costly than they should be.

The electric cable can be worked very cheaply, and it should be at the service of every man, rich or poor, whether he sit in the bank parlour or toil in a workshop. Electricity is everywhere bountifully stored by Nature for the benefit of all, and it should be sold as cheaply as gas or water. But there is a kind of "trust" in control of telegraphy, and such high rates are charged for cabling that only wealthy men can indulge in the luxury. On land, fifty out of a hundred telegrams are sent between friends about their private affairs; by cable only one out of one hundred messages is of this character.

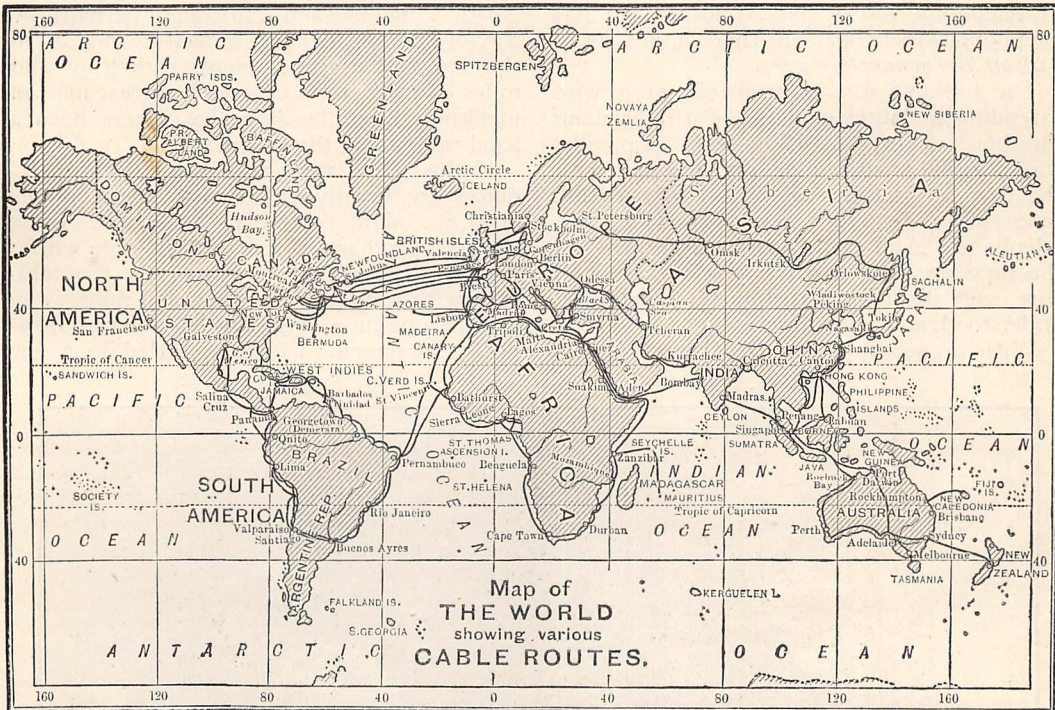
Suppose an immigrant to America—a labourer, or cow-boy, or hard-working servant girl—should meet with an accident, or learn that a number of men have lost their lives in

an English coal-mine, in which his or her father or brother is employed. No consolatory or reassuring message can be hoped for under two months, although the cable, by which news could be secured in three or four hours, lies idle. A short message by cable costs twenty dollars.

I have worked strenuously to get the cable rates lowered, and have to some extent succeeded; but they are still far too high for the poor man's pocket. It costs from a

At present the cables are little used, especially at night. It angers me to think of those wonderful channels of thought lying unemployed at the bottom of the ocean, while millions of human hearts are throbbing for the means of communication. With a low rate for night messages the wires would be working without cessation.

But this is not all. The highest speed now attainable is forty-five words per minute, and the average is probably not more than ten



dollar (4s. 2d.) to two and a half dollars (10s. 6d.) a word to telegraph from England to Australia; and even between England and the United States the charge is twenty-five cents (1s.) per word. When I tell you that there would be a profit in a rate of two cents (1d.) a word between England and America, and ten cents (5d.) a word between England and Australia, you will understand how much the use of cables is restrained.

Under the most desirable system of working the cables, they might enable you to send a complete message in a moment from New York to London at the cost of five cents. It would only be necessary to encourage large numbers of persons, by means of a low tariff, to telegraph, instead of keeping the wires, by means of a high tariff, for the exclusive use of the rich,

words. By means of an invention which I have seen in operation, it is possible to cable four hundred words a minute, or ninety million words a year by each wire.

This apparatus is, so interesting that it deserves description. The sender writes the message with a typewriter on a revolving cylinder. The cylinder is then connected with the cable, and in a few minutes the whole of the messages upon it are reproduced, with photographic accuracy, thousands of miles away.

By a somewhat similar instrument—the teleautograph—a sketch, likeness, or manuscript may be reproduced in facsimile at any distance. There is nothing to prevent the London police cabling the photograph of an escaped criminal to the police of New York.

The cables should certainly be so controlled as to give mankind the full benefit of their admirable devices.

There is no telling how many other important inventions may be kept out of use by the present system of leaving telegraphy under a control that does not operate with a primary view to the general good. We must never forget that electricity as a practical science is only in its teens, and that new and more marvellous applications of it are discovered every year. Mr. Preece, a high authority, believes that we shall soon be able to telephone across the Atlantic. He has telephoned to a person three miles away *without any connecting wire*.

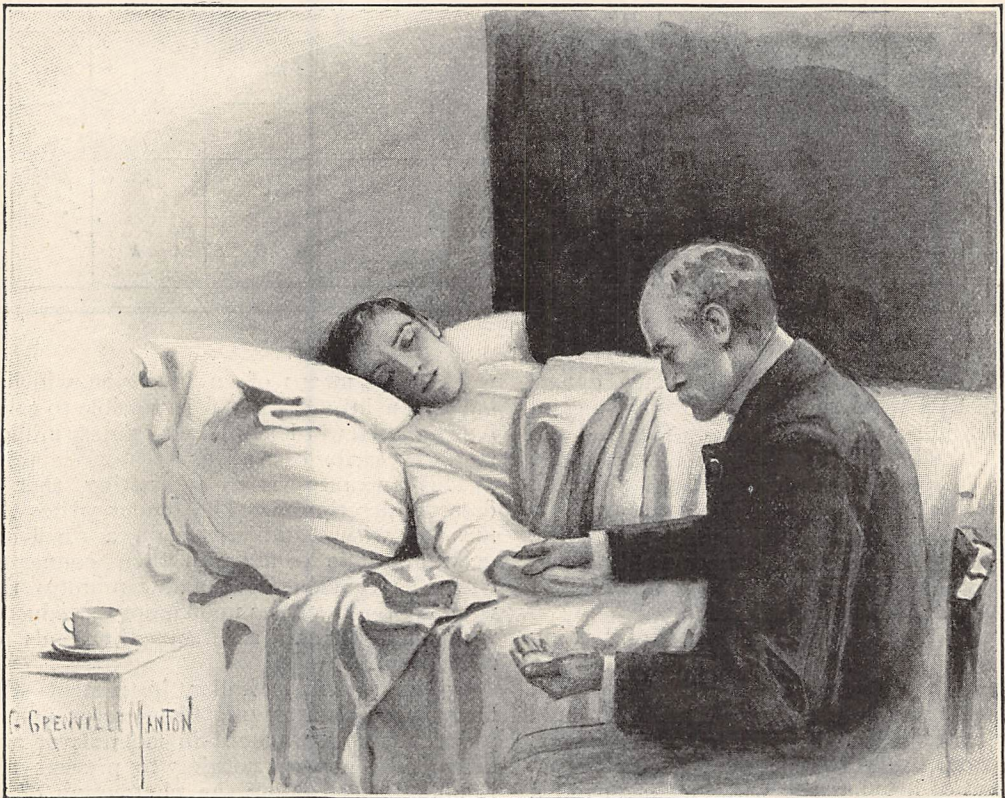
The message was transmitted on a wire extending for three-quarters of a mile along the shores of the Bristol Channel. A parallel wire of equal length, quite unconnected with the first, was set up on Flat Holm Island, three miles distant, and provided with a telephone. And the "dots and dashes" of the message sent over the first, or mainland wire, were distinctly heard on this telephone, understood, and replied to.

With proper apparatus Mr. Preece under-

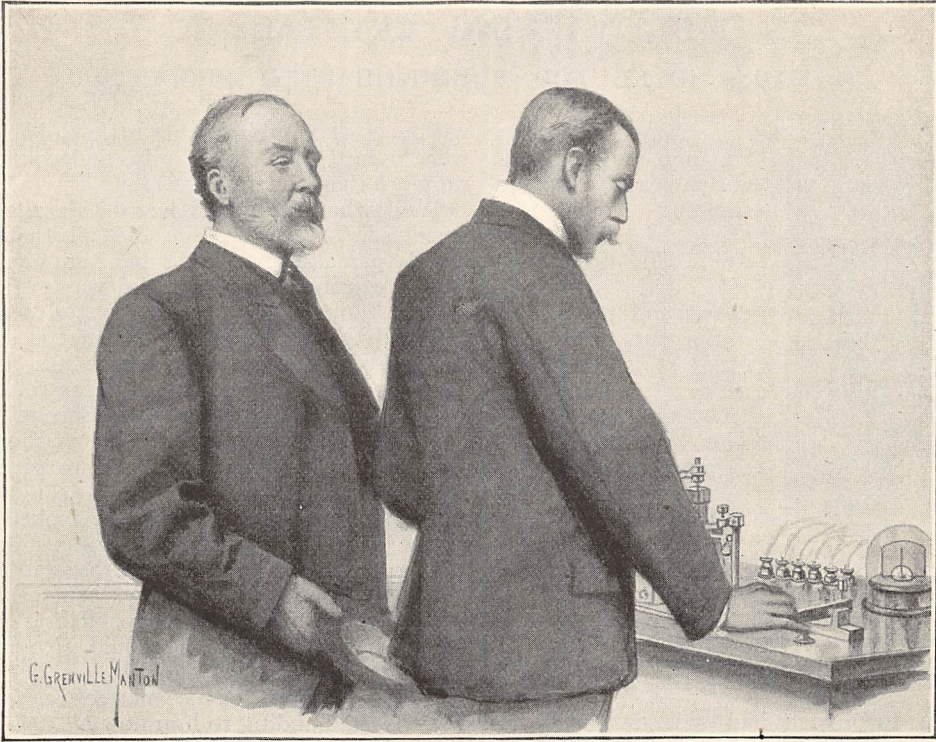
takes to telegraph without connecting wires between England and France. And so we may one day be able to communicate with countries at any distance without cables. But if the apparatus were allowed to go into the sole control of the telegraph trust, we should get no use of it except at rates which might debar the vast majority from its benefits.

The two groups of cable companies own between them some seventy-eight thousand miles of cable, radiating all over the world; and in a few months the projected Pacific cable, ten thousand miles long, will connect North America and Australia, perhaps by way of Hawaii. The stern fact staring us in the face is that these seventy-eight thousand miles of cable are useless to the great mass of mankind, simply because the owners have a legal right to fix the cable rates.

If the cables were managed, as the post-offices are, mainly with a view to the public good, we might fairly expect to see two cents the average charge for a short message within ten years. It would be as easy to communicate with a friend ten thousand miles away as with one in a neighbouring town. Business arrangements would be settled in a few



A CONSULTATION UNDER THE SEA—AT THE CALIFORNIAN END OF THE WIRE.



A CONSULTATION UNDER THE SEA—SIR ANDREW CLARK AT THE LONDON END OF THE WIRE.

minutes, instead of six or eight weeks. Time would be saved, and a man of business would be able to do fifty years' work in a career of twenty-five years. A tradesman would no longer be confined to the few customers passing his shop, but could push any rare or valuable article simultaneously in every great city of the world.

There is hardly a working family in some countries which has not an emigrant member far away. How happy cheap cablegrams and cheap telephoning would make these toiling millions! The misery of separation mainly consists in the uncertainty as to the *present* welfare of the loved one; and the cable removes this uncertainty.

Two years ago the son of a wealthy nobleman lay in San Francisco suffering from typhoid fever. Care and skill were lavished upon him, and still his fate remained uncertain. His friends longed to obtain the advice of the great English physician, Sir Andrew Clark, but Sir Andrew could not be brought over in time. Nevertheless, his aid was obtained—for what can money not do?

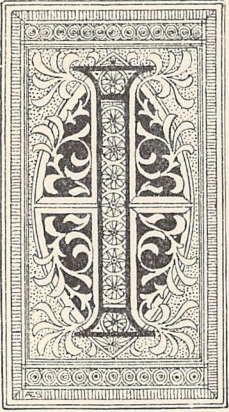
The famous doctor went to the London

end of the cable; the other end was laid into the sick-room in California. Thus a strange consultation was held under the sea between the English medical authority and his American colleagues, the very beat of the sufferer's pulse being registered from time to time, thousands of miles away. The lad recovered; and who shall say how many lives might be saved or how many heart-aches allayed, if the millions who are not wealthy could communicate as easily with those across seas who might, perhaps merely by words, give them cheer or aid?

There is something very captivating in the conception of all mankind, assembled as it were under one dome for social communion. A thousand million minds brought into contact—the bodies still divided by the awful heights and depths and distances of Nature! Here is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and which will be essentially attained whenever the civilised people of the world shall refuse to submit longer to that control of telegraphy which shuts them out from a great part of the benefits that the science and art of electricity should confer.

THE WARNING CRYSTAL:

A FAIRY IDYLL FOR YOUNG-HEARTED PEOPLE.



T all happened very long ago, and it began with a beautiful queen standing upon the brink of a wishing-well. The water was cool and still and deep; and the queen softly put aside the fringe of tall fern, and peeped at her own reflection far below. Then she dropped a sapphire ring into the well, and whispered the fairy charm:

"Wishing-well! wishing-well!
A queen invokes thy mystic spell!
Give me a daughter, sweet and fair
Rose on her cheeks, sun in her hair,
A smile like the smile of her father the king,
And eyes like these sapphires that glow in my ring!"

When the queen had spoken the charm she smiled to herself, and let the tall fronds of fern slip from her fingers and close up again round the water. Then she went back to the palace, and she could not hear the well laughing as she left it behind her. And it laughed less like an elf than like an old crone bending over her faggots in winter.

Well, in due time the wish of the beautiful queen was granted, and a baby-daughter came to the palace in fairyland. The child was just as her mother had asked she might be, and for awhile the queen was very happy. But, as the baby grew older, people began to whisper and talk about it. They said that it never seemed to *look* at anything; that its eyes, of beautiful deep sapphire blue, were always the same. And by-and-by the king's physician, whom the queen called in, said that the baby was blind.

The queen put both her arms round her little girl when the physician told her this, and cried over her very sadly indeed. And then she sent for a wise woman, who lived at the gates of the palace, and, sobbing bitterly, asked her what was to be done. And the wise woman looked tenderly at the child and said that nothing could be done until the little princess was grown up. And she added that now and then a wicked witch had power over the waters of the wishing-well, and that, because the queen had asked for a daughter

with eyes like sapphires, her little child's eyes were indeed like jewels only, and could see no more than the sapphires saw.

Well, when the queen heard this, she was very sad. However, she did all that she could to make the child's life happy. And the little princess grew up, and was well and strong, though her face was wistful always, and had the patient sweetness that is sometimes given to those who cannot see. And, when she was about seventeen years old, the queen sent for the wise woman a second time.

"My daughter is grown up now," she said wistfully. "Can we do nothing to give her sight?"

The wise woman smiled and looked out of the window to where the princess stood, talking to a young page in the rose-garden.

"Who is she speaking with?" she asked.

"With my husband's page. He is often with her, and I believe he would give up his own sight to her if he could."

"Ah!" said the wise woman softly. "And what is she handing to him now?"

"It is a flower," said the queen, with a little sigh, for she saw that the princess had given a tall white lily to the page; and something in her heart stirred uneasily.

The wise woman turned and looked deep down into the queen's eyes.

"Only the page can find the spell that will give your daughter sight," she said. "I have known him long. The sunbeams and the roses and the blue-hooded tits were glad when he was born."

And then she drew her mantle over her face and went away again.

The queen still stood by the window, and the uneasiness in her heart deepened into pain. But she stifled it and passed from the room, and stood before her husband the king.

"Sire," she said, "we must offer some great reward to the man who can find the spell that will give our daughter sight."

"I have offered it," replied the king. "He who can cure her blindness shall have her hand."

The queen thought of the page, and her heart became still heavier.

"If he be of low degree?" she asked wistfully.

The king shook his head and took her hands into his own.

"My wife," he answered, "his degree would be low no longer."

So the queen submitted, and next day the proclamation was read in every town in the kingdom. But the queen sent for the page and told him haughtily that the offer was not for such as he. And the page, whose heart had beaten fast when he heard the heralds, bowed low in silence and withdrew.

He went away into the rose-garden and he drew the lily that the princess had given to him from its hiding-place near his heart and let his tears fall fast upon the petals.

"I would give up my own eyes to her if I could," he murmured, "and ask for no reward."

His tears still dropped thickly into the cup of the lily, and they slid together in the pure white resting place they had found, and sparkled there like dew. And then suddenly the page saw that something wonderful had happened. The tears had formed themselves into one pure, transparent, glistening crystal.

Half startled, he took the shining globe carefully into his fingers. It felt cold to them, and he moved it up and down in the sunlight. It was very beautiful, and he was full of wonder at it, when a shadow fell over the grass, and, looking up, he saw the wise woman.

He knew her, for she had been his godmother from his birth. And he bent on one knee and held out the crystal.

"This is your doing," he said softly.

"Yes," she answered, "and yet more your own. You love the blind princess?"

"I would give my life for her," he said reverently.

The wise woman looked away from him to the west, where the sun was setting behind the purple hills.

"There is someone—a changeling boy with bow and arrows—who can cure her blindness," she told him, "but

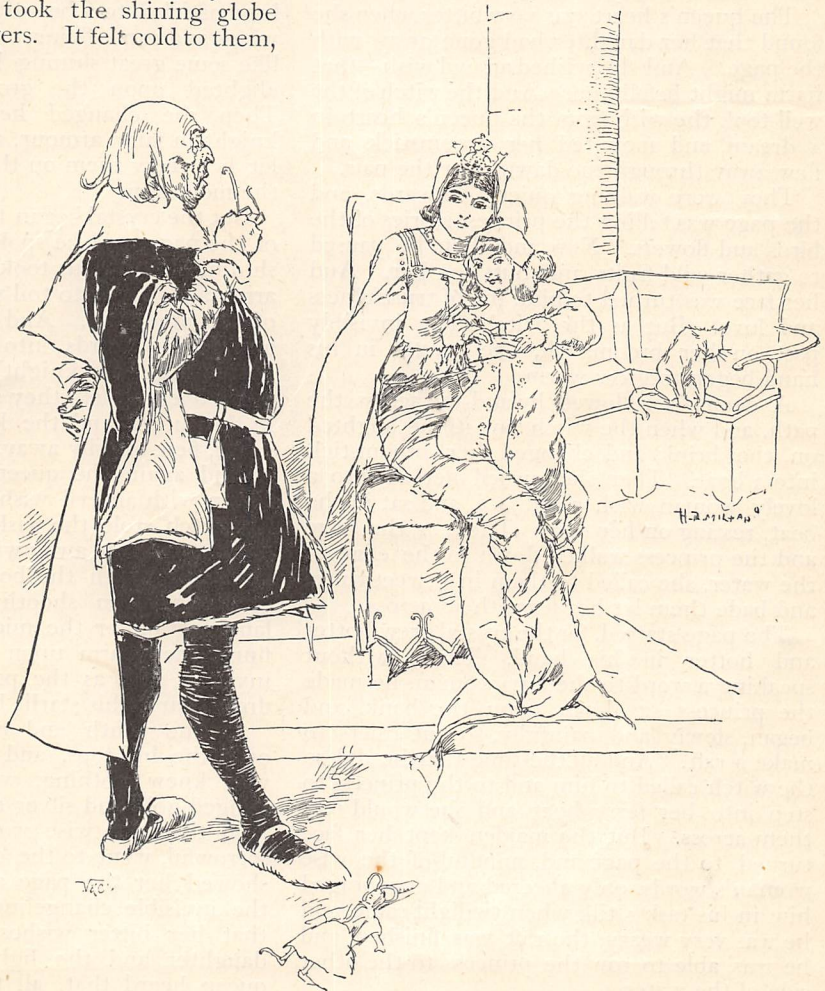
he lives very far away—in the mountains that border fairyland. If you can lead her to him, he will give her sight."

"What is his name?" asked the page breathlessly. But the wise woman only smiled.

"He has had many names," she said. "He will have many more. His name matters nothing to you or me."

"How must I find him?" then pleaded the page. And the wise woman pointed to the crystal.

"You must follow the road that will be shown to you in there," she said, "and you must take the princess with you, leading her by the hand. And you must exchange speech with no one, and accept no help upon the road. And then you will find the boy with the bow and arrows, who treads the purple sunlit hills on the borders of fairyland."



THE KING'S PHYSICIAN.

Then the wise woman laid her fingers upon the page's head for a moment and went away. But in a few minutes she returned, leading the blind princess by the hand. And the princess's face was flushed and happy, and her sightless eyes were wet with glad tears.

"She will come with you," said the wise woman. "Guard her well, and do not forget my warning. When the crystal glows like a live coal in your hand, you will know that danger is near."

So the page took the princess's hand into his own and kissed it reverently. And then he looked into his crystal and saw painted in its depths the long steep road that lay beyond the palace gates. So, hand in hand, the youth and the maiden went out from the gardens of the court, to seek the boy with the bow and arrows, whose home was with the sunset far away on the purple hills.

The queen's heart was very bitter when she found that her daughter had gone away with the page. And she wished an evil wish—that harm might befall him. And the witch of the well took the wish from the queen's heart in a dream, and mounted her broomstick and flew away through the dawn after the pair.

They were walking quietly onwards, and the page was telling the princess stories of the birds and flowers. Now and then he paused to gather wild fruits and nuts for her. And her face was turned to him, full of trustfulness and love. But as the witch flew invisibly past on her broomstick, the crystal in his hand began to grow warm.

A deep river flowed by-and-by across the path, and when the witch saw it she alighted on the brink and changed her broomstick into a boat. Then she turned herself into a lovely woman with a sad face, and sat in the boat, resting on her oars. Then, as the page and the princess walked down to the edge of the water, she called to them in a sweet voice, and bade them let her ferry them across.

The page started, for the crystal grew hotter and hotter in his hand. Then, without speaking a word to the ferrywoman, he made the princess sit down upon the bank, and began, slowly and painfully, to cut osiers to make a raft. And all the time that he did so the witch called to him and to the princess to step into her ferry boat and she would row them across. But the maiden kept her face turned to the page and, mindful of the wise woman's words, only cheered and encouraged him in his task; till, when twilight came, and he was very weary, the raft was finished, and he was able to row the princess to the other side of the water.

They had stepped on to the opposite bank,

and were passing down into the dimness of the valley beyond it, when the princess stood still and held up her hand. She heard the sudden sobbing and wailing of the ferrywoman behind her, and her heart was touched. But the crystal burnt the page's fingers like a live coal, and he urged the princess forward with earnest words. So that at last the sobbing of the woman was gathered into the sobbing of the river and died away.

That night, however, the queen went to bed with burning tears, and wished another evil wish in her heart. And the witch stole the wish again, and was able, a second time, to fly on her broomstick after the pair.

They had travelled far by now, and stood at the foot of the purple hills. But the road up was very rocky and steep, and nothing green grew by the way; and often sheets of burning lava poured down the barren sides of the mountains. So the witch turned her broomstick into a beautiful white horse with wings and came flying towards them, looking like some great shining bird, until her horse alighted upon the ground by their side. Then she changed herself into a gallant knight in fairy armour, and begged them to let her carry them on the horse to the top of the mountain.

But the crystal began to glow in the fingers of the page, and he spoke no word with this shining knight, but took the princess into his arms and began to toil with her up the side of the mountain. And she murmured brave and loving words into his ear, so that he hardly heard the knight's offers; and at last, when evening fell, they stood on the hill-top in the sunset, and the knight, on his white horse, flew angrily away.

And again the queen, in her palace, fell asleep with an evil wish in her heart. And the witch stole the wish and wove it into a charm, and flew away with it in search of the changeling with the bow and arrows. And she found him shooting at the stars and laughing under the midnight sky; and she flung the charm upon him and made him invisible, just as the page and the princess drew near to his starlit home.

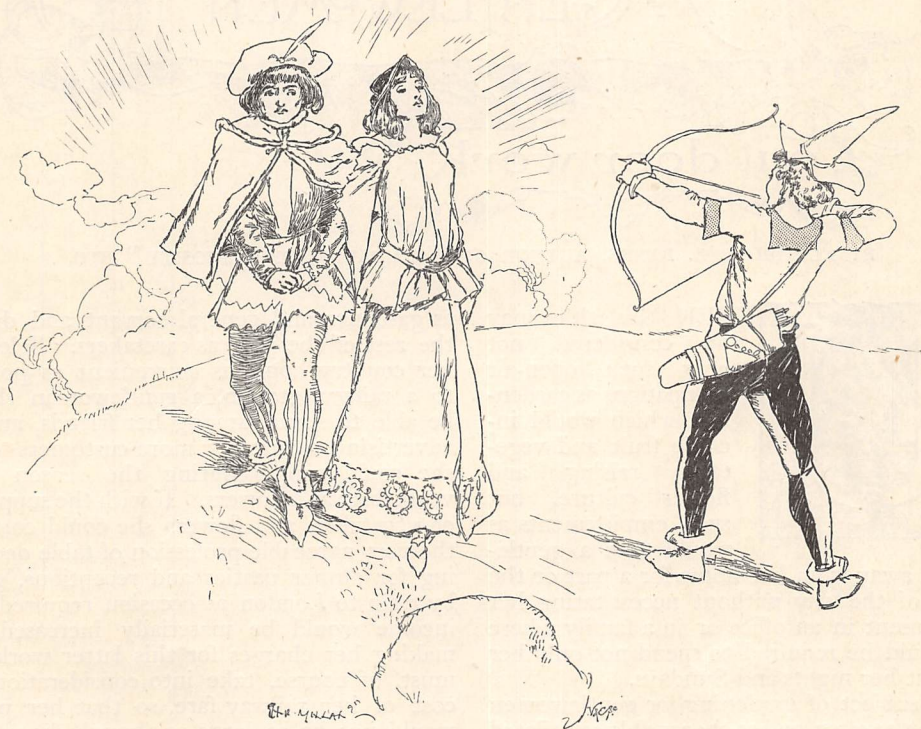
So the youth and maiden wandered on over the hill-tops, and the changeling boy, who knew nothing, went on sending his winged gold and silver arrows into the night. And then the wise woman, who was very sorrowful, went to the queen in a dream and showed her the page and the princess and the invisible changeling, and told her sadly that her bitter wishes were between her daughter and the light. And when the queen heard that, all the evil in her heart melted away and she burst into tears. And

just then the sun upon the distant mountains rose.

And the tears of the queen fell about the changeling boy like the dew of the morning and melted the charm, and he stood visible in the sunrise. And then the page cried out joyfully and led the princess to him, and prayed him that he would give her sight.

then smiled straight into the glad eyes of the page.

But when they gazed round for the changeling boy, he was lost in the sunrise, and in that golden glory he has been lost ever since, though the queen declares that she saw him once, when a great prince came over the seas to marry her eldest grandchild. The queen



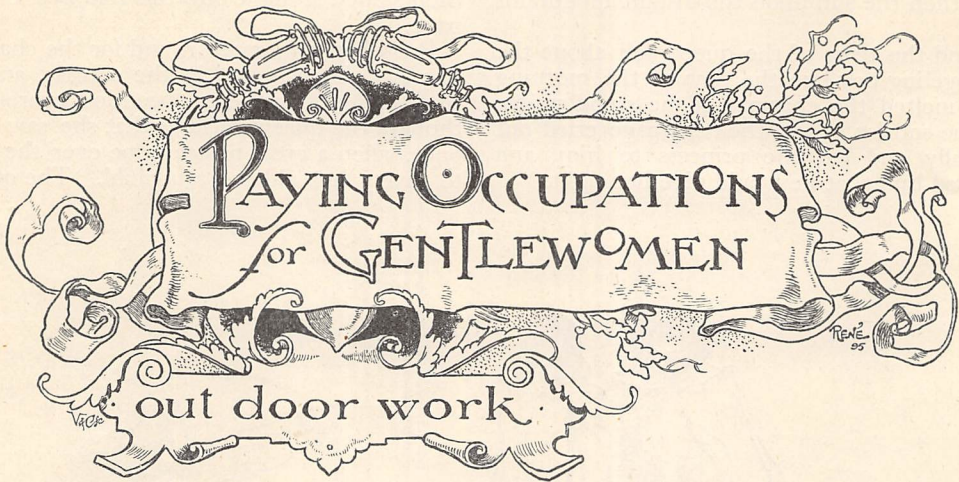
THE CHANGELING BOY.

And the boy laughed, and, fitting his arrow to the string, he shot twice at the eyes of the princess. And the sapphire jewels broke and fell away, and she looked round her with the wide wistful, tender eyes of a little child, and

says that, the evening before the prince arrived, she saw the changeling boy, with his bow and arrows, dancing down a path of moonlight upon the sea and shooting at the stars.

ROMA WHITE.





Paying Occupations for Gentlewomen out door work

BY ELIZABETH L. BANKS, AUTHOR OF "CAMPAIGNS OF CURIOSITY," ETC.



UNDER this title may be considered not only such open-air occupations as gardening, which would include fruit and vegetable raising and flower culture, but such employments as would take a gentle-

woman away from her home for a part or the whole of the day without necessitating her engagement in an office or in a family where she would be required to spend not only her days but her nights and Sundays.

The subject of gardening for gentlewomen has been so often and so thoroughly ventilated in the English newspapers and magazines that there is little left to be said about it except perhaps a suggestion as to the most inexpensive and practical way of engaging in the work. At the same time it should be understood that gardening, taken up in a small way, would be an occupation from which one would derive more pleasure than profit, since the market prices for flowers, fruits, and vegetables are extremely low. Yet a gentlewoman having a small income might find gardening a means of adding to it. If, for example, she is occupying a house in London, she would probably experience little difficulty in letting it furnished for the fashionable season, during which time she might take up her own residence in a little country house with a small garden, at the low rental of forty or fifty pounds a year. The profits of her town house ought surely to be enough to pay the rental of the country house and the wages of a man and wife, who during the summer could act

as gardener and general servant and during the rest of the year as caretakers. Selecting her country home as convenient as possible to a railway station, a gentlewoman should be able to secure among her friends, and by advertising, a dozen or more customers whom she could supply during the season with vegetables and flowers. If with the supplying of vegetables and flowers she could combine the very agreeable profession of table decorating for dinner parties and receptions, going by train to London as occasion required, her income would be materially increased. In making her charges for this latter work, she must, of course, take into consideration the cost of her railway fare, so that her profits would not be so large as though she resided in town and incurred no travelling expenses. For table decorating the remuneration varies according to the simplicity or elaborateness required. From two to five shillings an hour is received by ladies who have taken up this profession.

However, for women who have neither homes nor incomes, it would be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to start in the business of gardening or poultry raising. The same may be said of turning farmers, as many American women have done in recent years. In some parts of the Western states where land is cheap, a number of girls, after graduating from colleges with such degrees as "Bachelor of Science" or "Bachelor of Letters," have bought farms, and are now engaged in grain, fruit, and poultry raising, with the assistance of "hired men" for the hard manual labour, and growing rich. These girls, however, have had the opportunity of studying scientific farming in their

State universities — an advantage which Englishwomen have not had, and, even if they had, they would find no means of putting their knowledge to use unless they went to the Colonies or to America.

Another occupation which certain educated and daring American girls have taken up, especially in the Western states, is that of "breaking in colts" for riding and driving. They are said to be earning from five to ten dollars a day. This novel method of making money is, of course, only attempted by girls who have been brought up among horses and have a knack of controlling them. It is said that the idea originated with a bright farmer's daughter, who, having just returned from boarding school, undertook to "break in" for her father an unruly young horse which the "hired man" had given up as a hopeless case. So great was her success that her fame spread about the whole country among the farmers and her services became greatly in demand. Other girls took it up in adjoining counties and states, and are said to be "coining money."

I do not cite this occupation as one in which many gentlewomen, either English or American, would care to engage, although it might be commended to the passing attention of certain English girls who, as equestriennes, are the acknowledged superiors of the majority of their American cousins.

To turn from the subject of horses to that of dogs, I would mention poodle-clipping as an agreeable and remunerative profession in which a few gentlewomen might engage. In an article on "New Paid Occupations for Women" published in CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE about a year ago, I spoke of a new employment, then recently started in New York—that of brushing, combing and exercising pet dogs, and have since heard that the occupation has been taken up by some English girls with great success. There are so many pet dogs in London that there is chance for much competition in this matter, and it is certainly a very healthy and agreeable sort of outdoor work. The business of poodle-clipping for women, however, is one that, so far as I know, has never been attempted either in the United States or in England, and I would suggest to some enterprising gentlewoman that she be the first to engage in it. The idea occurred to me about two months ago, when on making a morning call I found a friend wielding a pair of clippers on her own poodle, which she explained had been previously subjected to careless if not cruel treatment by his male barber, who charged twelve shillings and sixpence for his mutilations. In recommending poodle-clipping as a suitable employment for women, I am able

to vouch for its practicability, because I have since made the experiment myself on a poodle, and have had the pleasure of hearing my handiwork highly commended.

Poodles are now so fashionable and are so frequently to be seen in the streets and parks that I need not describe the "costumes" affected by them, but it is not generally known that the machine which clips and shaves them so fantastically and artistically may be purchased in a small size suitable for ladies' use for seven shillings and sixpence, and that a pair of nippers for cutting their nails is to be bought for half-a-crown. These two things are all that are required for starting in business. The shopman from whom the clippers are purchased (they are to be bought at any of the general stores) will explain all that it is necessary to know as to the manner of using the machine, which is an affair greatly resembling a pair of scissors, composed of two rows of sharp teeth or combs and worked precisely on the scissors principle. If, however, one is fearful to begin the work without having first seen it done, it is an easy matter to gain admittance to a dog fancier's and see a poodle clipped. The gentlewoman must, of course, be clever with her fingers and have something of an artistic eye in order to clip a dog in the prevailing style, which demands "ruffles" and "shoes and stockings" and "mustachios." The nail nippers are only an extra strong pair of scissors, which must be used in such a way as to cut off only the tip end of the nail in order to avoid hurting the dog.

The next thing is to get the poodles, which should be an easy matter if a well-worded advertisement is inserted in the newspaper columns where dogs and horses are announced for sale. This department of the paper is much better than the ordinary "situations wanted" column. It would also be well to advertise in a popular ladies' weekly paper, or, better, in a periodical devoted to the interests of household pets. Let the advertisement state that a gentlewoman who is fond of and kind to animals is prepared to visit ladies' houses for poodle-clipping. The price should be stated as being lower than that charged by ordinary dog fanciers, and as there are probably none who would undertake the work for less than half-a-guinea, let the lady poodle-clipper shave dogs for seven shillings and sixpence each. The work would require no setting up in a shop and no tools except those I have mentioned. The owner of the dog will have a large kitchen table which is to be used as the "barber's chair" during the clipping process, and the person who does the clipping will need a large print apron.

There is room in London for at least six or eight gentlewomen as dog-clippers, and as the up-to-date poodle needs clipping every month or six weeks, there is no reason why such women should not find steady employment. The time required for clipping one dog is from three to four hours. For women who are fond of animals—and kindness to animals is one of the most pleasing traits in the English-woman's character—this work should be neither difficult nor disagreeable, and it is quite within the bounds of practicability, which is more than can be said for many other occupations recommended to gentlewomen.

A large number of women have a talent for drawing and sketching, and it has often occurred to me that such persons might establish a very pleasant and advantageous partnership between themselves and women writers for the newspapers and magazines, who, going about London in search of "copy," often feel the need of assistance in the way of making illustrations of scenes and incidents which would greatly enhance the interest and value of their articles. These writers, not being able to skilfully handle a pencil, and finding it a disadvantage to be always burdened with a camera, would be only too glad of the companionship and assistance of a lady artist who would be willing to sketch on the same terms as the journalist must write—that is, taking the chance of acceptance or rejection. There are, of course, any number of artists who may be engaged for such work at so much per hour, or at a stipulated price for each illustration, but a writer, unless her articles are actually ordered beforehand, is scarcely in a position to pay for illustrations which may be returned to her in company with her manuscript, or, if accepted, may not be paid for until after publication, some time in the vague and distant future. Such sketches as I have mentioned are especially in demand by writers who contribute for periodicals in foreign countries, since in that case subjects are often taken up with which the editors are unacquainted, and hence they are unable to direct their own artists in the matter of illustrations. Now, if a gentlewoman with artistic ability should make known the fact that she is willing to illustrate for journalists on the rejection or acceptance basis, I feel sure she would very shortly find herself established in a business from which she would derive both pleasure and profit. In order to secure work of this sort she would need to advertise in literary papers which are known to have a good circulation among newspaper, magazine, and book writers. She might also do well to send out letters (personally written

letters are always preferable to printed circulars) to persons whom she thinks likely to be in need of such assistance. In regard to the payment for her work, that must be settled in the beginning by mutual agreement. If the writer is able to make an arrangement with editors by which they will allow a certain rate for the article itself and a distinct price for the illustrations, the latter, of course, would be given to the artist, while if illustrations and articles together are sold at so much per column or page, one-third or one-fourth of the price received for the article would belong to the artist.

To again take up a matter in which my own country people are chiefly interested—that of collecting old silver ornaments, bric-a-brac, and antique furniture from the London pawnshops and curiosity shops—I would call the attention of gentlewomen to an outdoor occupation which they would find exceedingly agreeable and remunerative. Let them advertise in three or four of the higher-class American newspapers and weekly society papers, say in New York, Chicago, Boston, and Baltimore or Washington (this would give their advertisement a circulation in all parts of the United States), that they are willing to collect such things as I have described for intending American visitors to London, the terms to be arranged on a commission basis. Let the advertiser be careful to make it plain that she is a person of taste and accustomed to refined surroundings, but she should avoid the expression "lady by birth," which, for some reason, is extremely distasteful to Americans. Let her advertisement state that she is an "English gentlewoman."

The summer American visitors to London are nearly all people of wealth who appreciate the beautiful things to be found in the little side streets of London, but they usually pay twice as much to pawnbrokers and curiosity dealers as would a Londoner. Their accent proclaims their nationality at once, and the dealers fix their prices accordingly, while the Americans even then think they are procuring "great bargains."

The gentlewoman who engages to make these collections for them, or to accompany American ladies on these tours, must be able to distinguish at once between a real thing and an imitation, and she must also have a good knowledge of "bargain making" and "beating down," for she knows that no dealer expects to receive for his wares the price he originally asks.

Besides advertising in the American papers, the lady would also do well to advertise in one or two of the London papers, and also leave her address at the exchanges frequented

by Americans in London, as well as at the hotels chiefly patronised by the rich Americans. She could also enlarge her field of usefulness and profit by offering to accompany American ladies on their general shopping expeditions, recommending to them the best drapers, milliners and dressmakers, thus receiving a commission from both parties.

There is among professional singers in London a great demand for really good and "sympathetic" accompanists on the piano, as well as on the violin and guitar. Singers complain that, although there are large numbers of women who, in a general way, play the piano exceedingly well, yet there are few who understand the art of accompanying properly. As there are many gentlewomen who have received a musical education and have talents of a high order, here would seem a good opportunity for them to earn a fairly good income. By devoting particular attention to private practising for several weeks or months, they could, by consulting with singers, very soon discover whether or not they had a talent for accompanying; and if so, their next step would be to insert their cards in a musical paper, and to communicate personally with professionals.

The usual price paid by singers to their accompanists is half a guinea for each performance—that is, for each "at home" or concert—although when receiving a more than ordinarily large fee themselves, they frequently pay their accompanists twice or three times this amount.

For those who have talents in this direction, the business of accompanying will be found much more agreeable and profitable than that of musical governess, or the giving of music lessons to classes. The gentlewoman who engages an accompanist will, on account of having an entrée to society, be able to assist the singer by recommending her to her friends, thus securing her engagements, in which case the singer should, instead of paying the usual accompanist's fee, divide the proceeds with her assistant.

An employment which would take gentlewomen away from their homes for a few hours during the day, and one which I think has not yet been attempted by anyone, is the cleaning of jewellery and silver toilet articles for wealthy ladies whose maids have so many other things to engage them that they have no time for this work, which would require to be done once a week under the personal supervision of the owner. For such work two shillings and sixpence an hour might be charged, and if a dozen or more customers

could be secured, an income of about thirty shillings a week ought to be obtained.

The going about from house to house for the purpose of dusting expensive furniture and ornaments, the washing and putting away of valuable china and plate, and the draping of windows, are subjects which I have spoken of in a former article, but I would again call attention to the great demand for "lady cooks," who need only to look over the advertising columns of the daily papers to find hundreds of places where their services are required. The "lady cook" need not take up her residence with the family by which she is employed. She could engage to cook the luncheons and dinners, going to her employer at eleven o'clock, and returning after dinner has been prepared in the evening. Or she might advertise that she will give her services for special occasions, such as large dinner parties and receptions, emphasising the fact that she has mastered the art of making thin, dainty sandwiches, a thing which many ladies assert that they cannot get done properly by ordinary cooks.

Other branches of domestic work, such as the cleaning of silver and plate, laying of tables, watering of plants, filling and emptying flower vases, etc., might be undertaken by gentlewomen for a few hours daily, although, of course, cooking is by far the more remunerative employment. Many ladies whose nerves and tempers are almost shattered by the study of the domestic servant problem would gladly pay a gentlewoman from fifteen to twenty shillings for the preparation of a dinner for a large party, and there is no doubt that hundreds of gentlewomen could keep themselves constantly employed in this way, especially during a fashionable season.

I have not referred to the profession of daily governess as a suitable and paying occupation for gentlewomen for the reason that, having investigated the treatment and the salaries received by governesses, I could not conscientiously do so. It is a wonder that the plaintive cries of the English daily governess have not long ago drowned those of the English working girl. The lot of the latter is an enviable one compared with that of the former.

I recently saw an advertisement which read thus:—"A City man wishes governess for six hours daily for three children. Must teach French, German, music, drawing, all English branches, and *social etiquette*. Salary sixteen pounds;" and I am told the advertiser probably had a hundred applicants for the position! What more need be said on the subject of daily governessing?

FAIR DAFFODILS.

Words by HERRICK.

Music by W. J. FOXELL, M.A., B.Mus., Lond.

VOICE.

Allegretto affettuoso.

p

1. Fair Daf-fo-dils, we weep to see You
2. "We have short time to stay, as you; We

PIANO.

p

rall.

cres.

haste a-way so soon; As yet the ear-ly ris-ing sun Has not at-tain'd his
have as short a spring; As quick a growth to meet de-cay As you, or an-y-

cres.

rit. f tempo.

noon. Stay, stay Un-til the hast-ning day Has run But to the e-ven-song; And
-thing. We die, As your hours do, and dry A-way Like to the sum-mer's rain, Or

colla voce. f tempo.

p

ad lib.

1st time. *Last time.*

having pray'd to-gether we Will go with you a-long, with you a-long.
as the pearls of morning dew, Ne'er to be found a-gain, ne'er found a - - - gain."

colla voce. p

pp

HOME DRESSMAKING.

APRIL.

WITHOUT preface or apology I will describe to you how we made the handsome cloak that the dear grandmother was wearing to-day. In seasons past it had been one of those three-quarter-length cloaks—this was unalterable—half-fitting at the back and loose in front, with long wings or over-fronts, and no sleeves, and made in black brocaded velvet that apparently will wear for years. First we opened up the back seam and inserted a box-pleat made from the over-fronts unpicked, and the straight edges we seamed together, cutting away the shaped edge and using the pieces for lined and stiffened sleeve-epaulettes. Then the fronts looked poor and flat, but by pushing them back in slight fulness and filling in the centre front with plain black silk set in full at the neck, their appearance was at once improved. Large full sleeves of the same silk gathered beneath the epaulettes and into a broad cuff made it look a stylish garment. The silk we lined with domett to make it warm and soft, and the collar boa of black ostrich feather gave the right amount of fussiness around the neck to make the cloak look cosy. One of the girls with her natty, cool fingers made the dear old lady a pretty cap of creamy lace on a coronet-shaped piece of buckram covered with prune velvet worked with small crystal

beads, and a long bow at the side; a white net crown made the foundation for the gathered lace that draped and fanned over the top and back



CHILD'S COAT REMODELLED FOR SPRING WEAR.



LACE CAP AND MUSLIN FICHU

of the head, and was brought down each side of the face, fastening beneath the chin. She looked so lovable in this and the new fichu we had made her that we mean to repeat them when these are worn out. We had a paper pattern by which to cut and fold the fichu; it was a large square of soft muslin with the two overlapping points at the back rounded and trimmed with a frill of five inches cut on the bias, hemmed at the one edge, and turned over half an inch at the other, the gathering thread leaving a tiny heading standing up. A warm flat iron was of the greatest service in making this, giving it a finish that was unattainable otherwise.

My bonnie little sister of four years is the subject around which our interests at present centre. The cloak of an older sister has fallen to her share, a cloak of soft blue serge, ample in fulness, but limited in length; we have, therefore, added a brown velveteen that accords with that colour beautifully, and by making this up on a shaped lining of my favourite unbleached calico as a square yoke, and pleating the little coat into this we managed to lengthen it, and widened it with fronts of velveteen. With the same lining we

made new sleeves, sewing the old sleeves of serge fully three inches down from the top with an over-piece of velveteen, and a little cuff. To wear with this she has a cap of the velveteen made on a crown-lining of stiff net put into a covered buckram head-band, with three little blue ostrich



BABY'S PINK CASHMERE FROCK.

tips at the left side—old white ones of mine dyed and curled. Sincere flattery has been shown us in the exact copy made of this little coat by one of our friends for her small child, although she has chosen white cloth for it, and instead of velveteen the cloth is braided in black, and the cap is white cloth with black tips. When I hinted at the extravagance of white for the coat, she complacently told me that every little soil is quickly removed by the use of pipeclay. The same friend has made a sweet little pink cashmere frock for her baby, and embroidered the top of the deep hem beautifully with creamy white silk. The little yoke is a marvel of patient work, for it is made in rows of folded cross-way cashmere placed so that every row overlaps the next at the corner. The sleeves are simple enough, but the lace bib is a pretty idea, and is neatly sewn on after the frock is finished, so that it can be washed and replaced. To return to my own needs and their fulfilment, the most pressing at the moment being a dress to wear in the afternoon and evening at home. Until now I have worn my black satin merv skirt and a blouse of blue crimped gauze made up on a tight lining. The gauze I had bought at a low figure during the sale time, and the colour is charming.

Having a princess-cut dress of brown cloth, now past wearing, lined through with brown sateen, I unsewed the seams, sent the cloth to be dyed black, and planned out a dress made up on this lining to the design here sketched of one of my sister's dresses made in alpaca. Mine will be

made in crépon, although she tells me it is going out of fashion; but I have seven yards of crépon in a pretty shade of brown, and I am convinced that it will look as well, if not better, than alpaca, as it is more clinging and soft. I also have three yards of pink silk that has a tiny black pattern over it; with this I shall drape the front, using one whole width and the remaining piece cut in half-width joined—it will never show in the fulness. The princess lining all ready to shape and fit will be a great help; this I shall cover with the crépon at front and sides, and the back of the body to a few inches below the waist, then join in a full width of stuff at the centre of the back, seaming it in to the side on the right and, carrying one point up to the centre at the neck, let the other point hang down free in a pretty waving line to the floor, catching it to the side piece under the folds and hemming the edge with a French hem. The sleeves will not be full, but will have a deeply-pleated epaulette-frill over the top, falling in a point back and front. With the cuttings of silk I shall make a collar and frill necktie. My sister suggests five narrow black satin ribbons sewn a little distance apart at the seam under the arm, and tied across the full front, to appear like one of those very deep belts now so much in vogue. I think I shall adopt it.

BIZZIE BEE.

Paper patterns in three sizes are ready as follows:—Princess dress, 1s. 6d.; child's coat or frock, lady's fichu or cap, 6d. each. Address, BIZZIE BEE, c/o the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London. E.C.



DRESS IN BROWN ALPACA AND PINK SILK.

The GATHERER

An Illustrated record of Invention Discovery & Science

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

New Lamps.

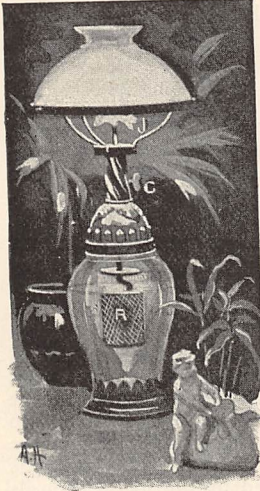


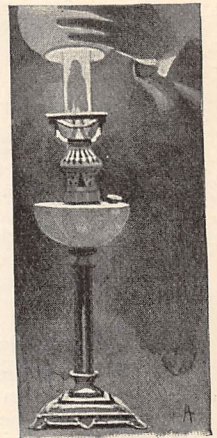
FIG. 1.

a well-known Parisian mechanic, has invented a table-lamp for burning acetylene. As shown in Fig. 1, the lamp consists of a gas-jet, J, under a shade, and a pannier, R, of wire gauze inside a water-vessel which forms the body of the lamp. To use the lamp, it is only needful to drop a piece, or pieces, of carbide into the pannier. The gas thus produced is allowed to pass to the jet or burner by turning the stop-cock C. A reservoir inside the lamp collects the gas in quantity, and thus regulates the supply.—Another new French lamp, shown in Fig. 2, is an application of the white-hot mantle or hood to a spirit-lamp. Our readers are aware that in the Wellsbach and Auerbach systems of gas-lighting a netted hood or cap of mineral fibre is placed over the burner, and becoming white-hot yields a bright light. In the new table-lamp of M. Engelfred the reservoir contains alcohol or pure spirits, and is burned with cotton-wick as usual, but a mineral hood over

the burner becomes white-hot, and greatly increases the brilliancy of the light.

Pictures in the Eye.

The notion that a picture of the last thing seen remains in the eyes of the dead, and might in some cases lead to the apprehension of murderers if it could be photographed, has been controverted by a recent American physician, as we have already mentioned in THE GATHERER. Nevertheless a remarkable series of experiments have been made more recently by Mr. W. Ingles Rogers which lend some colour to the notion, and will doubtless give rise to further researches. Mr. Rogers, who is a photographer, was drawn to the experiments by an accident. Happening to sit one day in his "dark-room," waiting for the development of a tardy negative, he fell into a reverie with his eyes fixed on an undeveloped photographic plate which stood on the bench in front of him. On subsequently developing this plate he found upon it a curious cloudy blotch, which did not resemble the ordinary "fog" marks, and in order to discover the cause of it, tried to repeat by design what had occurred through chance. One of his experiments consists in looking for fully a minute at a coin, say a shilling, whilst it is held in the strong light of the dark-room window, then closing his eyes and drawing a yellow screen over the window to exclude the actinic rays. He now leans back in his chair and fixes his eyes on the centre of a fresh photographic plate, while keeping his thoughts fixed on the coin, and allowing nothing else to cross his mind. He keeps up this attitude by force of will for forty-three minutes, and on

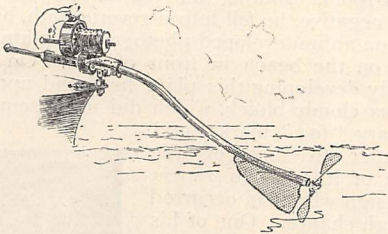


NEW LAMPS.—
FIG. 2.



A PORTABLE PROPELLER FOR BOATS.—FIG. 1.

developing the plate he finds the outline of a coin upon it. Another and still more interesting experiment, made in presence of a medical man and two other witnesses, consists in looking at a postage stamp in a strong light, then turning the eyes on a photographic plate, as in the case of the coin. Mr. Rogers seems to think that he has discovered the clue to a process of "photographing thought" and does not believe that the effect he has obtained is purely physical, or that pictures of the kind could be photographed from the eyes of the dead. There is certainly something uncanny and mysterious about his results, but they are too elementary as



A PORTABLE PROPELLER FOR BOATS.—FIG. 2.

yet to justify his theory. What seems plain is that the human eye can radiate light of itself, a fact rendered probable by other experiments, and illustrated by the glow of a cat's eyes in the dark or by the light seen in the eyes of some men—for example, General Gordon.

A Portable Propeller for Boats.

Our illustrations represent a screw-propeller which can be mounted on a small boat, so as to propel and steer it at the same time. It consists of a tube hinged at the stern of the boat like an oar for sculling, and containing a flexible shaft which transmits motion from a small electric motor to the

screw. The tube is partially filled with oil as a lubricator, and the motor is worked from a battery in the boat. The motor, tube, and propeller, with the rudder attached, weigh only 35 lbs. for a boat 10 ft. to 18 ft. in length, and the battery weighs from 100 to 275 lbs., according to the speed required, which varies from three to five miles an hour. Obviously this device will be very useful to invalids as well as sportsmen, and it is by no means expensive.

Some Useful Novelties.

A sharpener for scissors, which can readily be used either in the home or the workshop, is among the most interesting of recently patented novelties. It would be difficult to give a verbal description of the strong and simple apparatus, but its action on the blade of the scissors is more that of a plane than anything else. Each blade has only to be drawn four or five times across the edge of the steel sharpener and the whetting is done. Especially to those whose work is of such a nature that their scissors are quickly blunted, this new sharpener should prove a great boon.—The "Flecto" Bookholder is another novelty which should meet with universal acceptance. It is made of brass, and its two arms are very ingeniously joined together so that they can be made to slide in or out, as is required by the size of the book in use. For invalids, and for all readers who do not wish to have their hands monopolised by the task of keeping the book's pages in their proper place, this new holder ought to be very serviceable.—The Ulster Clothes Drainer should be of interest to housewives in those districts in which clothes are boiled in a large pan over the fire. The drainer is made of zinc, and is suited in size to the utensils usually employed. It has a perforated bottom through which the water bubbles freely. The pan having been half filled with water, the drainer containing the soiled linen is inserted and the zinc lid is put on, until the boiling process is complete. The great advantage which the drainer offers is that one pair of hands is sufficient to lift the "whole boiling" of clothes, and afterwards to remove the already lightened pan.

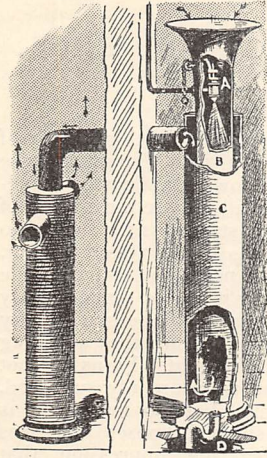
A New Art Process.

Professor Herkomer, the well-known artist, has brought out a new process in "black and white" art, which virtually enables the artist to prepare his own blocks for printing from. The drawing is made or picture painted on the silvered surface of a copper plate with a peculiar ink, invented by Professor Herkomer, which does not dry. A powder is then shaken over the surface of the sketch, which granulates the ink and makes it a conductor of electricity. An electrotype of the granulated sketch is then taken by the ordinary methods for use in

the printing press. The new process enables the artist to finish his work as it will appear in print, and dispenses with the intermediary of the engraver; moreover, it is well adapted for spontaneous, rapid, and original work.

A Water Ventilator.

Our illustration represents a new mode of ventilating rooms by the ordinary town supply of water under pressure. The ventilator consists of an open-mouthed tube, B, enclosed in another, C, which communicates with the room to be exhausted of foul air or replenished with pure. A water-pipe of the premises is let into the tube, B, so as to deliver a spreading sheet of water downwards from the cock, A. In the case shown the rush of fresh air is drawn from the outside of the room. Water under a pressure of two or more atmospheres sucks air down the tube, B, allowing it to escape



A WATER VENTILATOR.

into the tube, C, and from thence into the room as indicated by the arrows. The water runs off by the siphon seen below, and can be used for other purposes. If dry or disinfecting air be required, the pans of drying material (such as chloride of lime) or of disinfectants (such as formol) can be inserted in the path of the fresh air after it has left the ventilator.

The Manatee.

This strange-looking creature, now to be seen at the Zoological Gardens, belongs to a group the numbers of which are decreasing year by year. Manatees are found in and near the entrances of South American and African rivers that discharge into the Atlantic. They are quiet, harmless creatures, that feed below the surface on aquatic plants. They suckle their young, and their habit of holding the calves with their flippers and keeping themselves the while upright, or nearly so, in the water, is said to have given rise to fables about mermaids. In the upper ring the animal is seen below the surface, with the nostrils closed, to prevent the inflow of water; in the lower ring it is represented with the nostrils open, as it rises to breathe. Here also may be seen the pad-like expansions of the upper-lip,

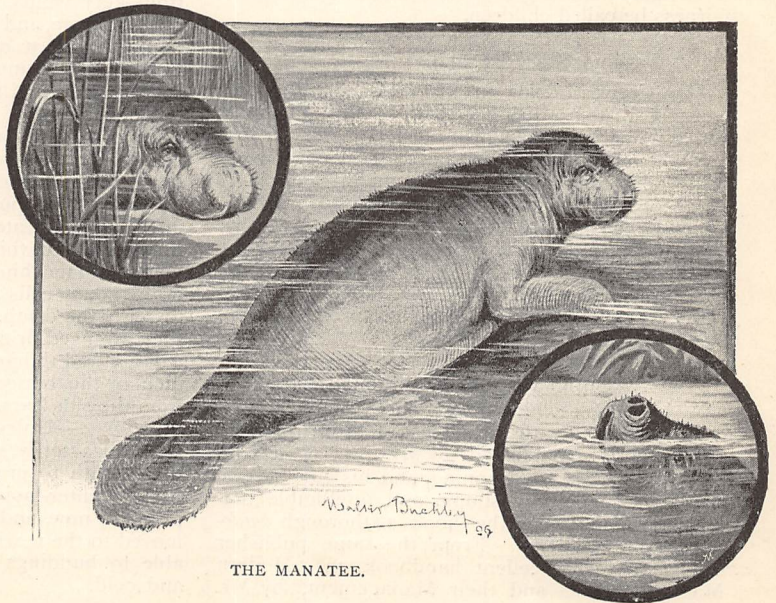
with which food is grasped, and then conveyed into the mouth by an inward motion of the whole lip. The flesh is used for food; the fat yields a limpid oil, employed as an illuminant and in cookery; and the hide is tanned into excellent leather—three valid reasons for the speedy extermination of the manatee.

Aerating the Soil.

The roots of plants require a supply of oxygen, and hence a good soil should be permeable to air. Arable land in general consists of sand, clay, chalk, and humus or vegetable mould, and of these ingredients sand—even fine sand—is absolutely permeable to the air; but clay and chalk when wetted with rain, form an impermeable mass. The finer the soil the less permeable it is, owing, doubtless, to the clay and chalk more easily closing the interstices of the sand. Clay is, however, coagulated by salts of lime, and resists the action of rain. Hence, according to M. Deherain, Member of the Institute of France, and M. Demoussy, in a paper to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, the obvious remedy for land shown to be impermeable by the rain-water lingering in the furrows, is to add lime or chalk to it.

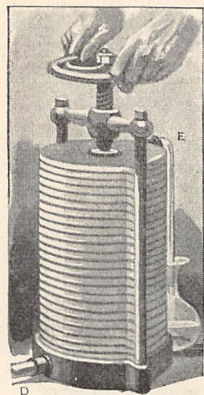
Andrée's Balloon.

Herr Andrée, who is to start for the North Pole in a balloon next summer, has engaged M. Lachambre, of Paris, to make it for a little over £2,000. The material for the envelope will be pongée de chine, a Chinese silk covered with indiarubber varnish, and so impermeable that if the gas had no means of escape but through the pores of the cloth, it would remain aloft in the atmosphere for three years. The silk will be two-ply in the lower and three-ply in the upper portion, and the network is to be covered with varnished silk to keep snow from lodging in its meshes. The balloon is to be properly tried by actual ascents before the



THE MANATEE.

aëronauts leave for Spitzbergen, from the north of which they will start on their hazardous journey.



A NEW PAPER FILTER.

A New Paper Filter.

A filter of paper which is proving useful to chemists, perfumers, and others, is shown in our engraving. It consists of a pile of round sheets of filter-paper alternating with circular grids of tin, the whole being compressed by means of the screw seen above. The foul liquid is forced under pressure into the orifice, D, and flows out continuously in a purified state from the orifice, E. It has the advantage of being easily dismounted and cleansed.

"Loveday."

Miss Wickham's story with this title ran through our own pages so recently, that it is alike impossible and unnecessary for us to say anything about the story as such. Messrs. Cassell have now issued it in a single volume, with Mr. Gülich's illustrations; and those of our readers who enjoyed the story as a serial in CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, have now an opportunity of securing another copy of it in a separate and more portable form.

Scottish History for Young Readers.

No writer better fitted for the task of re-telling the story of Scotland for children's reading could be found than Mrs. Oliphant, and the dainty little volume of her "Child's History of Scotland," which Mr. Fisher Unwin sends us, will deservedly have many admiring readers who can no longer in fairness be called children.

"The Story of British Music."

Mr. Crowest deals in his latest book, "The Story of British Music" (Bentley), with the most romantic period of English musical history, a subject which is growing more and more popular every day. This volume—which, we understand, is to be succeeded by others, each complete in itself—includes the period of the wandering bards or troubadours, and carries the story onward to the commencement of the Tudor dynasty. While pleasantly written, the story is evidently gathered with care, and may be commended to all lovers of music and musical lore.

Some Useful Handbooks.

A handbook which is at once practical and concise, dealing with the subject of "Fretwork and Marquetry," is published by Mr. L. Upcott Gill. Its author is Mr. D. Denning, and his good advice is ably seconded by simple and intelligible diagrams, which make the book a thorough *vademecum* for amateurs. From the same publisher comes another excellent handbook on "Modern Magic Lanterns and their Management," by Mr.

R. Child Bayley, who handles his subject so carefully and exhaustively that any student of the work with ordinary intelligence, should have little or no difficulty in mastering the manipulation of the apparatus described. Mr. Upcott Gill also sends us a new edition of Mr. Edward A. Downman's "English Pottery and Porcelain," which, in its enlarged and revised form, offers a wonderfully concise handbook for collectors and students of ceramics.

AMONGST FLOWERS, BEES. AND POULTRY.

APRIL.

THE weather varies greatly in this month of keen winds and bright sun. The greenhouse should be gay with flowers, azaleas and cinerarias in particular, and will require the giving of air cautiously. A bitter east wind is not helpful to plants in full blossom. As the sun gains power, increased attention will be needful in watering, the soil in the pots, especially if full of roots, quickly getting dry. Shade the glass if the sun is very brilliant, to keep the flowers fresh; they soon flag and lose colour in a bright light. Ferns do not need so much shade as is commonly supposed, unless Todeas (filmy ferns), but too much sun is hurtful. In the old-fashioned houses one sees dark green glass, under the impression that ferns require perpetually a dim light, but under such a covering as this success is impossible. Early April is a good season to re-pot ferns. A soil of loam, peat, and sharp silver sand is most suitable, and when re-potting is done at the time growth is starting one may divide the plants, if they are becoming too big or an increase of stock is desired. Sow seed of hardy annuals, and almost everything may be sown now, as sweet peas, candytufts, and a host of other plants that might be named if space permitted. Protect wall-fruit trees from keen winds. Plant potatoes, sow Horn carrots, cabbage, and cauliflower for use in the autumn months, and at quite the end of the month sow French and runner beans. Peas may also be sown now, and in the majority of gardens these are in great request.

Bees.—This is a busy time in the apiary; at least the most active season of the year is at hand. It is essential to have in the bar-frame hive the now popular comb-foundation, which promotes much greater yields of honey. Comb-foundation is made of thin sheets of wax embossed by the foundation machine to the natural shape of the base of the honey cells and supplies all the wax needed to form the comb. Where whole sheets are used, they are fixed firmly in the saw-cut of the top bars, and allowed to hang to within three-quarters of an inch of the bottom bar and a quarter of an inch from the side bars.

Poultry.—Unless the March sittings have turned out satisfactorily, sitting must be carried on during this month to provide pullets for that important work—winter-laying. Chicks will be making great progress now, and should, as they appear, be removed to the rearing ground, as the grass is preferable to buildings unless the land be very damp and cold.



FLOWERS FOR THE BRIDE.

(Drawn by MARCELLA WALKER.)

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers for the bride to wear !
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
Her place is now by another's side ;
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride."
—MRS. HEMANS.



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FURNISS.

BIG men play variously—the word must not be understood to refer to toys alone. Some turn aside from their particular high-road of life into the byways, and walking for a time in others' tracks, practise their tricks of existence. Some play for the pleasure of playing's sake; some for profit, or exercise, or change, or what not; others play at ideals to break the silly monotony of a workaday world. It would be intolerably tiresome to be condemned to remain a great man day in and day out, impotent of anything little or ordinary. Such a fate might descend upon a Pope if he emerged from his strict seclusion into his fellow men's daylight. He is pityingly called by some "the Prisoner of the Vatican," but there have been enough Popes already for each and all to understand the best method of carrying out their contract with existence.

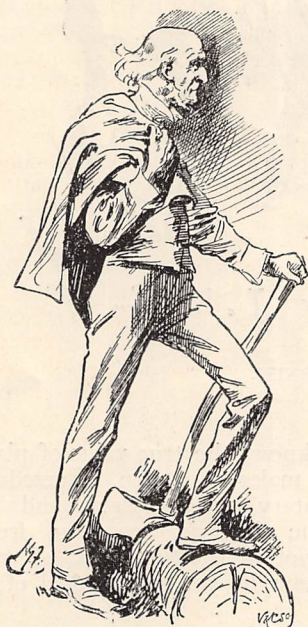
It has been often remarked that a politician given up entirely to his profession becomes fanciful and faddy, a condition detrimental to broad-minded statesmanship. The reliability of this remark is more or less borne out by the fact that politicians with no other occupation do decidedly put their leisure to the use of diverse pursuits. Mr. A. J. Balfour, for

instance, knows the true value of play better than the majority of men. Furzedown, the Parliamentary golf preserve, and St. Andrews the historic, see him frequently. Though not in the first rank of exponents of the game, he yet takes a deal of beating.



THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.

He has played Shakespeare also, as an amateur, and on one special occasion trod the boards as Hamlet to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Juliet, with a measure of success. But his performances on the green and the stage are only by the way, his real hobby is the study of metaphysical philosophy, in which he has his own opinions, and so expresses them, in and out of print, that they are hard even for Mr. Herbert Spencer to refute. Posterity may perhaps remember him longer for his



MR. GLADSTONE.

metaphysics than for his politics—who knows? Mr. Asquith finds plenty to occupy his crowded time, apart from politics, in his practice at the Bar, but he, too, takes considerable pleasure in amateur theatricals.

Lord Salisbury might have become as eminent a scientist as he is a statesman. His laboratory and chemical apparatus at Hatfield are a sight worth seeing, and his knowledge of his subject a thing even more worth having. One of his fellow Ministers of the Cabinet is reported to have suggested, in a weak moment, that his lordship's grasp of foreign policy might be due to his keen eye for foreign bodies in a test-tube.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, like a well-trained maid, does many little things about the House, which, tempered with an absorbing desire for Imperial Federation, now practically manifested, is his real hobby. But he grows, as does also Baron Henry Schröder, of City

banking fame, that most alluring of all flowers, the orchid. Many a long price has one or the other paid for a rare though unsuspecting bulb. Mr. Chamberlain has been known to do some gardening on his own account in the undignified condition of uprolled shirt-sleeves.

Considerable paragraphs have been perpetrated concerning Mr. Gladstone's skill with the woodman's axe, but the pastime nearer to his heart is the intimate study of Horace—whose immortal odes he has lately translated into graceful English verse—and of Homer, upon whose sounding lines he is an acknowledged authority. It is only a year or two since he delivered his memorable lecture upon Homeric research in the Debating Hall of the Oxford Union Society. The president of the Union at the time was Mr. A. G. V. Peel, the son of the late Speaker; Mrs. Gladstone was also present. The lecture, delivered as it was upon the eve of the veteran orator's retirement from public life, formed a grateful and historic episode in the lives of all who heard it. How very different is the private life of his contemporary, the rugged Bismarck! During his youth the German was passionately fond of duelling. An authority states that twenty-seven duels in which he took an active part are on record. When surfeited of duelling he turned to practical jokes, and carried them to such an extent that he was dubbed "mad Bismarck." His retirement, it is now asserted, is relieved by never-ending cigars and light beer, with the novels of Du Boisgobey thrown in as a solid.

Amongst the athletic members of Parliament, Sir Edward Grey claims rightly a high place. One need not look back far to find him holding the amateur tennis championship—an honour which represents not merely a figure of speech, but physical prowess of an exceptional order, cool judgment, a keen eye, and long endurance.

Probably artists are the sole body of professional men who never aim at a seat in our legislative assembly. Nevertheless, many seats at Westminster are occupied by men who are no fools with pen, pencil, and brush. Sir Herbert Maxwell has done much in this direction. Mr. W. S. Caine, the temperance champion, has decorated the walls of his house on Clapham Common with a number of fine sketches by himself, notably of Japanese scenery. Sir Charles Dilke, again, by means of his facile pencil has perpetuated his impressions of far countries, New Zealand and its fast disappearing Maori aborigines in particular.

Horse-racing nowadays can hardly be called a pastime, for it is carried by large owners so

far as almost to become the business of their lives, and it is dabbled in by hundreds. Unfortunately, it is more a national sport than cricket. While we glare askance at German lotteries, every labourer has his something on



PRINCE BISMARCK.

this race or that, and the most revered and respectable person "goes in" for a Derby sweepstake. But the possession of an extensive stud is still not necessarily co-ordinate with a life devoted to its interests. Lord Rosebery and the Prince of Wales find time to own such successful horses as Ladas and Florizel II., and yet pay full attention to their manifold public duties. The Prince is also exceedingly fond of trundling in the fine bowling-alley he possesses at Sandringham. His Royal Highness is only beaten in ubiquity by Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. They are both yachtsmen of a high class as well as royalties of singular prestige. But the popularity of the Prince of Wales in public and private, at home and abroad, in circles diplomatic and circles sporting, far transcends that of his illustrious contemporary, whose energetic personality makes him a little too brusque to be altogether popular. The Prince, in common with Lord Rosebery and the Queen herself, is an enthusiastic farmer. He runs a model farm of 600 acres, where everything is done in a most up-to-date fashion on the best scientific principles, and with the aid of all modern perfected machinery. The royal farmer is no looker-on at the produce of other men's skill. He is right well up in his subject, and knows where to look for the reason if the crops are not as they should be.

Farming is a favourite plaything of big men—a curious anomaly, seeing that the numerous Englishmen who depend upon it for their livelihood find it a most untrustworthy source

of income. But there is more than a spice of probability in the conjecture that for this very reason men of note try their 'prentice hands at it, having the money to use it as a hobby, experiment with it, lose by it, and laugh, till in due season they shall light upon the weapons to worry the weather out of action and set old England once again upon her agricultural legs.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard is another amateur farmer. He has a pretty *penchant* for red polls, and breeds some fine specimens at Ditchingham, Norfolk, where he lives and revels in outdoor pursuits the year through. In his time he has made agriculture pay: to wit, when visiting a portion of his property in South Africa he cut hay to the tune of a selling price of £300, in fifteen days. He and his partner, two Zulus and a mowing-machine did the job between them, and it needed doing. He is also an enthusiastic horticulturist. Ferns are his speciality, and his fernery teems with rare tropical varieties, transported in spite of high insurmountable difficulties thousands of miles from far Mexico.

Yet another agricultural amateur is Mr. W. S. Gilbert. One has always been led to suppose that the king of light librettists was never so happy as when caught in the act of revealing to the theatre-going world a leading lady the light of whose talent had previously lain hidden beneath the proverbial bushel of lacked opportunity, but this is not his only pastime. His home farm at Graeme's Dyke, Harrow Weald, is almost a slice of perfection's cake, and is peopled by some magnificent thoroughbred Jersey cows, over whom he watches most carefully. Should he tire of his cows and night come down upon him, he can retire to his observatory and lend his versatile imagination for a while to astronomy, a science which he, no doubt, discovers to be



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

alternately singularly soothing and desperately discouraging.

The mention of astronomy induces a cogitative train of thought, and in that connection guides the mind by gentle, easy stages towards angling, a contemplatory recreation. A fine sport, nevertheless, is fishing, and a finer medium for fanciful anecdote. It has many celebrated votaries. The Duke



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

of Devonshire is a never-wearying wielder of the giant salmon rod, and has captured more than one huge prize, and hooked many a huger. In his wake and canny Izaak Walton's follow also Sir John Millais, Mr. Andrew Lang (when he is not golfing, or bespeaking or be-spiking spooks), and Mr. William Black, whose favourite haunts are in Staffordshire. Not the least of the less ambitious company of bottom-fishers who prey upon the roach, the perch, and the rest of those yclept coarse, is Mr. W. S. Penley. His favourite "swim" lies just behind his own house, and many a pleasant hour has he spent there—albeit catching nothing.

Generally speaking, a man grows too old and stiff in the joints for athletics before he earns the title "big," but some are sweetly blessed by fortune. For example, Dr. Conan Doyle would deem life without cricket, football, and cycling not worth living. He is getting somewhat on in years for frequent football, but cycles persistently, and so does his wife, and at the close of each succeeding summer season the Norwood Cricket Club owes an increasing debt to his excellent performances with the bat. A poet is a privileged person, and can always get his licence renewed; but,

theoretically at least, it is over and above a Sabbath day's journey from a bard to a boxer. Still it would be a rare thing were there a grain of fact-foundation in the statement made by the anonymous and sprightly author of "All Expenses Paid," to the effect that Mr. Norman Gale is no fool with the gloves, and competent to join issue in no wise ingloriously with centaurs and satyrs, chuckers-out-in-ordinary to Parnassus. At all events, it is certain that Mr. William Morris of the Kelmscott Press is a practical printer and publisher. His ambition points not so much to profit as technical perfection; and he treats printing from the point of view of an artist, and with the imaginative originality of a poet.

The subject of athletics proper, where big men are the athletes or enthusiasts, would be in treatment sadly insufficient should no notice be taken of the Earl of Cavan's covered lawn-tennis court at Wheathampstead. It is a glorious place, and fit to gladden the heart of the most confirmed and ill-conditioned grumbler. The entire dimensions of the court are 124 ft. by 67 ft. 6 in., and the roof is very lofty, the lowest tie-rod in the centre being 30 ft. from the floor. The light, usually a noticeable deficiency in covered courts, comes clear and good through the glazed glass overhead. There is nothing whatever to impede play. In the words of Mr. Wilfred Baddeley, the present champion, "This court is, in my opinion, and in the opinion of many other players well qualified to judge, one of the best; indeed, I think I may safely say *the* best covered court there is." One of his qualifications is having played on it more than once as the Earl of Cavan's guest, a pleasure which, though he has shared with other first-class players, he modestly makes no boast of.

Exercise is indispensable even to "luminaries of the law," who are popularly supposed to maintain life upon a diet of acidulated dust and air, or what not, which produces a compression of the lips and general gauntness. An ordinary method of obtaining it is by means of dumb-bells, or some patent gymnastic apparatus, fixed but adjustable. However, Mr. Justice Kekewich is too original for that, and prefers the game of battledore and shuttlecock. So do Mr. Baron Pollock and his legal family. In fact, they have made the game, as a means to an exercise end, quite fashionable in legal circles. The idea of a learned and lordly judge pronouncing a painful sentence of death upon a wretch more sinned against, maybe, than sinning, and then away home to dinner and an exciting bout at battledore with the representative of

the Treasury, seems, to say the least, a gruesome bit of the *comédie humaine*.

Mr. Harry Furniss, who never lacks an eye to fun, has caught at the ingenuousness of the game and taken to it, too. Apparently, it is like golf (the scorned of Mr. C. B. Fry, his "magnified croquet"), and steals upon its victim from outwards inwardly in the guise of an "acquired taste." Anyhow, the energetic artist is its devoted votary, though now and again he will vary the intervals by a course of juggling along the prehistoric lines of three balls or four.

Having slid from the law to black and white, we slip back from black and white to the law again, and meet them united in the person of Sir Frank Lockwood, wearer of her Majesty's silk. The clever Queen's Counsel is never without his sketch book and pencil, and snatches each and every opportunity of reproducing the funny things he sees. And "prodigious" well he does it. He was once publicly reproved by a demure occupant of the bench for sketching in court. Presumably art forms an inharmonious blend with law—in the eye of the law.

The wondrous attraction the sea has for all reasoning beings causes the "going down in ships" to be in one way or another the passion of numberless big men's play time. But it has been reserved for Sir Donald Currie to buy a new lamp and yet retain the old. This he has accomplished by lending his ships and his company to sick, worry-worn celebrities, and giving them a free passage to health and strength.

Ministers to our spiritual needs are not innocent of hobbies entirely earthly. The Bishop of Ripon is an ardent bibliophile. Above all other books he prizes the works of Dante, though the great Italian was perhaps a little uncanonical and regardless of rubrics. The Bishop never relaxes his search for old and precious editions of his pet author, and new ones that are good do not come amiss. His enthusiasm has enabled him to gather no mean collection, neither in point of interest nor value. Dr. Newman Hall, a broad-minded Christian if ever one was, can show such a stack of charming sketch books as few amateur artists can boast. Water-colour is his preferred medium, and he handles it deftly. He has a collection of graphic sketches of the Alps, but Niagara is his favourite sketching-ground. He possesses a fine water-colour of a part of the Falls by the American artist Church, who had no peer, unless it was Mignot, as a painter of this particular subject.

But where is now the portliness of the prelate of custom and his propriety? Where

are now the indissoluble dignities of the lawn-sleeves we imagine and the gaiters we expect—when a certain prelate of prominence, here nameless, has resorted to lawn-tennis, and plays it with all the careless vigour of the most redoubtable of feminine suburban championesses?

From the Church to the stage is an easy, and apposite transition. If Sir Henry Irving has any hobby he loves more than another it is that of doing good, of practising an ever-watchful benevolence seldom misplaced. He cannot deny that one afternoon, in the Strand, when his cab was overturned on the kerb, he was courteously helped out by a clergyman of cheerful countenance who said, "Mr. Irving, your misfortune is my opportunity!" who thereupon produced a subscription-list for the restoration of an historic old church—who also was comforted with a cheque by return of post. Besides benevolence, the great actor delights in theatrical portraits old and new, and has a goodly collection of them.

No one needs informing that Mr. J. L. Toole carries the stage, in the form of practical jokes, very much into private life. But like

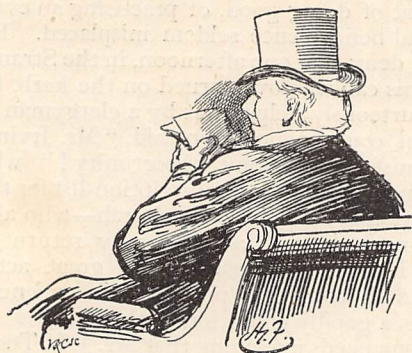


MR. W. S. GILBERT.

the fabled Miller who earned a negative reputation by never making a joke from cradle to grave, Mr. Toole has been dubbed foster-father to much he never invented or carried out. He really did once send a packet of chocolates to a little boy who sat in a stage box, and was disturbing him with his astonishingly loud and insistent laughter. The attendant delivered the packet, "With Mr. Toole's compliments, and would the young

gentleman who laughed so heartily kindly eat these during the performance."

Mr. George Grossmith—prince of entertainers by right of succession—possesses a miniature railway by which he can travel to his own dining-room door, though it is not to be supposed that he is such a deficient trencherman as to need steam-power to drive him to dinner. This model is almost above



SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD.

the level of a toy. The maker, at any rate, is wont to grow irate should it be referred to in his presence as anything but a triumph of mechanical (should one say engineering?) skill. Let it be granted it is so, such, and so on—honestly.

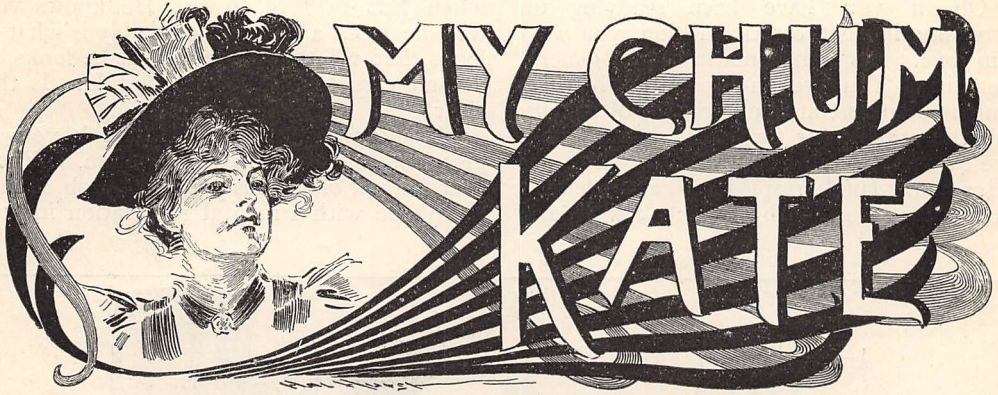
Our new Commander-in-Chief, from whom such an embarrassment of good things is expected that he will be more than mortal if he realises the hopes of the humblest, is a man with a typical hero. Soldier though he is, Lord Wolseley could find no one of his own eternal calling to fit his ideal, but had recourse to the annals of naval warfare for his beau-ideal of heroic humanity, and chose Lord Nelson. He buys with assiduous care the least trophy, the slightest, most trivial memento of England's Admiral. Lord Wolseley has also a wayside whim for Staffordshire pottery and old military pictures.

Another big man who makes a hobby of an ideal and plays seriously with it, is Mr. Hiram S. Maxim. Whatever the future may vouchsafe (and in the sight of the rapid run of science and invention in the last forty years or so, it should be prodigal of favours), the solution of the problem of aerial locomotion and navigation seems at present like Porson's "Germans in Greek—far to seek." The amount of money spent by Mr. Maxim on his "flying machine," and the hopeless wreck it made of itself when he took his friends a trip upon it, are antithetical facts scarcely short of pathetic, if one may use a deadly-abused word.

Once upon a time Sir Henry Bessemer, who invented and gave his name to the famous steel process, hunted a chimera. Brought to bay it would have set every river in the world aflame, much less the Thames; but Sir Henry failed, for, not being able to manufacture it all himself, he had to trust some part of the work to another. The thing was to be a "sun furnace," potent to engender a temperature almost incalculable. It consisted of a wooden building 35 ft. high and 12 ft. square. From a movable mirror within, the sun's rays were to be radiated upon a series of powerful lenses, which in their turn would concentrate the power upon the object ready for fusing in the crucible beneath. But the gentleman who had in hand the manufacturing of the upper lenses made them graduated instead of uniform, and rather upset the process. So the sun furnace was abandoned in disgust. Perhaps Sir Henry remembered that since in England we cannot count upon our sun with any certainty, the machine might spend a deal of time on strike and spoil business contracts. At all events, he is now engaged upon the invention of a telescope which shall eclipse all rivals. If he should aid us to catch a glimpse of our supposititious neighbours in Mars, or even to think we do, he need not fear to challenge the generations for length of name or fame, and still less need regret the furnace.

An article into which cycling cannot creep is a high inconceivable creation in these unbuckramed days. The "bike" is rife and rampant among royalty, and our nobility are daily knocking under in increasing numbers to the charms of this cheap substitute for expensive horseflesh. It is a fact published broadcast and undenied that the Princess of Wales received a tricycle from the Prince as a Christmas present; and it is doubtful whether it is not also a fact that the donor himself in sufficient seclusion has also put foot to pedal.

Poets are dwindling sadly from Parnassus nowadays, and also authors. It was hard to believe the truth of the late Lord Tennyson, that he was a practical dairy-farmer, but when faced it, after all, did not matter: you could sink a good many gallons of milk in his poetry without drowning its fervent genius. But it is harder to swallow the fact that Mr. R. D. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," though a man eminently of one book, is not a man of one calling. One is assured that at Teddington, where the lock is, he practises the handy art of market-gardening, and two or three times a week drives his own waggon of purchasable vegetables along the road to Covent Garden Market.



MY CHUM KATE

BY J. H. PANTING.



KNEW not what mystery surrounded the life of Miriam Mowbray.

Was she a woman with a past? to use the modern society label for the inexplicable; or was she a woman whose ambition soared to a

distinguished future? She had refused two fellows, to my certain knowledge, one of whom had emigrated to Brazil, the other to the antipodes. I was the third victim trembling on the brink.

But the bump of caution was largely developed in me. I was wary. I had had the advantage of seeing the hands of my rivals, and I was waiting to go one better.

Had you known Miriam Mowbray you would not have marvelled at my admiration for her. She had a grace of movement I have seen excelled in none—that is, of her sex, which is supposed to be the personification of grace. She was above the medium height, with head of the Grecian type—well poised, features delicately chiselled, yet with a warm colouring whose tints no palette could match or sculptured marble suggest. Her face could be as a mask, and for the most part was one; but I have seen it iridescent as a crystal. Once in particular I remember—

But, stay; I am forestalling events. Let me take them in their proper order. The one significant fact—significant, at least, to me—to take note of is that I loved her, and that those fellows—the one in Brazil, and the other at the antipodes—had unconsciously given me the benefit of their unfortunate experience; for which I could afford to be grateful now that they had cleared off the field.

There was one great advantage I possessed

which they had not—an advantage which I estimated to be as good as any two generals in the field—I could always rely upon the assistance and counsel of my chum Kate.

You smile? Well, then, allow me to repeat it: my chum Kate. She was my chum in every sense of the word.

We had been boy and girl together. Her brother Guy and I had been in the same form at school, and we went up to Oxford the same year.

While there I nursed him through an attack of typhoid, and when it was feared that consumption would supervene unless he temporarily changed his residence, I was the last to shake him by the hand as he stood on the deck of the *Velaskia*, outward bound for the Cape.

Kate had put her hand in mine as the *Velaskia* steamed away, and said sadly—

"I must be your chum now, Bob."

That was three years ago, and she had been my chum then, and ever since. So you can now understand—can't you?—what a splendid ally I had in besieging that citadel of all citadels the most difficult to circumvent: a woman's heart.

When I first put the case to Kate, she had not betrayed the slightest symptom of surprise. Those frank, bright, clear-sighted eyes of her's had evidently seen the way things were drifting.

"You are sure you love Miriam? There is no mistake about it, Bob—is there?" she had asked, after I had made my confession.

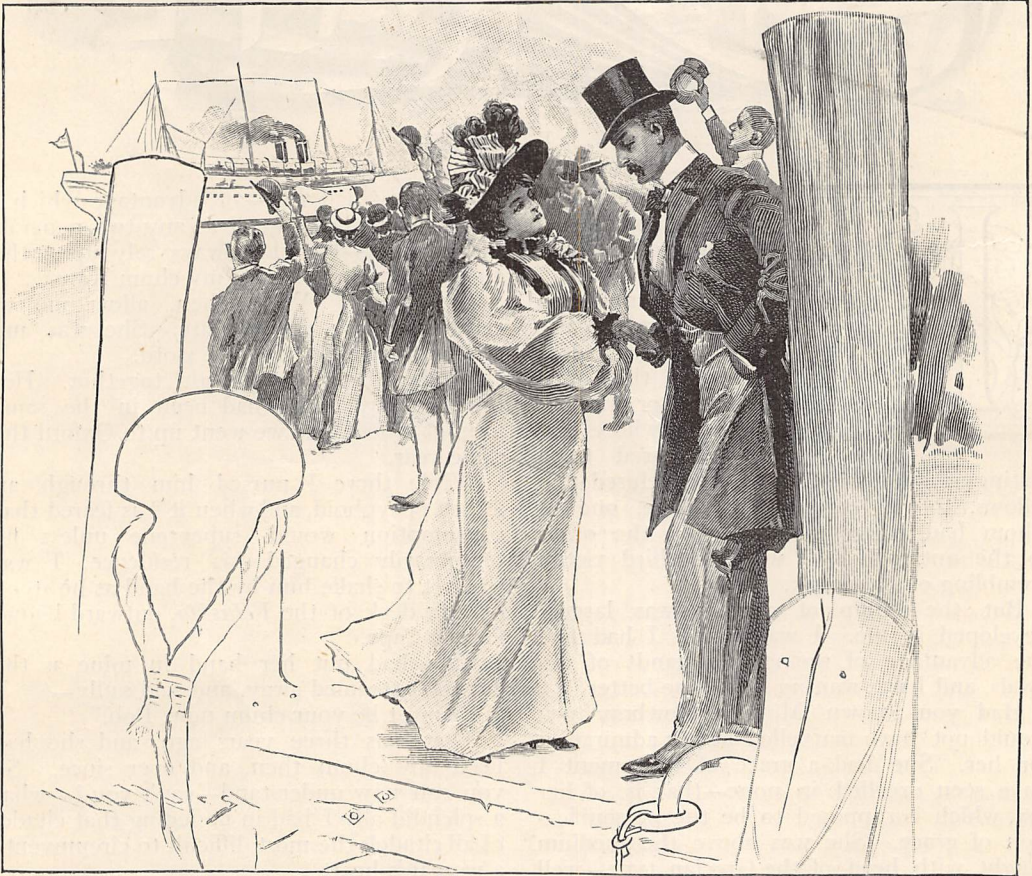
"Well, I'm not at all likely to make a mistake over a thing of that sort—am I, Kate? I know there are plenty of people who imagine themselves in love when they are not. They are simply the victims of a fleeting emotion; born under the planet Mercury, rather than the steadfast light of Venus."

"Oh, if you have been studying up astronomy in that erratic fashion, you *must* be in love. It's symptomatic of the general complaint. You are the scientific Newton going to demonstrate your centre of gravity with the apple your forefather Adam would have eaten. Go on, Bob!"

Her merry laugh rippled out, and I felt for the moment hurt. She quickly saw it, and

when he's in love, Kate. He knows very well he looks a fool, and probably is what he looks, but what he is, and what he looks, he doesn't care to be thought or told. Is that clear?"

"Transparent; but I didn't ask you to give yourself away in that fashion. Whenever I think of you as you look, Bob, it shall always be with a mental reservation in your



"I MUST BE YOUR CHUM NOW, BOB" (p. 441).

instantly checked her laughter. Her face was quite grave, with not even the vestige of that smile which usually made it sunshine, when she next looked at me.

"You are hurt, Bob. That's a further sign there's something wrong with you. I have said far harder things and you have never shown the white feather. There, Bob; I promise not to do it again."

Her hand rested upon my shoulder for a moment. There was magic in its touch. Who could be offended long with Kate?

"A fellow never likes to be laughed at

favour. But aren't we wandering a bit from the subject? It was Miriam Mowbray."

"Yes; Miriam Mowbray," I said eagerly. "You don't think my chance hopeless, do you?"

"A woman is the least reliable judge of her own sex, the most reliable of yours," she answered evasively. "What is the old saw? Faint heart never won fair lady, isn't it? Your heart isn't a faint one, Bob. Why should your chance be hopeless, then?"

"And you will help me?"

She paused so long before she answered, that I added, frigidly—

"I am asking too much. Pardon me, Kate. Forget that I ever made such a request."

"No, no, Bob," she said with emotion, "you are mistaken. Asking too much? Far from that. There was no such thought in my mind. I did not at once answer because I was thinking——"

"Yes?" I asked eagerly, as she again paused.

"In what way I could help you; in what way I could best serve your cause. I know you are in a fever—all lovers are. But would you mind letting a few weeks pass?—there are no rivals in the field at present, you know—and then I will see what can be done."

We left it at that. Six or seven weeks were to elapse, and then I was to commence actively besieging the citadel which had hitherto been impervious to assault or ambuscade.

The interval was not without its advantages. I could calmly survey my strategic position. I had never flattered myself that I was handsome; nor had I so far depreciated my personal advantages as to consider myself the reverse. My worst enemies could only go to the extent of describing me as "not bad-looking."

I had an ample fortune, and was entitled to a further addition to it on the death of a maternal uncle. Miriam Mowbray, on the other hand, was also the heiress to a considerable fortune.

She had lost her mother when a child, and lived with a father to whom she was devoted. I could never quite understand why, because Mr. Mowbray was a particularly austere man. But cold as Miriam was to most other men, she was always lovable to her father.

I think it was my perception of this which first attracted me to her. "Ah!" thought I, "if it is only my good fortune to be that favoured other man to thaw the iceberg!"

And yet, people said, Miriam was not so frigid when she first came to Templeton. I only speak from hearsay, for father and daughter first took up their residence there during one of the long vacations, and I was in Switzerland at the time.

It was not until quite two years after that I began to take any interest in her; and then, as I say, she had frozen up—become converted into a splendid piece of sculptured marble.

Galatea! Yes, indeed—a Galatea to which no Pygmalion had yet been found who could breathe to the statue the one psychological word that would awaken it to life and love.

Well, now, calmly surveying my position, I came to the conclusion that my chance of performing this miracle was a good one. As Kate had said, my heart, smitten though it

might be, was not a faint one; and then—best of all—she was to throw the weight of her invaluable help on my side of the balance.

Kate soon demonstrated that I had not underestimated her services. The six weeks' truce had barely expired when I received an invitation to an "At Home" at Selcourt—the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Brand, Kate's parents.

Mr. Mowbray and Miss Mowbray were, to my inexpressible delight, amongst the guests.

"Now, Bob," Kate had whispered to me mischievously, "you have a golden opportunity for advancing your studies in astronomy. Demonstrate that you are still basking in the 'steadfast light of Venus'!"

"Look here, Kate——"

I was about to protest, but she had passed off, with the demurest of faces, on the arm of that ass, Hanson.

"Golden opportunity," she had called it! I had my doubts about it. I might as well have been in Arcturus, in Jupiter, in Venus, or any other part of the celestial sphere. There seemed as remote a chance for a long time of my speaking with Miriam.

Singular to say, she avoided the younger guests—that is, of the male sex, and wasted her sweetness upon old Twells, who was an authority on archæology, and Dr. Mills, who had gained renown as a botanist and regarded his patients as so many specimens culled from the vegetable world.

At length I saw her steal from the room and pass upstairs into the library. I determined to follow her.

When I entered, she was turning over the leaves of an album which was on the table. She had not heard my footsteps, and presently ceased turning over the leaves, and became absorbed in one of the portraits.

She gazed at it fixedly, scarcely breathing, and then the warm colour came to her cheeks, the scarlet to her lips. The statue had started into being—it had become instinct with life!

I would have spoken; but how could I? It was a revelation—a revelation which took from me the power of speech and movement. We had changed places. She had become the sentient being; I had become the statue.

I think at that moment I should have thrown prudence to the winds, and cast myself at her feet. Only someone whispered in my ear:

"Star-gazing, Bob! In what planet are you now?"

I turned and saw mischievous Kate standing beside me in the doorway.

"I should not have disturbed you, only that that old fidget, Mr. Mowbray, is worrying after Miriam."

Miriam had caught her name, and looked up quickly with a confused, guilty blush upon her face. I moved quickly forward to the album over which she had been bending, and endeavoured to make out the portrait at which she had been gazing. But the album was from me, and I could not, without actual rudeness, pass round to her side of the table. "Were you looking for me, Kate?" she asked.

As she put the question, I managed to rest my hand upon the album, and mark with a slight indentation of pencil the page at which she had been gazing. I will not attempt to excuse myself for what may appear inexcusable. My justification is that I was in love, and in love's name much greater offences have been perpetrated than that of which I then was guilty. I felt farther that if I could but catch one glimpse at the photograph at which Miriam had been gazing, I should be the master of her secret.

Her look, her attitude, her absorption in the photograph, her guilty, confused manner when she saw Kate and myself in the room, were all evidence to my mind that that album contained the key to much that was mysterious and inexplicable.

It meant a great deal to me that I should be able to identify the portrait again, and I took the only means at my disposal to enable me to accomplish my purpose.

Any conscientious scruples I might have had in adopting this means of obtaining some clue to Miriam's secret quickly vanished, when I found that shortly after putting her question to Kate—almost as though she divined my intention of discovering her secret—she closed the album.

"Were you looking for me, Kate?"

"Yes, dear. Your father sent me in search of you. He has been disputing with Dr. Mills—quite a hot argument, and very funny. Dr. Mills has been trying to prove to him that the entire human race has developed from vegetables. I can't recollect it all—not all the funny bits—but he argued that first we were vegetables; next that from vegetables we were turned into a sort of jelly-fish; then that from jelly-fish we were transformed into a half-and-half sort of creature—members of the amphibia, you know; then we became monkeys; and from the monkeys came the glorious, majestic beings who strut about in swallow-tails and trousers. I forget where the birds came in."

"Oh, the birds would be the ladies, of course," I said gallantly.

I am afraid that what I had intended as a compliment was lost upon Miss Mowbray, for she anxiously inquired:

"But father, Kate? He surely has not lost his temper over an argument of that sort?"

"Well, dear, I am afraid that he has not a very keen sense of humour—or perhaps I ought to say that he does not care to tolerate it. He regarded Dr. Mills's contention in the light of a personal aspersion. It was monstrous, he said, for a man to try to prove to him that he has descended from an artichoke. Wasn't it funny?"

I escorted the two ladies from the library to the drawing-room, where I saw Dr. Mills and Mr. Mowbray still engaged in a heated discussion, and then I quickly returned to the library.

My fingers positively trembled as I opened the album. It was the family album of the Brands. So that there should be no mistake, I started at the first page. Number one was a photograph of the heads of the household—Mr. and Mrs. Brand—taken years ago: when, in fact, they were first married. The children came next. I paused for a moment to look at the portrait of one amongst the number.

It was that of Kate—Kate as a girl of about ten years. There was the same bright, happy face which had since developed, with added graces, into womanhood. It concealed the many witcheries which I knew to be latent there; but it could not conceal the frank, fearless eyes which looked straight at you and into you.

Then I came across innumerable cousins, uncles, and aunts, and then—yes, there at last was the pencil mark, my mark of identification.

And whose portrait do you think it was I saw there? If you are good at guessing, you may try your hand at it. It was *my* portrait—my portrait and no one's else—the portrait I had given to Guy Brand when we first went to Oxford together!

You may not be surprised, but I confess that I was. I had forgotten all about it, and, in any case, I should not have looked for it in the family album.

In the utter bewilderment which my discovery caused me, I knew not at first what to think—or, perhaps, I should be more accurate in saying that I did not think at all. I scarcely knew whether I was standing upon my head or my heels.

That was my portrait, without a doubt of it. Why should Miriam Mowbray have been so absorbed in it? Why should she have been so startled on detecting my presence in the library?

And then a delightful, blissful feeling shot through me. I staggered for a moment like one intoxicated—intoxicated with my own happiness. I had said to myself a few minutes



"SHE GAZED AT IT FIXEDLY, SCARCELY BREATHING" (p. 443).

since, that if I could but detect the portrait on which Miriam's attention had been fixed I should be the master of her secret.

Was that so? I had found the portrait. Had it really made me the master of her secret?

I paused as I put to myself the question, and drew in a deep breath. Then I strove to answer it with other questions. The master of her secret! Was that secret love? and was it love of me?

Yes; I felt sure of it. What other answer could there be? She had loved me all along. She had "let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on her damask cheek." I was in the seventh heaven of delight. Mine, after all, would be the privilege of breathing that potent word which would start my Galatea into life.

I descended to the drawing-room and found that not only had the argument ended, but that irascible old Mowbray had departed—and, of course, Miriam had departed with him.

"The old bear!" I exclaimed. "That's the animal he is, and not an artichoke. He would be a libel on the vegetable kingdom! By Jove! Miriam must have a lively time of it, one way or the other. I must change all that by-and-by!"

I was already beginning to regard her as my wife, and was mentally engaged in the prospective duty of clipping my father-in-law's wings, when a hand was softly thrust into my arm, and, waking from my dream, I saw the bright eyes of Kate looking up into mine. They were usually dancing with a mischievous light, but they were serious now.

"Well, Bob," she asked, "how did you get on? Have you said anything to Miriam? You have given me the right to ask, you know."

"To tell you the truth, Kate, I have scarcely spoken two words to her."

"Oh, then, I was not guilty when I came upon you in the library of interrupting an avowal. I felt very uncomfortable at the time, for Miriam looked awfully conscious and still more awfully scarlet, and you looked—well, I don't know how you looked, Bob. It was a sort of expression—shall I say?"

"Please, Kate."

"Well, it was the sort of expression you would expect to find on the face of a man who had just picked up a parcel and wasn't quite sure as to what was inside."

I laughed.

"Your keen eyes don't miss much, Kate. You have guessed somewhere near the truth. When you came upon me in the library I had made a discovery, but it was only a partial discovery. I had found out that Miriam

Mowbray was greatly interested in a portrait. I could not at the time make out whose it was. I have since extended my knowledge."

"Well?" she asked eagerly.

"Now, Kate," I said, teasing her, "that's where the curiosity of woman comes in. You are as bad as the rest of your sex, I declare. Of course you are burning with curiosity to know whose portrait it was—confess now!"

"Indeed, sir, I am not. I keep my curiosity for better things. My woman's wit is not so sluggish that it has not already guessed your mystery."

"Ha! ha!" I laughed. "You think so. I'll forgive you, if you have. Here, I will tear this sheet from my pocket-book. Oblige me by writing upon it the name of the person——"

"In whose portrait Miriam was interested?"

"Precisely."

She took the paper and pencil I handed to her and wrote upon it a name.

She gave me back the pencil but not the slip of paper.

"Am I not to hold the paper?" I asked.

"You shall see it," she answered, folding it tightly up, "after you have shown me the portrait."

"Very well, Miss Distrustful," I said.

"I was Miss Curiosity just now. You are partial, Bob, to calling people hard names. You are as bad as the rest of your sex, I declare," she said, pertly turning the tables upon me for my language of a moment or so since. "But, come; take me to see this wonderful portrait."

I took her to the library, opened the album, and turned again to my portrait.

"There, Miss Pert," I said, pointing to it triumphantly with my finger, "there is the portrait in which Miss Mowbray was so greatly interested. Will you now have the kindness to hand me over that little slip of paper?"

Kate did not answer, but first looked at me and then at the portrait. Then she closed the album and looked again at me.

There was a look in her eyes such as I had never seen there before. It was of wonder, and yet of pity—pity for me, who considered myself the happiest man on earth!

But that's the way with Kate. If she's a woman of resource, she's a woman of surprises as well. With her it is usually the unexpected that happens.

"I have performed my part of the bargain, Kate. I have satisfied your curiosity. Will you now have the courtesy to perform yours? You have written a certain name upon a piece of paper. Will you have the kindness to hand it to me?"

"I cannot, Bob—I cannot."

I caught a distinct tremor in her voice as she said it.

"How so? You decline to show me that paper?"

"I promised to give it to you *after* you had shown me the portrait; but I did not say immediately after. You shall see it, Bob, some day; I promise you."

"A sheer evasion, Kate, and not like you. However, it is a matter of little consequence."

"Of little consequence, as you say."

"The one important thing is that I have made a great discovery all through that album. You guess what it is, Kate?"

"That—that——" she stammered.

"That Miriam Mowbray loves me!" I said triumphantly.

She glanced at me again with that look I had just before seen in her eyes—half pity, half wonder; then she said tremulously—

"You—you will speak to her to-morrow, will you not?"

"Yes, Kate. You are the only one to whom I have whispered my secret: and—and—I know you wish me good luck in my wooing."

"In that and in all things, Bob."

The sweet eyes looked straight into mine, as she held out her hand. I held it for a moment; then she withdrew it hastily and escaped from the room.

The next day I visited the Mowbrays. The time was opportune. Mr. Mowbray was out; but Miss Mowbray was in.

I hurry over that disastrous interview. I urged my suit with what eloquence I could command. My proposal was at first received with chilling silence; and then came the crushing intimation that it was declined.

I will do her the justice, however, to say that she let down a fellow as gently as the circumstances would permit.

She acknowledged to me that she loved another, and I believe there were tears in her eyes—I am certain there were in her voice—as she made the confession. Her father, she candidly admitted, was opposed to her lover, and had declined to sanction his advances. He had promised, however, to reconsider his verdict in the event of the young fellow's prospects improving in three years. That time had nearly elapsed. Until that time had elapsed they had given their sacred word of honour that the secret of their love for each other should not be disclosed, and they had further promised that no communication should pass between them.

I could not but admire a woman who remained thus faithful both to her father and her lover, even though that fidelity proved at the same time the death-blow to my hopes.

I think that I stammered out something to that effect as I bowed myself from the room, and kept asking myself, "Who is the mysterious lover? And why was she so absorbed in my portrait in the album?"

Life seemed very blank to me when I stood once more in the street. What should I do now? I scarce knew. One thing, however, was very certain. Before I did anything I must first consult my chum—my chum Kate.

I turned my steps to her home. Here a greater disaster awaited me. Kate had left Templeton that morning on a visit to an aunt in Durham. It was quite uncertain when she would return, but she would not be back for a month at least.

It was not until a day or two had passed that I began to realise all I had lost in the sweet companionship of Kate. It was not merely her loyalty, her unfailing brightness and sympathy; but not till then did I understand the gap she had filled in the last three years of my life.

You will say that I was fickle, impressionable, infirm of purpose, lacking resolution and a knowledge of my own mind. Well, I am content that that charge should be made against me. My simple reply is that you did not know Kate. She was of those who, by their very unselfishness, are never adequately valued until you miss their voice, their smile, their hand. Most of us pursue our illusions. My illusion was Miriam Mowbray. Slowly I began to see that in the background of that illusion there was a reality—Kate Brand.

Barely a month had elapsed when there came the news that Kate was ill.

I should have liked to have gone to her and consoled her, as she had so often consoled me; but what could I do in the circumstances?

It was my practice to visit the Brands daily, to make inquiries (how anxiously they could not guess) about Kate.

One morning I found an array of trunks and travelling-bags in the hall. For a moment I thought she might have returned, and my heart leapt gladly to my mouth. But who should come forward and clasp me warmly by the hand but Guy—Guy Brand, her brother, returned from the Cape?

"Guy!" I exclaimed.

"Bob, old fellow! You scarcely expected to see me, did you?" he said, seeing my look of astonishment.

"Indeed, I didn't!"

I might have added that, next to seeing Kate, his was the most welcome face I could have seen.

"Come, Bob," he said, taking me by the

arm, in the old familiar way of our college days, "I have much to say to you."

He took me to the room—the library—where I had my last interview with Kate. How often I had since recalled it!

"We are old chums, Bob," he said, "and I am going to speak to you frankly. I am far from a spiritualist, hypnotist, or anything of that kind; but there must be a community of spirit between us, for I find that, though so far separated from each other, we have been on the same track."

"The same track!" I repeated, scarcely knowing what to make of this strange preliminary.

"Yes; on the same track. First answer me one question—Are you still enamoured with Miriam Mowbray?"

I was staggered by the question. How should he know that I had been enamoured with Miriam Mowbray? He was searching me with his eyes as he spoke. Apparently satisfied with the scrutiny, he put into my hands a letter—a letter to him, dated three months back, from his sister Kate.

I can scarcely tell you the astonishment with which I read it. *I* was the beginning of it; *I* was the end of it.

It set forth the confession I had made to her of my love for Miriam Mowbray; it magnified a thousandfold the little service I had done for Guy in the past; and it ended by an appeal to him to give me a fair field in trying to win Miss Mowbray's hand. Was there ever such a letter penned from sister to brother?

"Well?" he said, when I had finished reading it.

"I cannot understand it. I am altogether mystified," I answered.

"Just so. Let me throw a little light on the situation. You did not know, because it was a secret; but before I left England for South Africa—before, in fact, the illness through which you helped to nurse me—I was the fortunate lover of Miriam Mowbray: fortunate in one sense, but unfortunate in another, since Mr. Mowbray would not at that time acknowledge me because I had not made a position for myself. Now do you see why Kate wrote to me?"

"I—I understand," I stammered.

"My answer to her letter was——"

"Oh, you needn't say, Guy. I see it all," clasping him by the hand. "Your answer to that letter was, 'Let my old chum go in and win;' but I have lost, and you?"

"Can I say that I have won, old fellow?"

"Yes, Guy, yes; I am not afraid of hearing the truth. My illusion is quite gone. I can only wish you what your noble sister wished me—good luck in your wooing. By the bye, would you mind handing me that album at your elbow?"

Guy handed it to me in some surprise at my sudden request.

"Thanks," I said. "Pardon me one moment."

I quickly turned over the pages again. I need not have done so, except to further convince myself that I was an ass.

I saw at once the portrait in which Miriam Mowbray was absorbed on that night when I was deceived into believing that she loved me. I had put the pencil-mark on the page at which the album was open; but I had left entirely out of question the portrait on the opposite side, which was the portrait of Guy Brand.

As old chums we had been placed in the album facing each other. Kate had, of course, seen my mistake; but rather than wound my feelings or my vanity—which was it?—had not hinted a suspicion of the truth.

Love, in more senses than one, is blind!

That same day I discovered that Kate was returning home. I gained permission to be her escort.

How gladly I winged my way to Durham! I found her scarcely the Kate I had last seen. She was paler, more subdued; but still the Kate I knew so well.

There was less of the old brightness of outlook, perhaps; but she came forward to greet me with that smile which before and since has been to me as a life beacon.

I said to her in awkward fashion all that had been framing itself into speech on the journey down. The answer I received this time was far different from that which I received to my other petition.

When her head was resting on my breast, she asked me coyly through a mist of happy tears—

"Would you like to see that—that slip of paper from your note-book, Bob?"

"No, dear," I said with a smile. "I think know by this time the name you wrote on that paper. Besides, I am above the feminine instinct of—of——"

"Curiosity," I was about to add; but she closed my lips—well, in the way lovers should close them.

Again, I say, love is blind!

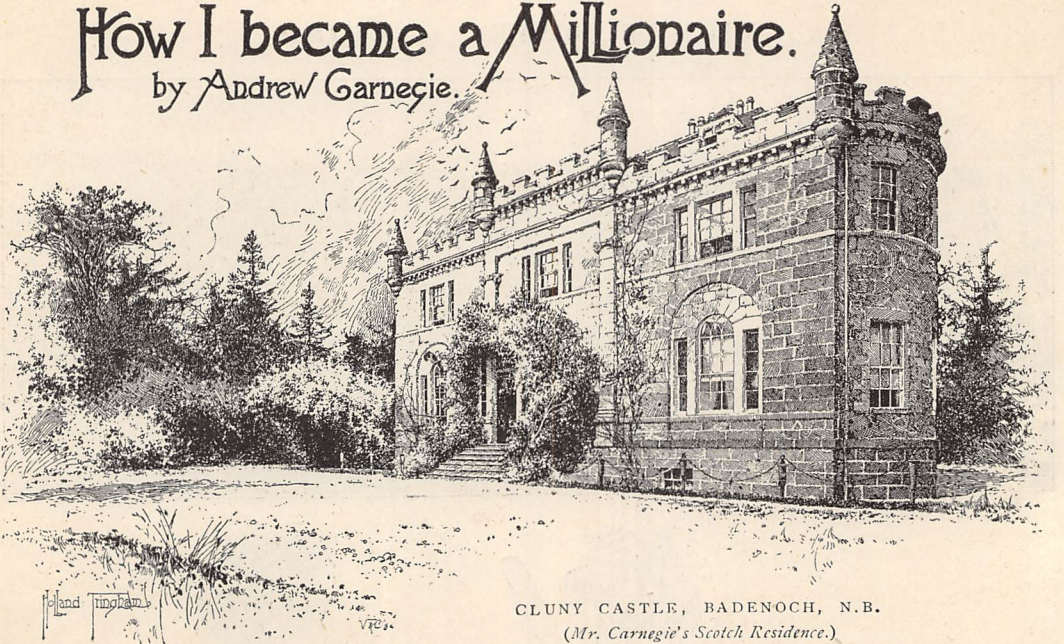


SO VERY HUMAN.
CRICKET: BEARS v. LIONS.



How I became a Millionaire.

by Andrew Carnegie.



CLUNY CASTLE, BADENOCH, N.B.
(Mr. Carnegie's Scotch Residence.)

IT is a great pleasure to try and tell the readers of this MAGAZINE how I served my apprenticeship as a business man. But there seems to be a question preceding this—Why I became a business man at all; because I am sure that I should never have selected a business career if I had been permitted to choose. The eldest son of parents who were themselves poor, I had, fortunately, to begin to perform some useful work in the world while still very young, in order to earn an honest livelihood, and was thus shown even in early boyhood that my duty was to assist my parents, and, like them, become as soon as possible a “bread winner” in the family. What I could get to do, not what I desired, was the question.

When I was born my father was a well-to-do master weaver in Dunfermline, Scotland. He owned no less than four damask looms and employed apprentices. This was before the days of steam factories for the manufacture of linen. A few large merchants took orders, and employed “master weavers,” such as my father, to weave the cloth, the merchants supplying the materials.

As the factory system developed handloom weaving naturally declined, and my father was one of the sufferers by the change. The first serious lesson of my life came to me one day when he had taken in the last of his work

to the merchant, and returned to our little home greatly distressed because there was no more work for him to do. I was then just about ten years of age, but the lesson burnt into my heart, and I resolved then that “the wolf of poverty” should be driven from our door some day, if I could do it. The question of selling the old looms and starting for the United States came up in the family council, and I heard it discussed from day to day. It was finally resolved to take the plunge and join relatives already in Pittsburg. I well remember that neither father nor mother thought the change would be otherwise than a great sacrifice for them, but that “it would be better for our two boys.” In after life you will look back, as I do, and wonder at the complete surrender of their own desires which parents make for the good of their children, and reverence their memories with feelings akin to worship.

Arriving in Alleghany City—four of us: father, mother, my younger brother, and myself—father entered a cotton factory; I soon followed, and served as a “bobbin boy,” and this is how I began my preparation for subsequent apprenticeship as a business man. I received one dollar and twenty cents (\$1.20) a week, and was then just about twelve years old.

I cannot tell you how proud I was when I received my first week's own earnings. One

dollar and twenty cents made by myself and given to me because I had been of some use in the world. I was no longer dependent upon my parents, but at last admitted to the family partnership as a contributing member and able to help them. I think this makes a man out of a boy sooner than almost anything else, and a real man too, if there be any germ of true manhood in him. It is everything to feel that you are useful.

I have had to deal with great sums, many millions of dollars have since passed through my hands, but, putting all these together, and considering money-making as a means of pleasure-giving, or of that other feeling much deeper than pleasure—of genuine satisfaction—I tell you that one dollar and twenty cents outweighs all. It was the direct reward of honest manual labour; it represented a week of very hard work, so hard that but for the aim and end which sanctified it, slavery might not be much too strong a term to describe it.

For a lad of twelve to rise and breakfast every morning, except the blessed Sunday morning, and go out into the streets and find his way to the factory and begin work while it was still dark outside, and not be released until after darkness came again in the evening—forty minutes interval only being allowed at noon—was a terrible task. But I was young and had my dreams, and something within always told me that this would not, could not, *should* not last; I should some day get into a better position. Besides this, I felt myself no longer a boy, but quite "a little man"; and this made me happy.

A change soon came, for a kind old Scotsman who made bobbins, knew some of our relatives, and took me into his factory before I was thirteen. But here for a time it was even worse than in the cotton factory, because I was set to fire a boiler in the cellar, and actually to run the small steam-engine which drove the machinery. The firing of the boiler was all right, for, fortunately, we did not use coal but the refuse wooden chips, and I always liked to work in wood; but the responsibility of keeping the water right and of running the engine, and the danger of my making a mistake and blowing the whole factory to pieces, caused too great a strain, and I often awoke and found myself sitting up in bed through the night trying the steam gauges.

But I never told them at home that I was having a "hard tussle." No, no! everything must be bright to them. This was a point of honour, for every member of the family was working hard—except, of

course, my little brother, who was then a child; and we were telling each other only all the bright things. Besides this, no *man* would whine and give up; he would die first. We had no servant in our family, and several dollars per week were earned by "the mother" by binding shoes after her daily work was done; father also hard at work in the factory. But my kind employer, John Hay, soon relieved me of this undue strain, for he needed someone to make out bills and keep his accounts, and finding that I could write a plain school-boy hand, and could "cipher," I became his only clerk, but had still to work hard upstairs in the factory, for the clerking needed but little time.

You know how people are all moaning about poverty as being a great evil; and it seems to be accepted that if people only had money and were rich, that they would be



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

(From a photograph by A. Macintyre, Dunfermline.)

happy and more useful, and get more out of life. There was never a graver mistake. As a rule, there is more happiness, more genuine satisfaction and a truer life, and more obtained from life in the humble cottages of the poor than in the palaces of the rich.

I always pity the sons and daughters of rich men who are attended by servants,

and have governesses at a later age, but am glad to remember that they do not know what they have missed. They think they have fathers and mothers, and very kind fathers and mothers too, and they enjoy the sweetness of these blessings to the fullest, but this they cannot do: for the poor boy who has in his father his constant companion, tutor, and model, and in his mother—holy name—his nurse, teacher, guardian angel, saint, all in one, has a richer, more precious fortune in life than any rich man's son can possibly know, and compared with which all other fortunes count for little.

It is because I know how sweet and happy and pure the home of honest poverty is, how free from care, from quarrels, how loving and how united its members, that I sympathise with the rich man's boy and congratulate the poor man's boy; and it is for these reasons that from the ranks of the poor the great and the good have always sprung, and always must spring. You should go over the list, first of the good men of the world, for such come much before those who are great, if, indeed, one can be truly great without being good. Read the list of the "immortals who were not born to die," and you will find that, almost exclusively, they have been born to the precious heritage of poverty.

It seems, nowadays, a matter of universal desire that poverty should be abolished. We should be quite willing to abolish luxury, but to abolish poverty would be to destroy the only soil upon which mankind can depend to produce the virtues which alone can enable our race to reach a still higher civilisation than it now possesses.

I come now to the third step in my apprenticeship—for I had already taken two, as you see—the "cotton factory" and then the "bobbin factory," and with the third—the third time is the charm, you know—deliverance came. I obtained a situation as messenger boy in the telegraph office of Pittsburg when I was fourteen. This was a transfer from darkness to light, from the desert to paradise, for here I entered a new world, amid books, newspapers, pencils, pens, and ink, and writing-pads, and a clean office, bright windows, and the literary atmosphere; I was the happiest boy alive. Really, after this change there seemed little left to be desired, for what more does one want in life, and, indeed, what more can one get that is of much consequence? After he has got these things, he has "got it all"; the only tools he needs for anything.

My only dread was that some day I would be dismissed because I did not know the City, for

it is necessary, as you can well understand, that a messenger boy should know all the firms and addresses of men who are in the habit of receiving telegrams, and I was a strange boy in Pittsburg and did not know any. I made up my mind that I should be able to repeat successively each business house in the principal streets, and I was soon able to shut my eyes and begin at one side of Wood Street and call every firm successively to the top, then pass to the other side and call every firm to the bottom, and I was finally able to do this with the business streets generally. My mind was then at rest upon that point, but there was another task that was even harder, because it has never been a trouble to me to memorise.

In these days, when the telegraph line broke the "operator" had to start in a buggy to repair it, for the line was along the highway; and he usually took one of the messenger boys with him, who might have to climb a pole. I was always a poor climber, but fearing that some day I might be called upon to climb, I took every opportunity to practise, but I am sorry to say I was in this a total failure; I never was able to get to the top of a telegraph pole, and this provoked me greatly, because some of the other boys could. However, my usual good fortune attended me; I escaped being called upon, and my deficiency in this respect was never known to the managers.

Of course, every ambitious messenger boy wants to become an "operator," and before the operators arrived in the early mornings the boys slipped to the instruments and practised. This I did, and was soon able to talk to the boys in the other offices along the line, who were also practising. One morning I heard Philadelphia calling Pittsburg, and giving the signal "death message." Great attention was then paid to "death messages," and I thought I ought to try to take this one. I answered and did so, and went off and delivered it before the operator came. After that the operators sometimes used to ask me to work for them.

Having a sensitive ear for sound, I soon learned to take messages by the ear, which was then very uncommon—I think only two persons in the United States could then do it. Now every operator does, so easy is it to follow and do what any other boy can—if you only have to. This brought me into notice, and finally I became an operator, and received the enormous, to me, recompense of twenty-five dollars per month—three hundred dollars a year! This was a fortune, the very sum that I had fixed when I was a factory worker as the fortune I wished to

possess, because the family could live on three hundred a year and be independent. Here it was at last! But I was soon to be in receipt of extra compensation for extra work.

The six newspapers of Pittsburg received telegraphic work in common. Six copies were made, and the gentleman who made these received six dollars per week for

genius Thomas A. Scott was its superintendent. He often came to the telegraph office to talk to his chief, the General Superintendent, at Altoona, and I became known to him in this way. When that great railway system put up a wire of its own, he asked me to be his "clerk and operator," and I left the telegraph-office—in which there is great danger that a young man may be permanently buried,



ENTRANCE HALL, CLUNY CASTLE, BADENOCH.

doing so, and he offered me a gold dollar every week if I would do the work, which I was very glad indeed to do, because I always liked to work with news and scribble for newspapers. The reporters came to a room every evening for the news which I had prepared, and this brought me into most pleasant intercourse with these clever fellows; and besides, I got a dollar a week as pocket-money, for this was not considered family revenue by me. I think this last step of doing something beyond one's task is fully entitled to be considered "business"; the other revenue, you see, was just salary obtained for regular work; but here was a "little business operation" upon my own account, and I was very proud indeed of my gold dollar every week.

The Pennsylvania Railroad shortly after this was completed to Pittsburg, and that

as it were—and became connected with the railways.

The new appointment was accompanied by a tremendous increase of salary—it jumped from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars per month. Mr. Scott was then receiving one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month, and I used to wonder what on earth he could do with so much money. I remained for thirteen years in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and was at last superintendent of the Pittsburg division, successor to Mr. Scott, who had in the meantime at Philadelphia risen to the office of Vice-President of the railroad.

One day Mr. Scott, who was the kindest of men, and had taken a great fancy for me, asked if I had, or could find, five hundred dollars to invest. Here the business instinct came into play, and I felt that, the door being

opened for a business investment with my chief, that it would be wilful flying in the face of Providence if I did not jump at it, and I answered promptly, "Yes, sir, I think I can." "Very well," he said, "get it. A man has just died who owns ten shares in the Adams Express Company, which I want you to buy. It will cost you sixty dollars per share, and I can help you with a little balance if you cannot raise it all."

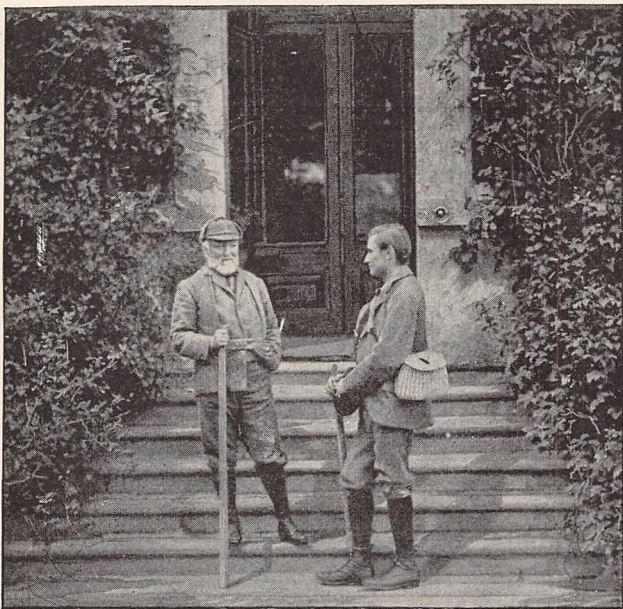
Here was a queer position. The available assets of the whole family were not five hundred dollars. But there was one member of the family whose ability, pluck, and resource never failed us, and I felt sure the money could be raised somehow or other. Indeed, had Mr. Scott known our position he would have advanced it himself; but the last thing in the world the proud Scot will do is to reveal his poverty and rely upon others. The family had managed by this time to purchase a small house, and paid for it, in order to save rent. My recollection is that it was worth eight hundred dollars.

The matter was laid before the council of three that night, and the oracle spoke: "Must be done. Mortgage our house. I will take the steamer in the morning for Ohio, and see uncle and ask him to arrange it. I am sure he can." This was done. Of course, her visit was successful—where did she ever fail? The money was procured, paid over, ten shares of Adams Express Company stock was

mine, but no one knew our little home had been mortgaged "to give our boy a start." Adams Express then paid monthly dividends of one per cent., and the first cheque for ten dollars arrived. I can see it now, and I well remember the signature of "J. C. Babcock, cashier," who wrote a big John Hancock hand.

The next day being Sunday, we boys, myself and my ever-constant companions, took our usual Sunday afternoon stroll in the country, and sitting down in the woods, I showed them this cheque, saying, "Eureka! we have found it." Here was something new to all of us, for none of us had ever received anything but from toil. A return from capital was something strange and new. How money could make money; how, without any attention from me, this mysterious golden visitor should come, led to much speculation upon the part of the young fellows, and I was for the first time hailed as a "capitalist." I had never received anything before for nothing, as it were. You see, I was beginning to serve my apprenticeship as a business man in a very satisfactory manner.

A very important incident in my life occurred when one day, in a train, a nice farmer-looking gentleman approached me saying that the conductor had told him I was connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and he should like to show me something. He pulled from a small green bag the model of the first sleeping car. This was Mr. Woodruff, the inventor. Its value struck me like a flash. I asked him to come to Altoona the following week, and he did so. Mr. Scott with his usual quickness grasped the idea. A contract was made with Mr. Woodruff to put two trial cars on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Before leaving Altoona Mr. Woodruff came and offered me an interest in the venture which I promptly accepted; but how I was to make my payments rather troubled me, for the cars were to be paid for in monthly instalments after delivery, and my first monthly payment was to be two hundred and seventeen dollars and a half, which I had not, and I did not see any way of getting. But I finally decided to visit the local banker and ask him for a loan, pledging myself to repay at the rate of fifteen dollars per month. He promptly granted it. Never shall I forget



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE AND MR. DAMROSCH AT CLUNY CASTLE.

(From a photograph by Mrs. Carnegie.)

his putting his arm over my shoulder, saying, "O, yes, Andie, you are all right;" and I then and there signed my first note. Proud day this; and surely, now, no one will dispute that I was fast becoming a "business man." I had signed my first note, and, most important of all—for any fellow can sign a note—I had found a banker willing to take it as "good." The subsequent payments were made by the receipts from the sleeping

bank, because my share of the capital was twelve hundred and fifty dollars, and I had not the money, but the bank lent it to me, and we began the Keystone Bridge Works which proved a great success. This company built the first great bridge over the Ohio River, three hundred feet span, and has built many of the most important structures since.

This was my beginning in manufacturing,



MR. CARNEGIE'S BIRTHPLACE, DUNFERMLINE.

cars, and I really made my first considerable sum from this investment in the Woodruff Sleeping Car Company, which was afterwards absorbed by Mr. Pullman, a remarkable man who is now known all over the world.

Shortly after this I was appointed superintendent of the Pittsburg division, and returned to my dear old home, smoky Pittsburg. Wooden bridges were then used exclusively upon the railways, and the Pennsylvania Railroad was experimenting with a bridge built of cast iron. I saw that wooden bridges would not do for the future, and organised a company in Pittsburg to build iron bridges. Here, again, I had recourse to the

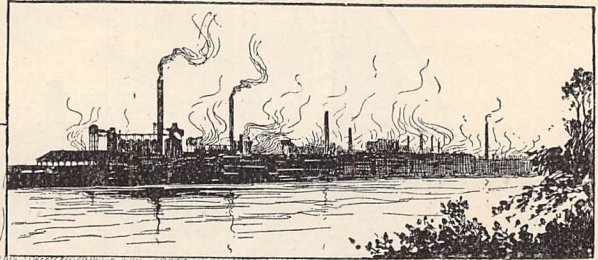
and from that start all our other works have grown, the profits of the one works building the other. My "apprenticeship" as a business man soon ended, for I resigned my position as an officer of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to give exclusive attention to business. I was no longer merely an official working for others upon a salary, but a full-fledged business man working upon my own account.

I never was quite reconciled to working for other people. At the most, the railway officer has to look forward to the enjoyment of a stated salary, and he has a great many people to please; even if he gets to be a

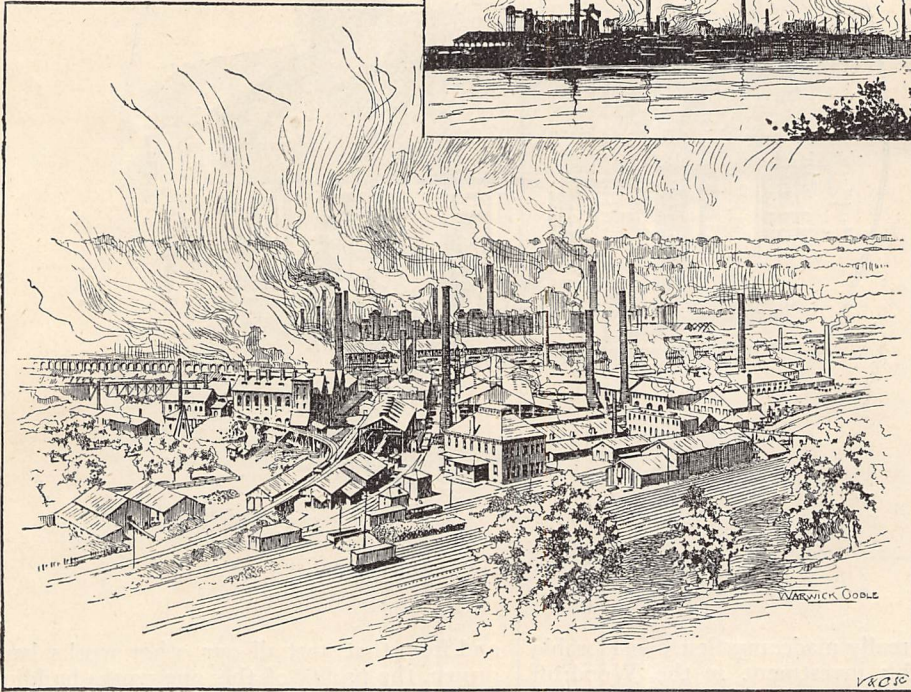
president he has sometimes a board of directors who cannot know what is best to be done ; and even if this board be satisfied, he has a board of stockholders to criticise him, and the property not being his own he cannot manage it as he pleases.

I always liked the idea of being my own master, and of manufacturing something, and giving employment to thousands of men ; and, of course, there is only one thing to think of manufacturing if you are a Pittsburgher, for Pittsburg had even then asserted her supremacy as the "Iron City." So myself and indispensable and clever partners, who had been my boy companions—wasn't that nice, some of the very boys who had met in the grove to wonder at the ten-dollar cheque?—began business, and still continue extending to meet the ever-growing and

ever-changing wants of our most progressive country year after year, always hoping that we need expand no further, yet ever finding that to stop expanding would be to fall behind ; and even to-day the successive improvements and inventions follow each other so rapidly that we see just as much yet to be done as ever. When the manufacturer of steel ceases to grow, he begins to decay ; so we must keep on extending. The result of all these developments is that three pounds of finished steel are now bought in Pittsburg for two cents., which is cheaper than anywhere else in the world, and that our country has become the greatest producer of iron in the world.



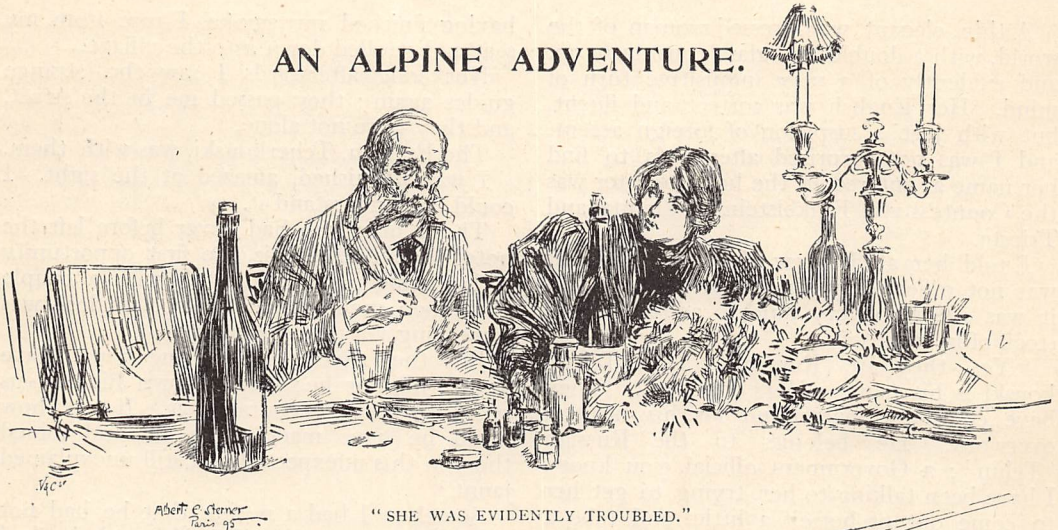
THE BLAST FURNACES FROM THE SOUTH.



STEEL WORKS AND BLAST FURNACES, PITTSBURG.



AN ALPINE ADVENTURE.



Albert C. Steiner
Paris 95

"SHE WAS EVIDENTLY TROUBLED."



WAS staying at the Hotel Titlis, Engelberg, one August. It was the holiday season, and Switzerland was crammed with tourists, of whom our houseful was fairly representative. One couple in our party was, however, entirely distinct and different from all the rest; so different, indeed, from the average traveller that they puzzled me, yet interested me greatly. A man and a girl, obviously father and daughter; the latter, young, pretty, engaging, with great eyes that looked at you appealingly and made you long to be of service to her. She was evidently troubled, no doubt about her father: a white-faced, frightened sort of person, who walked rather feebly, and had suffering written on his face.

He must have been in indifferent health; he had no appetite, and was continually taking medicine, drugs, or aids to digestion. He kept a whole regiment of bottles in front of him as he sat at table, and his daughter watched him, so that if he missed anything she reminded him of it or gave him his dose herself.

Then they kept very much to themselves, these two. All the rest of us had drifted soon into that free and easy unconventional sort of acquaintance that is so quickly developed in an hotel; neighbours at table chatted with each other, when we met in the garden or in the hall we said "Good-morning" like old friends. Not so this strange couple. They shrank from our society, even from our

observation. As they spoke a language (it was Russian) that no one understood, it was a perpetual *tête-à-tête* with them; yet they knew French and English—that was clear from their acknowledgment of many small courtesies—and German fluently, as the waiters could bear witness.

We very seldom encountered these Russians, except at table. They spent the whole day in the garden which was at the back of the house, very private and secluded; they never went into the village, never sat in the front verandah which gave upon the one street generally alive with vehicles and guides and all the holiday business of the place.

What did it mean? I could not help watching them continually, with undiminished, nay, with growing, interest. The girl, I confess, attracted me more and more, with her patient, trustful eyes. Yet it was her father's face that haunted me.

It was so apprehensive, so terror-stricken; his eyes, wide open, roamed restlessly around, his glance was eager yet furtive; it was the nervous look of someone troubled with near danger, an enemy approaching and perhaps close at hand.

"That poor child!" said a lady by whose side I found myself at a concert of Tyrolese singers one evening in the great hall. "Do you see? She has to go off just as we are beginning to enjoy ourselves."

"There is little brightness in her life, I'm afraid," I answered, pleased with the sympathetic tone of the speaker's voice.

"Who, and what are they? You see, I have only lately arrived, and I haven't made people out much," she went on, and I looked at her, wondering a little who *she* might be

A thin, elegant, well-dressed woman of the world, with a double eye-glass constantly up, and evidently of a very inquisitive turn of mind. Her English was correct and fluent, but with just a suspicion of foreign accent, and I was not surprised afterwards to find her name as entered in the hotel register was the Countess von Finkelstein of Vienna and Trieste.

I told her all I knew of the Russians; it was not much, only what I had noticed, and it was she who very quickly added to my stock of information.

"Yes, they are Russians. Ivan Tcherkouski is his name. Hers, Ivanovna. They have come to Switzerland for his health; overwork. He belongs to the Russian 'Tchin'; a Government official, you know. I have been talking to her, trying to get her to come out of herself a little, and take a little amusement, but she is very reluctant."

"She will not leave her father, I suppose?"

"Exactly so. And I tell her it is absurd; that he will be all right by himself for an hour or two. But, no: she will not leave him."

The countess was not, however, to be discouraged in her kindly intentions, and by sheer persistence she got Ivanovna to go for a drive one day. I saw them starting off together in an open carriage, their destination Im Grunen Wald—a distant tea-garden on the way down to the lake.

I should much have liked to be of the party; but I was not asked, and it was all for the best that I stayed at the hotel.

I remained seated in the verandah, idling with a cigar, and debating how I should spend the afternoon, when I saw a couple of men approaching whom I took for guides. They were dressed in the conventional brown homespun, had a sprig of edelweiss in their high-crowned hats, and wore heavy boots laced up over grey stockings.

Guides in appearance, yes. But were they really guides?

I did not know them by sight, and yet I had been so often at Engelberg that I was familiar with most of the guides in and about the place. Had these fellows come over from some distant village with a party? Were they in search of work, or what?

While I still wondered, one of them had gone up, hat in hand, to speak to the hotel porter, Karl—an excellent specimen of his class, stout, broad-shouldered, resplendent in blue uniform and a gold-braided cap.

A short colloquy ensued in German, interspersed with many nods and shakes of the head. They were friends, I supposed, old friends; it was no business of mine, and

having finished my smoke, I rose from my seat and strolled down into the village.

Not long afterwards I saw the strange guides again; they passed me in the street, and they were not alone.

The Russian, Tcherkouski, was with them.

I was astonished, amazed at the sight. I could not understand it.

That a man who had never before left the hotel should seize this, the first opportunity of his being alone, to go off with a couple of strange men—guides or not guides—was something very extraordinary.

But the two men? They must have known him, or he them; known his curious propensity and encouraged it. If not, how could he have made them out and joined them in this unexpected and still unexplained jaunt?

Somehow I had a notion that he had not gone of his own accord. Although he had not seemed to recognise me as he passed, I thought I noticed a furtive sidelong glance in my direction with something of that mute appeal I had found so potent in his charming daughter. What if he had been constrained by some hidden irresistible force?—what, in short, if he were about to be the victim of some foul play?

Directly Ivanovna returned I had no doubt but that there was mischief afoot.

I saw her descend from the carriage, nod most gratefully to the countess, then trip quickly upstairs.

Next minute she was down again, and out into the garden. Then she came hurrying back into the hall, and rushed up to the porter in eager inquiry.

It was for her father. He was not in his room (of course, I knew that) nor in the garden. She could not find him anywhere, and she asked for him in breathless agonised haste, with terror on her blanched cheeks and in her wild affrighted eyes.

I drew near and heard what passed between her and the porter. They spoke together in German, a language which I understood fairly well.

"The well-born lady's father went out half an hour ago," the porter said.

"Alone?" she was hanging on his words.

"No: with two men, strangers, guides, he thought; but friends of the gentleman, for they had asked for him by name, and he had come down directly. They had all left the hotel together."

That was all Karl could tell her, but the news so increased her agitation that she shrieked hysterically.

"Which way? quick! tell me! They must be followed, or there will be murder

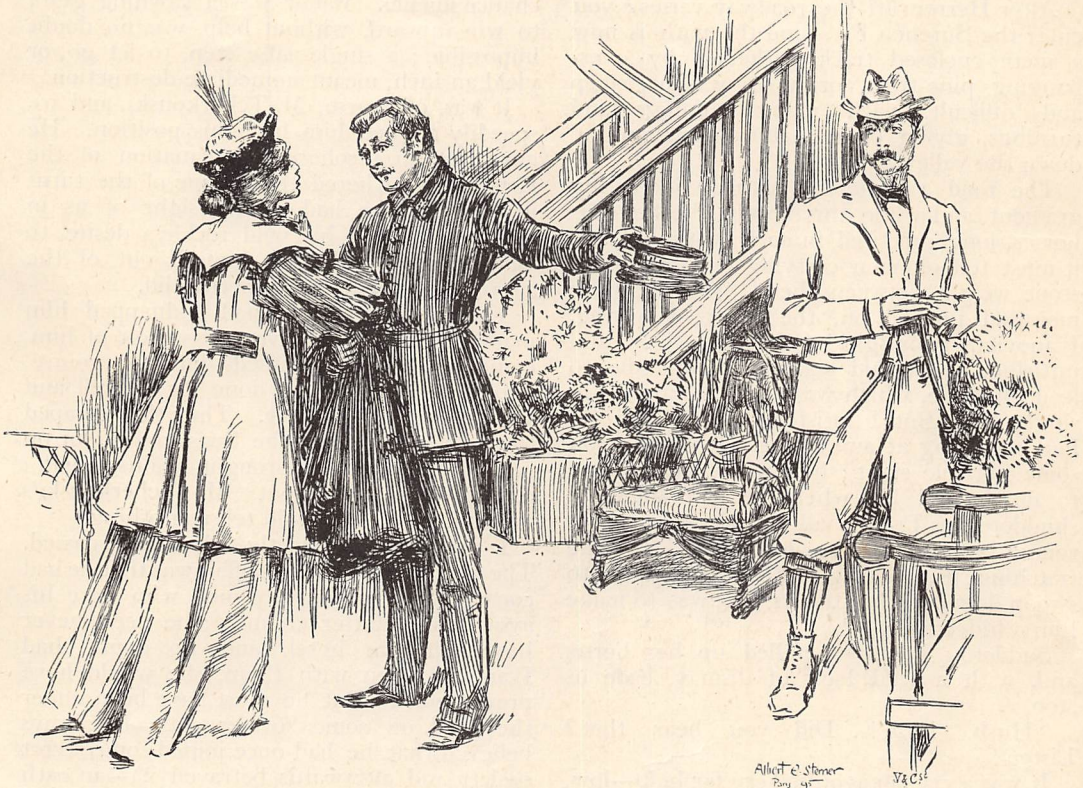
done. Quick, quick ! It may be already too late."

Here I interposed, offering my services, and telling what I knew.

"I met your father in the village, made-moiselle, making towards the Abbey and the Katschbach. He was going unwillingly, I thought."

"Yes, yes, of course ; he knew, poor

Need I say that I rose to the situation, and bent all my energies to the task ? A search and pursuit party was hastily organised. The others had got such a start that we had little hope of overtaking them on foot, so we hunted up horses, and fortunately found three accustomed to mountain expeditions. In less than half an hour three of us—a friend, Danvers, who was staying in the hotel,



"SHE ASKED FOR HIM IN BREATHLESS AGONISED HASTE."

darling, what it meant. They are his mortal enemies. They were leading him to his doom. Even now it may be all over. Oh, why did I leave him ? Had I been here, they would not have dared."

A strange suspicion now first crossed my mind that the countess was in the plot ; that there had been deep black treachery in the kindly interest for this unfortunate girl.

"But why are we talking here ?" she interrupted my thoughts abruptly. "They must be pursued at once, in all haste. I must go alone, unless—unless—" She looked at me with the old earnest, eloquent look of appeal intensified. "You are a gentleman, a brave Englishman ; surely you will help me in my terrible distress ?"

Ivanovna, and myself—were off, using all speed towards the Katschbach Fall and the Abbey farm at Herrenrütli.

This was the right route ; of that we had soon plain evidence. Two sets of excursionists returning to Engelberg (several of whom now joined us in our hunt) had met the party of three ; the first set reported it just half an hour ahead of us, making only slow progress, for one—no doubt the poor infirm victim—seemed exhausted ; and the second set gave us the news that two of the party were carrying the third in a *chaise à porteur*.

The valley widens and the ground lies open approaching Herrenrütli. There was nothing in sight ahead between us and the

white buildings, only the cows browsing upon the short sweet grass, and the solitary herdsmen. But at the farm we heard of our quarry; the carriers had halted a few minutes, long enough to drink a glass of milk, then forward again.

This was not twenty minutes previously. Then we were gaining on them, at any rate; and, with growing hopes, we renewed the pursuit.

After Herrenrüti the roadway varies; you enter the Surenen Pass, and the path is now a mere enclosed track darkened by overhanging pine-trees, or a stony stair, steep and difficult, with many windings and turnings, giving occasionally a view up and down the valley.

The road ascends, too, with an increasing gradient, and while this hardly checked our horses, long practised in such work, I knew it must tell on men carrying ten or a dozen stone weight between them. We who were mounted pressed on, the others following. Ivanovna, poor girl! was so eager and untiring, she would scarcely permit me to lead the line, which was now necessarily in single file. But I insisted; I trembled for her, expecting at any moment to come upon some horrible sight; her father already done to death, and left where he had fallen. I shuddered as I saw a vulture wheeling slowly round, high above the silent defile. Was he watching us, waiting till we passed on to swoop down on the carcass that was to make him a hideous meal?

Suddenly Ivanovna pulled up her horse, and, with a wild look of dismay, bade us stop.

"Hush, hush! Did you hear that? Listen!"

It was a cry, an agonised cry for help—low, but sharply defined, and twice repeated; the direction still ahead of us, but to the right of our path, just where the lower slopes of the great Titlis begin to rise into steep shoulders bearing the burden of boulder-strewn glacier and snow.

Again and again that awful yell! There could be no mistaking it, and this was no time to pause. Ivanovna roused us first, crying, "Make haste! make haste, in God's name!" as she brushed past, and, in spite of our entreaties, took the lead.

Just now the pass opened, and crossed a small flat plateau standing high above the valley: a very desolate spot, hemmed in by high mountains rising up, sheer and straight, many thousand feet above us. Not a sound nor a sign of human life, but just this one awful appeal from a fellow-creature in terrible jeopardy and distress.

Ivanovna, guided by instinct as it seemed, led us straight to the spot whence these sounds came. This was on the right side of the plateau, from which the ground sloped steeply into a precipice, ending at the bottom in a swift-flowing Alpine stream.

Some way below the highest level of the plateau we could discern a dark figure suspended among the slippery rocks, and holding on with grim despair to this last chance for life. Below was a yawning gulf; to win upward, without help, was no doubt impossible; a single false step, to let go, or yield an inch, meant immediate destruction.

It was, of course, M. Tcherkouski, and we speedily rescued him from his position. He gave but an incoherent explanation of the facts, but I gathered that at one of the turns in the road he had caught sight of us in pursuit; and, in his wild reckless desire to escape, he had thrown himself out of the *chaise à porteur* clean over the cliff.

The miscreants who had kidnapped him made no effort to recover possession of him, being no doubt satisfied—but, of course, wrongly—that he had done for himself and saved them the trouble. They thus escaped the active pursuit of the Swiss police, for no real charge could be brought against them; certainly not without M. Tcherkouski's assistance, and he would tell us nothing.

I never knew exactly what had passed. The strangest part of the affair was that he had consented to accompany men who were his avowed and bitter enemies; he need never have left the hotel, and, no doubt, had Ivanovna been with them, she would have prevented it. But he must have been under the spell of some former oath—(I always believed that he had once joined some secret society and afterwards betrayed it)—an oath which, with his weakened intellect, he still felt binding, and obeyed, although he knew that he was going to his doom.

Of course, his life would have been sacrificed but for our prompt pursuit. It was a carefully organised dastardly plot, in which the Countess von Finkelstein was no doubt a principal actor, for on our return to Engelberg we found that she had disappeared. She was never seen or heard of again, nor were the disguised guides, who must have made their way right through the Surenen to Altdorf, and there changed their clothes.

With a very little persuasion I got M. Tcherkouski to establish himself in London; and there, in my house (I am now his son-in-law), with the faithful Policeman X on his beat outside, he enjoys a sense of absolute security to which he has long been a stranger.

PICTURES OF ENGLISH CHILD-LIFE.

"THE CHILD" has always held a prominent position in the art of the world. In the days when art was but the handmaid of religion, it was the fond ambition of each painter to paint the Infant Christ in such a way as He had never been painted before, and curious are the results of their efforts which have been preserved to us. See their pictures in our own National Gallery, and notice how few of them succeed in representing the freshness, the subtle roundness, the flexibility of baby-flesh. The sculptor brethren of these lowly Italian painters, however, were vastly more successful, as the work of the Della Robbias and Donatello—many examples of which may be seen at South Kensington—prove. The two great Spanish artists, Velasquez and Murillo, painted children to a large extent, the former in his portraits of the offspring of his royal patrons, and the latter in his subjects taken from peasant children.

To come down to modern times and to our own country, we note that the great Sir Joshua Reynolds was a painter of children *par excellence*. They are all distinctly English children—not over-pretty some times, 'tis true—but still charming in their

simplicity. In the exhibition of "Fair Children" held in London recently, was to be seen one of the most successful pictures of a little child ever painted—from the brush of George Romney. Barely past the age of babyhood, he stood with curly hair, ruddy cheeks, and finger in mouth—a most delightful creation. Gainsborough, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, too, painted many charming young Britons in their portrait groups, all equally well-known.

Coming farther down the years, William Hunt, the celebrated water-colourist, was a



AWAKE.

(By Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., Pall Mall, S.W.)



THE TIRED GLEANERS.

(By Fred Morgan. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.)

most successful child-painter. Who does not remember his rustic boy in smock-frock who figured in so many of his drawings? By the way, it is not generally known that this simple-looking youth was adopted by the artist and afterwards eloped with his daughter. Then there were Mulready, Webster, and William Collins, R.A.—whose best known work, perhaps, is "Happy as a King"—a group of rustic urchins swinging a five-barred gate,

During his long career—and be it remembered that he entered Sass's Art School at the age of nine, the Academy schools at eleven, and began to paint at fifteen—many are the canvases he has given to the world depicting child-life. He painted the most successful baby of recent times in the picture called "A Flood," which may be seen in the Manchester Art Gallery, together with another of his works, "Autumn Leaves," painted in 1856.



THE MOTHER. (By T. B. Kennington.)

upon the topmost rail of which is a boy to whom the title applies.

Pictures of this type are sneered at by the advanced critic of to-day, they have no beauty in his eyes; he refers to them in his Academy notice as "nursery" subjects, with a passing remark about the "doll and pinafore" style of art. He may be right, nevertheless they are still the popular favourites, and command the admiration of the majority of the Exhibition public.

The pictures chosen for reproduction in these pages are all of this class and painted by artists whose work never fails to reach the hearts of the public at large. Foremost among them stands Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A. It is by his pictures of children that he is best known to the great public.

In 1867 appeared the picture we reproduce, "Awake," the companion to "Asleep." For the former the artist's daughter, Miss Mary Millais, served as model, and for the other, one of her sisters. Sir John introduced his own children in several of his works, notably "Forbidden Fruit" (1876), and "The Sisters" (1868), in which three of them are grouped. In the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House is one of his most charming child-works, entitled "A Souvenir of Velasquez," and "The Princes in the Tower" (1878) and "Cinderella" are among others of his well-known pictures. Some years ago Sir John said to an interviewer: "I should very much like to paint a large devotional picture, having for its subject 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.' I should feel the



[Copyright 1893 by Photographische Gesellschaft.] A DEAD HEAT.

(By A. J. Elsley. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.)



ARTHUR ELSLEY
1894

HER

[Copyright 1894 by Photographische Gesellschaft.]

GOOD-BYE.

(By A. J. Elsley. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.)

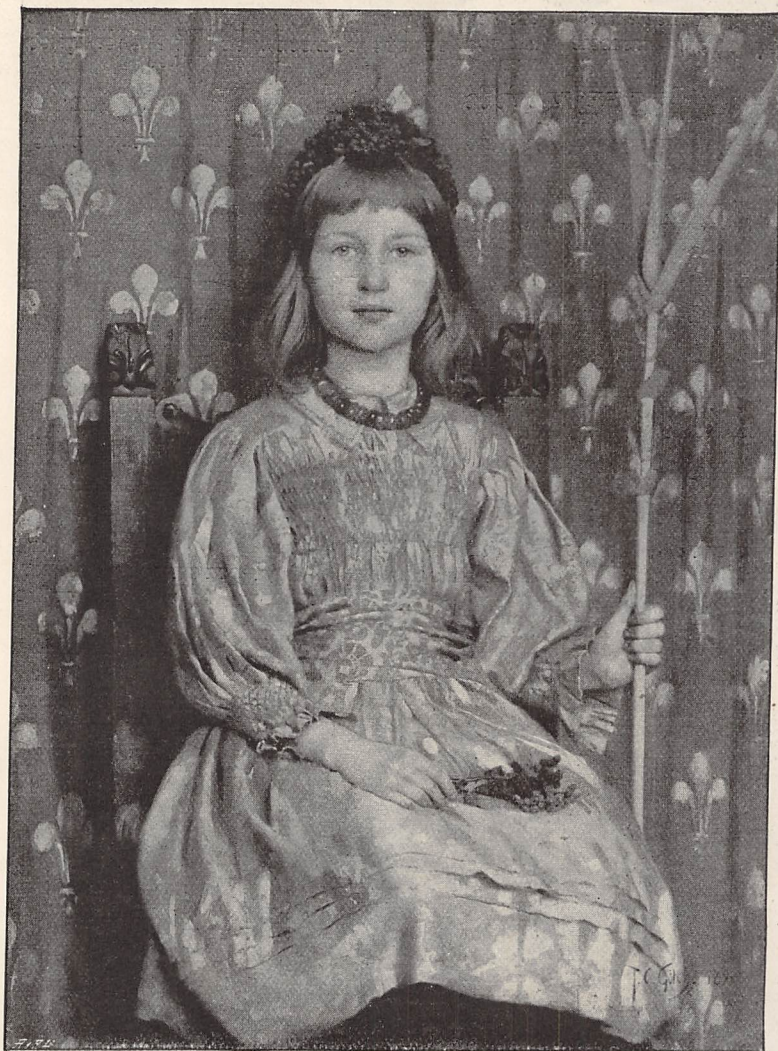
greatest delight in painting it, but the first question that occurs to me is, what children do we care about? *Why, our own fair English children, of course*; not the brown bead-eyed simous-looking children of Syria. And with what sense of fitness could I paint

he hesitated to do with English children, Fritz von Uhde has done with German. But the phrase of note in this passage is the one I have italicised. Sir John gauged exactly therein the tastes of the English public.

The work of Mr. Fred Morgan is well-known to visitors to the Academy. For the last thirteen years he has been painting his delightful pictures of child-life, and confesses that he has a natural liking for such subjects. He upholds that no one but those who have deep affection for children can paint them successfully. Most of his models are London children, found for the most part in the district of the Edgware Road. The pictures of country and seaside life are, of course, painted principally away from London from children of the district. His art talent is inherited from his father, Mr. John Morgan, also a successful delineator of children. From him, too, Mr. Fred Morgan received what art training he had, and save for a short time spent in Edinburgh drawing from the antique, he entered no school but his father's studio at Aylesbury.

Mr. T. B. Kennington has made the pathetic subject of poverty in relation to children peculiarly his own, and on many canvases recorded the sadness of the waifs of London.

He gets his models from the gutters of Fulham and Brompton. Both the children in the bed in the picture we reproduce are of this class, and a trying couple they were to portray. The baby, Mr. Kennington says, "had to be filled to the neck and sent to sleep"—that is, if he would go; if not, then there was no painting. This picture was in the Academy last year. Mr. Kennington was born at Grimsby, and studied at the



MY CROWN AND SCEPTRE.
(By T. C. Gotch.)

the Saviour bare-headed under the sun of Palestine, surrounded by dusky gipsy-like children, or on the other hand translate the whole scene to England? The public is too critical to bear this kind of thing now, and I should be weighed down by the sense of non-reality in so treating the divinely beautiful subject."

Sir John missed his opportunity, for what



A HEAVY LOAD.

(By F. Morgan. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.)

art school at Liverpool, where he gained a scholarship which brought him to South Kensington for two years. After that he went to Paris and studied under Bouguereau and Tony Fleury.

Mrs. Stanhope Forbes is a delightful painter of child-life. She acquired fame as an artist before her marriage, as Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, and with her husband has done much to bring the Newlyn School into honour. The picture reproduced below was exhibited in the Academy last year, where it found a place—as this lady's work has done for some years past—"on the line." Mrs. Forbes writes to me *apropos* of our subject:—

"In the painting of children there certainly are many difficulties, and it is only made possible by patience and tact. . . . Everything in the painting of children seems to me to depend on the swing and movement of their young bodies, and one can only get this by watching them at play, making a few rapid

notes, and afterwards persuading them to keep as near the desired pose as possible."

The two pictures on pp. 464-65 are well-known and typical examples of Mr. Arthur J. Elsley's work. This artist thinks dogs are even more interesting sitters than children; they are so full of character. Puppies and kittens are, of course, like children—very difficult to deal with. They are either very fidgety or very somnolent. The pups in the picture on p. 464 were induced to scramble up the stairs—built up in the studio—by the attraction of a piece of meat at the top. Mr. Elsley received his early training at South Kensington, passing into the Royal Academy schools in 1879.

Mr. T. C. Gotch, who lives at Newlyn, has, during the last three or four years, painted a series of pictures in which he has treated children in an allegorical manner, and which

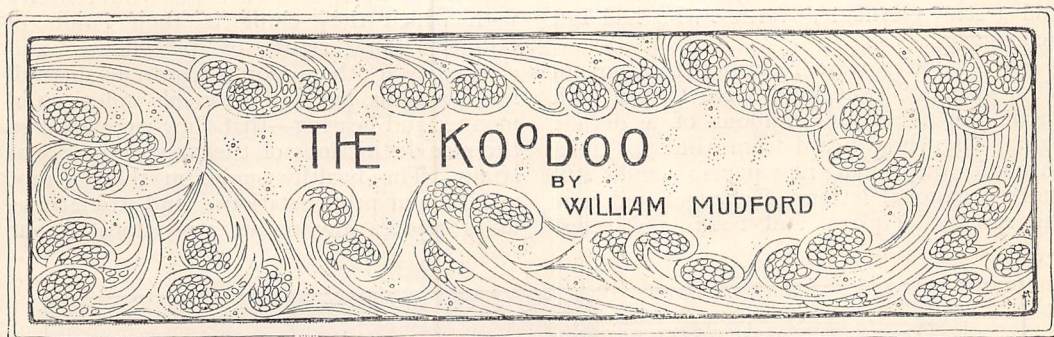
have served to delight, and at the same time somewhat to puzzle, the Exhibition visitors. "My Crown and Sceptre" was the first of these, and the following remarks, taken from a letter from the artist to me, cannot fail to interest:

"Children have always interested me, as a painter, because they are both difficult and beautiful. 'My Crown and Sceptre' was painted in Italy, under the influence not so much of the art treasures of that country as of the motives which prompted me to make a journey thither. . . . The picture, apart from its decorative *motif*, is intended to embody the modern worship of the child. It was too much to expect this to be recognised at once, but, if the picture proves to have any vitality, I think in time it will be regarded, in respect of childhood, as crystallising once for all the spirit of the age. 'The Child Enthroned' was painted at Newlyn about two years after the idea occurred to me. Meantime, I felt I had discovered a new world quite large enough to give me plenty of subjects. Perhaps I ought to say that I am attracted towards these because they lend themselves to pictorial treatment apart from their symbolism. In fact, the two elements are bound up together."



"FIREFLY."

(By Mrs. Stanhope Forbes.)



DIRECTLY he came on board the necessity was felt for a nickname. The saloon passengers hardly troubled to inquire what his proper name and title might be, for, whatever it was, it would be obviously inadequate; and it was not until young Lawton discovered that he had been in Matabeleland, among other places, and christened him the Koodoo, that he was able to settle into his appropriate place in the community on board the *Fanti King*.

Lawton knew a koodoo when he saw one, for he had been trekking before Chartered Companies were heard of, but hardly any of the others were acquainted with the ridiculous creature that has legs almost as delicate as a gazelle's, and a face more like a fiddle-case than anything in Nature. But though they might never have seen the original, they felt that the word expressed all that the fellow looked; indeed, young Lawton was momentarily inspired when he made the comparison.

The new-comer was very like a koodoo, with his long legs and arms, high shoulders, and bony, lantern-jawed face, over which the skin was stretched so tightly that it appeared to be in danger of cracking. A pair of humid, melancholy black eyes, that seemed to have looked more nearly at Sorrow than was good for them, only heightened the pathetic comicality of his appearance. There was something about him that made you feel inclined at times to rub his head with your knuckles and offer him a lettuce to nibble. Not that he invited advances or encouraged them when they were made. He spent the day leaning against the taffrail—he had come on board without a deck-chair—and smoking incessant pipes of ugly native manufacture. When the men spoke to him he answered civilly,

but with a reserve that showed that he did not wish to be drawn out; and of the ladies he simply took no notice.

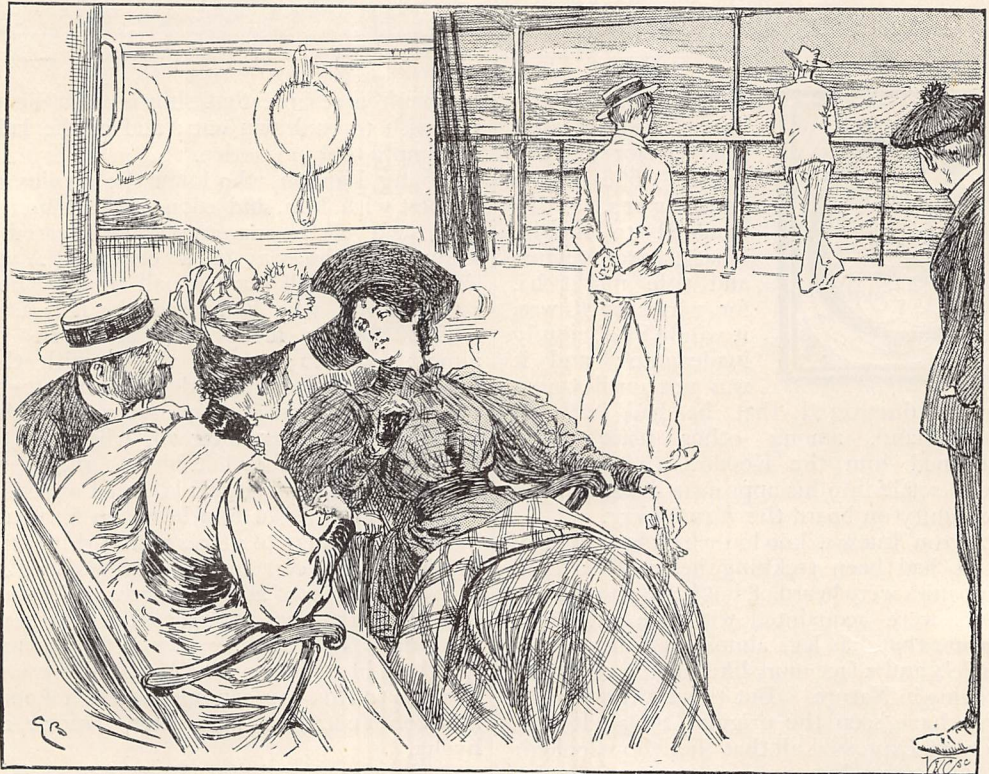
Young Lawton, who knew the species, got on best with him, and soon satisfied himself, and such of the passengers who cared to know, that he was of a common Anglo-African type, half hunter, half trader, wholly rolling-stone, who had lived the life of the natives for so many years that he had almost come to look at things with their eyes. When you have deliberately stepped out of civilisation it does not seem such a very great blessing, after all, when you return to it. So they left him to smoke and ruminate and stare seawards, and Lawton invented stories about him in which he figured as cutting niggers to pieces with a rhinoceros-hide whip, and carrying off a king's daughter beneath a storm of assegais that would appear, like the Athenian arrows, to have darkened the sun. It is mainly owing to Lawton's sprightly imagination that Mrs. Commissioner Irlam is to this day convinced that a koodoo is a combination of man-eater, vampire, and hyena.

Society on board the *Fanti King* was, all things considered, of a very superior quality. Of course, you would hardly look for a K.C.M.G. on a Liverpool merchant steamer that trades down the West Coast and packs away a handful of passengers between its cargo; if you did you would certainly be disappointed. But if you could content your soul with a Civil Commissioner and his wife, and a Commissariat Captain and his wife, with such items as a prosperous Scotch trader from Bonny, and a telegraph official who had been to a public school, the *Fanti King* numbered all these attractions among its passengers. There were also odds and ends like Lawton and his friend Fullars, who knew the Zambesi better than most of us know the Thames; an assortment of withered young men from Sierra Leone, Lagos, and other desirable residential localities; a couple of Portuguese ladies, who

were understood to own vineyards in Madeira; and a stray German governess who had lost her luggage.

The majority were returning to England after years of exile, and were taking with them the ideas and fashions of a decade ago. They had heard from time to time, through occasional newspapers, and still more occasional letters, of changes and new movements, of plays and books and songs

happily British, and that was the tenacity with which they clung to their points of etiquette and rights of precedence, and showed each other—not in words, maybe, still less in actions, but by indefinable inflexions of manner and bearing—that they were alive to the nice distinctions of their respective social strata. The healthy snobbism that “keeps us all in our proper stations,” and strengthens us to repress any undue aspirations in our



“OF THE LADIES HE SIMPLY TOOK NO NOTICE” (p. 469).

that were to them names only, dim and unmeaning, of times and manners that were strange to them. But the fresh influences of the succeeding years had not reached them; theirs was still the theory of life that had prevailed when they left England. The gods that they had worshipped might have fallen into neglect and disuse, but they did not know it; and of the new gods that had been set up they could not speak. So the ladies wore dresses that were perfect in their eyes until they set foot on the landing-stage at Liverpool, and the men wondered what in the world they would talk about when their friends at home tired of West Coast politics. In one respect they were completely and

inferiors, is as flourishing a virtue on the Equator as it is in Belgravia.

So Mrs. Irlam, being the wife of the Civil Commissioner, reigned over the world as it moved on board the *Fanti King* as by right divine, and Mrs. Brendal, the wife of the Commissariat Captain, reigned with her, a sort of twin-sister queen. The German governess crept after them when they moved, and crouched at the side of their deck-chairs when they sat reading dilapidated Tauchnitz volumes, or making a great show of industry over crochet-work. The Portuguese ladies disliked the sea, and sat apart, a bilious, sad-eyed twain. Irlam and Brendal paced the deck together, wearing gloves and smoking

endless cigars. They talked official matters till their limited store of statecraft was spent, and then tried to trace the whereabouts of mutual acquaintances down the Coast. Lawton and Fullars devoted themselves to the married ladies, and were cordially accepted as Ministers of State, who could carry wraps and cushions, tell amusing stories of adventure, and assist in a light-hearted, well-bred fashion to while away the hours on board ship, where life is a waiting between a meal and a meal.

The Koodoo, nursing his uncouth pipes, would look with melancholy eyes at the little group which represented in itself all that was finest and most perfect in social distinction, but he remained persistently in the desert, and showed not the least inclination to dispose his angular frame at the feet of Mrs. Irlam. The Scotch trader from Bonny and the telegraph official were more ambitious, and hovered on the outskirts of the circle, duly grateful for an occasional recognition and the tolerant patronage of the Ministers of State.

As the days wore on and the exiles began in anticipation to sniff the English breezes, intercourse became freer, and the little episodes of ship life began to build themselves into a consecutive and coherent history—a coral island of insignificant incidents, the particles of which had a meaning only for those who had been concerned in the creation of the structure. In this scheme of things the isolation of the Koodoo figured prominently.

The mystery of silence is always more fascinating to women than to men, possibly by reason of the attraction of the most unlike qualities; and when to this strange habit you add a behaviour that is manifestly correct, if somewhat rough at the edges, and a pair of despairing eyes, you may safely depend on awakening a large amount of feminine curiosity. Mrs. Irlam and Mrs. Brendal discussed the creature in little half-indifferent phrases several times a day, and suggested to the Ministers of State that he should be caught and tamed. The Ministers of State tried to discourage the idea, with sundry grim references to a highly-coloured past, which should have debarred any properly constituted monarch from desiring the presence of so besmirched a subject, but which had but slight effect on the fancy of the two queens.

Mrs. Brendal came nearest to making an impression on the reserved man, for one day, when she was picking her way somewhat painfully through "Ehren on the Rhine" on the little tinkling piano in the saloon, his long shadow darkened the doorway, and he leaned against it listening to the old-fashioned, worn-out tune, his back studiously

turned on the company and his eyes fixed seaward. This sign of grace in the Koodoo furnished a new topic for conversation that evening, and Mrs. Brendal made a point of "Ehren on the Rhine" in the next two or three days, and was rewarded by seeing his ungainly form against the doorway. Mrs. Irlam, who had failed to cultivate her former Bayswater acquaintance with the arts, did not venture to essay the piano, and noted her sister sovereign's advantage with displeasure. Determined on a bold stroke, she despatched Lawton on a secret service mission to the Koodoo with peremptory instructions to return with him captive of her bow and spear. The Koodoo pleaded a headache, and fled to the foc's'le and inspected the sailors' pets. Mrs. Irlam gasped, and consoled herself with Frederick the Great.

Frederick the Great was a very small monkey who lived in a parrot cage, and, as a rule, received more attention from the German governess than from his mistress. Had the Koodoo surrendered, and had other things happened differently, it might not have been necessary to introduce him into this story, but from this point onwards Frederick the Great was constantly at Mrs. Irlam's side, and was fed with sections of banana and told that he was more of a Christian than a certain long-limbed, lantern-jawed young man whom the captain ought not to allow to travel first-class. Frederick the Great infinitely preferred the light and company on deck to his gloomy corner in the saloon, and assumed exemplary manners, which gained for him a prolongation of consideration and gracious treatment. With almost human ingratitude he took an intense dislike to the Koodoo, and chattered angrily when he came in sight. The Koodoo was sublimely indifferent. What is one monkey more or less?

The day that the *Fanti King* entered the Bay the weather grew dirtier, and at nightfall the sea was heavy and the trained eyes of the look-out man found it difficult to pierce the darkness. The steamer, sorely weighted with her cargo, lumbered clumsily through the wild water, and the ladies kept away from the saloon. The men, finding that cigars on deck were an impossibility, regretfully bade each other good-night and sought their berths, where they lay listening to the buffets of the waves on the ship's sides and the lamentations of the Portuguese ladies. Suddenly, above the clamour of the storm, there came a crash and shock that sent everything movable flying from its place, followed by a rushing of heavy feet along the deck and a loud shouting of orders.

Within a few minutes the terrified passengers had crowded into the saloon in every condition of haphazard and undignified attire, and the second officer came down in his dripping oilskins to tell them what had happened. There had been a collision, probably with a derelict, but the night was so dark that they could not see clearly. The steamer had been damaged a bit, but how much the captain could not at present say. Everything would be done for their safety, and meanwhile they must keep calm and put on plenty of clothes, for it might be necessary to take to the boats. At this announcement Mrs. Irlam screamed and went off into hysterics, requiring the immediate attention of her husband, Lawton, and Fullars. Mrs. Brendal made a feeble attempt to do up her hair, while the Commissariat Captain swore roundly and took repeated pulls at his flask.

Every face was wild with fear; every heart unnerved. Someone cried that the ship was sinking, and there was a mad rush for the door that was only checked by the second officer threatening to shoot the first man that ascended the companion, adding that the boats were being prepared and that there would be plenty of time to get away if they would only keep steady. They remained in a terror-stricken group at the foot of the companion, getting drenched with the water that began to sweep down from the deck.

Then, above the confusion, they heard the piano tinkle, and turning to the saloon, saw the Koodoo, bleeding from a small cut on his forehead, quietly playing to himself. He wore no collar, and his long brown neck looked more than ever like the neck of an animal as he threw back his head and listened to the music. Slowly he played, as if his fingers were unaccustomed to the notes and it was a pain to them to pick out the right ones; but the tune jangled out bravely, and the wretched little piano sang the beautiful melody of "Abide with me." In F, the easiest and most effective of all keys, with crude harmonies and clumsy fingerings, he played the hymn, slowly and over and over again, apparently unconscious of the half-distraught men and women who gathered round him. As they listened, and the simple air crept into their hearts, their fear seemed quieted, and the anxiety began to die away from their faces. Then the German governess sought, in a piping quaver, to sing the words—

"Abide wid me, fast falls der efendide."

She sang with a trembling voice, and, hardly knowing how or why, in a few moments the great ladies and gentlemen who had cut such a figure on the *Fanti King* had joined in,

humbly repeating the grand words of faith and prayer, led by a friendless little nobody of a German governess, and accompanied by the Koodoo. Presently the captain entered and told them to come on deck, the women first, and as once again the love of life and the fear of death asserted themselves, they rushed from the saloon, leaving the Koodoo still at the piano. He saw them go, and smiled a little as he noted the selfishness written on every face. "Abide with me," he thought grimly; "I wonder whether they would have sung it if it had been 'Abide with us.'"

The water was now washing into the saloon—the steamer was evidently sinking—and the man at the piano played a few soft closing chords and rose leisurely. At that moment a heavy sea struck the vessel, and a large piece of wreckage was swept against the doorway, where it jammed, making it impossible to get out. He leaned against the framework of the door for a while, much as he had done on the days when Mrs. Brendal had played "Ehren on the Rhine." He could hear the cries of the sailors as the boats were lowered. No one came near him, and the movements on deck grew less, until they ceased and he only heard the dull thud of the waves striking the vessel. He did not attempt to fight the wreckage that blocked the doorway, but threw himself on a couch and, covering his eyes, remained still. A shrill chattering came from the parrot-cage, where Frederick the Great was shaking wildly at the bars of his prison, and uttering frantic lamentations. The man rose and waded through the water, which was now nearly knee-deep, to the monkey, whom he released. The terrified little creature leaped into his arms and nestled beneath the breast of his coat. Again he stretched his long legs upon the couch and looked with his sorrowful eyes at the tiny human face beside him. "Frederick, my son," he said lazily, "we're about done. What was that Shelley said about solving the great mystery? He was on the sea then, too, and knew how easy it would be. Thank God, it is so easy for us, men and monkeys and all, only you monkeys haven't got the sense to see it. Now, look here, Frederick, don't you make a scene when the time comes. You're going to die with an English gentleman, and that's a privilege that none of your ancestors ever enjoyed, so mind you make the most of it."

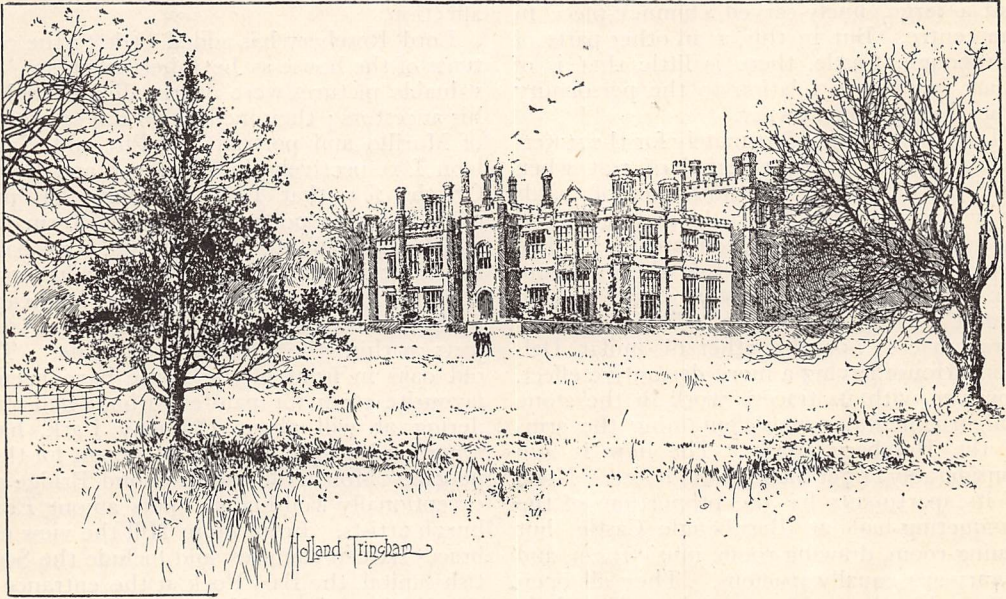
With a long, bony finger he caressed the wizened face, and the little beast tried to tell him how much it loved him.

"That's all right, Frederick," he said reassuringly. "Now say your prayers and wait."

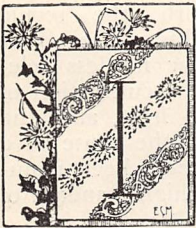
And so together they waited.

THE HOMES OF LORD ROSEBERY.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.



DALMENY PARK, LORD ROSEBERY'S SCOTCH RESIDENCE.



It is hard to say to which of Lord Rosebery's various residences precedence should be given. Dalmeny House, in the Lothians, is his ancestral home; Mentmore Towers, near Leighton Buzzard, is endeared to him as the dowry of his late wife;

and "The Durdans," at Epsom, has in his eyes the good quality of nearness both to town and to the famous Downs; whilst to the London house in Berkeley Square his lordship has been faithful ever since the beginning of his political career.

Dalmeny might well content Lord Rosebery for a considerable part of the year. Only an hour's drive from Edinburgh, it is beautifully situated on the shores of the Firth of Forth, near the ancient burgh of Queensferry, a name which perpetuates the memory of Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, who was accustomed to cross the water at this point on her pilgrimages to Dunfermline. Travellers for the North nowadays cross here by the stately bridge which engineering skill recently raised, and which has brought Dalmeny within two miles of a railway station that bears its name. It is a

pleasant walk from this railway station to the Rosebery gates, along the wooded banks of the Forth.

Barnbougle Castle is first reached—the old home of the Roseberys. When Dalmeny House was built, about eighty years ago, by John Archibald Primrose, the fourth Earl, this ancient edifice was beginning to fall into ruin, and in 1820 its ruin was accomplished by the agency of gunpowder. But to the present earl the ruin thus artificially produced—picturesque though the crumbling fragments of walls may have appeared to many—was always an eyesore, and some years ago he had it restored as nearly as possible in accordance with its original design. Thus Barnbougle Castle, although of quite recent build, has the characteristics of a baronial mansion of about the time of James the Fourth of Scotland—with massive stone turrets and corbels and gabled walls and porches of solid masonry.

The interior of Barnbougle Castle, as restored by Lord Rosebery, is in keeping with these characteristics of feudal times. Its large entrance-hall has walls and ceilings of panelled oak, and is furnished with heavy chairs and tables of the same wood. The library and reading-room are on the ground floor, and above them is a noble banqueting

hall, such as would have delighted Sir Walter Scott. In height and breadth it is thirty feet, and double that dimension in length. Oak is again predominant; the ceiling is of this wood, as well as the music-gallery at one end, and a large, finely-carved chimney-piece in the centre. But in this, as in other parts of Barnbogle Castle, there is little that is of much interest in relation to the personality of its distinguished owner.

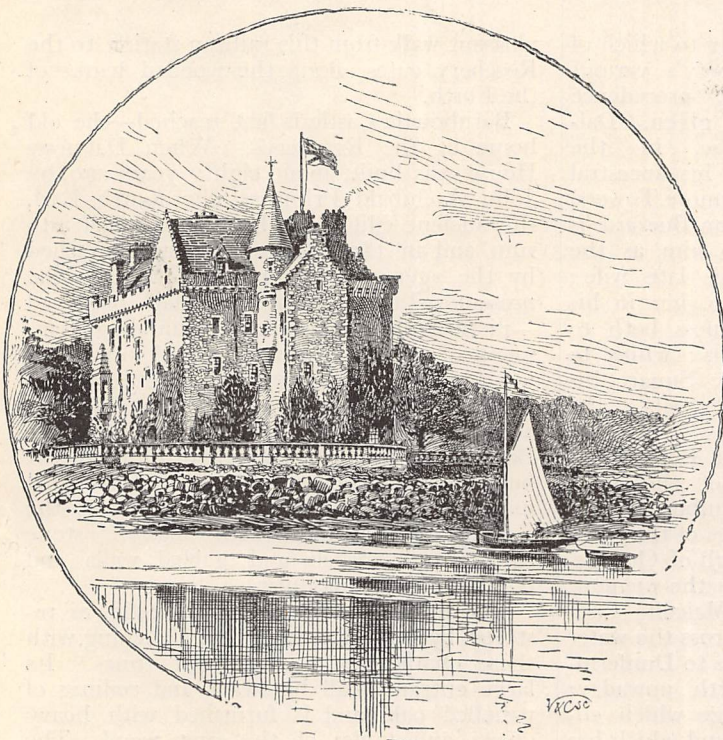
Dalmeny House—fortunately for the statesman's enjoyment of a period of rest when staying there—is some hundreds of yards away from Barnbogle Castle, almost beyond sound of any but gale-driven breakers. The two buildings are just visible the one from the other through the clusters of trees which almost encircle them both. Their architectural style is not altogether dissimilar, Dalmeny House having a more decorative effect, however, with its tracery work in the stone and ornamental panels containing the arms of the Rosebery family. The new is also considerably larger than the old house. None of its apartments has the proportions of the banquetting-hall at Barnbogle Castle, but dining-room, drawing-room, music-room, and library are equally spacious. They all open into a broad corridor running the whole

length of the house from the Gothic entrance-hall. This corridor is richly lighted by stained-glass windows, and it has another of the finely-carved oak roofs for which Lord Rosebery would seem to have so great an affection.

Lord Rosebery has added little to the contents of the house as he inherited them. Its valuable pictures were nearly all collected by his ancestors; they include several specimens of Murillo and portraits (of Pitt and Napoleon I. respectively) by Lawrence and David. Of the few that Lord Rosebery has purchased, a fine portrait of Prince Bismarck, which hangs in the dining-room, is probably the most important. In the drawing-room and the music-room are many landscapes by Scottish artists, several having their subjects within the Dalmeny demesne. The old oaks in front of the house have been a favourite study for painters, who, when wandering at will about Dalmeny Park, have found, indeed, plenty of employment for their pencils. Mons Hill and Cramond Bridge are exceptionally well-known spots among Edinburgh artists. From Mons Hill the view embraces sixteen counties, and include the Scottish capital, the Bass Rock at the entrance to the Firth of Forth, North Berwick, Stirling

Castle, and Ben Lomond. But Lord Rosebery is not content with the scenic beauty of his estate. Dalmeny is now no less celebrated for the cultivation of flowers and fruit, and the gardens near the house have for many years been maintained on a high standard of excellence.

The village of Dalmeny is about three miles from the house. Besides the church and the manse, it consists of merely a few cottages. The church, which was existing in the twelfth century, is exceptionally interesting as a fine example of Norman ecclesiastical architecture. The edifice has, of course, undergone much reparation—the last occasion was in 1816—but its original character has been well preserved. It has sittings for 350, the population of the parish of Dalmeny being about 1,500. For more than two centuries it has been the burying-place of Lord



BARNBOUGLE, FROM THE SEA

Rosebery's family, but the mausoleum on the north side of the church is noteworthy only for its simplicity.

In Queensferry, with its population of fisher-folk, now numbering about 2,000, the Rosebery family have always taken much interest. The most important structure, next to the church, in the little town, which stands at about the centre of the one long, rugged street, is an epitome of the friendly relations between them. It is of a curiously composite character. It seems to have started as a drinking-fountain in 1819, and, as an inscription informs us, was erected by the magistrates and Town Council as a mark of respect to the then Earl of Rosebery, who had lately furnished the town with a pier and a "bleaching-green." A clock-tower was added in 1887 in celebration of the Jubilee of the Queen, about whose visit to Dalmeny House, in 1842, several of the oldest inhabitants were then full of reminiscences. A third and most important building was undertaken in 1893, when Lord Rosebery presented the little town with a public hall and recreation rooms as a memorial of his deceased wife. Probably Lady Rosebery's kindly nature and charitable disposition, however, had already endeared her memory among the rough Queensferry people.

Dalmeny first became the home of the Primrose family by the act of Sir Archibald Primrose, a distinguished lawyer of Stuart times, whose memory has been revered by its members above that of all other ancestors. Sir Archibald was Clerk of the Privy Council under Charles the First, but retired into private life in consequence of the success of the Parliament in its struggle with the king. The Restoration brought him into the public service again, as Lord Register of Scotland. Two centuries before, the Primroses had held land at Inverkeithing, in Perthshire, and at a later period they had property near Culross, in Perthshire. But Sir Archibald was landless, and before he died, in 1679, he realised a long-cherished ambition by the purchase of the Dalmeny estate of the Earl of Haddington. What is perhaps more remarkable, although he amassed a considerable fortune, Sir Archibald Primrose lived and died, in an age of political corruption, without a stain upon his name.

Lord Rosebery's Scottish home is, of course, quite eclipsed by the magnificence of "the lordly pleasure house" which the late Baron Meyer Rothschild built about forty years ago. Mr. Stokes, R.A., the architect of Mentmore Towers, was told to take Wollaton for his model, and given a free hand as to cost. The



THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.

(From a photograph by G. Jerrard, Regent Street, W.)

product of Mr. Stokes's talent and a prodigious expenditure was a building whose beauty is equal to its size, on a site which would seem to have been made for such a palace. About four miles from Leighton Buzzard, and six from Aylesbury, Mentmore Towers stands on an elevation which, without being very considerable, gives the splendid building a singular distinction from the flatness of the surrounding valley and the abruptness of the descent. Its six richly-decorated towers stand out boldly against the sky, an object of admiration for the wayfarer on any of the roads to Aylesbury.

At close quarters the sight is no less impressive. As you walk through the park, along the drive from the village, it is presented to you suddenly by a bend in the road, and your footsteps are arrested in sheer wonderment; such is the contrast between this fine piece of Italian architecture and the characteristic English landscape, simply pastoral, amid which it is set. The raised terraces, ornamented by marble vases and reached by flights of white stone steps, and the beautifully-designed Italian gardens, adorned by numerous pieces of sculpture, are in perfect accord with

the whole design of the building, which, although so massive, gives one an agreeable idea of lightness and brightness. Not a leaf touches the marble and stone walls; and, despite the richly turfed and timbered ground by which it is surrounded, Mentmore Towers, for the moment, produces the illusion that it is some fine civic edifice, and not a country mansion at which you are gazing.

The interior, it need hardly be said, is in artistic keeping with its exterior. In securing art treasures worthy of his splendid home the late Baron Rothschild spared neither trouble nor expense. The dining-room has a mantel-piece from Rubens's house, and the Doge's chandeliers hang in the ball-room. Many of the pictures came from the Manfrini Gallery at Venice, and there are valuable pieces of statuary in almost every room. The house also contains many specimens of the most rare and precious marble, as well as Limoges enamels.

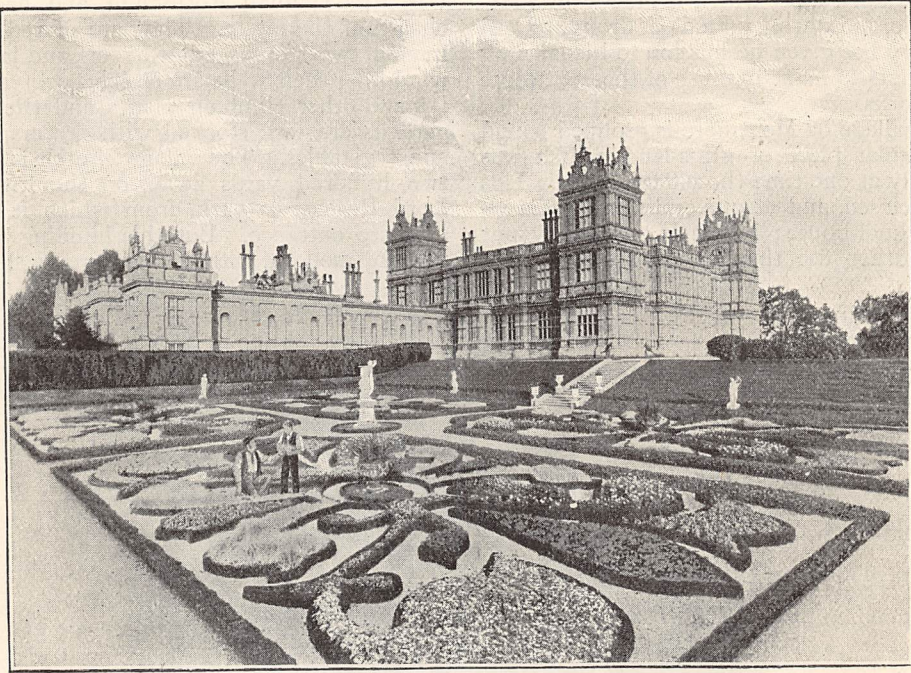
The paddocks and the stables, where several of his famous horses are generally to be found, now form the greatest attraction of Mentmore for Lord Rosebery. They are both at some distance from the house. The stables were built on an extensive scale in the form of a quadrangle by the Baron, whose "love for a good horse" equalled that of the present owner of Mentmore. They are of dark red brick, the inner walls being white terra-cotta,

which has been found excellent for cleanliness, but rather trying to the eyesight of some animals. In the numerous stalls—when "the family" are in residence—the best riding and driving animals in the country are to be seen—such as Lord Rosebery's favourite "hack," a fine docile creature, "Fulham" by name, and the Lady Sybil's little pony, for instance. All four children of the statesman are good riders, but of late the bicycle has temporarily taken the place of the pony in the affections of his two young sons. The meadows of the stud-farm would doubtless have an intense interest for innumerable people, for there such famous animals as Ladas and Bonny Jean, Foxhall and Illuminata, are to be seen taking their morning exercise.

Among horticulturists Mentmore is famous for its glasshouses. There are more than I could keep count of in walking through them—some being filled with flowering plants, others with ferns and palms, and still more devoted to the production of tomatoes, cucumbers, peaches, and similar delicacies for the table. In the centre of this wonderful range of houses is a fine glass dome. The collection of orchids was largely the outcome of Lady Rosebery's interest in the quaintest of flowers, whilst a large number of Indian plants remind one of the visit Lord Rosebery paid to our great Dependency a few years ago. The orchards are hardly less remarkable. In some



MENTMORE VILLAGE.—COTTAGES BUILT BY LADY ROSEBERY.



MENTMORE TOWERS

(From a photograph by W. F. Piggott, Leighton Buzzard.)

seasons more apples and pears to the acre have been grown at Mentmore than anywhere else in the country.

The two favourite spots of Lady Rosebery—the dairy and the aviary—have been kept as they were in her ladyship's lifetime. The latter is pleasantly situated, close to the gardener's old-fashioned house and in the midst of richly-tinted foliage. The rare and the curious in bird-life always had a great fascination for Lady Rosebery, and she gathered here some of the most beautiful and wonderful specimens from all parts of the world. In Lady Rosebery's affections birds had the same place as horses in those of her father and her husband. One of the most curious features, by the way, of the park is a bronze statue of the late Baron's favourite thorough-bred, "King Tom," which stands in the carriage drive quite near the house. The statue, which is life-size, was the work of Sir Edgar Boehm, and cost £1,500. The dairy is a pretty little building of Elizabethan architecture; it has small three-cornered windows, and is protected from the sun by the foliage of some old trees, as well as by a verandah covered with honeysuckle and wild roses. The room in which Lady Rosebery was accustomed to serve fruit and cream to her friends on a summer afternoon is a

delightful surprise. The walls are of terra-cotta mosaic, the floor of tessellated stones partly covered by Oriental rugs, and in the centre there is a marble fountain. On two or three dainty tables there are tea-services of Dresden and other ware, as well as some beautiful vases filled with flowers of delicate scent. A few light easy-chairs and a number of medals and silver cups—prizes won by the produce of the dairy at various exhibitions—complete the furnishing of what ladies visiting Mentmore were accustomed to find a charming retreat from the heat and glare of the day.

The dairy is small compared with the size of the dairy farm at Mentmore, which is one of the largest even in the land of milk and butter about Aylesbury. Practically the whole of the milk of about 120 cows is sent daily to London, Lord Rosebery having a large depôt at Notting Hill, from which it is distributed over the West End. Altogether, Lord Rosebery farms about 1,400 acres of his own land at Mentmore, all but 200 acres being pasture. There are about 300 cattle, about a thousand sheep, and several score of horses on this land. The farm and its method of management is an object of great interest to the tenants on the estate, to many of whom it has given valuable hints in agricultural science. The late Baron Rothschild provided the farm

with a water-supply which is practically inexhaustible, and during periods of drought Lord Rosebery has given permission to his farming neighbours to make free use of the Mentmore waterworks.

The village of Mentmore is grouped round a triangular piece of grass-land, which was evidently at one time the village green. It is now enclosed, and at one end there is a well-built school-house; but it is apparently put to no other use than as a playground for

was Miss Hannah Rothschild, and had sole charge of the estate. They are of red brick, having two storeys, gabled roofs, and latticed windows; their walls are largely covered with ivy and other climbing plants, and the large gardens are well stocked with flowers, fruit, and vegetables. The village church is about two hundred yards away, on the fringe of Lord Rosebery's park, from which it has a separate entrance. But this building, which is quite modern, with its bare grey walls and



LORD ROSEBERY'S TOWN HOUSE.

the school children. In one corner of this triangular collection of cottages, which are close to the principal entrance to Mentmore Towers, is the "Stag" Inn, by far the oldest building in the village. This old inn, with its low ceilings, stone floors, and cracked walls, is in marked contrast, indeed, to the comparatively new habitations which the late Lady Rosebery had built for the villagers when she

plain windows, does not make an attractive picture.

At Epsom Lord Rosebery has not the same status as landed proprietor which he enjoys at Mentmore and Dalmeny; his ownership of the soil there is confined to the meadows which surround his house. But personally his lordship is as popular in the little Surrey town as in Bucks or the Lothians; and this



THE DURDANS, EPSOM.

popularity, it need hardly be said, was largely augmented by the double victory of his horse "Ladas," a couple of years ago. Such was the popular feeling, indeed, at the time, that in the enthusiasm of the moment an innkeeper changed the name—"The Fox," I believe it was—which his hostelry had borne for many years in favour of "The Ladas." The ex-Premier, it may be added, showed his appreciation of the feeling which prompted the act by sending to the innkeeper, with his compliments, a photographic copy of Mr. Adams' picture of the distinguished racer.

"The Ladas" Inn is a few hundred yards from "The Durdans," on the road from the town to the Downs. "The Durdans" stands back only 50 yards or so from the road, and across meadows at times beautiful with buttercups and snowdrops is in full view of the passer-by. But, except at race-times, there is little traffic along this narrow, and very often muddy, lane; and, although so close to the town, "The Durdans" has, generally speaking, as much quietude and seclusion as even a tired statesman could desire. The house, with its dull red bricks and plain solidity, is suggestive of the end-of-last-century style. It is just such an old-fashioned country house as may be seen on any day's

drive out of London; and there is nothing about it to attract much attention, unless it be the extraordinary vigour with which the ivy has almost completely covered the walls. There is something distinctive, however, about the high railings and big gates of finely-wrought iron, bearing Lord Rosebery's crest and monogram, which stand between the meadow and the roadway. It was apparently Lord Rosebery's intention at one time to have an entrance-hall and carriage-drive in the front of the house; as it is, the gates open—if they ever open—on to a fine piece of pasture, which a small flock of sheep are occasionally permitted to enjoy, and the visitors to "The Durdans" make their way between two substantial brick pillars to an old-fashioned doorway at the side of the house.

Quite close to the mansion are the quarters for the horses, which give it its chief *raison d'être*, and which occupy about as much ground. There are twelve separate stalls for the animals Lord Rosebery may have in training on the Downs, each forming a separate little building of brick-work and wood, besides a large ivy-covered structure, of a shape rather resembling a chapel, where driving-horses and vehicles are housed.

IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT.

BY L. T. MEADE.

STORY II.—THE HEART OF VICTORIA.

TOLD BY MATTHEW GRAY.



SHORTLY after the railway accident during which my wife nearly lost her life, I was appointed editor to the *Fleet Street Monthly*. I liked the post, and entered on my new experiences with much zest. Amongst the many contributors to the paper was a man of the name of Basil Housman. He had been an old friend of mine for several years, and I was only too delighted to obtain his somewhat distinguished services, for he was a man of science and a noted traveller. I was never permitted, however, to get a real glimpse into his true character until the following short story occurred.

Housman and I had been friends from our college days, and when he happened to be in London he put up, as a rule, at my house. He was an eminently attractive man, and possessed much personal charm. Wherever he went he made friends. This fact was altogether remarkable, and showed the genuineness of his inner nature, for, as far as externals were concerned, he was, without any exception, the ugliest man I have ever seen. His ugliness was of the essentially pronounced type, and was so self-asserting that it caused comment wherever he appeared. His face was large and roughly hewn, his features irregular, his eyes sunken and small, his skin swarthy; the harsh stubble which took the name of hair on his bulldog head was in keeping with the rest of his characteristics—in short, he was ugly with that aggressiveness which annoys the eye until you know the man so well that you forget the face in the interest which the character gives you.

My friend's name, I have already said, was Basil Housman. Housman is a German name, and some of Basil's characteristics were undoubtedly due to the Fatherland. His ugly face was in no way redeemed by his figure, which was short and ungainly. His arms were too long, his legs too short; he was thickly set too, and when he walked across a room, he did so with a rolling gait which was the reverse of graceful. But his voice was wonderfully beautiful; it was deep and mellow with many modulations. He had also a

gentle and attractive manner, more particularly when he addressed women and children. When he came to stay with us, my wife and I were always delighted to welcome him. He would come without warning or invitation, quite certain that we would be glad to see him, and not wishing to have any fuss made over him.

One afternoon in the beginning of the month of November I had just returned home after a hard day's work, when I saw that the hall was piled up with Housman's belongings. Rugs, Gladstone bags, portmanteaus, a strap full of sticks, and several queer ungainly boxes stopped the way.

"Hullo! here you are!" cried the hearty voice of my friend. He issued out of my study with a pipe in his mouth.

"Welcome back, Housman," I cried. "It is an age since I have seen you."

"I have turned up like the proverbial bad penny," he replied.

"Not at all," I answered; "you know how welcome you are. How long is it since we last met?"

"Two years, five months, and a fortnight," replied Housman promptly. "To be quite accurate I left here at four o'clock on——"

I held up my hand warningly.

"My dear fellow," I replied, "spare me particulars. Suffice it to say I am delighted to see you. By the way, does the wife know you are here?"

"Does she not? I have had tea with her and a long chat—my room was got ready for me nearly two hours ago."

"Then why are all these things in the hall?"

"Because I am only going to stay for a night. I am off to Southsea by the first train in the morning, and I hope to persuade you, Gray, to accompany me."

"I am afraid that is impossible," I replied; "my editorial work——"

"Listen to me—your editorial work must keep. I have a request to make of you. I am about your oldest friend, and I want you to devote your valuable time to me to-morrow—but there, I'll say nothing until we have dined. At what hour is dinner likely to be ready?"

"At once, I hope. My wife is dining at her club to-night, so we shall be alone. I'll

run upstairs to wash my hands, and will meet you in five minutes in the library."

During dinner Housman made himself as agreeable as was his wont. He told story after story in such a manner, with such an inimitable sense of the humour of the situation, that it was impossible to restrain from hearty roars of laughter as I listened to him, and I noticed that the servants had much ado to keep their composure.

lover of Nature and of mankind in general could never concentrate his affections on one woman only. I shared the general opinion on this point, and, in my surprise and delight, started up impulsively to shower congratulations upon him.

He held up one of his huge hands to intercept my words.

"I know exactly what you want to say," he replied. "Let us suppose it said and come to



"NOW FOR YOUR NEWS."

When dinner was over, we went back to the library, and, seating ourselves in two arm-chairs, stretched out our legs to the grateful blaze.

"Now for your news," I said, looking full at my friend.

He turned as I spoke, and looked me in the face. His keen short-sighted eyes assumed an expression of pleasant thought. He paused for nearly half a minute before replying; then he said, as if he were discharging a pistol into my face—

"I am going to be married."

Now his many friends prophesied that Housman would never marry, that such a rover could not ever settle down, that such a

facts. I am engaged to be married. The girl's name is Victoria Hynton. I met her on board one of the P. and O. boats returning from India. She was accompanying her father and mother and a young brother to England. Her father is known by his friends as O. P. Hynton; he is an American of the pronounced type, and has, I believe, made a lot of money in oil. They intend to take a house near Southsea, and Victoria has promised to be mine as soon as I can make arrangements for our wedding. The whole thing suits admirably. I am desperately in love with Victoria, and she is desperately in love with me. O. P. Hynton and Mrs. Hynton are charmed to give their daughter to an Englishman,

and, in short, I am the happiest fellow in existence."

"What is the girl like?" I asked after a pause.

Housman lay back in his chair, and began to puff circles of smoke out of his pipe. He watched the vapour as it curled into the air and disappeared; then taking the pipe out of his mouth, he turned and looked at me.

"You do not believe in lovers' rhapsodies, do you?" he asked.

"I like to hear them in the case of genuine fellows like you," I replied. "It is my opinion that a man cannot be too much in love with a girl before marriage. I believe in fervent attachments—they wear best in the end."

He smiled in a somewhat sardonic way.

"You would not have thought me capable of that sort of thing?" he asked.

"Well, no," I replied. "You have always made yourself so agreeable to every girl you came across, that I did not know it was in you to devote yourself wholly and entirely to one."

"Look here," he said, altering his tone on the instant, "I don't believe I can stand chaff on this subject even from you. I am caught at last—bitten hard—bowled over, all the rest. I am thirty-five, she is eighteen, but in our special case difference of age does not really matter."

"I am glad of that," I replied. "You certainly are a good bit her senior. But tell me what she is like. Have you got her photograph anywhere about you?"

"Here," he said, tapping his waistcoat. "I'll show it to you presently—I'd like to describe her first."

"Very well, go ahead," I answered.

"She is tall and fair," began Housman, "the fairest girl I ever met in my life. Nothing dark about her except her eyes—they are large, well open, and of a bright brown colour—here——" He started forward, pulled a velvet case out of his pocket, touched the spring, and handed it to me open to look at.

"You can see for yourself," he said; "I am the luckiest fellow in existence."

I looked at the photograph with interest. It was taken in profile, and represented a girl whose perfect features and whose natural slim young grace could not but be apparent to the most casual observer. The head was nobly formed, and the waving bright hair grew low on the forehead, and was fastened up in a picturesque mass at the back of the head. The features were as regular as those of a Greek goddess.

"Yes," I said, as I returned the photograph to its owner, "that is a picture of a beautiful girl. But I confess I should like to see her in

full face. I cannot judge of the eyes in a profile picture."

"I told you the eyes were dark," said Housman—"the darkest, brightest brown—very dark." He paused; then added abruptly, "Gray, my next words will surprise you. Victoria is stone blind."

I looked my astonishment. I did not speak a word for an instant.

"Blind from her birth," he continued; "never saw the sun, nor the sea, nor Nature in any of her aspects. You will understand therefore that the difference in our ages cannot matter a bit."

Still I did not speak. Housman gazed at me, almost suspending his breath to listen for my words.

"Good God!" I cried at last.

My friend sprang instantly to his feet.

"I knew you would say that, and yet I hoped you would not," he exclaimed. "Why should not I love a blind girl? Don't you think it is about the best possible thing that could happen to me?"

"I can't say I do," I replied. "A blind wife! Good God, Housman, what induced you to do it? Is there no chance of her recovering her sight?" I asked.

"God forbid!" he replied.

"What do you mean?"

"Simply what I say."

Housman re-seated himself near me.

"Don't you understand?" he began; "can't you see the matter for yourself? I, of all men, ought to be glad to have a wife like Victoria—my personal appearance."

"Fudge!" I replied. "Don't you know by this time that girls admire ugly men? Not that you are ugly at all to those who really know you."

"Yes, I am," he answered. "I never thought at all about the fact until I knew Victoria, but then I took a good stare at myself in the glass and drew certain conclusions. I accept with perfect calmness the inevitable fact that I am the ugliest man in existence—that is nothing to me because Victoria thinks me beautiful. Yes, it is a lucky chance which gives this lovely blind girl to me. The fact is, Gray, although I am ugly, I am monstrous particular. In short, on the subject of woman, I am fastidious. My wife must be purity itself. Her ideas, her motives must be clear as glass—she must be full of lofty aspiration—she, in short, must belong to heaven, while I belong to earth. Now, cannot you understand that Victoria is all that? The gross and common things of life have been shut away from her, but she has come in some wonderful inexplicable way



"SHE STOOD QUITE STILL FOR A MOMENT."

into close contact with the beautiful. You will know for yourself when you see her. Gray, old chap, she has formed the most curious conception about me. Her impression is that I am the ideal of manly beauty. Now you understand how fatal it would be to my happiness if she were to recover her sight."

"As she has reached the age of eighteen and has been blind from her birth, it is scarcely likely she ever will," I replied. "Of course, I congratulate you, Housman. You always were completely out of the common, and a blind wife will add the crown to your peculiar charms. I need not tell you that I am anxious to see Miss Hynton."

"That is good ; you will come with me to Southsea to-morrow ?"

"With pleasure."

Soon afterwards my friend took his leave. He called for me early the next day when I was to accompany him to Southsea. We arrived there about noon and drove straight to the Hyntons' hotel.

They were prepared for our visit, and welcomed my friend and myself with enthusiasm. O. P. Hynton and his wife

belonged to the better class type of Americans. Their accents, it is true, bore some trace of the country of their birth, but their manners were good, and they were evidently well-educated people. The boy, a lad of fifteen, was a particularly precocious American youth. After chatting with them all for a short time I looked eagerly round for the girl on whom my friend's choice had fallen.

"Run, Charley," said the mother to her son. "Tell Victoria that Mr. Housman and his friend, Mr. Gray, have just arrived. Tell her to come along right in."

The lad started off. The next moment there came a soft rustle of silken drapery, and a very tall and slender girl stood in the doorway. She was dressed in a sort of Liberty costume of very pale green which hung close to her lissom young figure. She stood quite still for a moment, one hand slightly lifted. Her large brown eyes were wide open, and were gazing a little upward as if she meant to follow the light. I noticed how brown they were, quite of a nutty shade, and I also observed even in the first glance something peculiar about the pupils.

As the blind girl stood in the doorway, a ray of sunshine stole across the room and lost itself in her red gold hair. The hair now shone with radiance around her white brow.

Housman went to meet her, took her hand, and led her up to my side.

"This is my friend Gray, Victoria," he said. "I have been telling him all about you."

"I am real glad to see you, Mr. Gray," said Victoria Hynton. Her voice was clear as a bell; there was not a trace of accent about it. It had the same peculiar purity which characterised her face and her wide-open eyes.

"I have read your books," she continued, still keeping her eyes fixed on me as if she could see me. "I admire them very much, more particularly the 'Shadow of the Duke.'"

I felt surprised at hearing her say she had read my books, but I soon found that it was her custom to speak of everything like a person with perfect sight. She seated herself on a chair near me, and nearly took my breath away by going into vivid and rapturous descriptions of some lovely scenery which she had passed through during her journey to England.

"I love scenery beyond anything in the wide world," she said.

"Forgive me," I answered, dropping my voice to a low tone, "how can scenery be of moment to you?"

"Ah," she replied, "I see you know very little about blind people. In one sense, of course, I am blind, but in another, I see. I think I know the peculiar qualities of the atmosphere now so thoroughly that I can tell without anyone describing it—when there is water in the vicinity, also when there are mountains, also when the sky is clouded, also again when the sun shines and the sky is blue. I see landscapes everywhere. I am always making pictures about them. My brother Charley sometimes tells me that my pictures are much more beautiful than the reality. When he tells me so, I no longer wish for your ordinary sight."

I talked to her for a little longer. She was full of brightness and intelligence. In short, she was up-to-date in every particular. After a time I looked at my watch, and found that the hour had arrived when I must catch my return train. I bade Miss Hynton good-bye, and left the room. Mrs. Hynton followed me into the ante-room.

"Well, Mr. Gray," she said in an eager voice, "I hope you are not disappointed in your friend's choice."

"How could I possibly be disappointed?" I replied. "I never met a more beautiful girl than your daughter."

"Yes, but for her want of sight," replied the mother. "Please listen to me for a moment. You do not seem like a stranger, for, of course, I know your books, and Mr. Housman has many times mentioned your name. It is because you seem to us more friend than stranger that I wish now to take you into our confidence. Basil Housman says over and over again that he is quite satisfied to take Victoria in her blindness, but her father and I hope that his quixotic notions in this respect may not be put to the test. In short, we intend to take her to town to-morrow to consult one of the great oculists over her case. This was our principal reason for visiting Europe."

I interrupted in great surprise.

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you have never yet consulted a good doctor about your daughter's eyes?"

"Well, no, I can't say we have. Come along up here, Obadiah." O. P. Hynton, who had entered the ante-room, went at once to his wife's side.

"I have been telling Mr. Gray of our intention of taking Victoria to an oculist in London," she said.

"That's so," he drawled. "That was our real reason for visiting Europe; we did not wish our girl to see any doctor unless she could see the best, so we put off the day of inquiry until she was grown up. Her mother and I are both surprised at Mr. Housman's wish to marry her, but as the young people fixed it all up for themselves, and of course we know nothing but what is good of Mr. Housman, we agreed to the engagement. But we don't intend the wedding to take place until Victoria has at least had a chance of obtaining the use of her eyes."

"Have you told Mr. Housman of your determination?" I asked.

"Well, no; that is just it, we have not," said the wife. "We thought we'd give him a bit of a surprise. He believes he is going to marry a blind girl. Imagine his delight when he sees Victoria with perfect vision."

I remembered some words Housman had said to me the night before, and after a pause I said emphatically—

"I think I would tell him."

"What is the good of disappointing him if there is nothing in it?" questioned Mrs. Hynton.

"The disappointment is much more likely to be the other way," I answered. "Housman is quite in love with the idea of marrying a blind wife."

"A seeing wife will be much more to the point when all's said and done," interposed O. P. "Well, Mr. Gray, we will think over

your suggestion ; and if we think it best, we'll fix it up that he's to know. Anyhow, we take Victoria to London to-morrow."

A moment or two afterwards I took my leave, and returned to town by the next train.

That evening at a late hour, somewhat to my surprise, Housman called to see me. I was in the drawing-room with my wife when he was ushered into the room. He wore his morning clothes, and looked rougher and plainer than I had ever seen him.

"Can I speak to you at once, Gray?" he asked.

"To be sure," I replied, for something in his face immediately aroused my sympathy. "Is my wife in the way?" I continued.

"Not at all," he replied ; "that is, if you care to listen to my unhappy story, Mrs. Gray. The fact is this, I am very nearly as miserable as I was the reverse last night. What do you think those people are going to do?"

"Do you mean the Hyntons?" I asked.

"Yes, I mean O. P. Hynton and his wife. They insist upon taking Victoria to an oculist for the express purpose of giving her back her sight."

"They are quite right to do so," I replied. "But how did you find out about it?"

"Mrs. Hynton told me this afternoon. I never was in a greater rage in my life. I said something of what was in my mind, but it had not the least effect upon her. Now, look here, Gray, we must stop this thing."

"How can we interfere?" I asked. "If the girl has the slightest chance of obtaining such a precious possession as sight, how can you have the heart to deprive her of it?"

"You may say what you like about my conduct in this matter," said Housman, springing to his feet as he spoke ; "but I stick to my statement that the last thing in all the world I wish Victoria to have is the use of her eyes. Can anything be more perfect than perfect? Can any happiness be greater than the cup of bliss full to the brim? I tell you sight will be her undoing ; it will let in evil, it will let in misery. Oh, good God, Gray, can't we stop the thing? If I were her husband, I should have some authority in the matter, but as it is——"

"As it is, you cannot interfere," I said firmly.

He sank down on the nearest chair, and clasped his strong hands tightly together.

"I am sure, Mr. Housman, you are making yourself unhappy very unnecessarily," said Diana in her sweet voice. "If Victoria Hynton is the girl you and my husband have described, nothing can really alter her nature."

"I am none so sure of that," he replied. "The experiment is unnecessary. Again I

repeat it is a pity to damage perfection. I have staked my all on Victoria. She is absolutely unique. There is not a girl like her on the face of God's earth. When she gets her sight, she will be like other girls. And, and—this is the kernel of the trouble, she will see me as I am—ugly and old—old and ugly. Gray, I can't stand it. Is there no power on earth that can stop this thing? I repeat that it is sacrilege to give Victoria any sight but that beautiful inner sight which God Almighty supplies to her."

"I can partly understand your feelings," I said, "but at the same time you will forgive my saying that they are much overstrained. Do you think that you ought from a selfish motive——"

"I? selfish!" interrupted Housman ; "perhaps I am."

He stared across the room in a dazed way.

"Not really, old fellow," I said. "Never since the world was made was there a man who thought less of himself and more of others than you do, but, in this special case, have you the right to interfere in order to deprive a girl of recovering the most precious sense ever given to man?"

"Yes," he said, clapping one hand heavily on his knee, "I believe that I am right. Victoria's case is peculiar—her nature is peculiar. She has been shut away from earth, although living in its midst for eighteen years. You must have seen for yourself, Gray, that the grosser things of life do not touch her."

"I never saw anyone less earthly," I exclaimed.

"Then I believe I am right to keep her so. If she goes to an oculist, he will examine her eyes, and by so doing arouse a painful sensation within her which she will call by the name of 'hope.' She will long for that thing which she has never had, thinking it a much more precious gift than it is. She will be induced to undergo a serious operation by which her perfect physical health will be jeopardised. The operation may or may not be successful. If it fails, she will have undergone unnecessary pain and anxiety. If it succeeds, she will be indeed as a god, knowing good and evil, but never, never to her dying day, will she be the same Victoria she was of old. I believe I am right in trying to do my utmost to preserve her in her present state of innocence."

"Well," I said, after a pause, "the only one who can vote against the interview with the doctor is the young lady herself."

He stared at me when I said this, and then answered in an emphatic voice—

"Jove! you are right, Gray ; and it is my

belief she will vote against it. Hynton and his wife won't surely persevere against the girl's own wish. You and I will go down to Southsea by the earliest train in the morning, and put the test to her."

"I certainly ought not to interfere in the matter," I said.

"You shall not interfere, but you shall tell her what is about to happen—the very tones of my voice might influence her unduly. I'll sit by, but I'll be silent. She has taken a great fancy to you. You shall tell her the simple truth. Will you come?"

"Yes," I answered, "I'll certainly see you through this."

He started up to wring my hand impulsively.

On the following morning we caught an early train to Portsmouth, and found ourselves at the hotel where the Hyntons were staying, at an early hour. We went up immediately to their rooms, and Housman had a private interview with the American and his wife. I waited for him in the ante-room where Mrs. Hynton had told me of their intention with regard to the oculist on the previous day. Housman was absent

about ten minutes. He returned presently with a red face.

"They mean to take her to town to-day," he said, "but have told her nothing as yet. They are firmly determined that she shall have the advice of Hayward, the famous oculist. But, yielding to my persuasions, they now allow you, Gray, to break the news to her. It is my opinion that if she decides against it, they will not insist on the interview."

At that moment I could not help feeling that I was unfit for the work which I had undertaken. I began to feel queer and nervous. Housman's intense anxiety began to re-act upon me.

"Come along," he said excitedly, "she is waiting for us in the drawing-room. I have told her that you have arrived, and she expressed pleasure at once. She is alone—come—they want to catch the twelve o'clock train, and there is not too much time."

We both entered the drawing-room, where Victoria, wearing the soft silken dress she had on the day before, was seated near one of the windows. The day happened to be a balmy one, and the window was open. She



"HER EYES APPEARED TO LOOK FULL IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SEA."

was gazing straight out, her elbow resting on the window-sill, her hand pressed to her cheek. Her eyes, with their peculiar wide-open expression, appeared to look full in the direction of the sea. She started when she heard our steps, and, rising from her seat, came to meet us.

"How do you do, Mr. Gray?" she said, holding out her hand to me. "I am very glad to see you again. Basil, won't you sit here?"

She motioned to a seat close to herself—she took it immediately. I sat down facing her.

"How delicious the morning is!" she said. "I think I like the somewhat damp quality which characterises your English air. Then what a lovely colour the sea is this morning!"

"What is it like?" I asked, to prove her.

"I know the colour quite well by the noise it is making," she replied; "the sea to-day is purple towards the horizon—deep purple—but there is a wonderful tone of grey-blue nearer the shore. The quality of the air which blows on my face tells me that," she continued, faintly smiling.

I looked full at her. She seemed to feel my gaze, and so sensitive were all her nerves that she even had a faint premonition of trouble in the air. She ceased to look in the direction of the sea and turned her face towards me.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked suddenly, putting one of her hands into Housman's. "Have you come to tell me bad news, Mr. Gray?"

"I have come to bring you news," I answered, "but it is certainly not bad. I have been commissioned by your lover—"

"Yes, Victoria, by me," said Basil. "Now listen."

"It is strange that you, Mr. Gray, should be asked to give me news," she continued. "Why does not Basil speak himself?—the thing must be bad."

"No, it is good," I replied.

"Then why are you troubled, and why is Basil troubled?"

"How do you know that I am troubled, darling?" he asked.

"I feel something indescribably sad all over me," she replied. "I have never in my life known trouble, but as it comes to everyone perhaps it is at last coming to me. Please tell me at once what is the matter."

"It is certainly not trouble," I said. "I'll tell you as you wish, at once—then you can judge for yourself. Your father and mother wish to take you to London to-day."

"Yes," she replied gently, "I knew that last night."

"They are taking you for a specified purpose. They want you to see a good oculist."

"An oculist? What is that?"

"An oculist is the name of a doctor who makes the study of the eye his speciality," I replied slowly.

She pressed one of her hands immediately to her eyes.

"Mine don't ache," she said; "they do not trouble me in any way. Why should I see him?"

"With the hope," I replied, "that he may give you your sight."

"My sight," she answered; she turned white to her lips.

I did not add another word. Housman turned and looked at her. Presently, with a long-drawn sigh, she laid her head on his shoulder.

"Is this true, Basil?" she asked. "Is it possible that I, who have always been blind, can be made to see?"

"They say there is a possibility, Victoria," he replied; his great voice trembled.

"Your father and mother have brought you to Europe for the express purpose of consulting Hayward, the great specialist," I continued. "They have never taken you to an oculist before; they wish to do so now. It is quite possible that something may be done to give you your sight."

"My sight," she repeated; "there is a possibility that I shall really see?" Her eyes grew darker than ever, brighter too. The colour came slowly back to her lips and cheeks.

"You must please yourself in this matter, my darling," said Housman. "As you are now, you are absolutely perfect. If you do not wish to be disturbed, Victoria, I vow that I will not let them take you to an oculist. Understand, my darling, that you must please yourself."

"Would not you like me to see, Basil?" she asked very gently.

"You are perfect as you are," he replied.

"I think," I said slowly, "that the choice in this matter remains with you, Miss Hynton. If you are opposed to seeing the oculist, I am given to understand that your father and mother will not press the point. If, on the other hand—"

She interrupted me; she stood up.

"If I am opposed?" she said in a tone of query. "If all were darkness around you, would you be opposed, Mr. Gray?"

"I cannot say that I would," I replied.

"Would you, Basil?"

He said nothing, but he took her hand. The colour rose richer and brighter in her cheeks. She seemed to palpitate all over with wonderful life.

"If it is a question of choice," she said, "my choice is made; I will go."



"HE RUSHED TO HER SIDE, FLUNG HIMSELF ON ONE KNEE, AND FOLDED HER IN HIS STRONG ARMS" (p. 490).

"The oculist may pain and disappoint you, Victoria," said her lover.

"I will go," she repeated. "Even the chance of sight—oh, my God, even the chance!" She fell suddenly on her knees, and the tears rained from her sightless eyes. Housman put his arm round her waist, and lifted her to her feet.

"To be able to see you, Basil," she said; "to be able to see your beautiful face. Oh, Basil, I have chosen!"

He did not say another word. He supported her steps across the drawing-room, and took her into the room where her father and mother were waiting for her.

Housman accompanied Victoria to the oculist.

He came to my house that evening to bring me the news. The opinion of the great man was absolute and decided. She was suffering from congenital cataract, which had she lived in London, or consulted any doctor of eminence, would have been removed in her infancy. There was, in Hayward's opinion, little or no doubt that an operation would enable her to see; although now, as he fully explained to her parents and lover, she could never hope to enjoy the sight which she would have had, had her eyes been operated upon in her infancy. She would see, of course; but what are called the ocular muscles would never now be able to do their perfect work.

"She is full of a strange, beautiful sort of happiness," continued Housman. "It is beyond words touching to see her, and to hear her. The Hyntons are taking rooms at the *Cosmopolitan*, and Hayward will operate on Saturday."

His face was ghastly pale, and the troubled look in his eyes quite altered their expression.

"You ought to be glad," I said, after a pause.

"It shows what a selfish dog I am, that I am not glad," he replied. "I have staked everything on Victoria; if she fails me——"

"She will not do that, old man," I replied; "I, on my part, would stake anything that that girl possesses a heart in a thousand: her heart will show her what stuff you are made of. You wrong her and yourself when you give utterance to such a thought."

"Well," he said abruptly, "I have made up my mind. Hynton and his wife have arranged that the wedding is to be postponed until after the six weeks during which Victoria must stay in a darkened room. On the day after that on which Hayward allows her to use her eyes, we are to be married. That is what they have settled. But my own opinion is that this wedding may never

come off; for I swear before God that if, when she sees me, she is startled, or shows the slightest sense of repulsion, I will never take her to church."

He left me soon afterwards. Nothing that I could say would make him alter his resolve, and I perceived that he was steadily preparing himself for the worst.

I did not see him again for many weeks. During that time I heard nothing about Victoria Hynton, although my wife and I often talked over Housman's story and hers.

One evening, towards the end of January, Housman walked into my study.

"How do you do?" he said, holding out his hand. He sank immediately into a chair, and began to mop his forehead. "Pray forgive my not coming near you, during the past six weeks," he said.

"My pardon is more than granted," I replied. "I feel ashamed at not having sought you out."

"Thank God, you did not! I was not fit to be in a decent man's society. I have been a morose beggar—horrible, even to myself. During the last fortnight I have not even been in Victoria's presence."

"How is she?" I asked.

"Well, quite well—too well; in blooming health. The operation was a complete success. No bad consequences followed—no inflammation—nothing. Hayward removed the bandages two days ago, and she is allowed to use her eyes a little, and, her mother says, is rapidly getting them under control. She has not seen me yet. To-morrow is our wedding-day. It is arranged that I am to see her for a few minutes, before we go to church. Gray, old fellow, will you be my friend to the end? Will you help me to see this thing out? Mrs. Hynton has sent you a warm invitation to the wedding. Will you go with me to the *Cosmopolitan*, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning? I have told no one else of what I mean to do, but I may as well say to you that my mind is absolutely made up."

"I hope you are not going to do anything silly or rash," I said. "Even supposing Miss Hynton shows some slight surprise when first she sees you, is such a fact, perfectly natural remember, to upset the happiness of both your lives?"

"It shall not," he answered. "It certainly shall not destroy the happiness of her life. Gray, I am, perhaps, morbid on this point. As you know already, until I met Victoria I never cared a sou about my personal appearance; but all the same, I could not conceal the truth from myself that I am one of the ugliest men in existence. The fact cannot be

denied that my soul has been clapped into a very ungainly casket. Now, that child worships beauty; her sentiments and feelings on the subject are abnormally sensitive. I need add no more, need I? She will see me face to face to-morrow, and then she herself shall decide."

I made no reply. I saw that my friend was in no humour to be argued with.

About half-past eight the following morning he called for me. He was in his usual everyday clothes.

"Why, you have not put on your bridal finery," I said. "At what hour do you expect to go to church?"

"Between eleven and twelve, if I go at all," he answered. "If Victoria stands the test I can easily go back to my rooms to dress; if not, I am all the better as I am."

His hansom was drawn up in front of my door. I sprang into it; he seated himself by me, and we drove straight to the Cosmopolitan. We were shown into a large drawing-room, where O. P. Hynton and his wife were waiting to receive us. They were both dressed for the wedding. When Housman entered in his rough clothes, the Hyntons glanced at him in some astonishment.

"I'll have time to dress presently," he said. "Where is Victoria?"

"She is waiting for you," said Mrs. Hynton. "Remember, she has not seen you yet. She is most anxious for your arrival. She has not worn the bandages over her eyes for two or three days now, and is quite accustomed to my face and her father's and Charley's, but of course her great anxiety is to see you—she would like to do so first alone. Will you go to her in the other room?"

"I won't see her alone; I want Gray to accompany me," he said. There was a very queer light in his eyes.

"That is not fair," I cried. "What am I to Miss Hynton at this moment? Go by yourself, Housman."

"I vow I won't. Come along, Gray; be quick." He linked his big hand forcibly through my arm, and dragged me towards the door of the ante-room. Charley, who was standing by, ran forward and flung open the door.

"Here is Housman, Victoria," he cried.

We both found ourselves on the threshold of the room. It was slightly darkened, the blinds being more than half-way down; the day was also a dull one. Victoria was seated on the sofa, her slim young figure was slightly bent forward, one of her white hands covered her eyes. I gave her a brief glance and saw that she was in her bridal white. It glistened in long folds all over her slim figure, and lay

in a heavy train at her feet. Her bridal veil was flung over her lovely head, orange blossoms pressed against her brow. She looked beautiful beyond description, but there was a shaken, somewhat forlorn expression about her which went straight to my heart; and I saw that Housman, when he looked at her, absolutely and completely forgot himself.

"Are you there, Basil?" she said, holding out one of her hands. "I am afraid to look: it means so much. Come to me, Basil. Put your arms round me. I won't look at you until I feel the pressure of your arms."

He rushed to her side, flung himself on one knee, and folded her in his strong arms.

She put out one of her hands falteringly, as she had never done when she was blind, and began to feel his head and his face.

"It is the same dear head and the same face that I have missed so sorely during the last fortnight," she murmured. "Basil, the world is full of beautiful things, but my idea of perfection, my one ideal of manly beauty is centred on you."

"Look at me before you say another word," he panted.

She raised her eyes then—lovely eyes they were, although somewhat faltering in their gaze. She glanced first at me as I stood in the doorway, and then, turning to Basil, gave him a long and steadfast look. The next moment, with a smile of ineffable bliss and contentment, she laid her head on his shoulder.

I hurried out of the room and closed the door softly behind me.

"Well," said Mrs. Hynton, who looked as if she had been crying, "what has she said to him? Poor darling, she is never tired of repeating to her father and me that, in her opinion, her lover's face is the most beautiful in the world. I tremble to think, Mr. Gray, what she will feel when she really sees him."

"Basil Housman is a right good fellow," said O. P. Hynton, "but, bless my dollars, he is not handsome."

Before I could reply a single word, the door was opened behind us, and Victoria and Housman came out. There were tears on Victoria's cheeks, but her eyes were full of happiness; her lover's arm was firmly placed round her waist.

"I am off to get into my wedding toggery," he cried. His tone was immensely strong and heart-whole now.

"Victoria, my angel, I'll be back in no time," he continued, giving her a glance which she returned with a look which brought the water into my eyes.

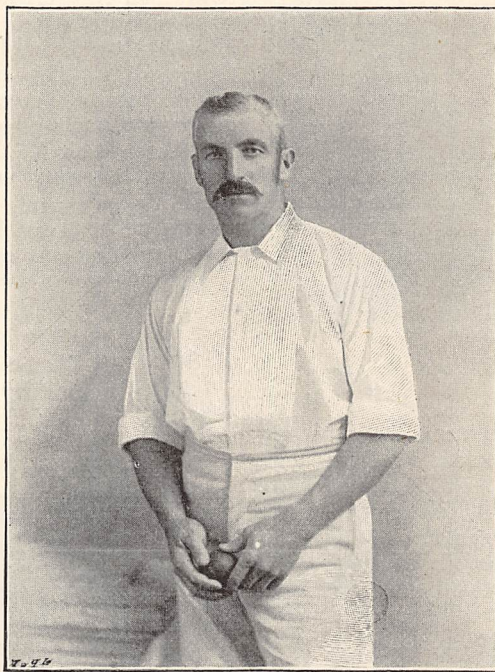
They were married before noon that day.

THE AUSTRALIANS IN THE CRICKET-FIELD, 1896.

BY A. C. MACLAREN (THE RECORD BAT OF 1895).

NOW that every arrangement has been made for an Australian team to visit us next summer, people are already beginning to speculate on the probable results of the three test matches to be played at Lord's, the Oval, and Manchester. I have told all who have asked for my humble opinion that I think that they will be short of bowling, for they have no really good first-class fast bowler in Australia; they can do without them in their own country, for they so seldom get a crumbled wicket, notwithstanding the fact that their matches often run into five days; but over here, on the last day of a match, they will often long for a Spofforth, especially if the wicket is fiery. There will be plenty of bowling to select from, but I feel sure that C. J. Eady is not up to the standard of the fast bowlers they have sent over to us. I expect he will be the only fast bowler in the team, for it is not likely that Jones, of South Australia, will be selected. We must not forget that one member of the committee which decided that an Australian team should be sent over refused to vote in favour of the motion, his reasons being that since A. E. Stoddart's team had defeated them in Australia, their chances of winning the rubber in England were remote. This shows rather a lack of confidence in the powers of their own men. Undoubtedly it would have been a safer policy to have waited for another English team to have visited them again first, as it is naturally easier to win in their own than in our country. We have seen many Australians, coming over for the first time, with great batting reputations, which they

fail to maintain only because they are not accustomed to our wickets, often on the soft side; indeed, anyone who looks through Wisden's Almanack from 1879, the year of their first visit to England, will find that almost every man, who was selected solely as a batsman, always did far better on his second visit to us, only because he had taught himself how to score on soft wickets. Cricket in England and cricket in Australia are two totally different games. Owing to the lack of rain the wickets in Australia are most favourable for long scores, and it is quite a common occurrence to see only a moderate bat making his century, and that bat would probably be lucky to get fifty in England. Australia must send over her very best team next summer, and even then, with equal luck, I shall be very much surprised if she succeeds in lowering our colours. Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and occasionally Bris-



G. GIFFEN.

(From a photograph by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.)

bane supply all the players for an Australian team. Eady hails from Tasmania, but is an exception; and all the cricketing counties of England contain many first-class players, which gives us a vast majority to select from. I always thought that the Australians were a better team, on their own grounds, than A. E. Stoddart's eleven, but they were unfortunate in losing an excellent captain in Blackham, who could not be replaced, for good captains are rather scarce in Australia. The Australians are fully aware of the inadvisability of making G. Giffen captain, and I believe they will endeavour to find someone else to fill this important post; but now that Blackham has again severely damaged his thumb, it is almost a certainty that we have seen the last of



H. TROTT.

(From a photograph by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.)

him as a first-class cricketer. It is rumoured that A. Bannerman will be in the team, and there are no better judges of the game than he is, but as he was not considered good enough to represent his country last season, I doubt if he will be included in this team. The Englishmen were not very sorry he was left out of the last five test matches, and there are a good many worse captains going about than Bannerman.

W. Bruce would be the very man to elect as captain, but he has no intention, I believe, of allowing cricket to stand in the way of business.

This leaves but three to choose from—H. Trott, C. T. B. Turner, and S. Gregory, and the latter is reported a likely absentee; this trio knows all about the game, but as we seldom see bowlers make good captains, it might be a rash experiment to make Turner captain. It is the intention, I believe, of G. Giffen to remain at home unless he is captain, so it will be seen that there is a difficulty already facing the Australians. I shall expect to see him come over, for they cannot do without the services of such a sterling cricketer.

The team will probably be made up of the following:—G. Giffen (capt.), C. Hill, A. H. Jarvis, J. J. Lyons, and J. Darling (S.A.); G. H. S. and A. E. Trott, and A. Johns (Vic.); C. J. Eady (Tas.); C. T. B. Turner, S. E.

Gregory, F. Iredale, and T. R. McKibbin (N.S.W.)—a powerful combination, which would look all the better with the inclusion of W. Bruce. I have not included H. Graham, as he was far from well last season in Australia, for the great innings he played in the third test match seemed to knock him to pieces; he is, however, again playing well, and he cannot well be left at home if his health will allow him to join the next team.

There is not a good first-class fast bowler in the above team, for C. J. Eady alone can claim to bowl fast, and as he has played no really first-class cricket, he is sure to be a bit short of experience; he is undoubtedly a fine all-round player, and just the sort to do big things when he has had some experience with our wickets and players. He holds the record for having made two centuries for Tasmania against a weak Victorian team, scoring 116 and 112 not out, but when Peel beat him more than once at Hobart during the last English tour, he acknowledged he was not used to such tricky bowlers.

McKibbin, another bowler, as yet unknown to frequenters of Lord's and other grounds, is a slow right-arm bowler with high delivery, at times getting a great deal of spin on the ball; but last season he sent down too many bad ones, and was always punished by batsmen strong on the leg side. If he doesn't



S. GREGORY.

(From a photograph by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.)



H. GRAHAM.

(From a photograph by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.)

make the mistake of breaking the ball too much when the wicket helps him, he ought to get plenty of wickets next season here; for he is very likely to get the very best batsmen out any moment, as he occasionally sends down a very difficult ball to play, and is just the bowler to get a side out on a true, hard wicket when other bowlers fail. It was a great performance of his to take six for 123 and eight for 66 on a perfect wicket against South Australia last February. Giffen thought so much of him that he was selected to play in the last test match, but he was not a success, obtaining one for 73 in first, and one for 47 in second innings.

A. E. Trott will, I feel sure, be one of the best bowlers they have sent over for some time, for the English wickets ought just to suit his style of bowling—right-arm medium, varying his pace very well, and occasionally sending down a very fast one. Besides being a fine field, he is a most dashing batsman, who believes in hitting them all along the ground. When we arrived in Melbourne we were told C. McLeod would get us all out, but after the first day's play we all agreed that A. E. Trott was the best bowler they had in Victoria, and subsequent events proved our surmises to be correct. Of the many fine things he did against us, undoubtedly his best performance was in the

third test match, played at Adelaide, when he scored 38 not out and 72 not out, and took eight wickets for 43 in our second innings.

Of the other bowlers—G. Giffen, G. H. S. Trott, and C. T. B. Turner—there is nothing new to tell, but I should like to mention the fact that no bowler ever experienced more cruel luck than did Charlie Turner last season in Australia, frequently the simplest of catches being dropped off his bowling. It was the opinion of Stoddart's team to a man that he had lost but little, if any, of his bowling; and we must remember that he was very much troubled with sciatica last season. Australians in general rather overlooked that fact; indeed, they are rather too apt to down their champions when they are a bit out of luck, and this was so with Turner.

Of those selected solely as batsmen, the new members will be F. Iredale, J. Darling, C. Hill, and taking them in order named, Iredale's style of play is somewhat similar to that of Albert Ward, having plenty of patience and never throwing his wicket away. He played two very fine innings against us, making 140 at Adelaide in third test match, and 133 for New South Wales and Queensland combined, at Brisbane. His out-fielding, too, is sure to be admired, as he possesses a very safe pair of hands, and occasionally brings off some wonderful running catches. There is no knowing what he may not do with the bat next summer.



H. TRUMBLE.

(From a photograph by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.)

J. Darling reminds one of H. T. Hewett, but he has not quite the dash of the late Somerset captain. He played a good innings of 117 in the first match of A. E. Stoddart's tour for South Australia, and in the last test match his 74 and 50 were two nice innings to watch. He gets almost all his runs in front of the wicket, being very strong on the on-side, often hitting very hard in that direction. He gives one the impression of being equally good on all wickets, and will no doubt be forcing the game when others fail on difficult wickets.

Hill, who will be only nineteen next March, is, like Darling, left-handed. He played a really great innings of 150 not out, for South Australia, in our last match of the tour, at Adelaide, a truly wonderful performance for a lad of eighteen, for Richardson bowled well throughout the match. He also came out with top score of 56 in the second innings. His best stroke was a drive between coverpoint and mid-off, and he was very clever at the glide-stroke. He seemed very much at home to the fast bowling, an exception to many Australians; for none of them ever quite liked Richardson's pace, even on their own perfect wickets.

Of the old members, I might add that S. Gregory is probably a better bat to-day than ever; he is making centuries almost every week this season in New South Wales, and his innings of 201 in the first test match was one of the most perfect exhibitions of batting ever seen. He is still *facile princeps* as a fieldsman. H. Trott, too, always played well, and no man ever got his runs by more correct cricket. He had, too, none of the best of the luck, as he was run out more than once against us.

Great things are expected of A. Johns as a wicket-keeper; he kept very well in the last England *v.* Victoria match, only giving away seven extras out of a total of 401. J. J. Lyons was a bit out of form last season; but he does not get his wickets at home, the softer they are of the greater value is he to his side.

Big hitters are not generally a success in Australia, for G. Bean, of Sussex, besides others, have often played below their form on those true, fast wickets. There are exceptions, of course; some, like A. E. Stoddart, can alter

their game and play more carefully. George Giffen was as consistent as ever, and seldom, indeed, did he ever fail against us; but he is generally considered to be a greater cricketer at home than in England.

As a batting combination they are very strong, and if they could unearth a really good fast bowler, they would probably have a more successful season in England than they have had for some time. If they are well captained they ought to do much better than the last team, for Iredale, Darling, and A. E. Trott of the new members cannot fail to prove successful, and Giffen, Gregory, and H. Trott are as good as ever. Charlie Turner, too, if he comes, will probably prove to us that he has lost none of his old cunning. They are sure to be a wonderful fielding combination.

I had almost forgotten A. H. Jarvis. Nothing could have been finer than his wicket-keeping against us. From a wicket-keeping point of view, the Australians lost nothing when Jarvis had to take Blackham's place, and I quite agreed with him when he remarked to me, "There's plenty of life in the old dog yet."

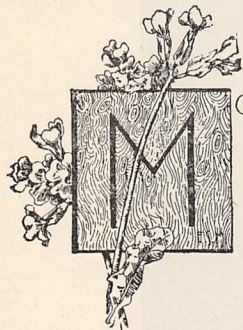
Since I wrote this article the Australian team has been selected. H. Donnan (N.S.W.), H. Trumble, J. Harry (Vic.), E. Jones (S.A.), I did not include in my probable team; I was not prepared to see both Jones and Eady included, but two fast bowlers are not too many. I am more than surprised at the exclusion of A. E. Trott, and feel sure he must have had an invitation to become one of the team. I was afraid Turner and Lyons might not be chosen, but I expect both will be very much missed. Clem Hill is very young yet, and will probably come with next team. Donnan is a sound, steady bat, and I believe was a better player three or four years ago than he is to-day. Harry played a good innings for Victoria against us at Melbourne, but I was not prepared to see him selected for this team. Trumble is known to all cricketers over here, and he will probably have more bowling than before, as he is the only medium pace bowler of the team. I cannot help thinking they are rather short of good bowlers. I rather think Harry keeps wicket; in that case, he will probably be a reserve in the big matches.



A MISSING WITNESS.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF DOROTHY HEATHERLY.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Hidden Gold," "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane," etc.



CHAPTER XI.—THE TRAPPING OF JAMES REDMOND.

MORRIS came quickly back from the station—more quickly than I had ever yet seen him drive. And shortly after, I heard him call from the back:

"Maggie! com here, lass, and put nag in

stable. Y'are good enough for that. An' when y'ave put un in stable, go in an' lock front door, an' don't 'ee open it to nubbudy till Ah tell 'ee."

Then he came round to the front garden with his spade, and said to us, through the window—

"Don't 'ee be frightened, leddies; master's told me to take care of you, an' let no one get at you save Muster Philip, an' you trust me to do his biddin'."

He set to work digging up the border, and had been thus occupied scarcely half an hour, when James Redmond swung open the gate and marched into the garden with the assurance of a bully who feels he has nothing to fear. Old Morris swung round and, barring the path with his spade, cried—

"Hold on awhile, you there! where do 'ee think y'are goin'?"

"I'm going to see the young ladies in the house, feller," replied Redmond.

"Then ye'll have to see 'em from t'other side yon hedge. Out ye go, sharp like, or Ah'll cleave thy skull with this shovel as lief as I'd brain a mad dog. Out with ye! Ah want no great fat-headed brutes o' thy kind in here; out with ye!" he shouted, throwing the formidable spade over his shoulder menacingly.

With the recollection of the treatment he had received from my father fresh on his mind, James Redmond backed out of the garden with all possible speed, and only waiting on the safe side of the gate to threaten the old man with speedy correction, he turned about and walked off discomfited.

Not long after his retreat, a boy brought a letter from him which Morris took, with more than needful precaution, considering

the harmless look of the little lad, and delivered to Elsie. She read it, and after a few moments' reflection put the sheet of paper in my hand.

"Your father and mother has gone to London, thinking to give me the slip; in the same carriage I have sent a plain-close policeman with a warrant in his pocket for your father's arrest, and instructions from me to stick to your father like his shadder, communicate with me, and serve that warrant as soon as I wire him so to do. I might have arrested your father on the platform if I had chose to serve him accordin to his deserts for his skanderlers behaviour to me this morning. But considerin as I have ever been a true friend to por George, I determined to give you a last chance of savin him from ending his life in a convict prison. Now, Elsie, you've got to think of your duty towards your parents, and whether your father is to die in jail, your mother in the workhouse or lunatic asylum, and you and your sister to be cast on the streets beggars, for all your father's property will be confuscated by the law, or whether you're to make their future life a happy and peaceful one, and live in all the luxuries and opperlance that wealth can bestow. Now, mark this, Elsie: I swear by all that's holy as that plain-close policeman shall serve his warrant on your father to-morrow morning by nine o'clock if you refuse my offers, while on the other hand, I swear to get that warrant cancelled, and leave your famby in peace—as I naterally should, if we're all to live united and happy—if you only meet me in a fairly reasonable sperit. I don't want anythin' out of the way or ungentlemanly; I won't ask you to marry me straight off, if you wish to put it off a month or two; only I must have a answer one way or the other at oncet. If you're for doin what's right towards your famby, you will see me to-night after that beast of a gardener is abed. You will set a light in your father's workshop when all is safe, and you will open the shetter in the lane so as I may see it's all right, and you there *alone*, before I enter. And as no advantage to yourself is to be got by doin any act of vilence on me, and it is only worth your while to act ladylike and nice, I shall count on meeting you and settling all amicable and straightforard.

"J. R."



"PHILIP HIMSELF, COMING STEALTHILY BEHIND ME."

When I had read the letter I looked up at Elsie questioningly.

"I shall see him," she said.

"But doesn't it look like a trap, dear? Is it safe? You see, he insists upon your being alone."

"Do you think, Dolly," she faltered, "do you think you would mind coming to the garden door with me and waiting outside?"

"Of course I shouldn't. I'll take father's gun if you like, and I'll fire it too if you cry for help. But what can you say to him? You can't consent to marry him."

"Why not?" she asked in a voice which did not seem to be her own.

"Why not? Because it is too horrible, too loathsome to be thought of. Such a marriage would be a great crime. You do not realise what you say—cannot see what the consequences must be."

"I cannot marry Philip," she said piteously. "And if I do not marry him, what does it matter what becomes of me?"

"Philip will know what it is right to do. We must show him this letter."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, snatching up the letter. "He must not know."

"Why, dear?"

"Because he would never consent to my doing this."

"Isn't that a proof, dear, that it is wrong to do it?"

She sat for a moment silent, distracted between conflicting impulses; then, throwing her arms about my neck, she cried—

"Oh! what am I to do, Dolly? what *am* I to do?"

"Trust to Philip, Elsie. We know that no selfish interest will bias his decision. Trust to his love, his clear judgment, his high principles, to guide you in the right way."

"That is what my heart tells me; but think of poor father, and dear little mother—think of their future."

"I do think of them, dear, and I think of you as well. And I know that the cruellest suffering Redmond could bring upon them would be less hard to bear than the life-long sorrow you would cause by such a degrading sacrifice."

We thought that Philip might come by the eight o'clock train, and we sent the chaise to the station to meet him, but Morris came home alone, with the disappointing news that the train had not brought him. The next train from York would not arrive before ten o'clock, so I went into the kitchen to put back the supper we had prepared. And I was taking my poor pigeon-pie from the oven, where it was browning beautifully, when Philip himself, coming stealthily behind me, slipped his arm round my waist and, bending over my shoulder, kissed my cheek.

"Why, Phil, dear!" I cried, "how did you come?"

"On my legs, from Elsham, and by a round-about way, through the orchard, and so by the back-door here. I have reasons for wishing not to be seen," he added, lowering his voice. "Do you know if that blackguard Redmond is still in the neighbourhood?"

"I am sure he is."

"Thank heaven! I did well to take that precaution. Now, where's my Elsie?"

"In the dining-room, I think."

But she had heard his voice, and met him in the passage. I think she had an idea of meeting him with some sort of reserve, as befitting their changed position; but all such vain purpose was banished the instant she faced her lover, and with a faint cry of joy and self-abandonment, she threw herself in his arms and gave up her ready lips to his. Then presently she began to sob hysterically

upon his shoulder as he led her into the light of the dining-room, silent with the shock of finding her so worn and wasted.

"Philip, Philip!" she said, striving to master her agitation, and raising her eyes to his with strenuous earnestness, "I don't think we may love each other any more. You must not kiss me, dear—must not hold me in your arms. I have something terrible to tell. I did not mean to speak till after supper, but I feel I ought to tell you now—it's so dreadful!"

"You shall tell me all, love, at once, and get the dreadful thing out of your suffering mind. Come, sit down in the big chair here. Now let me get this thick coat off, so. And here I am, darling, at your side, prepared to hear the worst that you can tell me. You were saying—and that was dreadful enough to begin with—that we must not love each other any more. Why?"

"Because, Philip—I—I can never be your wife!"

"Can you tell me why, love? It's too hard, too terrible to tell, isn't it?" he asked, after a little pause. "Shall I try and help you? Shall I suppose that you have learnt some facts about your father that were before concealed from you? Shall we suppose that John Evans is your father—that he is a convicted murderer and an escaped convict?"

"Oh, Philip! who has told you that?"

"Your father himself, love—like an honest man as he is. He told me as we sat here smoking after you were gone upstairs—the first day we met, and the first opportunity that he had of speaking to me. We sat here till three in the morning, talking of that and nothing else."

"And yet, when we met in the morning, you were unchanged, you loved me still."

"Loved you still! Why, I loved you more than ever, if it were possible, for coming of such a stock. You don't fancy, Elsie, that I could think for one moment that such a man as your father could be guilty of a cowardly crime?"

"No, no. You couldn't do that, dear Philip. Yet, though we both know that my father is innocent, even then——"

"Even then," he said, coming to her aid again, "the world might think him guilty, and visit the sins of the father upon the children to the third and fourth generation. Is that what breaks your heart, dear?"

Elsie pressed her cheek closer to his arm for reply.

"And you think that a just argument against our marriage?" he asked.

"Yes, Philip, yes. I feel that it is just."

"Then, before we marry, love, we must

prove to all the world that your father is innocent."

"Oh, if we could do that!" cried Elsie, starting up with suddenly inspired strength.

"We will, Elsie: if surgery and common sense may count for anything," he replied with vigour. "I've not been wasting these past precious days for nothing. You may be sure that something more than the getting of a few hundred pounds has kept me away from you all this time—eh, Dolly?" he asked, turning to me as I came in with my pie. "Oh, it will come all right, love, never fear," he added, giving Elsie another kiss as he lifted her to her feet, "we'll talk it over after supper. Where's little mother, and your father?"

"They are gone, Philip. They went away this afternoon."

"Gone!" he said, and a cloud fell upon his face.

"Father left this letter for you."

He took the letter and laid it unopened on the table, still with that shade of disappointment; then, as if throwing off his regret, he said, in a gayer tone—

"We will see what he has to tell me after supper, dears. I'm hungry, and there's a lot of work before me."

When we had eaten, he opened the letter, read it through, and laying it aside, said, with a sigh—

"I thought so."

We did not question him; but Elsie put the letter she had received from Redmond in his hand.

"Ah, this is a man of a very different fibre," he said, glancing at the signature, and he read the letter through with a contemptuous smile upon his lips.

"You have nothing to fear from this rascal," he said as he finished it. "In all probability he never applied for a warrant. It's too dangerous a step for a man in his critical position to take. But if all that he says were true, he could never arrest your father."

"Why not, Philip?"

"Because your father by this time is in Dartmoor, and has already given himself up to the governor of the prison. He took, as might have been expected of him, the bravest and, maybe, the best course. Anything would be better for his family at least than the life of terror which you must have endured under the persecutions of this wretch Redmond. You certainly, Elsie, are saved from the influence the man might have exercised upon your sentiment of generosity and devotion. Redmond can do nothing now."

"But my father, Philip—think of it. He is in prison."

"And we must get him out of it again," said Philip quietly, as he glanced once more at Redmond's letter.

"Cunning villain," he muttered; then suddenly looking up from the page, he asked Elsie if she could find the courage to meet Redmond as he proposed, if it were necessary.

"I am sure I could," she answered. "I had intended to meet him, and Dol was going to stand outside the garden door with a gun."

"Ah, well, perhaps it will answer as well if I stand outside with old Morris. You see, dear girls, it's not sufficient—at least, to my vengeful mind—to justify innocence, your father's, as I believe we shall; we ought to punish the guilty, and not let Redmond make his escape the moment he discovers what I have been at during his absence from home."

Elsie eagerly agreed to do all that was required of her, and, after careful consideration and due preparation, she went into the workshop about half-past ten, lit the big lamp, and unfastened the door opening into the lane. At the same time Morris, armed with a stick, making his way through the orchard, stationed himself in the lane below the workshop, while Philip and I stood upon the garden side of the workshop door—Philip holding my hand in his, and ready to make the descent at the right moment.

We stood there listening in breathless anxiety for four or five minutes; then we heard the click of a latch, followed by the sound of Redmond's voice as he said in an undertone—

"I ain't kept you waitin' long, missy."

Almost simultaneously came the distant cry of a night-jar, imitated to perfection by old Morris.

At that sound, Philip opened the door and we entered. Elsie stood near us; Redmond was half-way across the workshop, coming towards her with a hideous grin on his face and rubbing his hands. At the sight of Philip his lower jaw fell, and he fell back rapidly towards the lane door. A heavy mallet lay on the bench beside him; he caught it up quickly, and cried with ferocious determination—

"If you come anear me, you feiler, I'll brain you as—"

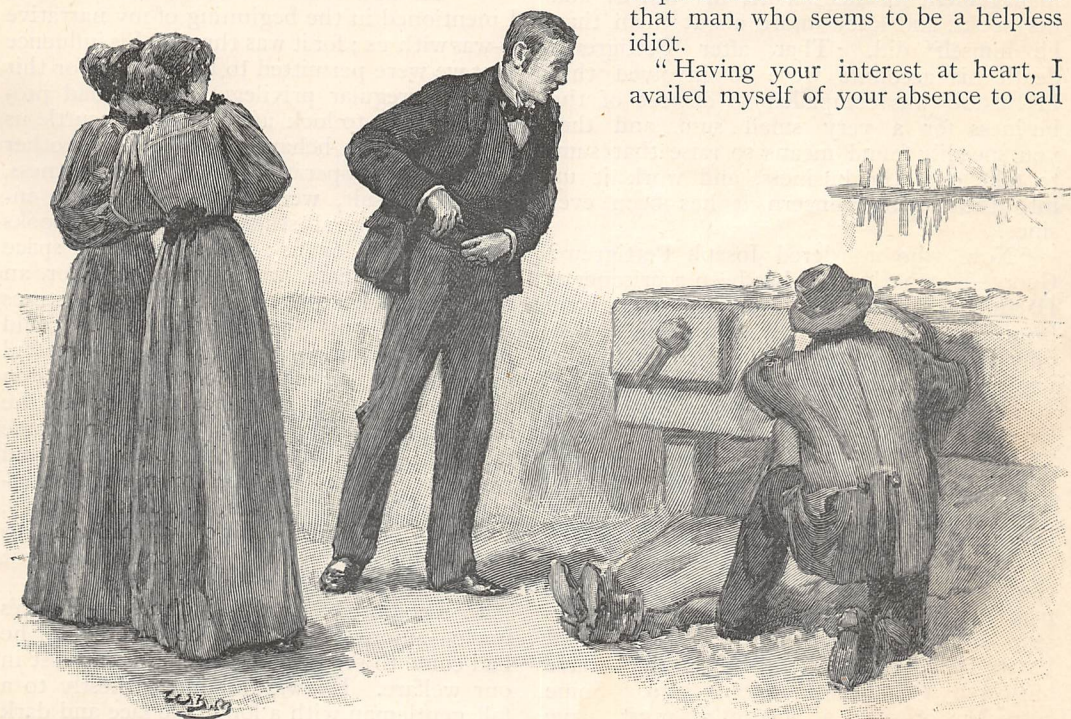
"As you brained Pettigrew. We shall see about that," said Philip, advancing quickly. Redmond swung the mallet back to strike, but before the blow could fall, old Morris, coming from the door at his back, slipped a corn sack over his head, and with a vigorous tug and considerable dexterity, drew it down over his burly shoulders. Philip helped to complete the capture, and in a few minutes Redmond was

tripped up, thrown upon his back, the sack drawn down to his feet and securely tied. Redmond struggled and floundered in vain; the sack fitted too closely for him to raise his hands from his sides, and smothered his shouts for help, his furious oaths and imprecations. The dust in the sack got down his throat, and a violent fit of choking put an end to his cries and his struggles alike.

"Sit him up," said Philip, taking a penknife from his pocket and opening the blade, "prop his back against the bench; we can't afford to let him go out of the world before his time. There," he added, cutting a small round hole in the upper part of the sack, "there's a hole to breathe through while you

considerably in your affairs, and whilst you have been persecuting the man who put you on your legs when you were starving, a dozen years ago, and attempting to destroy the happiness of his family, I have been inquiring into your habits and ways in North Wales. You are not loved there. It is unanimously agreed that you are grasping, avaricious, and self-seeking. But in shining contrast to your habitual lack of charity, I found that for over ten years—nearly eleven years now—you have contributed almost everything to the support of a poor demented man and his old mother. You have kept them in a secluded cottage within easy reach of your works, and have visited them regularly twice a week to inquire into the mental condition of that man, who seems to be a helpless idiot.

"Having your interest at heart, I availed myself of your absence to call



"SIT HIM UP, SAID PHILIP, TAKING A PENKNIFE FROM HIS POCKET."

keep quiet; if you make a noise we shall have to sew it up again."

It was grotesquely ludicrous to see Redmond's great mouth come to the hole as he gasped for fresh air, and then his nose, and after that his little pale blue eye as he looked out to observe his captors. And with his piggy eye still visible, he muttered—

"Oh, you shall pay for this when I get out."

"When you get out it is you, probably, who will have to pay a long outstanding debt to justice. Listen to me, James Redmond: since we last met I have occupied myself

upon your pensioners, and, having some knowledge of such cases, to make a particular examination of the poor man I speak of. I discovered that his want of reason was due to the pressure of a fractured bone upon a certain part of his brain. That fracture was caused by the blow of a hammer—the same hammer, probably, that a minute before had been used in killing Joseph Pettigrew—the hammer that belonged to George Heatherly. His name was burnt in the heft, and upon that evidence he was accused of having murdered Joseph Pettigrew to avenge the insult offered to his

wife the previous day, and of attempting to murder William Yates, who had clearly come upon the scene at that moment, to destroy the evidence of his crime. When I heard the case, it struck me that a man avenging his wife would not act in that way; he himself would have sufficient self-respect to take the consequences of his act. It seemed to me more probable that a third party had done the deed from interested motives, and had craftily chosen a time when he could throw suspicion on another.

"That led me to make further inquiries into your past history, James Redmond, and I learnt that you were then Pettigrew's foreman, that you had the entire management of his affairs, his works, and his books, and knew more about them than he himself did. That after Pettigrew's death his accounts were so involved that his widow was compelled to dispose of the business for a very small sum, and that you speedily found means to raise that sum, to take over the business, and work it up into the paying concern it has been ever since.

"Now, who murdered Joseph Pettigrew? George Heatherly, who has been a prisoner at Dartmoor for ten years, or you, who have been living in clover all that time? The only man who can prove that is the man who witnessed the crime—William Yates—and he, you will tell me, is incapable of remembering anything that has happened in the past. That is true. But if the crime had occurred in London or any other centre, where William Yates would have received proper treatment instead of being certified incurable by a couple of incompetent medical practitioners, the piece of bone which pressed upon that part of the brain that records events—the seat of memory, we will call it—would have been raised, and he would have answered the question long ago. Some suspicion of such a possibility must have crossed your mind more than once for you to have shown such paternal interest in his welfare—the welfare of a man and his mother who had no claim whatever upon your generosity. You thought they were safe; so they were, while you were there to guard them. But they are no longer there; they are now at Elsham, and in an hour's time they will be here, under my protection. You thought that William Yates could never reveal who it was that killed Joseph Pettigrew; but again you are mistaken, for, with the help of God, that silent witness shall be made to speak!"

The glassy eye that had been riveted upon him up to this point, disappeared from

the hole in the sack, and an audible groan came from it.

"I tell you this," continued Philip, "that, if you escape, you may lose no time in getting away from this country and saving your wretched neck from the gallows."

"No fear, Muster Philip," growled old Morris. "He don't get out of that sack till p'liceman comes to put handcuffs on him. No, not if I has to watch him day and night here for a month to come!"

CHAPTER XII.—THE LAST.

WE sat—mother, Elsie and I—in the theatre of St. Andrew's Hospital. Dr. Andrew Watson—whose name, I think, I mentioned in the beginning of my narrative—was with us; for it was through his influence that we were permitted to be present (for this was an irregular privilege), and he had promised Philip to look after us and "scuttle us out if we didn't behave ourselves"—in other words, if the operation we were to witness, and the result, were to overcome our endurance. Several students with note-books were seated below us; the semicircular space beyond the seats was vacant save for an attendant, who was adjusting some straps upon the long operating-table. I could hear my heart beating in those dreadful moments of suspense; it seemed to stop altogether as the green baize door at the back opened and some gentlemen came in. I found little mother's hand, and we locked them together for mutual assurance, while Dr. Watson, bending forward, scanned our faces critically through his glasses, and gave me a nod of encouragement and a kind smile when our eyes met.

I recognised Lord Lindhurst—Philip's uncle—amongst the first who entered, for he had come to see us and express his interest in our welfare. He was talking earnestly to a tall gentleman with a long pale face and dark eyes.

"The Home Secretary," whispered Dr. Watson behind his hand, leaning forward.

Oh, we were glad to see him: knowing that it was in his power to release my dear father. He was intimately related to Lord Lindhurst, who had used every endeavour, Philip told us, to persuade him to be present at this operation. With them were half a dozen other gentlemen whose names we did not care to know, and two attendants carrying cases and apparatus. Then our dear Philip appeared, wearing a long apron and with his shirt-cuffs turned back; and, finally, the poor fellow William Yates was led in, and we knew him well enough for he had been

staying with us for nearly a week, under Philip's constant care and ministrations. His head was shaved, and he looked about him vacantly, and at the people standing on the further side of the table with mute curiosity. But he seemed to recognise Philip, and at his bidding submitted to be laid upon the table and strapped down with an idiotic smile.

Philip took a bright little cylindrical instrument from a case, and, after examining it critically, he placed himself at the head of the table and laying one hand kindly on the patient's shoulder, he said, in a low, clear voice, addressing the Home Secretary :

"The operation I am about to perform is one well known in surgery. It may be described simply as the removal of a portion of bone from the skull which has been depressed upon the surface of the brain. The result of a depression upon that part of the brain where this happens to be is the temporary destruction of its function ; and the removal of that depressing bone leads in many cases to an immediate restoration of the lost function, so that the brain, even after a long absence of time, takes up the thread of action at the very point where it was broken off. In illustration of this fact, I may state the case of an experiment which was made at the Sorbonne only three weeks since. A terrier in pursuit of a cat was run over by a passing vehicle and picked up for dead. The proprietor, however, detecting signs of vitality, took the animal to his friend, the celebrated Doctor Charcot. Monsieur Charcot found that the dog was not killed, but its animation suspended by a fracture of the skull. The dog was kept alive by artificial means for a week, and then this operation was performed at the hospital, Charcot prognosticating that the moment the animal recovered consciousness it would take up the pursuit of the cat. That forecast was verified, for almost immediately after trephining, the dog leapt from the table and went sniffing round the *théâtre* for the lost cat. Now, sir, this poor fellow, William Yates, was presumably struck with the sledge-hammer at the instant he was discovered to have been a witness of the murder of Joseph Pettigrew, and if our conclusions are just, he will, as soon as we have removed this portion of bone and he recovers consciousness from the administration of chloroform, pursue the train of volition that was stopped by that blow."

He turned and spoke to the assistant doctors, who then proceeded to chloroform Yates ; and as soon as they perceived by the patient's eye that the desired effect was produced, Philip made the operation. At another time the removal of the scalp and the

cutting of the bone would have sickened me, but now every feeling was swallowed up in awful anticipation of the result.

I cannot tell how long the operation lasted—surely not so long as that period of intense suspense seemed to us ; but in the end, the straps were quickly unbuckled, and William Yates was raised into a sitting position upon the edge of the table. For a moment he looked about him dizzily ; then, suddenly starting to his feet and freeing himself from the hands that held him, he staggered forward crying at the top of his voice—

"Help ! help ! Heatherly ! some of you—help ! Jim Redmond's murdered the governor with the sledge—help ! help !"

The case was tried again, and now James Redmond was in the dock for the murder of Joseph Pettigrew, and convicted upon the unswerving and circumstantial evidence of William Yates.

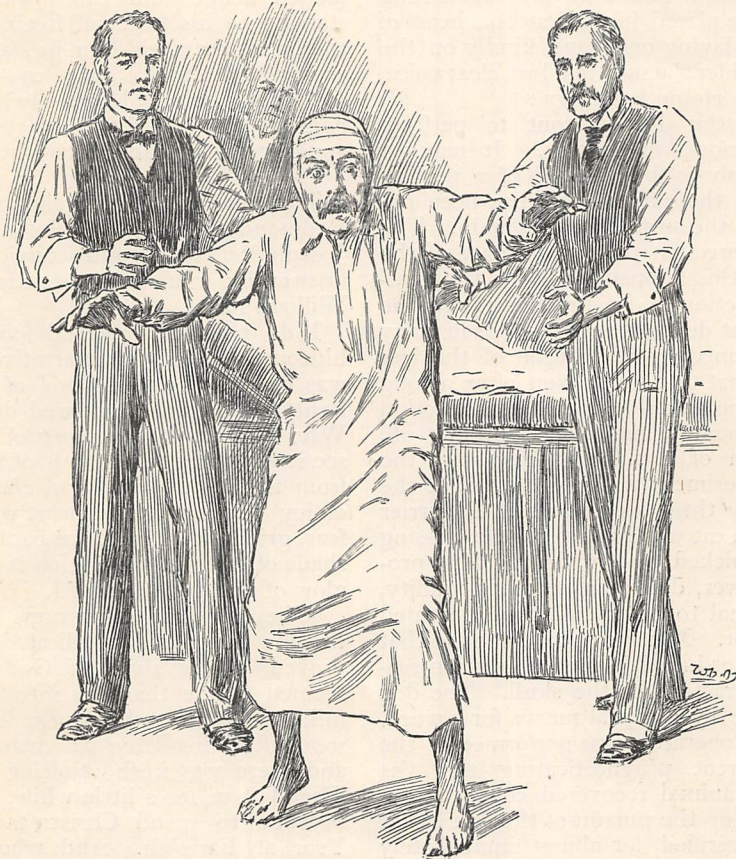
I do not care to dwell longer upon the hideous side of this narrative. The cloud was dispelled, and a flood of uninterrupted light and happiness poured down upon us. Who can depict the glory of the sun as we see it when the leaden pall of winter is swept from the sky ? Who can convey the sense of joy that floods the heart when doubt and fear, grief and despair, are banished, and not a shade of the past desolation is left to dim the glow of gratitude ? Not I.

When my dear father came home again to us—his innocence vindicated, his honesty proved in the sight of God and man, it seemed to me that our measure of joy was full, and yet more happiness flowed in. For soon after this Elsie was married to Philip, and there was fresh rejoicing in our home. They left us for a little while, but came back in time to spend Christmas and the New Year at Farleigh. And when that genial season was past, they began to think of settling down seriously, taking example from the rooks, Phil said, who were already busy in the elms getting their nests in order.

Philip, I think, would have been content with a simple practice in Farleigh—providing it gave him scope for plenty of trout-fishing with father ; but Elsie, and I think all of us, were more ambitious, and wished him to enjoy a larger life than a remote provincial town could afford. Lord Lindhurst, too, had very strong views on this subject, and, urging Philip to take advantage of the publicity and fame brought by his operation upon Yates, bought the practice of an eminent London surgeon, and furnished a fine house in Harley Street magnificently for his nephew and niece.

And now to tell of my own happiness and good fortune. When Elsie and Philip came home they brought Dr. Watson with them, and he was easily induced to spend Christmas with us, and in our long walks through the beautiful frosted woods and across the moors he became my constant companion, for Elsie and her husband were still lovers, and

that I could not account for. Because I had still my father and mother, and both were loving and kind—both ever ready to ramble in the woods with me and share the study of botany that I had undertaken. But the plants seemed to have lost their charm, and the books that told about them were now dry and wordy and uninteresting. I knew



"HE STAGGERED FORWARD, CRYING AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE" (p. 501).

so preferred their own company to any other.

Dr. Watson was fond of botany; he knew the names and habits of every little plant whose beauty or singularity attracted observation, and I was eager to learn all that concerned the beautiful country in which we were living; so this community of tastes led to endless conversations. Indeed, in many things we discovered a wonderful affinity of disposition; and somehow my admiration for his wide knowledge, his generous feeling and tender kindness grew day by day greater and greater, so that when he went away my heart was heavy with a sense of bereavement

every nook and corner that I had explored with Dr. Watson, but instead of recalling pleasant reminiscences, they filled me with an indescribable feeling of desolation and regret; so I avoided them, and for the same reason ceased to seek for the things that had once interested me so keenly.

We made the acquaintance of an old lady in the village—a sweet, delicate, gentlewoman with soft dark eyes that were full of pathos. She had no companion save a few household pets, for she was an old maid, and one day it struck me that in the time to come I must live quite alone as she did, and the thought that I should have nothing but a goldfinch

and a sleepy cat to love me, wrung my heart with inexpressible pain.

"There are about three women to every two men," thought I, "and it is unreasonable to suppose that all can marry and have dear little children to love them; some of us must be old maids." And so I tried my hardest to resign myself to my fate.

But at Easter Dr. Watson came to spend a week with us, and before he went away, he said to me—

"I've been trying to cheat myself into the belief that a student ought not to marry, and that there's no estate in life so free from care and anxiety as a bachelor's. But I've found out that it is a cheat, Dorothy, and that a man must have special qualities that I don't possess to be a jolly old bachelor; and so I intend to marry, if the one I ask will have me."

"I—I hope she will," I said, a sincere wish for his happiness overcoming the first impression of jealous dislike to the proposed wife; "and I hope she will be very nice."

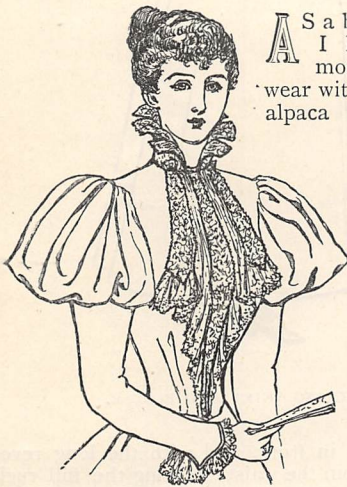
"Why, so do I; but I mean to put her to the test at once. Will you be my wife, sweet, gentle Dorothy?"

And now we are married, and even yet there seems greater and greater happiness in store for me. We don't live in Harley Street like Phil, but not far from them, and Phil has proposed that my husband and he shall become partners. Already they fill each other's place when Elsie and Phil or my dear Andrew and I run down into Yorkshire to spend a few days with father and our happy little mother.

THE END.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

MAY.



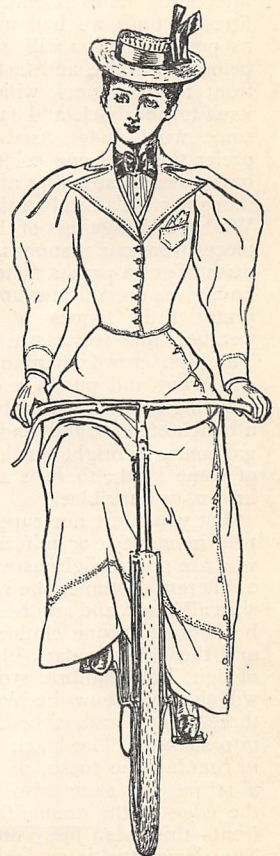
NEW SLEEVE AND VEST OF RIBBON AND LACE.

AS a birthday present, I have made the mother a vest to wear with her new black alpaca dress with the pretty new sleeves. She was remarking one day that the bodice was too plain, so I thought of a vest and collar that could be worn over it, and selected a pretty chiné ribbon in blue mauve and pink on a cream ground, and cut it in two short lengths, and one long

enough to reach from neck to waist, trimmed a square of cream-spotted net with an edging of lace and draped it between the ribbons, sewing it on with crystal beads inside the mauve edge of the ribbon. For the collar I cut a nicely-shaped piece of buckram, and joined several pieces of silk together, mounted these inside and outside of the collar, leaving the ends to stand out, and edging them with the beads, also neatening the edge that would finish on the bodice in the same way. These high collars are in very good style, and the colour made it look bright and dressy.

Several of our immediate friends have expressed surprise that we girls have not taken up cycling!

But, if the truth were known, we have been very hard at work perfecting ourselves in riding before coming before the public, and have taken several lessons to help us to that end. Our spare money, too, had to be saved up to purchase a bicycle, and now my own especial friend and I have clubbed sufficient to buy a real beauty. For practising in, we had contented ourselves with our old tennis frocks, cut smaller to shape by a paper pattern; in this way we tested a costume to our own comfort in wear before making our complete suits. But now we are fairly well on with them, and they will soon be seen skimming down the road in good style. From a number of patterns my friend selected a tan homespun that goes well with her tan shoes, and I chose a brown cloth that has threads of mixed colours in it. These we thought



CYCLING SUIT IN CLOTH.

preferable to plain cloth, as, however well it may look when new, every oil or mud splash leaves a mark on the latter.

Of course we wear woollen pyjamas, and our full knickerbockers of cloth are lined with a removable flannel; also I wear a plain-fitting waistcoat body of natural colour flannel, called "Viyella," that will wash again and again without shrinking. But if I have a fancy, it is for a nice white collar, stiff and polished, and a nicely-tied neck-bow; so these I add to my waistcoat, and always feel tidy and neat. The skirts we cut to reach to our ankles, lined them with a fine linenette that answers almost as well as silk in preventing the cloth of the knickerbockers clinging to the skirt, and turned up a very deep hem, and stitched several rows of stitching along the top. The skirt measures two yards and sixteen inches round, and opens down the left side to twelve inches, the stitching and buttons being carried down to the edge. At the back we found that the fulness hung best when pleated to the centre—here the marked pattern was of great use; at the waist the pleats were sewn to the body from one under-arm seam across to the other, the body fastening with an inside belt. We are delighted that the smaller sleeves are now worn—the large full ones looked out of place on a bicycle. Ours are a good shape, cut in one piece, and the wrists stitched, and two buttons placed at the seam. But the jacket body was the most interesting item to make, and we tacked and we fitted it until we had made it as near perfection as possible. You will notice that it ends a little below the waist, and fastens up the centre of the front to the revers, which are really the bodice itself turned back and faced with cloth. I know some would have used white for these, but we prefer them all one colour. These and the body have rows of stitching at every edge, and this we thought gave a nicely-finished and flat look to all. We have had gaiters of the cloth made out of the pieces from our costumes, and my shoes have small discs of gutta-percha fastened to the soles; this, I find, gives me a firmer hold of the pedal. We have pretty little toques of cloth and silk for dull weather, and white straw sailors for sunny days. The high crown of mine did not please me, so I cut it out and put in a crown of rougher straw, covering the join with a band of brown ribbon and a bunch of bows, and binding the edge with a brown galloon. In bright sunshine one must wear a veil of some kind; there is a choice of white lace net, brown, or dark blue.

But you must not suppose that we are all to appear in one style or uniform! The other three girls, who are not so slight as we are, have each arranged a different costume, one with deep jacket and apron skirt all black, and another with black satin knickerbockers and prune cloth skirt and Norfolk jacket, and the third in dark blue serge suit and blouse of light blue cambric striped black. This sketch will show you how the blouse is made. It is cut in three pieces, and tucked and drawn with a tape into shapes. The black stripes were very helpful in running the tucks, as each one is edged with a stripe, the same also giving the black line to the edge of the double frilled collar and down the front—this is so fussy and pretty when goffered. The sleeve, too, is cut only in one piece, gathered at the top, and sewn into a deep stiff cuff. One

hint in making: the button-holes are made in the flat fold down the front before the frill is stitched on, and it buttons underneath this. The broad belt is of webbing, and the buttons you see in the front are placed there to fasten the little open overcoat and prevent it flying back when riding quickly. I wish I could show you the little coat; it is so natty, close-fitting at the back, with a short basque rounded



CYCLING SKIRT AND BLOUSE.

at the corners in front, and with the long revers opening out from the waist, showing the full ruche down the front of the blouse. The sleeves are just large enough to go easily over the under-blouse sleeve without unduly crushing it. The skirt she has made in the same way as ours, but with the fulness pleated in three box-pleats at the back. This costume she will ride to tennis parties in, and look well in it whilst playing, for her movements at the game are easy and graceful. As the season goes on, and we can afford it, we intend making ourselves costumes of this simple design for tennis in the new shot alpaca. It is to be had in many becoming colours, and is so cool to wear.

BIZZIE BEE.

Paper patterns are cut ready in three sizes of the cycling suit, complete bodice and skirt at 1s. 1½d., or separate 6½d. each, also blouse or new sleeve or vest 6½d. each.—Address, BIZZIE BEE, c/o the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

To Electra.

Words by HERRICK.

Music by STANLEY DALE, Mus.D., Oxon.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Andante semplice.

pp *cres.* *p*

Con Ped.

I dare not ask a kiss, I

dare not beg a smile; Lest hav - ing that or this I might grow proud the while. No,

no! the ut-most share of my de - site shall be— On - ly to kiss that air that late-ly

ff *dim. e rit.*

ff *dim.*

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

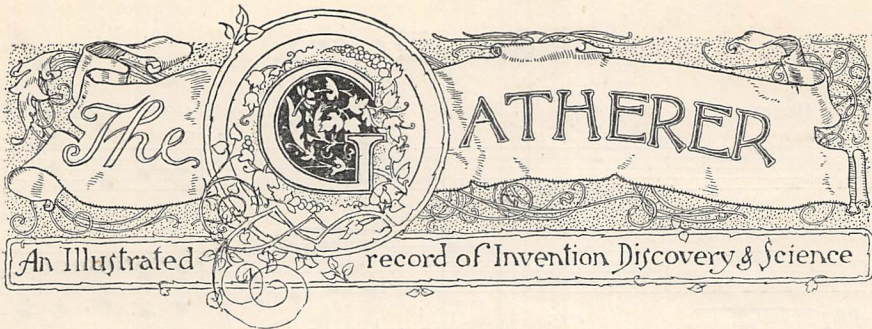
FIN.

kiss - ed thee.

pp *smorz. e rit.*

FIN.

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. ** ** Ped. **



Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.



THE FUTURE OF THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

METHOD of photographing unseen objects, such as coins in a purse, or the bones in a living body, which was accidentally discovered by Professor Röntgen of Würzburg, in following up the experiments of Lenard

with a Crookes vacuum tube, have impressed the popular imagination and given rise to a world-wide and lively interest. As our readers already know, when a vibratory current of electricity of sufficient strength, say from an induction coil or transformer, is sent through a glass bulb highly exhausted of air, after the manner of Crookes, the famous chemist, a diffused light appears in the tube. Certain dark or invisible rays also emanate from it, and these were found by Lenard to penetrate metal boxes and photograph objects in their dark interiors. Röntgen found that when sent through the body they passed more easily through the flesh than the bones, and thus a "shadow photograph" of the bones could be taken. Flesh, water, gases, wood, ebonite, carbon, and many other substances are very transparent to these mysterious rays, while some metals, such as gold and lead, and minerals, such as quartz and chalk, are very opaque to them. As the flesh consists mainly of gases and carbon, and the bones of lime and silica, the former is more or less transparent, and the latter more or less opaque. It was at once seen that the new discovery gave surgeons a means of examining at least the bones of the living body without dissection, and of localising the positions of bullets or other metal and mineral matters lodged in the body; and several successful operations in cases of malformed bones and bullets or splinters of metal in the flesh have been the consequence. Professor Salvioni of Perugia has further increased the value of the discovery by inventing an instrument called a "cryptoscope," for enabling us to see the "shadows" of the bones without having to wait until a photographic

plate is developed. The dark rays excite phosphorescence in glass, air, and many chemical salts, for example, sulphate of zinc and barium platino-cyanide. If, therefore, they are allowed to fall on a plate coated with these substances the shadows of the bones will be visible on the plate.

As the future applications of the new photography promise to be so important, especially in medicine and surgery, we have written to several eminent authorities for their views on the subject, and have much pleasure in laying them before the reader.

Sir Henry Thompson, the celebrated surgeon, does not consider that our present knowledge of the new photography and its results is quite sufficient to enable us to speculate as to its future value in surgery.

With reference to your

proposal I am of opinion that our present knowledge of what the "new photography" is capable of, doing, & certainly what it has done, is quite insufficient to enable anyone to hazard an inference as to its value in surgery, present or future.

*Yours faithfully,
Henry Thompson*

On the other hand, Dr. Dawson Turner, the well-known medical physicist, of Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh, who was, perhaps, the first to practically apply the new method to surgery in this

*To him Röntgen's
discovery is fully perfected it
will take months as the third
great advance made in
this century in Surgery.
The first was Chloroform,
the next Lister's antiseptic
Surgery, & lastly we have
the method of making the
skin transparent.*

*Yours truly
Dawson Turner*

country, is hopeful, not to say sanguine, of its future value. He considers it one of the three greatest advances in surgery made during the present century, the others being the use of chloroform and the introduction of Lister's antiseptic treatment.

Mr. Van der Weyde, the well-known photographer, is of a similar mind, and judging from the pictures showing fractured bones which he has seen, considers that it is no longer a matter of question whether or not the new photography will be practically useful to surgeons; but he prefers to remain "awestruck and reverential" before the new world of science which has been opened to us, rather than to give an estimate as to its value.

*None in the world is more
true than what I am
highly awestruck and reverential
by it.*

*Yours truly
J. Van der Weyde*

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, F.R.S., informs us that he worked on the subject of examining the interior of the body by means of ordinary light sent through it some twenty-eight years ago, and in the current number of the "Asclepiad," his well-known magazine, he gives an account of his

researches, from which we learn that magnesium light proved to be the best, and enabled him to perform several interesting investigations and operations.

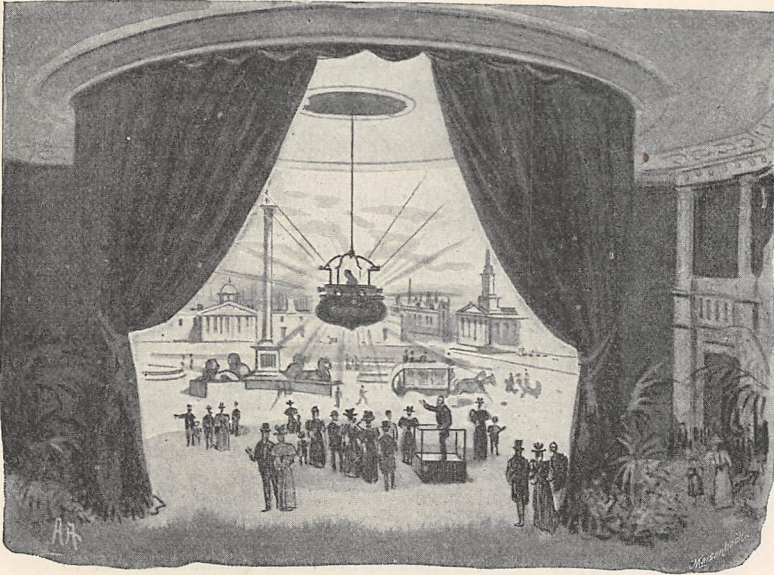
BW Richardson

Mr. W. Gregory, photographer to the Army and Navy, and philosophical instrument maker to the London County Council, while deeming it unsafe to hazard an opinion "in these days of wonders and surprises," is, nevertheless, persuaded that enough has been done to "warrant us in believing that this important discovery will be still further developed."

Mr. Alexander Bassano, the eminent photographer, also thinks that the new photography "has a great future before it: it is another tool by which we shall break entirely fresh ground and be able to explain many things at present obscure in science." The action of the "X" (or Röntgen) rays on a photographic plate, in his opinion, means that the impact of the vibrations has a power of decomposing the silver bromide similar to that of ordinary light. He considers that before long photographic plates more sensitive to these rays will be prepared, and enable surgeons not only to discover and examine foreign substances, like bullets in the body, but investigate the throat and brain, and "make such a revolution in the diagnosis of disease that we at present little dream of." Mr. Bassano reminds us, moreover, that the

*Doubtless before long a plate will
be prepared much more
sensitive to these rays than
the present photographic plate
and then the surgeon may be
not only able to examine and
locate substances impacted
in the flesh, fractures of bones
bullets &c. but will be able
to inspect the interior of the
throat - and also the structure
of the brain, its diseases,
tumours and alteration in
structure being made apparent -
in fact this new discovery may
make such a revolution in the
diagnosis of disease that we at
present little dream of.*

*Yours faithfully
Alexander Bassano*



A PHOTOGRAPHIC CYCLORAMA.

expression "new photography" is a misnomer, such as can only serve until a better term is found. The word "radiograph" has been suggested, and it is preferable to "electrograph." Radiograph, however, might be held to include photography, and it would, perhaps, be well if we had another word, say "cryptograph," to imply radiographs of hidden or unseen objects.

We may add that quite apart from medicine and surgery the new cryptography has already been applied successfully to tell real diamonds and pearls from imitation ones, the real diamonds being transparent to the rays and the mock ones opaque; while, on the other hand, the genuine pearls are opaque and the sham ones transparent.

A Photographic Cyclorama.

A few years ago Colonel Moëssard suggested that photography should be applied to the production of panoramas, and this has now been done by Mr. Chace, of Chicago, whose photographic cyclorama is shown in our illustration. The pictures are projected round a circular screen from optical lanterns suspended in a chariot from the ceiling of the hall. The lanterns are fitted with coloured glasses and other devices to produce the illusions of day-break, sunset, storms, moonlight, and so forth. One operator in the middle of the chariot is sufficient to manipulate the apparatus. By combining the kinetoscope of Edison or the cinematograph of Lumière with the cyclorama, an appearance of animation can be given to the figures in the streets, and processions or other demonstrations rendered lifelike.

The Sting of a Bee.

A few months ago a workman of the Jura, named Fritz Moser, father of a young family, was stung by a bee at Bienne while passing a hive, lost

consciousness in two minutes, and died in ten or fifteen minutes of paralysis of the heart. Moser, who was a bee-keeper, had been stung last year near his own hive, and fainted away. He was not a strong man, and his heart was weak. Two years ago a similar case of death from a bee occurred in Belgium, the victim being an agriculturist, and having also received a warning sting the year before. Such accidents are very rare, and due to some peculiarity of the individual rather than the venom of the insect. Hence, according to M. Bertrand, director of the *Revue internationale d'agriculture*, persons who have already been stung by bees without any

serious consequences need not be alarmed, as the first sting is a test of their resisting power. Those who have received a "warning" from a former sting cannot be too careful to guard themselves from another.

A Tea Measurer.

Housekeepers will welcome a tiny utensil which has just been introduced under the punning name of the "X-act" tea-measure. In appearance it somewhat resembles a telescopic drinking-cup, but in use the value of the different stages of the metal cup becomes apparent, for they serve to readily mark the exact quantity of tea required to give a "brew" of the proper strength for a given number of people. The measurer is made in plated metal and presents a pleasing appearance.

A Scar-Print.

Mr. Francis Galton, who showed that the prints of the fingers are an excellent test of identity, because they never vary throughout life, has recently published a curiosity of the kind, which is shown in our woodcut. It represents the print of a man's thumb, showing a graft of the flesh which had been wrongly placed. A piece of the thumb accidentally cut away was hastily replaced and bandaged up. The flesh grew into the

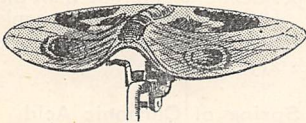


A SCAR-PRINT.

thumb again, but, having been replaced awry, the ridges and furrows of the skin can still be seen crossing each other after thirty years.

Cycle Novelties.

The "butterfly seat" or "sellette papillon" for cycles is shown in our illustration (Fig. 1), and has been modelled from experiments made to determine the best form to give it. The makers claim for this saddle that it is an easy and natural seat, permitting all the muscles to have free play.—A covered cycle resembling a Sedan chair on wheels has been introduced with success in France, and is illustrated in Fig. 2. It is useful in wet weather—above all in cities, where the splashes from vehicles are added to the onslaughts of the rain. Such a machine serves as a private hansom, and conveys a person through a crowded thoroughfare in spotless evening dress. The cover is made of aluminium tubes and impermeable cloth, and the whole machine does not weigh more than 35 lbs.—A new folding bicycle (Fig. 3), of a similar type to that recently described in *THE GATHERER*, but for ordinary use, as well as for military purposes, has also been brought out in Paris.

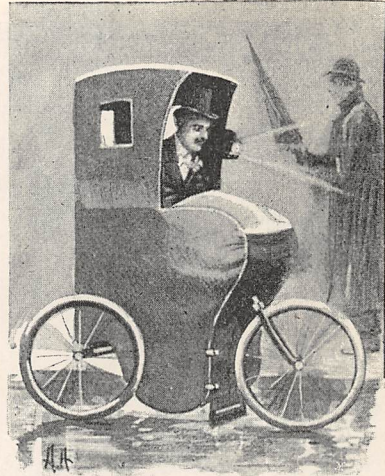


CYCLE NOVELTIES.—FIG. 1.

Blacklight.

Such is the name given by M. Gustave Le Bon to certain dark and mysterious rays which are capable of penetrating opaque bodies as do the "X rays" of Professor Röntgen's vacuum tube, but which are found in ordinary sunlight and lamp-light. M. Le Bon has no difficulty in taking photographs with these rays when the sensitive plate is covered by a metal plate, preferably of iron or copper, provided the exposure is sufficiently long—say, three hours. A better effect is got by placing the sensitive plate on a sheet of lead and putting the negative photograph to be copied over it, then laying an iron plate over all and bending up the edges of the lead plate so as to overlap the iron and form a closed box of iron on the top and lead on the bottom and sides. When this box with the sensitive plate inside is exposed for three hours to the light of a petroleum lamp or to sunlight, a distinct image of the negative will be found on the plate. M. Le Bon is of opinion that if our eyes were but slightly modified, we should be able to see through a brick wall. Let us hope they will not be modified. Something, however,

may be done with his discovery, which bears a certain analogy to that of Röntgen. Lord Kelvin and other physicists have supposed that "longitudinal" rays of light exist—in other words, rays in which the ether sways to and fro



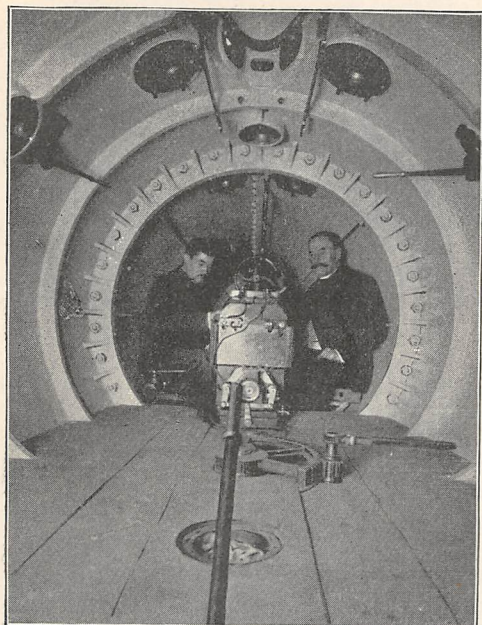
CYCLE NOVELTIES.—FIG. 2.

along the direction of the ray, as in the case of sound waves, and not from side to side across it, as in the case of ordinary light. What if M. Le Bon or Herr Röntgen have discovered these rays or some varieties intermediate between the extreme longitudinal and transverse kinds? For no doubt all sorts of vibratory or wave motions exist in the ether, as in air and water, only we have not organs to see or hear them. All that would render our lives more complicated and confused is excluded



CYCLE NOVELTIES.—FIG. 3.

from our ken by direct sensation, but science can bring it before the mind. Perhaps there are animals which can see rays to which we are blind, as they can hear sounds to which we are deaf. Perhaps there are creatures which can see through rock or earth. A bird which feeds on insects



THE GOUBET.—AN INTERIOR VIEW.

hiding under stocks and stones—a woodpecker, for example, would profit by such a sense. For aught we know, perhaps, the woodpecker actually sees his prey under the bark. The photographic plate is, of course, more sensitive than the human eye, and enables astronomers to discover stars otherwise invisible. It is reported that a case of undeveloped eczema was recently discovered by a photographer of Retford, Notts. Photographs taken of the child showed an eruption on the face, and were rejected by the friends of the child; but in a week or two an eruption of eczema appeared on the child's face, which closely resembled that of the photograph. Edison is understood to be attempting to photograph the living brain, and it is even stated that another American has accomplished it by a different means altogether.

The Goubet.

The "Goubet" submarine boat is familiar to our readers by report, and we are now able to give a picture of it. The vessel is about 25 feet long by 6 feet in diameter at its thickest part, and weighs some 10 tons. It is entered by the water-tight door seen on the top, from which an iron

ladder descends into the interior. Strong glass windows or scuttles allow the daylight to penetrate, but artificial light is obtained from electric lamps. The screw propeller is worked by an electric motor, as shown in the illustration, which represents the after-part of the interior. The main use of the vessel is to discharge torpedoes; but, of course, it can be employed for exploring under water, or for cutting submarine cables, torpedo-moorings, sponges, and so on. M. Goubet even looks forward to the day when large vessels of the kind will convey passengers across the Channel, fifty feet under water, without the slightest seasickness.

The Force of the Jaw.

Dr. Black, of Jacksonville, Florida, has found by actual measurement with a spring balance that a girl of seven years can exert a force of 30 lbs. with her incisor teeth and 65 lbs. with her molars in simply closing the jaws. A man of thirty-five registered at least 270 lbs. with his molars—which was as far as the apparatus could go. Several persons exerted a pressure of 200 lbs. with their molars and 100 lbs. with their incisors. Dr. Black states that the physical condition of the person does not seem to affect the force of his jaws, and that the controlling factor is rather the state of the periodontal membrane than the muscular strength. He is of opinion that people habitually exert more power in chewing their food than is really necessary.

A Spring of Carbonic Acid.

At Sondra, near Gotha, in Germany, while boring for minerals, a couch of carbonic acid gas was tapped, and such was the pressure of the gas that the boring tools were ejected from the bore, and the workmen fled for their lives. In addition to the escaping gas, mineral water was ejected to a height of 100 feet. Steps have been taken to store up the gas, and also to utilise the water for medicinal purposes.

New Electric Railways.

The great Westinghouse Company of America have introduced a new form of electric railway which



THE GOUBET.—EXTERIOR VIEW.

is free from some objections to the older systems. In these the electric current which actuates the motor and drives the wheels of the cars is drawn from a copper conductor running along the line by means of a copper "brush" or rubbing contact. In the new system, however, the current is tapped from the conductor at regular intervals by means of spring contacts, A, B, Fig. 1, which are pressed down by the car as it passes along the line. The plan allows the conductors, C, to be buried underground in a conduit and thus properly insulated. The spring contacts or keys at regular intervals remain "open," that is to say, they do not touch the conductor until they are "closed" by a projecting piece on the bottom of the car, which we illustrate in Fig. 2, and thus the circuit of the current is established between the conductor and the motor. As in the old system, however, the rails serve for the return part of the circuit, the current passing from the generating dynamo along the conductor, then through the motor and back to the dynamo by the rails. We may also mention that the London, Tilbury and Southend Railway Company have adopted a new

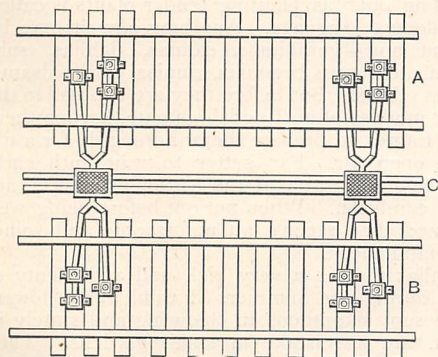
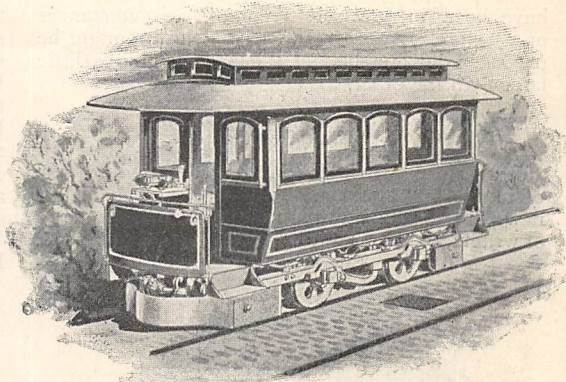


FIG. 1.

system of lighting railway carriages by electricity which has many advantages over those in use elsewhere. In particular it allows each carriage to be lighted separately, so that a train can be coupled and uncoupled without any trouble in making or unmaking the connections for electric lighting. Fig. 3 will give the reader a fair idea of the arrangement. First of all there is a dynamo for generating the electric current which is driven from the axle of the carriage by means of a flanged pulley and belt. The current from this dynamo is stored in the accumulator shown, so that when the carriage stops the lamps will still keep alight. The dynamo produces 25 amperes at a pressure of 18 volts and is stored in eight "E. P. S." accumulators, which feed ten 8-candle lamps. The cost of installation is about £50 per carriage, but the cost of maintenance is much less than that of oil or gas, because the power is derived from the locomotive through the axles.

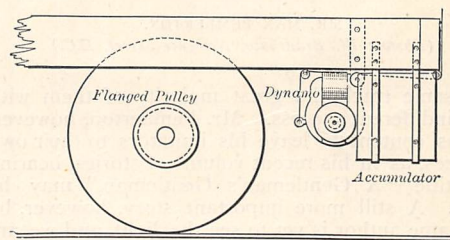
Double Action of the Brain.

Mr. L. C. Bruce has given an account of a curious case of double personality like that which forms the motive of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's well-



NEW ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.—FIG. 2.

known tale. This Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of real life is a fairly intelligent man; but sometimes he can only speak English, and at other times only Welsh. When he is an "Englishman," he remembers what he did in his former English intervals, but forgets all his proceedings during his Welsh ones; and he is subject to attacks of chronic mania. He is also right-handed, writing from left to right; but when asked, he will write with the left hand, from right to left. As a "Welshman," again, he has no idea of his English intervals, and is also subject to attacks of dementia. He is left-handed, and indeed his mental and physical conditions are "the reverse of what they were during his English periods." The change from one state to the other seems to occur spontaneously, a fact which shows that Mr. Stevenson's artificial expedient of inducing such a change by means of a drug, was not absolutely necessary, and may in fact be an impossibility. Mr. Bruce explains the dual condition of the patient by supposing that the two hemispheres of the brain can act individually, and that



NEW ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.—FIG. 3.

the more active one has a preponderating influence on the control of the motor functions; the person living two separate existences during the two stages through which he passes. The mental impressions received during each of these separate existences are, he thinks, recorded only in one cerebral hemisphere. This hypothesis, we may remark, also throws light on the singular feeling that some persons occasionally have of their present experience being a repetition of a former one—in other words, a momentary consciousness that they

have been in precisely the same circumstances once before. Apparently, such a delusion might be produced by one half of the brain acting a little later than the other.

Mr. Max Pemberton.

Ever since Mr. Max Pemberton's famous story of marvels, "The Impregnable City," opened a new path in the literature of adventure, numbers of writers, old and new, have flung themselves into

together with the history of Parson Ford, his tutor, and of Lady Marjory, the daughter of John, Earl of Quinton, so far as her story is, in a manner, his own. All of which is duly recorded, and to be read, in the great Library at Warboys, as it has been by this present writer, who now for the first time publishes his account thereof."

The first instalment of this strange web of love and adventure will appear in our next issue. The illustrations have been entrusted to Mr. Sidney Paget, now famous as the illustrator of "Sherlock Holmes."



MR. MAX PEMBERTON.

(Photo.: W. Bradshaw, Newgate Street, E.C.)

the same track, the great majority of them with but indifferent success. Mr. Pemberton, however, seems content to leave his imitators to their own devices, as in his recent volume of stories, bearing the title "A Gentleman's Gentleman," may be seen. A still more important story, however, by the same author is yet to see the light, and we are happy to be able to announce that arrangements have been made for the first appearance of the new work in serial form in this MAGAZINE. It will bear the title of

A PURITAN'S WIFE,

which purports, in Mr. Pemberton's own words, to be "The story of Hugh Peters, the son of Jonathan Peters, of Warboys, in the County of Huntingdon, and the nephew of that Hugh Peters who was chaplain to the Lord-General Cromwell. On which account, and by reason of the part he was said to have played at the Court of the French king, after the coming of Charles Stuart to his own again, many evils befell him, as are hereinafter set out,

AMONGST FLOWERS AND POULTRY.

MAY.

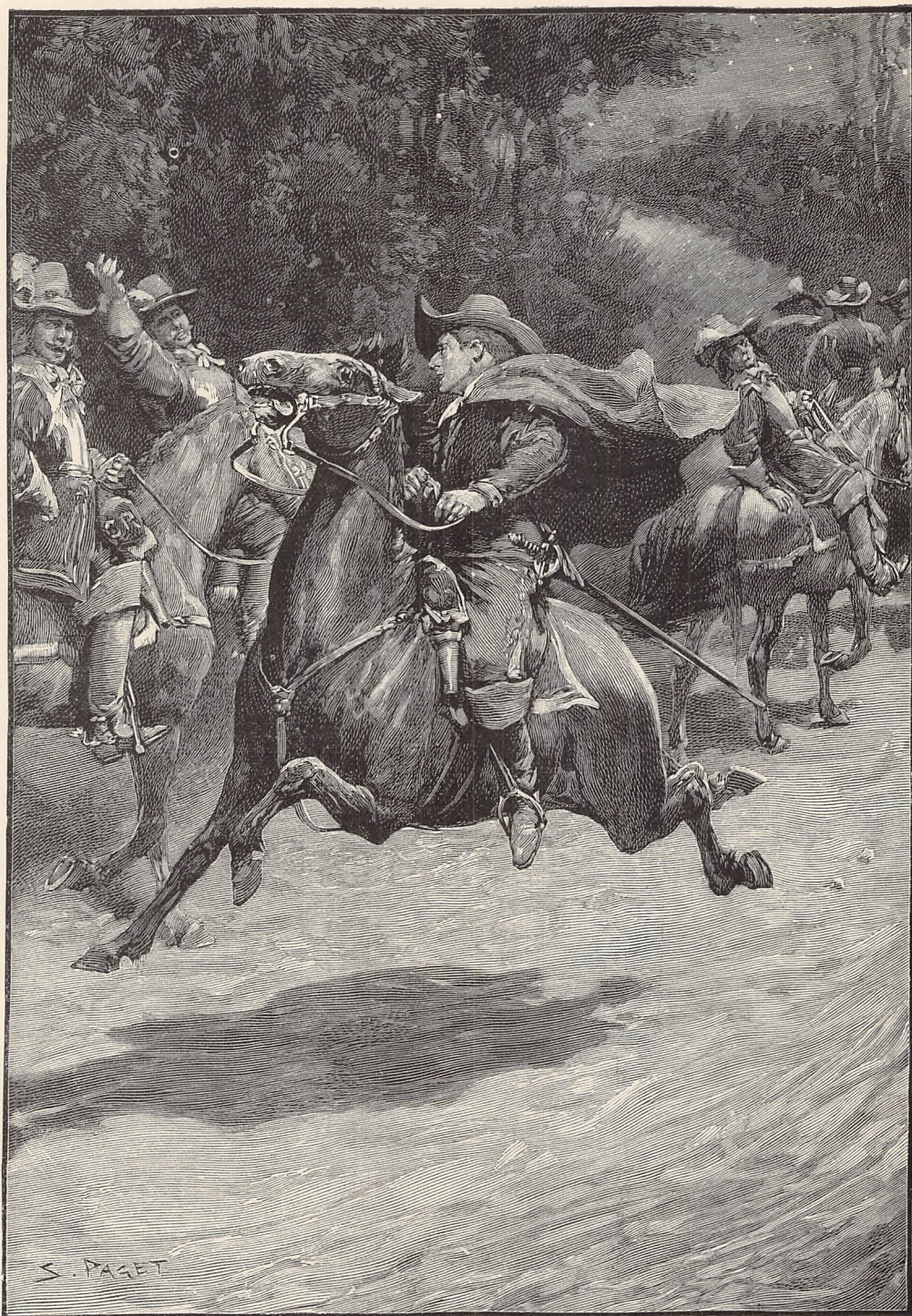
MAY is a month of flowers and sunshine. Each day reveals a richer floral store, and it is a month, too, of hard work in the garden.

Amongst flowers, one of the chief things will be "bedding out," as planting tender plants is called in gardeners' language. Anything almost may be put out now—geraniums, cannas, dahlias, sub-tropicals, tuberous begonias, zinnias, and balsams, besides others. But before they are exposed to the tender mercies of an English climate, harden them off in frames to prepare them thoroughly for a life in the open air. Far better to wait until early June before planting if the various subjects are not in condition. When put out before being well hardened they receive an unfortunate and sometimes fatal check.

Dahlias require a very rich soil and plenty of water during the summer. I think these flowers of the sun, sumptuous in colouring and stately in aspect, are a mistake in small gardens. They occupy too much space and encourage earwigs. All seedlings should be well thinned out and many are now in their infancy. Unless each seedling receives sufficient to develop its characteristic habit it will never reveal its true beauty. I write of every annual and every vegetable.

Amongst vegetables, sow seed of those kinds that should have received attention last month. Thin out asparagus seedlings and cut all shoots in the beds when of suitable size. Sow kidney beans, one of the most useful of vegetables, beet, and plant out cabbages from the seed beds. Prepare celery trenches, and get out late in the month vegetable marrows and cucumbers on ridges. Towards the end of the month well harden off the tomatoes for the open, as early in June they may be planted against the sunniest wall in the garden. Insect pests on fruit trees and in the greenhouse are troublesome in May and must be watched for.

Always think of the future in the management of the poultry yard. I tendered this advice in March last to my readers, and there is another season of the year when it must be repeated, in May and June, as at this time the early-hatched chickens are ready to sell. Never sell all the pullets, but as few of them as possible. A common practice is to first get these into the market, as they are ready before the cockerels; but if pullets are sacrificed now, where are the fresh eggs to come from in autumn and winter?



"THAT I WAS HE WHOM THEY HUNTED WAS A THOUGHT WHICH NEVER SO MUCH AS ENTERED THEIR HEADS."

See "*A PURITAN'S WIFE*" (p. 528).

APURITANS WIFE

by Max Pemberton

The story of Hugh Peters, the son of Jonathan Peters of Warboys in the County of Huntingdon and the nephew of that Hugh Peters who was Chaplain to the Lord-General Cromwell on which account; and by reason of the part he was said to have played at the Court of the French King after the coming of Charles Stuart to his own again, many evils befall him, as are hereinafter set-out; together with the history of Parson Ford, his tutor; and of my Lady Mary, the daughter of John Earl of Quinton, in so far as her story is, in a manner, his own. All of which is duly recorded, and to be read, in the great library at Warboys, as it has been by this present writer, who now for the first time publishes his account thereof.

Max Pemberton

CHAPTER I.—I FALL TO THINKING OF OLD DAYS.

I WAS ever a light sleeper, but upon that morning of May, when Master Ford came to visit me as I lay in the woods of Ambresbury, the sun was not up so soon as I; nor was the forest awake until I had lifted my voice in praise to God that He had given to me harbourage during another night from the perils which beset my path.

I know not why it was, nor could I think of any reason at the first moment of waking, but the break of the day seemed to carry my mind back to the years which I would well have forgotten. . . When I had dwelt upon it a little while, I remembered that it was my birthday, and that I was then thirty years old. And at

this I gave thanks again, though I could not forget in what poor circumstances I then found myself: nor what little likelihood there was that I should live through another year of such hazard and peril as had come to me in the year which it had now pleased God to add to my unhappy life. Indeed, I had no heart then that I should hope to live at all; and when in the sweet of the morning I went out a little way into the forest, yet with so light a foot that the deer continued to drink as I passed them by, I would have thought it happiness to have heard that the end of it all was at hand, and that the king's men were even then upon their way to my place of hiding.

This thought, I say, came to me; yet no sooner had it found a place of abiding in my

mind than I put it from me again. Ill were it that I, who of Heaven's bounty had reaped so rich a harvest, should cast aside the sickle lightly, and forget those many blessings which had been vouchsafed to me. To what worth of mine, I asked, did I owe it that I was here safe harboured in the forest by Epping, when many of those that had been comrades with me were lying in their graves, or were banished beyond the sea? By what work of grace abounding had I merited this clemency, that I should breathe the breath of the morning air and enjoy the sweetness of the woods when my kinsmen were lying in jail, remembered of none, nor likely to be remembered until the hangman should think of them? By God's mercy, my health and my liberty remained to me. There was no silent place of the forest of which I did not, to my own content, seem lord and master. Even the fallow deer had come to know me, and were frightened no longer at my approach. The very marsh marigolds, which made a golden pillow for my head, reminded me always of little Marjory and the days when I had played with her in her father's park at Warboys. The lark singing breathed her name for me as he winged upward from the meadows; the wind gave it to me for the message of its music. There was no sound in all the woods which did not carry me back in the folly of my thoughts to my old home, and to all that had made it so dear to me before this great trouble came upon my country.

There were some who would teach me in my youth that exceeding love of woman is a sin not to be committed by one to whom salvation has come; but this is no doctrine of the law to my mind. And if it be, then God forgive me who hath so loved this little wife of mine that all else in the world is as nothing to my memory of her. Sleeping or waking, at my work or at my rest, I thought to hear her voice bidding me be of good cheer in the days of my adversity. Often in the dark of a winter's night, when I have returned to my little hut, lying here by the pool at Ambresbury, and have thrown myself upon my bed of rushes, praying that I might rise from it no more, her face has seemed to be near mine, and her hand to clasp my own, raising me up from the slough of my distress to the hope of that day, if ever it was to be mine, when I should hold her in my arms again. And this was my exceeding folly—both to believe that she was my wife, and that she so much as remembered the name of Hugh Peters that had called himself her friend.

If this be an overbold thing to write, a little word upon it will justify all that I feared

but then and during the season of doubt which followed so closely upon that morning of my birthday. Seven years had passed since I had seen her whom I called, and would ever call, my wife. She was the second child of my lord the Earl of Quinton, whose estates in the county of Huntingdon lay as close to my father's house as two eggs might lay in a nest together; and though he fell fighting the king at Worcester, and my father had ever a leaning, though not so much as to risk anything thereby, to the cause of the Lord Protector, there was little of these things to be heard at our home; nor any of that wicked hate of kinsman for kinsman which these late troubles have bred in the land. So it came about that when the earl was killed in the great battle, and all his lands were given to them that knew best how to beg them of the Lord-General, little Marjory came to our house and there got a home with us. I had entered upon my nineteenth year then; she was in her fourteenth, the only friend beyond Parson Ford, my father's minister, that I had ever known. Nay, there is no year so far back that some little word of Marjory's is not remembered for it; and when she came at last to my home, it seemed to me that in her heart she had always been there, and that she was sent to us as one for whom we had long waited, to be the light and the happiness of our days.

I had come back from the war three years then, being sent thereto by my father, who, desiring that he should stand well with the Lord-General, yet willing to take no part that would imperil him if the king came to his own again, offered me for the service. He said that it became every man that was a man to learn that which war alone could teach him—the right use of musket and sword and the mastery of his horse. There were few more skilful with the rapier than he; and even Parson Ford, the minister, was taught by him so to hold himself that he was as good as any other man when blade touched blade and the green was merry with the beating of the feet. Many is the great affair we have had in our own garden, when the parson so warmed himself in the work that he drank as much sack as any roaring devil of a Cavaliersman; and swore such foul-mouthed oaths when another pinked him that he would spend hours in his closet afterwards begging the Lord's mercy for his sin. Admirable Master Ford—what would I not have given to have heard his voice in the silence of the woods of Ambresbury!

I went out to the war, and for my uncle's sake was made one of the Lord-General's own. It is not for me to speak here of the part I

played at Worcester ; nor of how it befell that I was sent with them that hunted Charles Stuart at Boscobel. Few remembered these things while the Commonwealth was ; but when General Monk brought the king from the Hague, and all the talk was of mercy and of pardon, none were so bold as to plead for Hugh Peters, nor to ask that he should find

Heaven than to ask mercy for those who were left to mourn him. Hereafter, I was alone with my troubles, for our home was given to strangers ; and all my thought was not of my possessions, but only how I might escape the king's men. Three years I dwelt in France, owing much to my mother's sister, who had married a gentleman of Paris ; and



"OH, MASTER FORD, MASTER FORD, CRIED I" (p. 518).

clemency. Nay, they dragged my uncle upon a hurdle to the scaffold, and they put a price upon my own head so that any man might strike me down where he should find me, and have nothing but profit of my hurt. What fair word my father could have spoken for me was not to be uttered ; for he, mighty anxious to be first amongst those that went out to greet King Charles, was brought to bed of a fever at Scheveling ; and there he died, more concerned to make his peace with

there I heard often of Parson Ford, but rarely of little Marjory. They said that her brother had come to be the earl, and that she was great in favour with the Papist woman whom the king's brother then admitted to be his wife. I had news of her, now that she was with her kinsman, Sir Allen Apsley, at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields ; now that she had become lady to the duchess ; but they spoke always of her exceeding prettiness and of her new pride that she had come to such

great estate. And at this I remembered the day when I was married to her in the woods about Warboys; and I laughed aloud when I told myself that she was my wife.

All this, I say, was in my mind when I walked abroad that May morning. I had been in England nigh three months then, yet never once could I bring myself to set foot outside the sure retreat that I had in the forest of Ambresbury. The same love of country, and love of my dear wife, which brought me out of Paris, happen what might, was tempered so soon as I came to England by that love of life which is God-given in every man. I thought that they would have forgotten Hugh Peters, five years being past; but they had better memories. It was known all along that I was in the French king's city, and my departure therefrom did but add to their suspicions about me. A new writ was put abroad offering five hundred guineas to him who would take me. I heard that they watched the sea-ports for my coming. Hunted by day and night like some evil thing that must be stamped upon and destroyed, I hid myself at last in the woods of Epping, and there, amid the cut-purses and rogues and robbers that make a hell of these fair places, I found that rest which three years of wandering had not given to me.

Twice by favour of Morley, the king's keeper that was long servant to my own father, did I write to Master Ford telling him how things stood with me. No answer was brought back; and at this I fell to thinking that the old minister was dead and that no friend in all the country remained to me. But in this I was wrong, as you shall learn presently; for I had walked but a little way through the woods on the morning of which I write when what should I hear but the voice of one singing, very dolefully, a verse from the thirty-first Psalm; and at that, the blood went rushing to my head for the joy of it, and I ran on through the thicket crying for very gladness that I should have found a friend again.

CHAPTER II.—PARSON FORD COMES TO AMBRESBURY.

THE sun had risen now, and his light came winging through the pollards so plenteously that all the pool below was shining as with little waves of gold. Never, I vow, has man looked upon a more bewitching place than those banks of Ambresbury as they were then at the first of the morning, when the grass drank in her draught of refreshing dew, and the marsh marigolds opened their petals to the warning sunbeams, and the air

was hot with the odour of roses. Many a time and oft have I stood in that very spot to think that in no other country but my own could you hap upon a harbourage of such sweet solitude, or find a forest so fair in all the truest gifts of God. And now when out of the silence of the day, a call, like a call of the years which were dead, came to me from the thicket about my little hut, then, indeed, was my heart robbed of half its sorrow and all my joy of life was given back to me.

I ran on through the thicket, I say, brushing back the bush and fern from the rarely-trodden path; and when I had gone perhaps a half way through it, I saw Master Ford, riding slowly toward me upon a great black horse. And treading upon his heels, so to speak, was none other than his servant Gideon, who was ever a man of huge stature; but riding as he was then upon a poor lean beast that could scarce have served for a boy at his school, he appeared to me to be the tallest man I had ever seen. Yet who could write of my joy to behold their faces again, or to watch them coming, ay, so slowly, to my place of hiding, and knowing not, I vow, if he whom they sought were alive or dead.

"Oh, Master Ford, Master Ford," cried I, able to bear with it no more, and running now even to the head of his great horse, "the Lord Jesus be glorified that I have lived for this day—nay, speak to me, for I want words for my lips! And you, Gideon, oh, for a truth, it is the Gideon I have loved long ago!"

I do believe that tears came into my eyes when Master Ford held out his hand to me, and I took it in both my own. Five years had passed, and I had been a stranger among those who cared only for the day when I should leave them. But here was one who could bring with him all the love and memory of my home; and the measure of my happiness overflowed even before he spake. Nay, I can see him to this day sitting there with his stern face, and his little twinkling eyes that looked round one into the other, and his legs sticking out from the sides of his horse like bones from a fish's back, and his staff held like a pike in his hand. And my love for him is no less than it was when he answered me, not as father to son, but as minister to him that hath fallen back. Nay, he spoke a word of the Scriptures:

"For Thou, Lord God, knowest Thy servant," he said, looking up to the blue heaven above him; "for Thy word's sake, and according to Thine own heart, hast Thou done all these great things to make Thy servant know them!"

But Gideon said:

"Surely thou art flesh of my flesh and bone

of my bone, and the Lord hath given thee back to us. Oh, great be the day that I have lived to see it !”

I wrang the honest fellow's hand very heartily, and then my old master began to forget that he was a minister and to remember that he had come upon an errand of mercy.

“Oh, Hugh, Hugh,” he cried, putting his hand upon my shoulder very kindly, as he was wont to do when I was a little lad, “that we meet again thus ; thou that wast a son to me, dear beyond all mine own ! And now they hunt thee like a deer—and I, God help me, what comfort can I bring to thee ?”

I told him that it was comfort enough to see him there in that desolate place ; and talking, I verily believe, of twenty things at a breath, I led his horse down the bridle-path, and so to the door of the woodlander's hut, which was hidden away in the copse like a blackbird's nest in a thick-set hedge. He drew rein a moment at the mouth of the path, that he might cast his eyes over the forest about us, and then he seemed more contented with my situation.

“Well,” he said, “it is a poor hovel of a place that they have given thee ; but surely, for this day thou wilt lie here in safety——”

“For this day,” cried I, laughing, yet gladly, at his words, “nay, and for many a day, Master Ford, must I keep company with the herons. Have you not heard that there is a new writ put out against me ?”

“Ay, surely, have I heard ; and there was little beyond to give me news of thee. They talk of it in all the town, how thou hast come back with great secrets from the Court of the French king, and how, presently, thou wilt better thyself in the people's eyes thereby. And now thou must write to me so that others may put abroad thy place of hiding, and it may be a refuge for thee no more. Oh, Hugh, my lad, was it for this that I taught thee prudence ten years ? Truly art thou as a little child, and there is no guile in thee.”

He spoke very kindly, but there was no manner of change in his talk since the day I had been as a son to him. He forgot, I make sure, that I was now long come to man's estate ; and at this, had it been any other, I had laughed aloud.

“I wrote to you,” said I, “since there is no one but yourself in all my country who cares whether I live or die, except my Lady Marjory perchance—and she, I think, must now be too great in pride to remember Hugh Peters who was her playmate. Yet how it came that my letters fell into other hands I do not know, nor can I imagine what secrets they think that I have brought from the Court of France—unless it were this, to know the truth of adversity,

and to be in hunger often. Nay, God has dealt hardly with me, Master Ford—there is little but my strength of body left to me now.”

“The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord,” now cried the honest Gideon ; and then remembering for what he had come, he took it upon him to rebuke his master.

“Sir,” said he, “my master's words are well enough in the pulpit, where he hath a cushion to beat upon ; but here, in the forest of Epping, I doubt not that you will prefer his gifts which I now bear upon my pack, and in the safeguarding of which I have lately killed two rogues, whose bodies lie no more than a hundred paces from Chingford Church. For what saith the Scriptures : ‘And he lodged that same night, and took of that which came to his hand a present for Esau his brother.’ (Item, two wheaten loaves.) For he said, ‘I will appease him with the present that goeth before me.’ (Item, a flask of the wine of France.) ‘And afterwards I will see his face.’ (Item, a ham of York.) ‘And Jacob lifted up his eyes and looked——’ If there be any better beef without Aldgate than the loin I now carry to you, the Lord teach me to fast even as these Papists do.”

There was no laugh upon his face when he made this sermon to us ; and he sat bolt upright in his saddle, looking like some fierce man of Muscovy about to do a cruelty. But his words brought us to a remembrance of Master Ford's warning, and now we hastened to tether the horses to the little gate of the hut ; and soon we were all three within, and our stomachs warming with the wine which they had carried for me. It was new to me to see Parson Ford draining a cup, but I had learnt the habit in France, and was mighty glad to resume it. As for the parson, he was not wanting a word of authority for his comfort.

“Thou must know, Hugh,” said he, “that I am as Timothy, taking a little wine for my stomach's sake. Yet this is no time to ask, what men eat or what men drink. Let the glory be given that I set eyes upon thee again. And first, when thou art able to speak for lack of any more will to eat, thou shalt tell of thy years in France, and I, in turn, will make known how it was that I came to thee, and at whose bidding I carry thee hence this night, God willing that we escape the perils which now hover over us. For they are perils, my lad, and the Lord's hand alone shall deliver thee from them, if it be that thou hast found favour in the sight of heaven.”

Gideon answered to his prayer with a loud

"Amen," the first word he had spoken since he sat to the food; and I, my whole body seeming to be full of new blood from the wine I had taken, told him how that I had come back from France for love of my country—for of my love for little Marjory I dared not to speak to one so stern. I asked him how it was that they could give me no news of him at Warboys, whither I had gone first to seek him; only then coming to Epping in my terror of the king's men that had nigh taken me into the town of Huntingdon. To all of which he listened very kindly, and afterwards answered me with the whole story of it.

"Thou didst not hear of me at Warboys, Hugh," said he, "because three years have come and gone since I was driven from my home by this Convention Parliament, and must leave my flock to the wolves that hurried hither from the Low Countries at the king's return. It was in the month of thy going that little Marjory went from my house to her brother, who came to his own again when the king got his crown; and now she who was thy playmate is like a star at the Court, and pride sits upon her as a garment. Not that I make any complaint of her good fortune. In all this Job sinned not nor charged God foolishly. But I have it in my mind that a word of remembrance from one that hath the king's ear would be a kindness of much service to me. Little have they left me of my substance, Hugh; yet they put no bridle upon my tongue, and where the sheep are there is the shepherd's voice exhorting them."

This was all very well to hear, but I was impatient to get at the reason of his coming; and now I pressed him more closely, first expressing my sorrow that he should tell such things of his own condition.

"You speak, old friend," said I, "of carrying me hence to-night, and of being bidden to do it. Who, then, is he that would help Hugh Peters upon such a day?"

"Ay," chimed in Gideon, "and that's what he is coming to—though, Lord's mercy, he is as long o' the road as a waggon from France. Who would do thee a service, Master Hugh?—ask him that, ask him that. There's water in the well if you do go but deep enough."

"You are both pleased to speak in parables," said I, "yet give me a plain word and I quit Ambresbury. I warn you fairly that I will go hence on no fool's errand. Here, I have a pillow for my head and a haunch for my belly, but God knows how long I may say the same if the Constable of Epping takes it into his head to put his warders upon the road by which I must pass out. I love my life for all that it has brought to me, Master Ford. If I am to put it in another's keeping,

he shall be one who can speak in a tongue which I am able to understand——"

I was now a little heated seeing them both smile at me, and Master Ford stopped me with a gesture as he would do in the old time.

"Tut, tut," cried he, "what talk is this of fair word and plain tongue? Hark to the lad that is as mine own son with his haunch and his pillow, and his Constable of Epping, and his—God's mercy, he will be drawing his sword upon me next."

"If he could give thee a little prick that would bring thee to the point, master, I would even offer thanks myself," said Gideon. "What a tongue is that which must go lap up the butter and leave the meat in the dish. Tell him what he asks—that it is my Lady Marjory who now sends for him, and that we find horses when the sun is gone down."

I looked at both of them, while my heart beat as though to burst.

"Gideon," said I, "what tale is this?"

"As much a tale as yon bone is a good York ham. Ask my master who knows."

"It is, indeed, no tale, Hugh," said Master Ford, who rather took a pride in the old serving-man's forwardness than made any haste to resent it; "had there not been so much of mine own to speak to thee about, I would have told thee at my first coming. Lady Marjory sends for thee out of the forest, and sends for thee now, since dost thou remain here another day there will be others looking for thee with the morrow's sun."

"My Lady Marjory sends for me!" I cried. "My——"

It was upon my lips, I vow, to say "my wife," and I can well imagine with what surprise Master Ford would have heard so strange a tale; but while I was all tingling with delight, and a great longing to be up and going was already upon me, I held my tongue, and so saved myself from the shame of it.

"Nay," said I, pretending indifference; "how should little Marjory so much as remember my name?"

"She remembers it because it hath lately been whispered in her ear by one, Morley, the king's keeper, who says that there is game by the banks of Ambresbury which other hands than his may come to hunt presently. And great lady that she is, Hugh, she can think still of those that were her playmates at Warboys. Oh, surely, she remembers thee so well that when she heard all this talk of the Puritan Hugh Peters, who was come from France to be a thorn in the king's side, what must she do but send her servants to search out Son of Humility Ford, and bid him come to Ambresbury for thee,

and so carry thee to Windsor, whither she goes with the duchess. There I doubt not she will find place of hiding for thee, even if it be so low as in her kitchen. They say that the king will dance when she pipes. Why, then, should she not pipe a tune that was in her ears in the long ago? Nay, she has promised it—though God grant she has a better memory for thee than for me."

"Amen to that," said I, though I was smarting still at his word that my lady should make me one of her serving-men. But this I hid from them.

"You speak," I continued, "of our setting out this night, and going so far as Windsor. It seems to me that I would do better to lie here until my lady has piped the tune of which you speak. In this place I have but my hunger and my loneliness; and these I can support. Once upon the road, God knows what may wait for me. And I do not forget that if I am to go, it must be upon my feet. Would you have me walk, Master Ford, or share a pack saddle with old Gideon?"

"Would I have thee sit upon the tail of a cow? Oh, Hugh, Hugh, when wilt thou learn the lessons which I was ten years teaching thee! Am I one to put the pack saddle upon the ox? The Lord give thee patience. Hadst thou but listened, I would have told thee that thou must set out to-night because this is the day when the earl shall be back in the forest again, bringing with him those that will beat every copse and thicket for thee as they would for a deer that is to be hunted. Even now there is talk in the town of Epping of the King's Guards, who are to come in at sundown. To-morrow's dawn, dost thou await it here, will see thee upon the road to Newgate jail, where, if the gibbet pass thee by, assuredly thou wilt die of the plague which, as thou mayest know, is the talk of all the city."

"Ay," said old Gideon, "and there will not be many dawns after before a rope shall swing thee up to the Saints—which the Lord forbid. Would to Heaven, Master Hugh, that one we love could tell thee a plain tale. For what does he mean by his oxen and his asses, his 'woulds' and his 'shoulds'? Why, God's mercy, he would say that my Lady Marjory has sent thee a horse and a cloak, and a sword for thy belt; and thinking that none will look for thee if thou be bold enough to ride straight for Windsor; she is of the mind to employ thee at once—and we carry thee to her at dark. Is that to thy liking, master? Nay, I vow it is. Ho, ho, I'll swear on it—a bonnier serving-man shall not be found out of Scotland, nor a sweeter mistress. Pillars of grace! that it should come to a laugh with me."

He spoke no truth when he said that he laughed, for he only sat very stiff against the wooden walls of my little hut and chuckled most dismally to the great anger of his master. But this was of no concern to him, for presently he fell to singing a verse writ by the Papist poet Southwell:

"In lowly vales I mount
To pleasure's highest pitch;
My silly shroud true honour brings,
My poor estate to rich."

And with this on his lips he tumbled into a deep sleep.

"Well, well," said the parson, content now that his tongue was stilled, "he has ridden far, and he means well to thee, Hugh. He has said all that I would have said, and we have nothing now to do but to wait until the sun is set, and Keeper Morley is come with the horses. Until that shall be, I would speak with thee a little of thy soul; for oh, my lad, what shall it profit a man——"

But I heard no more; for I could think of nothing but this, that I was to ride forth at sundown to meet her whom Tom Honeydew, the wine-bibbing parson of Quinton, had married to me for a jest in the woods of Warboys now nine years ago.

And I knew that I should find my little Marjory no more—and, God knows, I dared not to hope that she would remember that play beneath the trees when ranting Tom had made us man and wife, as he said, for the jest's sake.

CHAPTER III.—WE ARE ESCORTED BY THE NIGHT BIRDS.

I HAD a little sleep during the heat of the day; dreaming much of my youth at Warboys, when I had feared Master Ford and had smarted often at the swish of his twigs. But I awoke while the forest was still golden with the sunshine, and I found then that Gideon had been before me and was broiling a piece of the meat upon a fire of logs which he had kindled at our door. The parson still slept, however, and the heaviness of his breathing was like the deeper note of a trumpet.

"Let him lie, for God's sake," said old Gideon, as I came out of the cottage; "a prettier man in his sleep was never made; yet, look you, Master Hugh, the Lord surely slipped when He took the measure of his tongue. Pillars of grace! that I should speak ill of him whom I have cared for from his youth up—I that am in peril for mine old soul."

"He has been asleep along?" I asked.

"He fell off at his thirdly. 'Tis an odd thing to tell, sir, but I have so accustomed myself to his voice that when he sleeps, I



"EVEN THEN DELIVERING THE MESSAGE WHICH KEEPER MORLEY HAD SENT TO US."

wake. And that's God Providence. Thou hast slept a little thyself, maybe—ay, surely, and now wilt take meat ; for of what are the Lord's servants made but of sleep and meat, and a cup of good sack when that is to be had."

"Have you seen aught of Keeper Morley, or the horses he was to bring?" I asked as I threw myself upon the sweet grass by the side of his blazing fire.

"Not so much as the hoof of one—though the Lord forbid I should say that of Master Morley. It was at sundown we were to look for him, as thou mayest remember. Until he

shall come, there be plenty here to remind us of where we are and upon what errand we venture. Nay, for hard-swearing, lewd, and vainglorious cut-purses, Master Hugh, I would commend these banks of Ambresbury against any copse, thicket, or warren in the two kingdoms. Lord, to see their dirty faces through yonder trees as I have seen them this hour or more ! Surely, the devil is fled from this place, and the lowest of his angels keeps watch upon it. Thou knowest the old legend—how that in the cities of the good the hosts of darkness rest not day nor night ; while so much as one little devil upon the

wall will serve for the city of the evil-doers ! No ? Then I will even expound——"

"Nay, Gideon," said I, "there is too much in my head to-day that I should love your legends. I think it strange that you have seen these fellows from the warren, for in all my months here I have counted scarce ten of them. You say they came to grin at you ?"

"Naught else ; and one drew so close that I must shut his mouth with a faggot, and see his teeth go flying down his throat like pills from a surgeon's counter. A scurvy rascal, I make sure, that should long have been food for the gibbet. But, thanks be to God, sir, I am still the man I was—and as for thee, Lord's mercy, was there ever a quicker blade or a better lad come out of France than Hugh Peters ? Oh, surely, we shall lie snug in the forest of Windsor before the King's Guard yet."

"And then, Gideon ?"

"And then, Master Hugh ? Why, then we will turn to Him whose word is a lantern unto our feet and a light unto our paths. And if thou art not the one to whisper prettily into the ears of her that was thy playmate, I know not the man. Pillars of grace ! that I should fall to talking of a maid !"

It was horrible, I swear, to hear old Gideon when he chuckled and mumbled to himself as then he did. I was in no mood for his jest ; nor could I rest in any one place for long together, so did the thought that I was to see Marjory again burn me. A hundred schemes and plans and reckonings rushed upon my mind. I walked away into the copse to be alone with my hopes and fears : and while the sun's rays fell soft through the ripe green leaves, and the violets made a carpet for my feet, and the birds went winging at my coming, I said to myself that I, surely, was as one called from death to life ; that to-morrow would be my new year's day, when I should see my dear wife and tell her—nay, I knew not what. Yet it was good to whisper her name here in the silence of the thickets ; sweet to remember how pure a thing our love was when, for the jest's sake, Tom Honeydew, the tipsy parson, had married us, the boy and girl, under the old yew tree in the great park at Warboys. Would she remember that folly ? Would it have any hold upon the law ? I asked myself these things as I had asked them a hundred, nay, a thousand, times. God alone could answer me ! yet I was no ninny to believe that the great lady would stoop quickly to him who was the farmer's son ; nor be so wanting in her pride as to acknowledge that which lacked all witness and all probability. Or if she did, what help were that to me—who was an outcast from my people, a hue and cry for all

that would stop to read the king's will ? Never, for a truth, did the cup of happiness so play with a man as with Hugh Peters upon that day he set out from the forest by Ambresbury.

I had left Gideon, as I have told, broiling a piece of meat at the door of my hut, but when I returned to him presently there was another with him, a lad of Chingford, who led a great bay mare by the bridle-rein, and was even then delivering the message which Keeper Morley had sent to us.

"My master says, sirs," he explained, "that he must not appear in this matter, but what he can do he has done. Ye will find the mare well-conditioned and good in the gallop as any this side of London. 'Let them be gone as soon as the sun,' says my master, and thank God, say I, to see the quarters of such a squealing devil as this same mare I now bring to you ; for of all the kicking, peevish, wicked—and that reminds me, masters, ye will find the great cloak safe in the pack, and as for my wage, that am I well content to leave to your honourable worships."

"Holy Samuel ! heard ever a man such a talker ?" cried Gideon, whose hands were already upon the pack, while I had the bridle of the mare. "Hark ye, boy, if ye do but spit it out like that all your life long, Lord, ye shall end as big in law as the Commons at Westminster. Get back now to Master Morley with a silver sixpence in your pocket, and tell him that if he seek us to-morrow he will know where we lie."

The lad took the sixpence, and, running off, called back to us from the wood that his master would come presently with a spade to bury him who rode the mare. His bawling woke Parson Ford from his sleep ; and when we had made a meal, and I had put on the great black cloak and the honest sword, which were my lady's gifts, we were ready to set out. The sun was quite gone down then, and only a shimmer of grey light lit up the hollows between the thickets or gave a silvery face to the silent pools. The whole forest seemed to sleep ; and when we knelt upon the grass to ask help of our God in the journey before us, our voices came winging back to us from a hundred places in the woods, and all the groves answered with their "Amens."

Our devotions being done, we mounted our beasts ; I, the first upon the great mare, who set back her ears very threateningly, but stood quite still when I had my legs about her.

"She knows that she has found a master," exclaimed Parson Ford, very merrily ; and then he went on to say : "A long farewell to Ambresbury, Hugh, and hey-day for little

Marjory. By my soul! the cloak has made a soldier of thee again. I would not meet thee in a dark place for a hundred crowns."

"'Tis little *thou* wouldst be worth to rob, master," said old Gideon, as he climbed upon his pony: but I said nothing. As I live, the whole forest about me, which had seemed drear and dark and silent as the grave a moment before, was now alive with moving figures; and a hundred black forms were shaping above the dewy grass.

CHAPTER IV.—THE AFFAIR IN THE WARREN.

I WAS one who could look into the heart of the woods and behold things which a man bred in a city might never find there. Though it was near now to being quite dark, and the figures of the rogues who lurked behind the trees were scarce to be distinguished from the trunks which hid them, I saw plainly that we were watched. Yet for what purpose, if it were not for robbery, I could not conceive; and I knew too well with what manner of men we had to deal to think of any overt act which would bring them out upon us. If, I said, we were to get to the high-road at all, then must we push on while these fellows yet hesitated to show themselves. And so thinking I led the way down the bridle-path towards the warren, meaning thus to strike upon Crown Hill and so upon the great road to Waltham.

We were an odd company, I vow. As for myself, I was a hybrid thing in my tattered suit of homespun and my new finery which had come to me of my lady's bounty—to say nothing of the vixenish mare which would go neither straight forward nor straight back, but only sideways and that ill-temperedly. I had bidden Master Ford ride at my heels, that his great black horse might not trip him in the rough of the path; but Gideon, whose feet brushed the ground while he rode, lagged some way behind us, and we could tell where he was only by the doleful singing and swearing with which he ever cheered himself.

It was in this order that we rode, it may be for the third of a mile. The others, I was sure, had seen nothing of the rogues in the thickets, their eyes being set on the path before them; but I, who watched the woods unrestingly, felt my heart grow colder and colder when I observed that newcomers were added to the number of those that followed us, and that all the glades about were now alive with men. And this was even more strange—that the rogues should follow us thus silently, neither speaking one to the other, nor making the least show to do us hurt. It was only when I remembered that we were

riding directly for the warren, which was, above all, the stronghold of the unnumbered outlaws who then hid themselves in the forest, that I divined their purpose and read for the first time what ill it boded to us.

"Master Ford," said I, drawing rein suddenly, "it seems that we have company."

He looked up quickly, for I believe he had been near to sleeping.

"Eh, Hugh," cried he, "what was that?"

I pointed to a place of the forest into which the moonlight now fell abundantly—a very glade of the fairies, with its gnarled trunks and its sweet grasses, and a little lake nestling prettily in its hollow. There were, perhaps, a dozen rogues gathered at this spot, and it was clear that they had begun to consult together.

"Now," said I, when the parson, who suffered some weakness of his eyes, had seen what I had seen, "yon fellows have followed us from the hut. We shall have trouble with them by-and-by."

Master Ford stuck out his legs more than ever from his horse's back, and answered scornfully.

"What!" cried he, "you draw rein because a dozen rogues gape together in a thicket. Shame on you, Hugh, that was a lad of spirit. God's mercy! I would worst the dozen of them with my cudgel. Where is Gideon——?"

He turned round in his saddle, and at this moment Gideon rode up to us, labouring for his breath most painfully.

"Sirs," said he, "surely this horse was born on a Friday, and, the Lord willing, another Friday shall not pass——"

"Hush, Gideon," said I, "and tell me what you think of yon company."

I had let my mare go at the walk again, fearing to draw the night-birds down upon us, and the others followed, speaking of the affair with hushed voices.

"A scurvy pack, that would break our heads for a crown!" muttered Gideon.

"Lord deliver me from the burden of this serving-woman," exclaimed Master Ford, who was the readiest man in a brawl that I ever clapped eyes upon.

"Come," said I, hushing Gideon's angry protest; "this is no place for words. If we bide here long, I'm thinking we shall lack tongues to speak them. The path opens out, as you see. It is my plan that we go altogether, looking neither to the right nor to the left until we come upon the king's high-road. And you, Gideon, forget your songs, for God's sake."

"Ay, sir, surely," said he; "though the Lord knows what I will do with my tongue

if I have not a psalm to keep it still. 'Twould be well at the same time could ye prevail upon my master to bide swinging his cudgel until he shall have a head to break it upon."

"Gideon," said the parson, "you are an impertinent fellow, and some day you will commit the unpardonable sin."

For my part, I had begun to believe that we should never get out of the grove at all—and it came very near to that, as you will see presently.

We were upon the outskirts of the warren which was the proper home of these outlaws, when the thing came to a head. Many little



"I SAW THE PARSON SWING HIS CUDGEL SWIFTLY IN THE AIR" (p. 526).

It was beyond endurance to me to hear the pair talk so ; and I knew well that they were very ignorant of those who now gathered about us in the grove. Of all the cut-purses and thieves to be found in the woods near to London, none were so much to be dreaded by honest folk as these footpads of Epping. They would slit our throats, I said, as quick as crack a nut ; yet here were the two ninnies at my side disporting themselves with the airs of men who sat by their own hearths.

fires burning upon the grass in the hollows between the trees were to be observed here ; and there were other tokens of the camp which the rogues had pitched in this place since man could remember. Had it been possible for me to venture out by way of the Epping road, I had avoided so dangerous a spot altogether ; but I knew well that if all Parson Ford's words about the King's Guards were true, then, indeed, did my safety lay in these dangerous places of the woods. Nor had I

time to debate upon it very long, for the vixenish mare carried me forward, whether I would or no ; and scarce we were again under the trees, when the rogues, who had held back so long, sprang of a sudden from their hiding-places, and began to swarm about us like wild beasts about their prey.

The first man that came was a huge fellow dressed in a ragged suit of green, and wearing a little round cap, like the cap of a Popish cardinal, set far back upon his head. He sprang from the shelter of a tree, and put his hand very playfully upon the bridle-rein of Master Ford's pony ; but hardly was it placed there, when I saw the parson swing his cudgel swiftly in the air and bring it down upon the man's head with a blow that was like the blow of a blacksmith's hammer upon a forging.

"One," cried the parson very methodically, as the man rolled upon the grass with all the sense knocked out of him ; and then, turning to the ugly fellows who pressed upon him, he continued—

"Hark ye, my friends : I am one of the Lord's ministers come to Epping upon a work of mercy. My name is Son of Humility Ford ; my place of living is without the bars of Aldgate ; and, as God is my witness, I will so split the head of the next man who puts hand upon my bridle, that all the surgeons in the kindred shall not mend the pieces. Ye hear that ? Then keep your distance, rogues."

They answered him with a merry laugh ; but presently a wench among them cried out that Tom Hill was surely murdered (meaning, I suppose, the man whom Master Ford had struck), and at this there went up from them such an angry shout, that I thought they had made an end of it upon the spot. It seemed to me that the moonlight fell upon a sea of upturned faces, and that these faces were white with passion ; while of all the surly-looking villains I have ever beheld, none was so ugly or ill-visaged as the one who appeared to be their leader, and who now tried to lay his hand upon my cloak.

"What," cried he, "your ranter turns upon Tom Hill and cracks his skull ! Hell take you for the French spy that you are ! What say you, boys ? How shall we do to them that have killed Tom Hill ?"

Their answer was like the roar of a tempest.

"Hang them at Abbot's Oak ;" "Burn them in the brake ;" "Leave them to Joe the Smith ;" "Dip them in the king's pond." These and a hundred like cries were all screamed together, both by the hussies who had run out from the tents of the gipsies and by the men who were their masters. For my own part, I had hesitated awhile to draw a sword upon the villains, and had regretted bitterly

the blow which Parson Ford was so ready to give ; but now I saw that it was my life or the life of the man who sought to grapple with me, and of a sudden my blade leaped in the air and passion burned in my veins.

"That for your Abbot's Oak, and that for your Joe the Smith," cried I ; and with each word I cut or thrust. And first I struck the great leader and laid open his throat, so that he fell, all bleeding, under the legs of my mare. Nor can I remember what happened for a spell after he had gone down. It seemed to me that I was carried, beast and all, away from the more open glade towards the darker place of the brake ; yet there was no moment when my sword was not darting and leaping ; and my arm quivered again and again as I struck through warm flesh. For the blows of fists or of sticks that were falling thick upon my head and shoulders I cared no more than for the beat of a twig. I was mad in fight ; and shouting, slashing, and swearing, my beast helping me with her great lunges and her fierce kicking, I rode in and out, back and back again, now crushing through the brushwood, now galloping through the glade—but always with those angry faces turned up to mine, and my ears full of the oaths and blasphemies which followed in my path like the raging of devils.

I say that the great mare helped me ; but that is a poor word for all that she did. Never was I, nor any man, upon a beast so bred to war. Let but any rogue press upon her, and out went her heels like cannon shots. Twice I heard men's breasts crushed by her hoofs, like an egg is crushed with the hand ; three times did she lay hold of a man's arm and wound it horribly with her teeth. Wherever she carried me, there did you hear woeful cries of pain and agony ; and anon, when I could see the glade again—for the rogues were now all beaten away from me in terror of her—I vow that some little battle seemed to have been waged in the place. Five men, as I counted, lay huddled upon the grass—whether dead or only wanting their senses, I could not learn ; twice that number were howling and screaming most dolefully for pain of their hurts. As for the wenches, their cries were dreadful to hear ; and clear above all the hubbub and the din was the fife-like voice of Parson Ford, or the deep baying note of old Gideon.

I had lost sight of these two in the time of my own need—though not for a moment did I cease to hear the voice of the parson ; but now, when I beheld them again, they were a sight that cheered the heart to see. Master Ford still sat upon his great black horse, swinging his cudgel with all the

cunning of a smith at the anvil ; but old Gideon had come down from his pony, and, with his back set against the trunk of a hornbeam, he was crying "A Hugh! A Hugh!" with all his lungs; while at every blow of his staff a rogue reeled back and the circle of robbers around him spread out the more. I knew well that he had little need of my help; but for the parson I feared exceedingly. Twice I saw a blow from stick or cudgel fall upon his stooping shoulders; stones flew about his head as thick as flakes of driven snow; women beat his back with their fists, and their blows were like blows struck upon a drum. Yet never once did he cease to rail at them, nor to defy them with all that lusty love of combat which neither years nor calling could subdue.

"Who is the King of Glory?" I heard him cry again and again; "it is the Lord strong and mighty," and then he would turn to mock them, saying: "Where is your Joe the Smith? Has he no word for the parson's ear? The Lord make my right arm strong. A hit!—a hit! Has't said thy prayers, rascal; then go say them in hell. What! thy skull is thick as steel. Oh, have at them! have at them!"

It was a pretty thing to behold, I vow, this jewel of a man sitting there upon the great horse, with the moon sending her aureola of light into the glade, and all the woods awake to the strange cries of the night. And surely God put it into the hearts of the rogues who attacked us to save their fire-arms—if it was that they had any—lest that should bring the king's men down upon their place of hiding. Never once in these fierce moments of our trouble with them did they try to use aught but their clubs and their knives and their sticks; and I make sure that we owed our lives as much to the cowardice of the pack as to our own strong arms. Rage as they would, few dared to close with us; yet it would have gone ill with Parson Ford, even before I could have ridden to his help, but for a new and very sudden turn which affairs took at the very moment of his peril, and one which, as you shall see, carried me at the first rather to worse things than to better. And the manner of it was this—

The thing befell at the very moment when they had pulled Master Ford from his horse and had got him down upon the grass, intending, it was plain, to make an end of him there and then. I saw him fall; yet, for the life of me, I could not drive the great mare up to his side; for she had become peevish again, and now stood stock-still with her fore-legs set out very obstinately and her ears backed with her tempers. At this, I called

loudly to Gideon to run to his master's help; but before he could take a step there was a horn blown at the far side of the thicket, and at the second blast of it, a musket was fired, and again another and another; while a great halloaing from all sides of the grove made it plain that we were surrounded, though by whom or for what purpose it was impossible to tell. I thought at the first that the King's Guards were surely come down upon us; and this, too, was the thought of the villains; for no sooner was the horn winded than away they went, helter-skelter, into the thicket; and at the second musket shot not a man of them was to be seen. As for myself, what with my fear that the soldiers had come and my joy to be quit of the rogues, I could do nothing for a spell but bawl to Master Ford, asking him sillily if he were killed or no; while old Gideon, long after the combat was done with, went on running up and down the glade crying to the rogues that if they were men they would show themselves again. When at last I could prevail upon him to go to his master's help, he did so complainingly; but I saw now to my great content that the parson sat up on the grass; and presently he found his legs and staggered towards his horse.

"Is it thee, Hugh?" he asked, holding his hand to his head and shading his eyes that he might see me, "God be my witness that I did well to them—a scurvy pack, by my soul. Hast thou any wine in the flask, Gideon? Lord's mercy, I have blood upon my hands like a butcher?"

"Have they hurt, Master Ford?" cried I, striking viciously at the brute I rode, for a more obstinate beast never mouthed a bit.

"How should they hurt me? Am I the man to mind the beat of a cudgel—yet, if I must tell thee, Hugh, I believe that I have even got a prick from one of their knives in my back, to say nothing of my arms. The Lord be praised that I wore a corselet under my cloak, or surely I had been a dead man. Dost know who fired the muskets?"

I was about to tell him that I knew no more than the dead, when there came, as if in answer to him, another great report, and this from the thicket almost upon my left hand. So sudden was it, and so loud, that my ill-tempered mare leaped up when she heard it; and, being now fretted beyond control, she began to gallop through the warrens with me, and this put me to greater peril than any I had yet known. What with the branches to strike me from the saddle, and the holes without number in which the mare might have broken her legs, I said at every stride that my last hour had come, and

that there was an end to Hugh Peters and to all his new-gotten hopes. Yesterday, it may be, when I cared not for man or devil, I had laughed at such a ride as this; yet, what must I do now but begin to remember that my little wife was waiting for me at Windsor, and that, but for this vixen which carried me I might be with her again before the sun had risen twice. And at that I could have dashed myself to the ground in my anger; and I spurred the mare until my legs ached with their work, and we flew on as though the furies were at our heels.

I have ridden many a fine horse in my day—there was never a better beast born than old Rupert, who carried me at Worcester and afterwards in pursuit of Charles Stuart—but for speed in the heat of the gallop and for risk to him that rode, I would wager Keeper Morley's mare against any in the kingdom. God's Providence alone brought me safe out of the forest that night. Though many years have passed since the affair of the warrens, I could tell every moment of that ride as then it happened: how the branches cut my face; how the woods seemed to open and shut as I passed them by; how I saw little camp-fires burning, yet saw them but for seconds of time; how there were spells of darkness when we crashed through the thickets, and again spells of light where the moon fell soft in the sleeping glades; how the cut-purses rushed out of their beds to stare at me, yet were gone again in an instant; how the wind blew fresh upon my face like a breeze sweeping up from the sea. Nay, it was a mad moment to live; and when I found myself at last out upon the high-road which goes over Crown Hill, I thought that I must have dreamed it, and that no man could have done such a thing unless it were that he had done it in a dream.

Once upon the road, I saw surely that the she-devil beneath me would make an end of it and answer to her bit; but she was of another mind. The greater freedom put new heart into her. She began to roar with her pleasure; and, giving three or four great kicks, she set off again towards a farmhouse near by.

And then it was that I saw by the moon's clear light the glitter of the trappings and the shining corselets of a troop of the King's Guards, who were riding out from the stables of the farm.

CHAPTER V.—SIR NATHANIEL GOULDING LIES AT WALTHAM.

I SAW the troops, and my heart seemed to stand still, remembering as I did what Master Ford had said of their business in Ambresbury, and how they were to serve the

Earl of Middlesex in his pursuit of me. I knew well that they had come to the quest of Hugh Peters; yet was I so ready to put my neck in a noose that I must go galloping toward them on the back of a great brute which was never meant to carry an honest man but only to be the death of rogues. Nor could I think of anything more contrary than this—that the quarry should make straight for the hounds, and that no act of his should be able to turn him from his journey. For that was how it stood with me. The mare went the faster now with every stride she took. The foam from her mouth splashed all my face and ran down upon my cloak. While I was near to cutting her tongue through with the bit, she heeded it no more than the tickle of a fly. Nay, she did but gallop the more; past the white mill and the keeper's cottage; straight over the brook at the hill's foot, yet always toward the troopers; and I, beating her with my fists, or rolling back in my saddle as I threw my weight upon the reins, or sawing at her mouth like one saws with a string, was carried with her—straight, as it seemed to me, to the jail of Newgate and the hangman's noose.

There were moments when I had the thought to throw myself from the saddle and take risk of the hurt which should follow upon that; but some good instinct kept me to my seat; and when we turned the bend of the road, and I beheld the troopers, not in any good order but all straggling the one behind the other, some devil seemed to spur me on; and, rather than seek to curb the mare, I urged her to the very top of her speed. Lord! what a child's courage filled my veins in that instant. The sight of the troopers sent all my fear flying from me, and bade me defy them. With a shout—such a shout as I had uttered in my first ride at Worcester—I made straight at the men before me; and they—newly come, as I learned afterwards, from their supper at the farm, and not a little stupid with the ale they had drunk—had no will but to draw rein and let me pass. That I was he whom they hunted was a thought which never so much as entered their heads. They took me for some king's man—tipsy with wine and bound upon a pressing errand. Nay, they gave me a halloo when I passed them, and one called after me that he would risk a guinea for my mare.

I passed them by—some lolling drunkenly in their saddles, some trolling idle songs, some staring sleepily; yet for many minutes I dared not to believe that I had escaped them. "Surely," said I, "they will discover their mistake presently, and be up and after me." Yet,

quick as my ears were, they told of no hoofs upon the road behind me. I turned round in my saddle and could shape nothing out of the darkness of the hollow. The road seemed to be deserted—not so much as a single horseman rode between me and the farm I had passed. Anon, when my silly mare began to pant and to stagger, and stood quite still at last with scarce strength enough to keep upon her legs, I looked down from the little height of the hill and observed the troopers still riding slowly toward the town of Epping—but two of them were dismounted, and seemed to be quarrelling, while a third was talking to a wench who had run after him from the farm. I knew then that the wildest trick man ever played had been capped with success, and, giddy with the excitement and the pleasure of it, I laughed aloud for joy.

"A Hugh! Hugh!" cried I, "to-morrow shall see me at Windsor—to-morrow, to-morrow——"

"Dost thou shout like that, sir," answered a voice from the further side of the hedge; "to-morrow will see thy heels in the air. Put bit upon thy tongue, man. Here is Master Ford crossing the fallow with them

that saved us to-night—no others than Captain Goulding and Keeper Morley, who planned yon pretty trick in the hollow. Lord's mercy! there were but three of them in all, and yet, with their muskets and their horns, they must play the part of a king's company. Pillars of grace! I have been near to a laugh upon it!"

It was old Gideon who spoke, he having ridden to the hill-top by the short cut out of the wood. And when he stood by my side, and I had told him of my ride, and pointed to the tipsy troopers below, I asked him for a further word about his news.

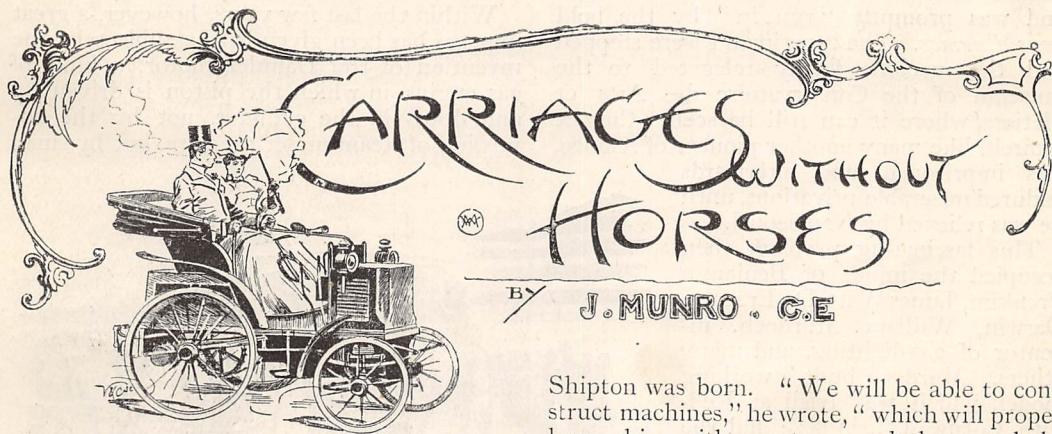
"Who, then, is Captain Goulding, that he should help Hugh Peters?" said I.

"Out upon thee for a simpleton," he answered; but after a minute he said—"yet, how shouldst thou know?—nay, 'tis for love of little Marjory, sir, whom they say he is to marry at Whitsun."

"How, Gideon," cried I; "he is to marry——"

But I could say no more, for his words seemed to strike me like a blow, and all the ground went whirling round before my eyes.

(To be continued.)



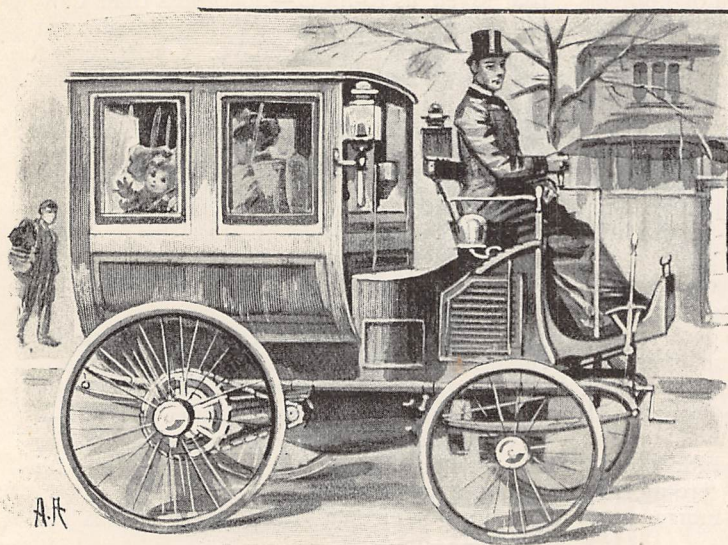
"CARRIAGES without horses!"

The phrase occurs in a popular rhyme, which is held to be a prophecy of Mother Shipton, the wise woman of Yorkshire, but is really of doubtful and perhaps recent origin. In any case, the advent of horseless carriages was predicted by Friar Bacon six hundred years ago, that is to say, two centuries before Mother

Shipton was born. "We will be able to construct machines," he wrote, "which will propel large ships with greater speed than a whole garrison of rowers, and which will need only one pilot to direct them; we will be able to propel carriages with incredible speed without the assistance of any animal; and we will be able to make machines which, by means of wings, will enable us to fly in the air like birds."

The idea of mechanical carriages was itself "in the air" during succeeding centuries, and the great Sir Isaac Newton designed a steam coach of a very simple order in the year 1680.

But it was not until 1763 that Nicholas Cugnot, a French inventor, actually made one



TO AND FROM THE STATION.

which carried four passengers along the streets of Paris at a speed of two and a quarter miles an hour, to the amazement of the multitude. In turning the corner of a street near what is now the Madeleine, however, the plucky little engine fell over on its side with a loud crash, and was promptly "run in" by the bold *gens d'armes*. The experiments were stopped and the machine finally relegated to the museum of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, where it can still be seen. Cugnot himself, like many another pioneer of science, was imprisoned, and afterwards endured miserable privations, until he was relieved by Napoleon I.

This fascinating problem then occupied the minds of Benjamin Franklin, James Watt, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, William Murdoch, inventor of gas lighting, and many others. Murdoch built a working model, which was tried at Redruth, Cornwall, in 1784; and the famous Richard Trevithick, his assistant, made a carriage which ran in London at a speed of ten miles an hour.

Among later inventors, James Nasmyth in 1827 ran a steam coach on the Queensferry Road at Edinburgh; and, above all, Hancock, of London, constructed many coaches and brakes, which plied for months between London, Romford, and other towns, carrying thousands of passengers sixty years ago.

These and other brave attempts aroused the opposition of horse and land owners, and in 1862 an Act was passed prohibiting sham engines from travelling at a greater speed than four miles an hour on public highways. This measure has seriously checked the development of horseless carriages in the United Kingdom, but it did not prevent Mr. R. W. Thompson, of Edinburgh, from introducing the slow steam traction engine, or road locomotive, and the indiarubber tyre.

But how were they "managing in France"? Here the self-moving carriage has been brought into practical use within recent years. In 1888 Serpollet and others devised steam carriages so

convenient and safe that they were permitted to travel through the streets of Paris at a speed of ten miles an hour. In England electricity was applied to the propulsion of dog-carts and bath-chairs by Mr. Magnus Volk, of Brighton, but only on a small scale.

Within the last few years, however, a great impetus has been given to the subject by the invention of the Daimler motor, a kind of gas engine in which the piston is driven up and down in the cylinder, not by the admission of steam under pressure, but by small



AN OLD PROBLEM SOLVED AT LAST.



NO DRIVER AS WELL AS NO HORSE.

explosions of the vapour of rectified petroleum, such as gasoline or benzine. A supply of the petroleum to last out the journey is carried in a reservoir and fed to the motor engine, in which it is exploded under the piston by means of a flame or the electric spark from a small induction coil excited by a voltaic battery, and the motion of the piston is communicated to the wheels of the carriage by suitable gearing.

The long-distance race of these "automobile" carriages from Paris to Bordeaux and back has proved the superiority of the petroleum over the steam carriage, which may now be regarded as out-of-date. The "struggle for existence," terminating in the "survival of the fittest," will henceforth lie between the electric and the petroleum carriage.

For the benefit of those who may be thinking of investing in an "auto-car," it will be useful to consider these two kinds in relation to each other and to the ordinary horse-carriage.

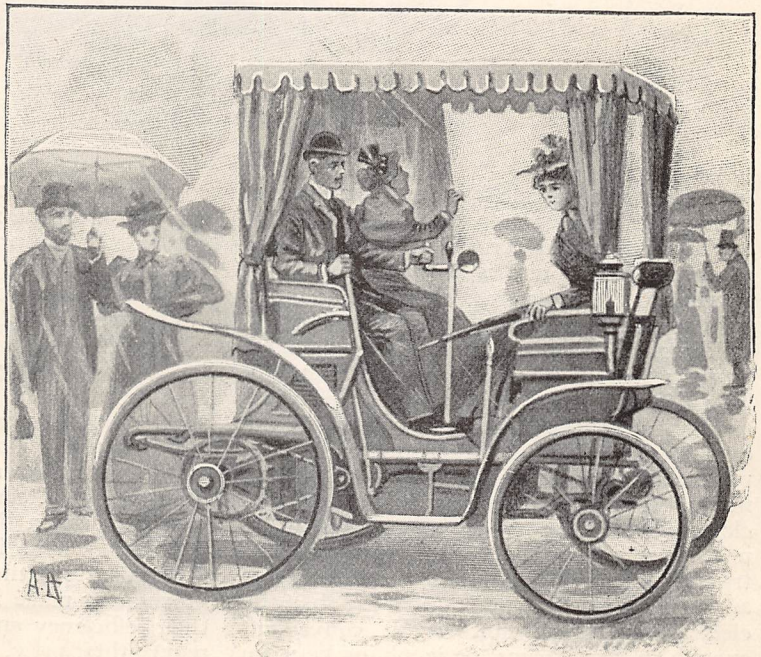
The horse, as a

beautiful and intelligent creature, and often an affectionate friend, is, of course, more interesting than a lifeless mechanism, and it is not to be supposed that he will be entirely driven from the field; but, on the other hand, the horse is often ill-treated and over-wrought, his life is made a burden to him by cruel or thoughtless masters, and no one can deny that where mechanical power can do the work of suffering flesh and blood it should be allowed to do it.

Moreover, the horse is subject to illness, and is frequently dangerous through fright; but there is no fear of an auto-car "shieing" on the road, and although the motor might break down or the petroleum reservoir explode, these contingencies are somewhat remote.

In case the injury to the motor is such that an ordinary blacksmith or working engineer could not repair it, the motor could easily be made detachable and sent to the manufacturer for amendment.

It is probable, however, that makers will provide against such a mishap by supplying spare parts with which an intelligent smith can replace the broken ones in a very short time.



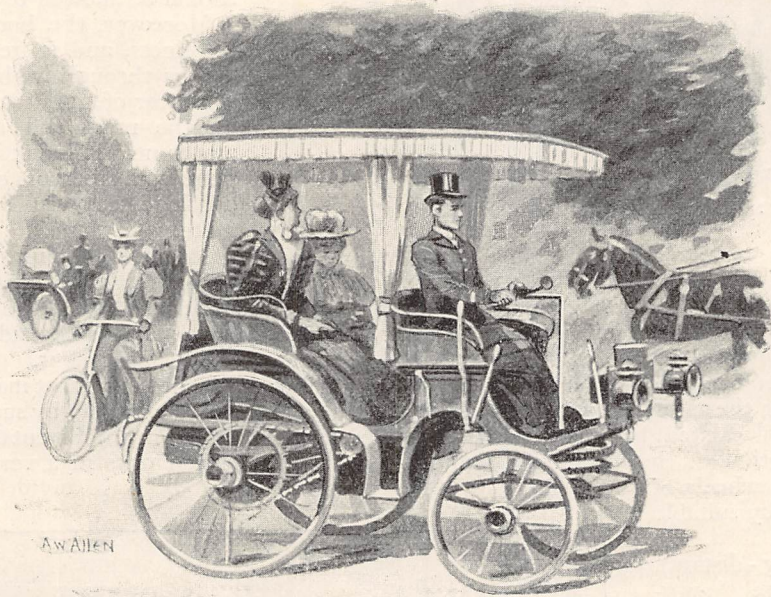
SHOWER-PROOF.

Even now the danger of explosion is reduced to something very small, by removing the reservoir as far as possible from the igniting apparatus, and still further improvements will doubtless be made in this respect.

The electric car is, of course, quite free from any such danger, since the motive mechanism consists of an electric motor, fed by the current of an accumulator or a primary battery stowed in the car, under the box-seat, or elsewhere. Should the apparatus break down, the services of a practical electrician

fixed stations, where the batteries can be replenished without much trouble.

Coming now to the important matter of cost and maintenance, the auto-cars are much more expensive to buy than horse carriages, owing to the motor and gearing; but they are easier to maintain. The price of an auto-car ranges from £150 to £300, according to its size and beauty; but the cost of a mile of travel varies from a halfpenny to a penny. A ten-mile drive can be enjoyed for sixpence or a shilling, and it must be borne in mind that neither



THE PARK, AS IT WILL BE.

would have to be called in or the apparatus disconnected and sent to the makers.

This question of breakdown is, however, a secondary one, and will not deter people in general from getting an auto-car if the ordinary working advantages justify them.

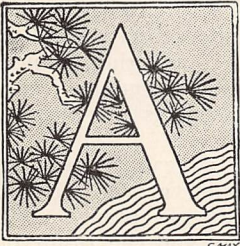
Electric carriages are even now almost entirely free from vibration, and they will be made still freer in future. The great advantage of the petroleum car over the electric one is that sufficient fuel or rectified petroleum for a long journey can be carried in smaller bulk and weight than a supply of electricity. Moreover, it is much easier to procure a fresh supply of petroleum than electricity. The petroleum car is therefore better adapted for general and country use than the electric car, which, however, is convenient enough in large towns, or in plying between

coachman nor groom is required for the auto-car, which can be managed by an intelligent gardener. The proprietor himself can drive the machine, for it requires no particular skill to work the handles which start and stop the engine or control the brakes.

The difference in price between the auto-car and the carriage and horses will therefore soon be made up by the saving in maintenance. To those who only require a carriage during a portion of the year, the advantages of the auto-car are obvious. At the same time, we would counsel all who are not in a hurry to wait a little before investing in an auto-car. There is no doubt whatever that in the course of the next year or two the improvements made in them will much increase their efficiency and convenience, as well as reduce their price.

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.



LEADEN sky overhead, and a grey mist on all the lonely marshes. The wind howled above the pine forest, buried twelve miles out to sea, with its stores of amber, which the jealous waves cast up on the pebbled beach. Two wooden piers, their rotten planks decked in green seaweed, marked the entrance to a once famous harbour, where a sluggish river emptied its muddy waters into the ocean. The grey evening light shone on the angry sea and the quaint fishing village, with its ruined church. Beyond, a prosperous town was bright with lamp-jets, which, in company with the perfume of fresh fish, struggled through the mist. There were six old guns above the white cliffs, defying the encroaching waters; and in the doctor's house a girl, who was handsome, with coal-black hair, poured red liquid into a medicine-bottle by the light of the surgery lamp.

The patient viewed the proceedings with indifference. She was old and wrinkled, had been born and bred in the east counties, and although her voice went up the scale in a manner which made every remark appear a question, there was nothing either inquisitive or ingratiating in her bearing and behaviour. A Suffolk peasant is only polite after an obvious and strenuous effort. The knotted hands, clasped across a large market-basket, were red, and rough-skinned from hard work; the weather-beaten face had a look of open defiance and independence, curiously out of accord with the poor simplicity of her attire.

"And where be Dr. Harter this night, Miss Alice, my dear?" asked the rasping voice, worn harsh, like its owner, by storm and trouble.

The fair face, under its wealth of dark hair, was raised to glance in her direction.

"Papa's assistants always have plenty of leisure, Mrs. Herr. You are all so hardy and strong, there is scarcely any work for them to do."

The keen old eyes looked at the youthful brilliancy of the dark orbs under the light with searching intentness.

"Then he's a-gallivanting with one of them mushrooms over the river."

The girl laughed harshly.

"You mean the painters. Their sun umbrellas *do* look like mushrooms, dotted about the marshes, I admit. But why should Dr. Harter be—be *gallivanting* over there?"

"Because my grandson, Ben Herr—him that married Lizzie, worse luck to her!—passed the doctor an hour or so ago, under one of them same blessed 'brellas, a-taking that Miss Fraser under his protection; as if the mawther needed any such protection, with her free and easy ways, indeed!"

"Miss Fraser is a friend of mine, Mrs. Herr, and I see no harm in her living with other girl artists in such a tiny village, when she has the excuse of her work. They all take care of each other, and the independent existence must be delightful."

The old woman put out her hand.

"Is the poison ready?" she asked.

The doctor's daughter laughed, and affixed the label.

"I hope it will do you good, Mrs. Herr," she added.

"I hope so, too," was the brusque reply. "Your father ain't done much for me these twenty year; but we're long-lived, we Herrs, and it takes something more pow'rful than the old doctor to kill us. Good-morning, Miss Alice, and thank ye, my dear, thank ye."

The girl followed her visitor along a narrow, ill-lit passage to the door. She remained looking out on the wild night, with the wind rushing past her, and the trees bowed to the ground under its fury, which the roar of the waves accentuated as the stones rattled under their violence, and were caught and tossed back again on to the rough irregular beach.

Her thoughts were curiously in keeping with Nature, and the elements gave voice to the tempest of shame and doubt within her own heart. She took a rough tweed cap from a rack in the hall, placed it on her dark hair, and closed the door behind her as carefully as the wind permitted. She bent her head, fought her way to the edge of the cliff, and clambered down a narrow path, and along the rough stones, until she reached the sea. Then she paused, and holding her cap with one hand, glanced back at the house, and the light in the drawing-room window. There her old querulous mother conversed with a sister who had been half-witted from birth. Her whole life had been sacrificed to those two weak beings, dependent on her love and care. That the doctor himself, grown old and careless, should lean on

her also, seemed a natural result of her past existence.

She had hardly questioned its justice until it was too late. There had been many assistants since her hard, dark beauty had been generally admitted—raw, self-satisfied youths, who mingled their admiration of the daughter with frank, open contempt of her father's old-fashioned methods. The summer visitors included red-necked Englishmen, fresh from Oxford. They were manly and pleasing enough, in their white tennis flannels, but not one among the number had risked more than a sea-side intimacy—excusable, as a harmless, necessary flirtation, with a handsome woman—and the dowerless doctor's daughter saw season after season pass away, with the old monotonous farewells at the end. Most of the assistants had feared her a little; she was apt to be indignant when they neglected their work, and there was something irritating in the scrutiny of a woman who watched them dispensing medicine, or did it herself in their place when this tiresome duty had been avoided and shirked.

The home life was dull, uninviting; and youth has rarely enough perception to separate a woman from uncongenial surroundings, or appreciate a sacrifice which is daily and hourly united to a heroism as silent and unperceived.

Dr. Harter arrived when Alice Groves had passed her twenty-eighth birthday. He was of the stuff of which adventurers are made—aristocratic in appearance, tall and fair, with a handsome face and cold blue eyes. His manner alternated between extravagant courtesy and a calm insolence, in which the real man emerged from beneath his acquired distinction. He was notorious for his success with women, and could hardly have existed in the doctor's household if the doctor's daughter had resisted his fascination. But there was a deeper reason for his attentions, and his cold nature was honestly attracted by the hard cynicism (which was natural and unassumed) in a beautiful woman, with whom Fate had not dealt tenderly. To Ernest Harter Alice Groves was a discovery, and his vanity was piqued by her reluctance to realise his condescension, and flattered later by a conquest which had not been too easy. His devotion was further intensified by the fact that the "old man" seriously contemplated taking him into partnership. There were arrears of debts which made the prospect worth consideration. He became engaged to the daughter, and was careful to conciliate her father whenever his own careless disregard for work became apparent.

His vanity, however, led him to flirt with a

certain girl painter, who had come with the summer season, and was glad to gain admittance to an occasional tennis party through the doctor's daughter. She was frivolous and fast, with fair fluffy hair and a plausible manner. Alice Groves befriended her in the beginning from good-nature; later on she tolerated her from pride, which scorned to show that she was wounded; and she piqued her rival as much as she puzzled and perplexed her lover.

In the morning of this bleak September day the doctor had spoken gravely to his young assistant about his acceptance of a partnership in the practice, and the result of such a step in the event of the older man's death.

Ernest Harter had been unprepared, and the sudden offer took him by surprise. The "little Fraser girl" intended to leave for London the next day, and his thoughts were centred in the possibility of a Bohemian existence in the capital with a wife, who certainly made enough money to save him any extra expense on her account. He dreamed of selling part of his small capital and buying a practice somewhere in West Kensington, if Fate, crowned with a halo of golden hair, seemed inclined to consent.

He asked leave for a day's absence to think over the matter, and left hurriedly, with a recollection of having passed Alice in the hall and ignored her white face and timid questions with an insolent nod and curt "good-bye."

It was obvious that the girl knew of her father's proposal, and that its acceptance meant the possibility of their marriage taking place soon after. The thought fretted and annoyed him. This offer made his new infatuation absurd, and he cursed the weakness which tempted him to risk his own advancement for the sake of a pretty, frivolous woman.

Alice Groves, however, was alive to more than her father's offer, and her lover's hesitation. Miss Fraser, at an early stage in their acquaintance, had confided to Alice the secret of her engagement to a rising London journalist; her new friend listened, sympathised, and was silent on the subject ever after.

Ernest Harter's fate, for once in his life, did not rest in his own hands. He had ruled and ruined others' destinies too long to perceive that two of the sex he teased and despised were, for once, throwing the dice for his future good fortune. Should Rose Fraser consent to break her word to her first lover, he was certain to follow her to London, and leave the quaint old town and rough fishermen—above everything, the doctor and all, his proposal included, far behind. If, on the other hand, the clear-headed, calculating

artist, recognising in him the same qualities she owned herself, and detesting him for that chose to return, chose to go back to the old life and its old advantages, with the delight of an adventuress tricking an adventurer, there was still Alice to decide his fate.

Alice knew enough to guess that he would return to her only if the other woman rejected his proposals. Pride fought a hard battle against her inclination to keep the one good thing which had brightened her dreary existence.

The old woman's remark was obviously untrue—no one could paint in such a mist, or need a sun umbrella during such a storm. But the taunt showed that the people knew, and probably sneered at her among themselves.

She thought of the man's first kisses, and looked back at the bleak house. Her life, as it had been before his advent, would seem ten times worse. And yet the old life had taught a lesson of attention to duty and love of right for right's sake, which gave her a curious courage when she most needed it.

There was someone behind her descending the cliffs with quick, firm footsteps. Her heart leaped and sent the blood to her face; there was a strange sensation in her head as

if she had lost feeling, and the sea seemed a long way off.

The steps crunched on the beach and came closer.

"My whole life is to be decided now," she thought. And the instant after, with a new pain: "his also—ought I to sacrifice his?"

He laid his hand on her shoulder. She swayed a little, but turned to look at his face.

"Alice," he said.

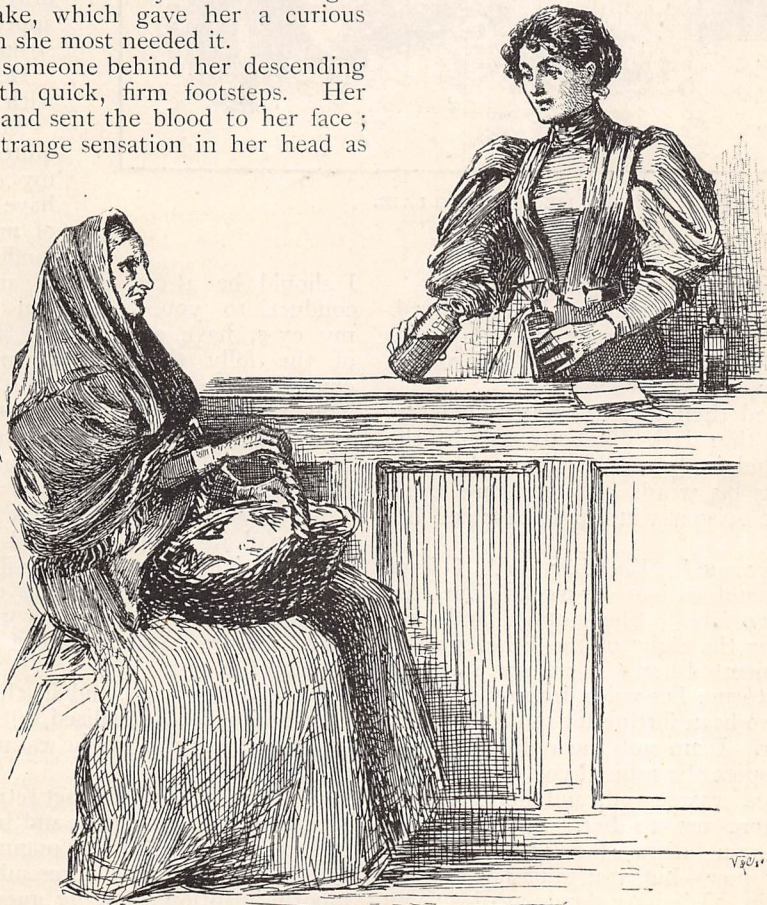
She neither spoke nor moved. Something in the old familiar vibration in his voice was pleasurable to a degree of acute agony.

"Well; do you know what your father proposed to me this morning?" he continued.

She was thinking how often in the past she had longed for this event, and pitying her hopeful self.

"Dear! really, dear——" His voice grew fretful. "You don't seem over-cordial."

"No," she said.



W. J. COOPER

"WHERE BE DR. HARTER THIS NIGHT, MISS ALICE, MY DEAR?" (P. 533).



"THAT LIE COMES TOO LATE."

His tact crushed his temper.

"Darling, I hoped you would be pleased. Of course I am a vain brute, and may have taken that too much for granted. Of course, I *am* a brute, but—I love you."

She started then, and drew apart quickly. He stood, a thin dark silhouette, against the angry sky, helplessly watching her.

She flung his words back at him; something in the noise of wind and sea aided her fury.

"You love me! *You love me!* I have been silent and patient for weeks; but that lie comes too late." She stopped and bent her head, for the sight of the lithe, graceful figure disconcerted her. There was a sudden lull in the storm; her voice dropped.

"You have been flirting for some time with Miss Fraser. I am not the only witness to that. I suppose she refused you to-day, since your purpose was served, and her friend in town of more use to her. I have never reproached you before—I don't mean to reproach you now—but you must not say you *love me* again. We have done with love, you and I, for ever."

He was taken by surprise, and his late defeat unnerved him.

She continued quietly: "You had better go away. Don't you think so?"

"And be ruined," he answered bitterly.

She winced; but a coward never wounds a woman without her knowing in her heart that he is a coward, however much she strives to deny the knowledge, even to herself.

"I am not to blame," she said.

He saw his mistake, and the dramatic situation appealed to him strongly.

He spoke as if with an effort.

"Dear, you are quite right. It is my own fault. I have made a mess of my life always. I offer no excuse;

I should be a cad to try and justify my conduct to you. But you stand first in my eyes, have always been first, in spite of the folly this dull town led me to commit, as a diversion. It is just as well. You know me now at my worst, and are saved from throwing yourself away on a fool like myself. A good woman," he added bitterly, "is always hard on a weak man. Your very strength has a trick of making us feel small in comparison, and your sense of justice drives us to the devil. We are fit mates only for the frivolous creatures who console us and foster the worst in us, just when we are within reach of being aided to develop the best."

She did not speak, and in the long silence which followed, he realised, with the cunning of a *gamin* nature, that he was playing a losing game.

On a sudden, his old tact returned. It had been killed by his vanity, and had given place to a careless insolence of manner, during the past months. His instinct resembled a woman's inborn intuition; and he guessed from the girl's manner and voice what she scarcely realised herself. He cursed himself as a fool for having driven her so far; and during the

next few minutes the horror of beginning afresh, in a new place, among new people, oppressed him like a ghastly nightmare.

His chief fascination originated in his desire to please, aided by Nature's gift of a handsome face, with every feature perfect in form, save for a certain sharpness of outline which hardened the expression, while it saved him from appearing effeminate. His mouth gave a mistaken notion of purity, by its pale colouring, and thin curves, above a firm obstinate chin.

But the instant he neglected his acquired courtesy, the charm of face and manner vanished. His very beauty appeared cold and brutal. Too much success with the other sex in the past led him to overstep the bounds of a woman's power of endurance. The very fact of his conquest over Alice Groves added to his confidence in himself, and caused him to count extravagantly on the patient submission which he considered inevitable.

Meanwhile, the woman suffered (as such women have suffered in all times) from a certain sense of shame at the very strength which was her own salvation. The weakest are not alone in the possession of an inherited inclination to be tender, and forgive the faults they rarely understand, or possess.

While she was nearest relenting, his mood changed.

The excitement of adventure, of a change from monotonous duty and monotonous pleasure, was in his veins. The old belief in himself, and himself *alone*, returned. Women had always proved so many stumbling-blocks in his way; the world, after all, was still before him, with a new experience, teaching the need of caution, gained by the past episode. He flung back his head, and the wind swept past his clever face and the close golden curls, showing slightly beneath the soft grey hat he usually wore. He was already in London in imagination, and the madness of the city made the present appear unreal and unattractive.

The girl spoke.

"I don't want you to be ruined, Ernest," she said.

He laughed, because his vanity was soothed

at last. But his one overwhelming idea was flight from his past perplexities, and he answered carelessly, although graciously.

"You have been very good to me, dear. Still, you are right, I must go. Can I catch the evening train to town, do you think?"

She shuddered.

"I don't know."

She realised that she had lost him, and the longing for his bright presence in the house choked her.

He flung out his hand.

"Tell the doctor I have been a brute, and say 'Good-bye' for me. You have all been very decent to me, and I am not ungrateful."

He stopped, struck a match, and consulted his watch.

"Good heavens! I can just do it. I must walk back to the inn. I—I'll write to you from town."

He turned, and she followed, stumbling up the beach by his side, and keeping close to him as he ascended the cliff.

At the summit she spoke, breathless, and with tears streaming down her face.

"Oh, Ernest! But I love you."

The wind drowned her voice, and carried its pathos to the sea.

He neither heard nor turned, and his lithe figure was lost in the darkness.

She looked up at the sky, and even God seemed angry. She glanced at the house and saw the lighted dining-room.

She realised that it must be past the supper hour, and hurried home. The smell of oil greeted her as she entered. She had forgotten to trim the lamp, and the servants always mismanaged it. The small bright room with its scent of hot food turned her faint.

The idiot sister grunted as Alice took the place by her side. Her mother asked fretfully, "If she always intended to be so late?" Her father alone glanced at her face, and said nothing. In spite of the assistant's sneers, the "old doctor" recognised and respected pain when he saw it.

As water which, falling drop by drop, turns the living into stone, so the old monotonous existence killed the youth, and dried the tears of Alice Groves.



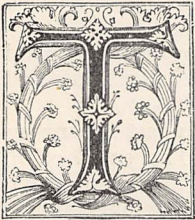
GENTLEMEN'S SONS



AS WESTERN "HIRED MEN"

BY ELIZABETH L. BANKS, AUTHOR OF "CAMPAIGNS OF CURIOSITY."

"TO GENTLEMEN'S SONS.—A practical American farmer is prepared to take young English gentlemen as farm pupil. Small premium. Scientific instruction in agriculture and stock-raising."



HIS is the style of advertisement which lures many a poor but ambitious scion of the British aristocracy to the farm lands of our Western states. There is something rather fascinating in a contemplation of the inducements it seems to hold out to its readers.

Vast possibilities open up before the mind of the young Englishman as he reads it. It is not so much the idea of becoming a farm pupil that attracts him. That is, of course, only a sort of probationary period—a means to an end. Away beyond those necessary two, three, or four years to be spent in learning the science of farming, there stretches before his imagination the vista of the not very distant future, when, having taken advantage of the important knowledge he shall have gained, and the very low prices of Western soil, he sees himself a landed proprietor. To his enchanted vision there appear acres and acres of wheat and oats and barley waiting to be gathered into the granaries, while out on the hills are grazing his numberless flocks and herds.

Altogether, it is an enticing prospect to the sons of the gentry, so the poor clergyman, the barrister, the baronet, and sometimes even the earl, advise their sons to emigrate. The

young men take ship for the other side, carrying with them those wonderful air-castles, the foundations of which receive a very rude shaking on their arrival at the little country "depôt" in Wisconsin, Minnesota, or the wilds of the still farther West. Their preconceived notions concerning the manner of man who shall undertake to instruct them in the mysteries of "scientific farming" turn out to be of a very ideal nature indeed when they behold the real Western farmer, who meets them in a "lumber-waggon" or a "bob sleigh," according to the season of the year. "Give us a lift with this here baggage," he says to the young aristocrats, who up to that time have never so much as attempted to carry their Gladstone bags, and then, somehow, the walls of the air-castles cave in completely, and the young men long for "Merry England"—*how* very merry they never before realised!

My acquaintance with the American system of receiving gentlemen's sons as farm pupils dates back to my earliest "district school" days. I remember very well the first pupil who made his appearance in our neighbourhood. It was an event which set all the simple farming people for three miles around to talking. We children heard of it one day at recreation time. We stopped short in the midst of our exciting game of "London Bridge is falling down" when one of our playfellows announced that his father had got a new "hired man all the way from England." The arrival of any new-comer in the neighbourhood would have been a subject for long and animated conversation amongst us, but a new "hired man" from across the sea! That, indeed, was a matter to draw out all our childish eagerness and curiosity, so we plied the bearer of this strange intelligence with various questions.

"Yes," said the boy, "he came 'way over

the ocean to get a job on our farm, and father says that if all John Bulls is as stupid as his ludship he don't want no more of 'em!"

Then followed a graphic description of the new "hired man" and all his vagaries. It seemed he was designated "his ludship" because he boasted of a relation who had married an earl. His "stupidity" had first been glaringly shown by the particular style of apparel which he had donned when, the day following his arrival at the farm, he had gone out into the field to tell Farmer Jackson that he was ready for his first "lesson" in ploughing. Striped trousers, fancy waistcoat, cutaway coat, light gaiters, and a "top" hat helped to make up his outfit. Farmer Jackson's first exclamation was: "Wa'al, I never see the likes!" and the frightened aristocrat had fled precipitately into the barn-yard.

As time went on, "his ludship," as he became familiarly known in all the country around, developed other idiosyncrasies. Although he consented to adopt a "ticking" jacket, blue "over-alls," cowhide boots, and a large-brimmed straw hat, he steadfastly refused to take his farming lessons in ungloved hands, on the plea that he was afraid of getting callous spots. At breakfast he frequently asked for dry toast and a slice of bacon, refusing to partake of the fried mutton or pork, which appealed to the appetites of the other members of the family; and one day at supper he had asked for a fish-knife, a thing of which none of the Jackson family had any knowledge!

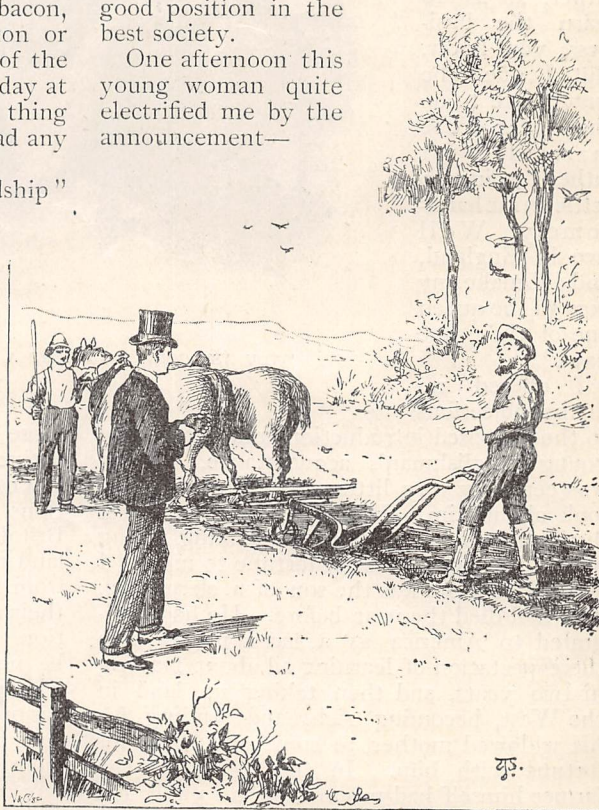
Two years went by, and "his ludship" became more accustomed to his surroundings. The neighbours began to criticise Farmer Jackson, declaring that it was "scandalous" for him to attempt to run his eighty-acre farm without any help except that of the young Englishman. It became noised about that "his ludship" was not, after all, a genuine "hired man," but a young gentleman sent over by his father to learn farming, in order that he might afterwards become a landowner, and that for his "instructions" Farmer Jackson had received five hundred dollars in advance. Then suddenly this new sort of "hired man" disappeared from the neighbourhood, and we heard no more about him. Farmer Jackson expressed himself as glad that the term of instruction had ended, since he had not been able to "larn that dude anything," although he had spent a great deal

of very valuable time upon him. But he neglected to make any mention of the fact that he had saved a considerable outlay that would otherwise have been necessary for farm help.

A few years later, when I had almost forgotten the circumstance of Farmer Jackson's peculiar kind of English "hired man," I spent some months in another part of the Western country, where I made further discoveries concerning the farm pupil system, which my increased years and wisdom rendered it easier for me to understand.

I there made the acquaintance of a wealthy farmer's daughter, whose father had given her every educational advantage, which, however, had apparently done little towards adding to her intelligence or refinement. Despite the fact that she had spent six years at a fashionable young ladies' seminary, which had the reputation of "finishing" its pupils in such a way as to prepare them for the best society, this young woman had turned out a complete failure. She was still uncultivated, uneducated, and ungrammatical; but her doting father failed to perceive this, and now his one ambition was to have her married to a man who held a good position in the best society.

One afternoon this young woman quite electrified me by the announcement—



"WA'AL, I NEVER SEE THE LIKES!"

"I want to introduce you to our hired man!"

"Introduce me to your hired man!" I exclaimed in amazement; for somehow, the idea of being introduced to one of her father's labouring men shocked even my very democratic susceptibilities.

"Yes, of course," she answered, enjoying my discomfiture. "I intend to marry him!"

"Marry him! You are going to marry a hired man? Does your father know it?" I asked, more than ever convinced of the girl's innate vulgarity.

"Well, I guess he does; it's his idea. You see, he's not an American hired man. He's an Englishman, with a pedigree as long as your arm. He's been helping father, so as to learn the business, you know. But I guess he won't have to do that after we're married, for father's going to settle on me handsomely. We'll live in England, and I'll make my bow to the queen one of these fine days."

I offered no further objections

to the proposed introduction, and I made the young Englishman's acquaintance. There was certainly very little of the "hired man" look about him. Indeed, he was the most distinguished and fashionable-looking young man it had ever been my fortune to meet. I learned that he was the son of a clergyman, who had died the year before. He had emigrated to America as a farm pupil, with the expectation of learning all about farming in two years, and then taking up land in the West, becoming rich, and sending for his widowed mother to come and share his fortune with him. In the meantime the farmer himself had proposed to his pupil that he marry his daughter and in that way recuperate his fortunes; and the young fellow,

having become discouraged after taking a few "lessons" in farming, had fallen in with the proposition.

But events proved that the farmer's daughter was not destined to shine in English society, as she had so fondly hoped. Two months later the widowed mother, wishing to see what manner of heiress her son was about to marry, paid an unexpected visit to his *fiancée*, with the result that the engagement was broken off, and there was one less farm pupil in the neighbourhood.

In that county and in the adjoining one there was quite a large colony of English gentlemen's sons who were making their homes with the farmers. They had all come over to learn farming, expecting to receive such instructions as could only be given in our agricultural colleges. The premiums they had paid ranged all the way from fifty to one hundred and fifty pounds. There was something truly pathetic, and at the same time ludicrous, in the position of

these farm pupils. When they left their native England their ideas of the meaning of a Western farmer were based on their observations of large landed proprietors in Great Britain. To their minds a man who owned land must be a very different sort of person from a man who tilled the soil. Imagine, then, their amazement, on arriving at their destination, to find that their "instructor" was to be no other than a horny-handed son of toil, who ploughed and planted and gathered in his own grain, assisted, when necessary, by the sons of neighbouring farmers, or strong men from another part of the country, who worked out by the month, and were known as "hired men." Little did they think that their own advent would in some cases do



"YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY A HIRED MAN?"

their own advent would in some cases do

away with the necessity of such assistants—in fact, that they themselves would develop into a species of "hired man," who not only worked without wages, but paid for the privilege of working!

The taking of pupils was confined almost exclusively to the less prosperous members of the farming community. With the exception of the case I have cited, where the rich farmer took a pupil in the hope of obtaining an aristocratic husband for his daughter, all of the "instructors" in "scientific farming" were men of an economical turn of mind, who were under the impression that by receiving two or three pupils they could dispense with the necessity of keeping regular farm servants, who demanded good wages and possessed monstrous appetites. A good many of the premiums sent over from England went towards paying off various mortgages on the farms or stock. Agreements were entered into by which the pupil promised to remain with the "instructor" for a year, two years, or three years. In consideration of the premium, he was to receive board and lodging and *practical* lessons in all that pertained to farm work. The farmers were very conscientious indeed so far as the *practical* part of the lessons was concerned!

If the pupil arrived in the spring of the year, he was almost immediately set to ploughing and "dragging," and sowing and planting; and many were the amusing tales told concerning the first appearance of the "tenderfoot," as he was invariably called, on the scene of agricultural labour. There was certainly something incongruous in the sight of a tall young Englishman, carefully arrayed in a conspicuous black-and-white checked suit, fancy necktie, "choker" collar, spotless cuffs fastened with link buttons, and a silk hat, making his way over the newly ploughed field, to announce that he was ready to take his first lesson in planting potatoes or setting out tobacco "sprouts." And later on in the season there was something rather pathetic in the changed appearance of that same young man, arrayed in brown or blue "overalls," coloured shirt with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, and large sun-hat, bending over potato-plants and knocking those dread enemies of the Western farmer, "potato-bugs," into a bent tin can with a stick. The delicate, white hands had by that time become brown and rough, as the result of the practical lessons. He had driven the cows to and from the pasture, been kicked over several times by the outraged animals, who objected to being milked on the "wrong side," carried the milk-pails to the farmer's wife in the pantry and strained milk into the pans she

indicated, carried "fodder" to the stock on the end of a pitchfork, fed the pigs, marked the eggs for sitting hens, and even been asked if he would object to "minding the baby" as it slept in its cradle, while the farmer's wife made a call on her "next-door" neighbour, a quarter of a mile up the road! All the lessons had been very practical indeed, though one might be in doubt as to whether there was any particular "science" about them.

If the pupil entered upon his course of instruction during the winter months, he was immediately put to doing "chores," which meant being a sort of "handy man" about the place. He helped the farmer in the mixing of the bran and water for the cows, shelling corn for the pigs, climbing up on a doubtfully secure ladder into the barn hay-loft to throw bales of hay to the horses, and carrying water from the well to the barn. In the winter most of the pumps needed to be "primed," a process which consisted of pouring into the top opening a pail of water always kept by, for the purpose of getting them into working order, so one of the duties of the pupil was to "prime the pump." Then there was wood to chop and saw, and "chips" to be picked up for the kindling of the morning kitchen fire, and he would also occasionally be asked to assist the farmer's wife in the churning.

Let it not be thought that the "instructor"



"HAD EVEN BEEN ASKED IF HE WOULD OBJECT TO MINDING THE BABY."



"THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN SAWED THE WOOD."

looked upon his pupil as in any way "beneath" him, or required work from him which he himself was not willing to do, for if there is anything that farmers of the class I have described thoroughly believe in, it is perfect "equality." If the pupil "primed the pump" the instructor worked the handle. Both walked side by side to the barn, with a brimming wooden pail in each hand. If the young Englishman sawed the wood, the farmer was near at hand with his axe to split the short logs into pieces. Together they walked to and from the house in the frost-laden air, breathing icicles as they went; together they warmed their benumbed hands, chapped and cracked, over the bright kitchen fire, and together they breakfasted, dined, and supped in the same kitchen, the farmer plunging his knife into his mouth, the Englishman using the wooden-handled two-pronged steel fork to the best advantage possible, wishing the while that English roast beef might occasionally be substituted for American salt pork.

On Saturdays, instructor and pupil would walk through the snowdrifts to the village, two or three miles distant, taking with them

eggs and butter, which were to be "traded" at the miscellaneous shop for groceries and calicoes. In the same building was the post-office, where an occasional letter with an English post-mark would be handed out by the shopkeeper's daughter, who acted as postmistress. Perhaps in such letters there would be pleasant references to the good time coming when the "scientific" studies should be over, and the son or brother had become the owner of hundreds of acres of rich farming land in the West.

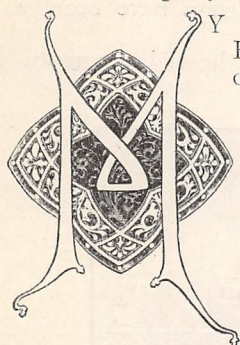
But as the weeks and the months dragged slowly on and finally the term of "study" came to an end, there were very few of the pupils who, after such experiences as I have described, felt any ambition to go on in the farming business and make even the slightest attempt at fulfilling their dreams of a few years before. The best that could be said for those whose strong physiques had enabled them to pass through the ordeal without injuring their health, was that they were now ready to take places as regular farm servants at wages ranging from twenty to forty dollars per month, with board and lodging found. Working in that way for a few years, they might lay by a sufficient sum of money to enable them to go out on the frontiers and "take up" land, working it themselves, perhaps—who knows?—with the help of their own countrymen as farm pupils!

The hardships of many young Englishmen who choose Canada instead of our Western states as the place in which to pursue their agricultural studies are said to be even more severe than those which I have described. The work is about the same, and the winters colder, and, in some instances, the sleeping accommodation supplied by the Canadian farmer to his pupils is very inferior to that enjoyed by such as take up their residence in the United States. I have been told by a young man, recently returned from Canada, that it is a common thing there for farming pupils to be obliged to spend their nights in the barn hay-loft or the second storey of the granary, with but a partition of boards to separate them from the outer world. Between the cracks of the partition the starlight and the first rays of dawn are all too plainly visible, while the cold wind of the Canadian winter whistles in upon the shivering sleepers.

Certainly those gentlemen's sons who are ambitious to learn farming would do well to make very thorough investigations concerning the advertisements which appear from time to time, and to first discover whether the advantages are such as they are represented to be.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE PARTY.

[Prefatory Note.]



Y master, the Honourable Hugh Collyer, second son of Lord Arquebus, called me to his bedside the day before he died, and gave me the key of his writing-desk. "Simpson," says he, "you have been a good valet to me, and your only fault is that you are too fond of using long words. So I shall make you my literary executioner. In my desk you will find a sealed package; when I am gone, open it, and publish it to the world." I have followed Mr. Hugh's instructions, but I think I should mention that some years ago he came down very badly with brain fever, from which he never quite recovered.

(Signed) JOSHUA SIMPSON.]

Most people, I imagine, will remember or have heard of the successful administration of George, ninth Earl of Whittlewell, who was Prime Minister of England during a very eventful period of this country's history. His lordship is now gathered to his illustrious forefathers, and when he died all the newspapers hastened to place journalistic laurels upon his coffin. Conventional *de mortuis* praise became ardent panegyric, and the one great point they dwelt upon was his unexampled and unflinching political gratitude. It is on account of his total lack of that virtue that I write, after many years, these reminiscences. Lord Arquebus, my father, was one of his oldest and dearest friends, for which reason, were I a cynic, I might say that I was a fool to expect any advancement from him.

But Lord Whittlewell, at my father's request, appointed me to the position of one of his private secretaries. Of course there were others besides myself; one of them was unpaid, and we consequently, and properly, as I still maintain, made him do all the really hard work. The mere amateur, if he would be made happy, should begin at the bottom of the ladder and climb laboriously upwards; the task he sets himself is chosen for his own pleasure, and it behoves the real toilers—who work for their bread or *foie-gras*, as the case may be—to assist him in indulging his hobby to the utmost.

But I am becoming diffuse, and will at once

proceed to relate the circumstances under which it became in my power to render peculiar, and I may say invaluable, services to Lord Whittlewell.

One afternoon I left Downing Street early, and went to the club with the intention of enjoying my usual cup of tea, muffin, and nap before going home to dress for dinner. But just as I was beginning to feel the first delicious stupor of muffin-digestion, a note was brought to me. Seeing that it was from the Prime Minister, I opened it hastily and read the contents.

DEAR HUGH,—I have just received some very important despatches, which must be attended to this evening. Will you come round to Buckingham Gate after dinner—about ten o'clock?—Yours faithfully,

WHITTLEWELL.

Of course, I was obliged to obey, so at the appointed hour I arrived at the Premier's town house, and was shown into his study. I waited for a quarter of an hour, and then, becoming bored, I began to walk up and down the room. Whether my footsteps were unusually heavy or not I am unable to say, but the vibration caused by my restlessness opened the door of a small cupboard that was placed beneath one of the bookcases, and, with a prodigious amount of clanging and rattling, a quantity of iron implements fell out upon the floor. At that moment Lord Whittlewell came in. He gave a quick glance at the cupboard, and then looked at me with an unmistakable frown of anger. He was a strikingly handsome man, and were I a novel writer or a journalist I should have described him as a splendid scion of a noble race, or some such nonsense. But nobody knows better, and nobody feels more acutely than I the fact that brilliant ancestors do not necessarily transmit a passable profile to their descendants. Lord Whittlewell was tall and erect; his eyes were very piercing, and his grey beard was cut to a point, after the fashion that obtained at the period when the old Spanish masters painted portraits—we have a lot of them at Crochester, the old place that now belongs to my elder brother, for the ridiculously illogical reason that he, through no fault or desire of his own, happened to be born into this world before I was.

"Why did you open that cupboard?" asked Lord Whittlewell.

I explained that it had come open of its own accord.

"Nonsense! it was locked. Don't tell lies!"

I was about to expostulate when he said, in a sharp tone of command—

"Sit down!"

I deemed it advisable to obey, as did most people when he became authoritative, and I assumed an air of offended dignity tempered by the consciousness of injured innocence.

excepting *those*," and I pointed, a little nervously, to the pistols. The idea flashed across my mind that he might want to fight a duel with me, which was extremely disturbing, as I am, and always have been, a man of peace.

"Of course, you don't," he said contemptu-



"THE HOME SECRETARY? I ASKED."

His lordship began to pick up the strange implements, and when he had collected them all under one arm, he crossed the room and banged them down on the table before me.

"There," he said with a grim smile, "you wanted to pry into my secrets; your curiosity shall be gratified. Do you know what these things are?"

Among the things in question were several polished silver pokers, marked with a gold inlaid coronet, two small revolvers, and various other articles, the exact uses of which were unknown to me.

"No, sir," I replied, "I'm afraid I don't—

ously, "but you *shall* know, my young friend."

Taking up one of the pokers he continued, rather in the manner of a popular lecturer—

"This is the largest and most important of my tools. It is a specially made Birmingham 'jemmie,' copied to scale from my own design."

"I beg your pardon, sir, a *what* did you say?"

"A 'jemmie.' Ah, I had not realised the extent of your ignorance. A 'jemmie' is an instrument used by that much abused class of the community known as burglars. I have,

as you see, several other smaller ones, but this one"—he stroked the piece of metal caressingly—"is my favourite."

"But," said I, completely mystified, "may I ask of what possible use it can be to you?"

"Hugh, you are very trying. Do you really mean to say that you don't understand?"

I began to think that one of us was mad. He smiled at the expression of my face, and said, rather kindly—

"My boy, you know that every man has some particular hobby—or idiosyncrasy—the words are synonymous terms. Mine happens to be burglary." And he shrugged his shoulders slightly.

I felt a sensation of fear—it had been openly stated by the Opposition journals that there was a slight taint of insanity in Lord Whittlewell's family—and so I made up my mind to humour him by forcing a tolerant smile.

"Hugh," he continued, "if you only could know the excitement of it! It is my one relaxation, and if a whole week ever passes without my having added one trophy to the collection in yonder cabinet, I become depressed and physically ill. I even lose my appetite. By opening that cabinet you have found me out. There is only one way by which I can ensure your keeping the matter a secret; that is, by making you my confederate."

I started; things were getting serious, and, rising up from my chair, I stammered forth—

"Thank you very much, Lord Whittlewell, but I am afraid I must decline the honour."

If I had anticipated the effect my words would produce on him, I should never have uttered them. He grew crimson with rage, and then pale; glaring at me, he took up one of the revolvers that lay on the table.

"Then I am afraid I shall have to use this, and to-morrow morning I shall read in the papers that the Hon. Hugh Collyer, private secretary to your humble servant, committed suicide this evening at the house of the Prime Minister."

"No, no!" I cried, terrified out of my wits, "I consent to anything, *anything*, if you will only put that thing down on the table again!"

"Sensible boy," he remarked, as he complied with my request.

"Now, I will explain the uses of these other tools. This"—he held up an apparatus that looked like a revolving screw driver—"is invaluable for cutting through a window shutter. This lantern is very necessary; pretty, isn't it? I picked it up in a curiosity shop at Florence, and had it refitted to suit

my requirements. This is a bunch of skeleton keys. I flatter myself I have the best collection of anyone in the kingdom."

I had heard that every family has a skeleton in its cupboard—but skeleton *keys*!

Lord Whittlewell replaced his tools in the cupboard, and then, changing his tone, he handed me the despatches he had mentioned in his note, and said—

"Business first, pleasure afterwards."

When we had attended to the affairs of the State, I rose and wished him good-night. He laughed heartily.

"Not yet, Hugh; you and I have something very important on hand. To-night, or rather to-morrow morning, at two o'clock, we are going to call on Mr. Maunder—"

"The Home Secretary?" I asked.

"Yes."

"But he is ill in bed, sir."

"Precisely; that is why it is such a splendid opportunity. There is no chance of his coming in late from the House and finding us. To-night you shall be initiated into the delight of all delights. The pleasure of committing burglary is like that of Alpine climbing; one does not appreciate it the first time—from nervousness and other causes—but once the excitement has taken hold of you, you care for nothing else. We have a couple of hours to wait. Come, let us go into the billiard-room and have a whiskey and soda."

I was sorely in need of the stimulant, and gladly accompanied him. I thought that Lord Whittlewell, soothed by his cigar, might consent to excuse me from taking part in an act of felony which was extremely distasteful to me. But, when I delicately broached the subject, the expression of his eye warned me, and I made up my mind to accept the inevitable. At two o'clock we left the house quietly and walked to Cromer House Terrace, where Mr. Maunder resided. I had a "jemie" concealed up each sleeve, and a revolver in my coat pocket, while Lord Whittlewell's clothes were a perfect museum of similar abominations. The back of the house looked out on St. James's Park; it is needless to state that we did not try to effect an entrance by the front door. If we had done such a thing, we should have violated one of the very simplest rules of burglary. No; we made our way round to the back, and Lord Whittlewell drew a small coil of rope from his pocket. At that moment a policeman came up and turned his lantern upon us suspiciously. In an instant Lord Whittlewell had hidden the rope, and was groping about on the ground as if he had lost something.

"Ah, policeman," he said, "I think I dropped a sovereign just now. Do you mind

lending me the light of your bull's-eye for a minute?"

"Certainly, my lord," answered the constable, who immediately recognised the Prime Minister. We searched for a few minutes in vain; ultimately Lord Whittlewell said that he must have been mistaken, and as the policeman replaced his lantern in his belt, Lord Whittlewell made a sudden movement and, stooping down, picked up something and handed it to him.

"I knew I had dropped it; you can keep it for your trouble. Good-night." And with a respectful "Good-night, and thank you, my lord," the delighted policeman walked away, while we started off briskly in the opposite direction until he was out of sight. Then we returned cautiously, and the rope was made fast to a stone balustrade that ran along at the rear of all the houses in the terrace.

"I am going to let myself down into the basement," said Lord Whittlewell, "and you must follow me; do you understand?"

My teeth were chattering with cold and terror, and I looked around for a chance of escape. But, divining my thoughts, my companion insisted that I should be the first to make the descent. I was never very athletic, and it was with very great difficulty that I climbed on to the balustrade and swarmed down the rope into a sort of outdoor cellar.

Lord Whittlewell followed me. It was very dark, but after much fumbling investigation we discovered a window. With some strange appliance my partner in crime cut a large hole in one of the panes; he was thus enabled to undo the fastening and open the window.

To my delight, the shutters were closed; so I suggested in a whisper that we had better give it up as a bad job. But Lord Whittlewell chuckled, and with great skill, I must confess, noiselessly bored a large opening through the wood, which enabled him to pull back the iron bolts. We crawled through into a room which was very dark and deathly still, until Lord Whittlewell uncovered the face of his lantern, and picked the lock of the door without the least difficulty.

"Take off your boots," he whispered as he unbuttoned his own, "and carry them upstairs with you."

We crept up a flight of stone steps and found ourselves in the entrance-hall, which was paved with marble, unfortunately for us. For I, nearly fainting with fright and excitement, let one of the accursed poker-things slip down from my sleeve, and it fell with a ringing metallic sound on the floor.

Lord Whittlewell turned out the lantern instantly, and, seizing me by the arm, dragged me with him under a large oak table that stood against the wall. We waited there breathlessly; for my part, I could hear nothing but the thump, thump of my own heart.

Suddenly a bell rang violently, and a door opened on the floor above us. Oh, the suspense of it! Then I heard footsteps coming down from the top of the house—down, down, down as far as the first floor. Then I recognised Mr. Maunder's voice; from our place of refuge I could see the staircase, and to my utter dismay I saw the Home Secretary coming down with a lighted candle in one hand and a large pistol in the other. Behind him followed a servant similarly armed.

I could stand it no longer, so I called out—

"We surrender, sir. Don't shoot!"

"You cur!" muttered Lord Whittlewell; but I was no longer afraid of him, and I crawled out from beneath the table.

Mr. Maunder covered me with his revolver as I stood up sheepishly before him. He did not recognise me, and, looking under the table, said—

"Now then, you other blackguard, come out and show yourself."

The Premier crept forth on hands and knees, and with some difficulty—he suffered from sciatica—raised himself from the floor.

"Lord Whittlewell!" gasped the Home Secretary; "why, what on earth—"

A brilliant idea struck me. I would pretend it was a practical joke. I began to roar with laughter, and even went so far as to slap his lordship on the back.

"Ha, ha!" I cried, "we've fooled you this time, I think! Won't they laugh at you in the House to-morrow, Mr. Maunder? Won't they, sir?"

And I turned to Lord Whittlewell. But he looked at me frigidly, and said very rudely—

"Be quiet, you fool! Maunder, I must confess that this is an awkward *contretemps*; I had no notion that I should disturb you—I thought that you were ill."

He paused, and drew himself up; I could not help noticing what a contrast there was between the two men. The Earl, erect, handsome, and distinguished-looking, seemed to dwarf the Home Secretary's somewhat squat figure. Maunder was a self-made man, and did not show to advantage in a dressing-gown; he was recovering from a bad head-cold, of which fact he was reminded by a sudden attack of shivering, so he told his servant to light the fire in the smoking-room.

With a comical expression of utter bewilderment on his face he asked us to follow him thither.

I wrapped him up in a fur rug that I found upon the sofa ; and, when we were all seated, Lord Whittlewell cleared his throat and continued his explanation.

"Every man, Maunder, has, as you know, some little pet eccentricity, which is very often stronger than himself. Mine happens to be rather an unusual one—at any rate, it is rare among persons of my social position. Until to-day, nobody has ever discovered it, and I am afraid that in all probability I shall have to discontinue it in the future. Briefly, I am a very expert amateur burglar."

"But, surely," said the astonished Maunder, "you don't actually commit robberies, do

you? To enter other people's houses by stealth is, of course, illegal, and looks suspicious; but if you are not discovered, and don't take anything away with you, it does not seem to me to be actually criminal."

"That is a question of social ethics which we have not time to discuss now," said the Premier. "I am not a liar, and must tell you at once that I *do* take things away—I always take one object from each house I visit."

The Home Secretary started up.

"Do you mean to tell me that you, my lord, are the mysterious criminal who has been causing the police incessant trouble for the last two years?"

Lord Whittlewell laughed.

"Yes, I think the Scotland Yard people



"THE PREMIER CROPT FORTH ON HANDS AND KNEES."

would like to see the contents of a certain old Spanish cabinet that I have in my study. Do you understand now, Maunder, why I tried to dissuade you from taking the 'Burglars Flogging Bill' through the House of Commons?"

Maunder was a hard-headed man and a lawyer; he knitted his brows together and looked into the fire. The natural hypothesis was, of course, that Lord Whittlewell was mad; otherwise, he was a common criminal. But it was obviously impossible that either a lunatic or a criminal should continue to govern the British Empire.

"Lord Whittlewell," he said slowly, after a few minutes' reflection, "you must resign the office of Prime Minister to-morrow."

"But I can't! Think, man: the division on Thursday will decide whether the Government is to stand or fall. For the sake of the Party, I must be in the House of Lords on that day."

"It is impossible, sir. It is my duty as Secretary of State for Home Affairs to have you arrested. That, of course, I shall not do; but you must give me your word of honour that all the articles you have stolen shall be returned, in some way or other, to their owners. But that you can continue to be Prime Minister is out of the question."

"Don't be unreasonable, Maunder. Try and look at the question from a common-sense standpoint. If I resign to-morrow the Party will be totally demoralised; the Government will be turned out, and you will be no longer Home Secretary."

"That is true," said Maunder, reflectively. "Yes, on the whole, perhaps you had better remain in office until after the division on Thursday, for the sake of the Party."

The Earl rose from his chair.

"You are a very sensible fellow, Maunder; and I won't keep you up any longer. Good-night. By the way," he added, pointing to me, "Collyer came here under compulsion. He is not in any way to blame, and—well—we must do something for him politically, eh?"

"Yes," returned Maunder, looking at me with a sardonic smile, "we must do something for him."

When we were outside the house, Lord Whittlewell's manner changed. He held out his hand and said, with a tremor in his voice—

"Hugh, I forgive you, for your father's sake. And, by the way, he will get back his Cellini salt-cellar. But you have ruined my political career, and taken away from me all the pleasure I had in life. But I freely forgive you."

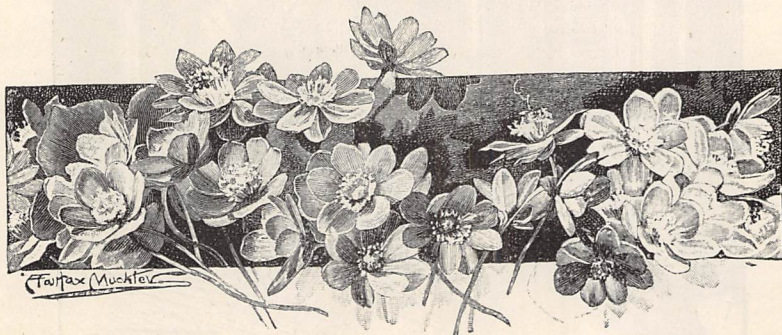
As we parted under a gas-lamp I saw that there were tears in his eyes.

The subsequent events are a matter of history.

Lord Whittlewell triumphantly carried the important Government measure through the Lords, and on the following day announced his intended retirement from public life. The Home Secretary made such an eloquent speech on the subject in the Lower House that he was chosen to lead the Party in Lord Whittlewell's stead.

And I, in spite of letters to and interviews with Mr. Maunder, and with Lord Whittlewell during his life-time, have remained idle and unrewarded for many years, existing miserably upon the scanty pittance of a younger son. And that is why I have written these pages, which, I think, form a very fair and unbiassed dissertation upon the curious virtue that men call "political gratitude."

GILBERT BURGESS.



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

BY FRANK BANFIELD.



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

(From a photograph by the Notman Photo. Co., Boston, U.S.A.)

QUITE close to the Baker Street Station of the Underground Railway lies Dorset Square. Quiet, sedate, around its railed-in grass and trees, with its substantial old houses, it reminded me at once of the quadrangular spaces sacred to the respectability of Bloomsbury. In point of age, as well as character, it is, I imagine, very much on a footing of equality with the oases which lie near Woburn-place. In summer time, when the leafage is on the trees, and the flowers show through the railings of the great central enclosure, it has, doubtless, its own external charm; in winter, it has no points which call for special notice, much less for rhapsody.

The corner house on the western side of the square is the home of the famous actor and entertainer, and is one of the largest, having quite a considerable depth running

back along Melcombe-place. As I walked briskly towards it, I was conscious of a certain feeling of depression in face of my task. Mr. George Grossmith is not a stranger to the British public, reading or theatre-going. I was not going to lift the veil from the personality of a human novelty. Thousands of audiences have watched, admired, enjoyed Mr. Grossmith at the Savoy, as the exponent on the stage of characters which are household words from Melbourne to Quebec, from Cape Town to Quetta. As a popular entertainer he has been a familiar figure in the drawing-rooms of the great, and has in recent years made not only our own provincial towns, but most urban centres of the United States and Canada the brighter for much innocent merriment. In a word, he is the friend of an immense number of people. And then, worse luck, I reflected, he has been "done" before, and that very well, too! And so musing, I

suddenly found myself at the front door, and pressed the electric button.

I was admitted into a roomy hall, and then mounting a broad staircase and passing along the landing, lined all the way, both of them, from floor to cornice with framed old prints, mostly theatrical in their subjects, I was shown into the drawing-room, whose tall windows look down both upon Dorset-square and Melcombe-place. I had scarcely time to take stock of the many sea-pieces in water-colours which adorned the walls, when Mr. Grossmith entered, upright, slim, alert, smoking—the *debonair* cigarette in his left hand.

"Come down to my own room," said he, after we had shaken hands.

And then in a minute more we were seated cosily in easy chairs, with a roaring fire on one side of us and a broad leather-covered desk-table on the other, in that "den," where the author-actor-entertainer has had so many happy thoughts, and worked out so many fortunate inspirations. The walls were crowded with autographed portraits, the friendly gifts of celebrities. Amongst the rest was one of Lord Charles Beresford, while another great naval man, Admiral Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., made his pictorial presence felt. And the sunlight, which came in from the south, fell on what pleased me well, a good-looking white and black fox-terrier, at home on the best part of the roomy couch behind his master's chair, and wearing just that critical self-possessed air which is only possible where the dog and master are friends. Long before Mr. Grossmith caressed half absently the companion of his most retired hours, I recognised the dog-lover. It is not the master in these cases who betrays the tender relationship, but the manner of the other. And besides this, there was yet a second yellow-haired spaniel, whom we subsequently met romping in the hall.

Why, I can scarcely say, but dogs suggested hobbies. I have heard, of course, of the steam-engine which goes careering around on rails laid in the basement of 28, Dorset Square, where the distinguished entertainer hardened himself for the trials of continuous railway travelling, which has latterly proved rather too much for his strength. I had seen the old prints on the staircase and on the landing.

"And you are a collector, Mr. Grossmith?" I said tentatively, knocking the ash off the cigarette which had been given me on the edge of the adjacent tiny tray. "Can you tell me anything quite fresh about that?"

"Well," said he, "I go in for pianos—old pianos—a good deal. I've got a hundred-year-old Broadwood upstairs, marked 1796, and a Zumpé, marked 1770. I like that sort

of thing. In fact, I'm very fond of old pianos. Lots of people have spinets and harpsichords, but they haven't got old pianos. You see, pianos are comparatively modern, so people haven't collected them yet."

And there is one good reason why Mr. Grossmith should hold pianos in special regard. They are to him very much what the lyre was to Timotheus, the wild harp to Moore's minstrel boy. One travels with him for all his provincial entertainments, and the railway charges used to form a considerable item in his personal expenses on tour, forty pounds a week, he told me, till Messrs. Brinsmead, who provided his piano, took this financial burden off his hands.

"By the bye," said Mr. Grossmith thoughtfully, "I'm going to write a book called, 'Piano and I,' which Arrowsmith will bring out in the autumn. It's a book that dates really from the time I left the Savoy, and deals with this extraordinary tour I've done all over Great Britain, Canada, and America."

"But you went in for this sort of thing long before you went to the Savoy?"

"Yes, of course, as you have read in my book, 'The Society Clown,' published by Arrowsmith six years ago. Forty thousand copies of that book were sold in the first month; ten thousand ran off the first day. Before I went on the stage, Corney Grain and I began in the same year to work on the model of John Parry: sitting down at a piano, as you see, and telling a story." Here he indicated a portrait on the opposite wall.

On the landing Mr. Grossmith subsequently showed me a large double caricature by Ape of himself and Corney Grain. Below the figures, in the autograph of each of the entertainers, is written:—

"It's just like Dick,"

(Signed) George Grossmith.

and

"I think it's very like George."

(Signed) R. Corney Grain.

A pleasant memento of their friendly rivalry and the amiable chaff which enlivened and characterised their *camaraderie*!

What I may call the post-Savoy period of Mr. Grossmith's career as entertainer has been not only a conspicuous, but a progressive, triumph. On this point, his steady advance in the popular esteem, he is justly not a little proud.

"During the seven years," said he, "that I've been moving, I've written and composed seven entertainments of two hours' duration, and I can conscientiously say I've never had any entertainment go so well as the last one."

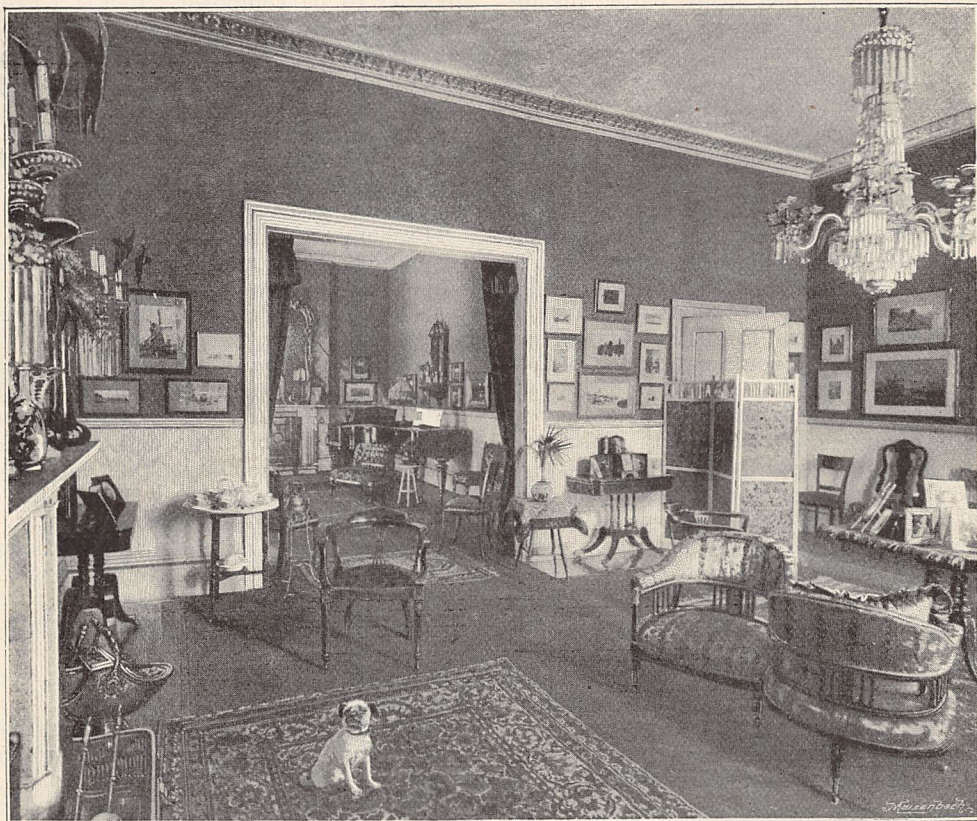
"Where was that?"

"At Birmingham, on Saturday. To-night, Monday, I'm at Reading. This I have been doing every night since last August except a fortnight at Christmas."

"You keep pretty hard at it," said I, "don't you?"

"I have been doing that, but I find my health is giving way with the strain, and I

Mr. Grossmith's agent takes ten per cent. He handed me an account, showing what he received for ten of his most recent entertainments which, geographically considered, ranged from Belfast to Penzance. The total was, after deduction of the various two-fifths and one-thirds, £506 19s. 4d., which, when the agent's fee of ten per cent., amounting



DRAWING-ROOM IN MR. GROSSMITH'S HOUSE.

shall be obliged to give it up. It's a very hard case, seeing I've been beating my own record. This very season I took close upon five hundred pounds in the course of three nights at Dublin, and my third recital in Edinburgh brought in considerably more than two hundred pounds. My *matinée* at Torquay, last Saturday week, was considerably over a hundred and thirty pounds. Last Monday, at Cardiff, I had considerably over two thousand people in the hall."

Of course, this is not all nett profit, as the local people who own the hall or building in which the entertainment takes place receive a portion of the receipts, varying in amount from a third to two-fifths. Of the balance,

to £50 13s. 4d., is taken from it, leaves £456 6s.

"That's the sort of thing," remarked Mr. Grossmith, with a certain natural complacency, as I handed him back the bill, "I'm doing in the seventh year. And yet people ask me why I left the Savoy, and I can never persuade them nor the Inland Revenue Commissioners that the largest salary I drew there was thirty-eight guineas a week."

Though Mr. Grossmith does not look very robust, there was absolutely nothing of the invalid in his aspect as he sat quietly, self-contained and erect, in the armchair opposite me. And yet there was a certain nervous unrest in the slim fingers, which were in constant

movement, more especially so when he pulled himself together to recall an experience or to consider the propriety of answering this or that question. Some people, I think, betray their preoccupation by the motion of their finger-tips, and Mr. Grossmith is one of them. But men vary in this way; they unconsciously and unintentionally reveal their moods of mind. For example, one of the biggest liars I ever met always parted his lips moistly over two long rows of glittering teeth when he was caught in some specially bold mendacity. To return to the point, my host did not look an invalid, for all his delicately-wrought frame and finely-strung temperament, and I kept wondering at the statement about his failing health.

"And where," said I suddenly, "do you find the strain come in, which is going to put a stop to your provincial touring?"

"I can't stand the perpetual travelling," he replied, "the rattle of trains—though, of course, I always travel first class now. Then I can't get over the constant strange beds—I'm awake all night."

"What you want is a change of air and a good rest, and then you will be all right probably."

But Mr. Grossmith evidently does not think that the three weeks' holiday he was about to take when I saw him, would restore his vigour sufficiently to enable him to regard any further touring with complacency.

"Indeed," said he, "I have cancelled my American engagement, and, after my Easter tour, I shall settle down permanently in London. I've not quite made up my mind, however, whether I shall go on the stage or open an entertainment of my own here. I've had the offer of a nice hall to be built for me."

"Not for yourself, as sole performer, of course?"

"No; I shall have a talented little company, don't you know."

Here we fell into a discussion on collaboration, and Mr. Grossmith has collaborated a good deal—pretty well all his life, in fact, with the exception of these last seven touring years. As an author he collaborated with his brother Weedon, artist and actor-manager, in the production of *The Diary of a Nobody*, which appeared originally in *Punch*. As a musical composer, he has collaborated with Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

"I never enjoyed anything so much as that," said Mr. Grossmith. "It was one of the happiest times I've had in my life, working and composing with Gilbert."

This memorable and pleasant passage in his career occurred just after the famous breach between Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. As everybody knows, the rupture

roused a feeling of dismay in the musical world. It was as if a great mine of honest human merriment had been permanently "shut down." Sir Arthur Sullivan, to mitigate the panic, at once turned to Mr. Sidney Grundy for a librettist, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert to Mr. Alfred Cellier, and after his death to Mr. Grossmith for a composer; but mankind was almost unanimous in not allowing its anxieties to be composed. It was a case of Gilbert and Sullivan *aut nihil*. As for the new arrangement of partners, they had sadly to confess at the end: "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced." It was his collaboration with Mr. Gilbert in *Haste to the Wedding* to which my host had alluded as holding precedence among his halcyon memories.

"Perhaps your readers," said Mr. Grossmith, "would like to see how I write my scores?"

I ventured to take upon myself the responsibility of answering in the affirmative on behalf of the readers.

He opened a drawer in the desk before him, but could not find what he wanted. At last he discovered *Haste to the Wedding*, quite a portly roll of MS., in the desk which stood against the tall window looking out on Melcombe-place. The "den" stands at the back of the dining-room, which lies to the left of the hall at entering. Mr. Grossmith was puzzled to find a characteristic page, but at last he succeeded, and then he paused, wondering how he should separate it from the rest.

"You can tear it out," said I. "It can be easily pasted in again."

Magnanimously, though with a slight sigh, he tore out the page, one side of which is here given.

"There's a tremendous lot of work in that," he went on, turning over the pages of the MS., pausing now and then to hum a bar as he bent forward over it. "I wish it had been a success. I still think it would be, with a little alteration. You know," he repeated again with emphasis, "there's nothing more lovely than writing for an orchestra. It's the greatest pleasure in the world."

"And to what do you attribute the failure of *Haste to the Wedding*?"

"It was produced at a time of prejudice. Firstly during the last election at which Mr. Gladstone was returned Premier, then just as people, after the quarrel of Gilbert and Sullivan, condemned Grundy's librettos to Sullivan's music, so they condemned the simple tunes I set to Gilbert's farce. They expected grand opera, don't you know. So subsequently they slated Dr. Osmund Carr's music to *His Excellency*."



The introduction !



The ruffling of the hair !!



The minuet in G !!!



The usual encore !!!

The Paderewski Craze . 1894

(From photographs of Mr. Grossmith by Mr. Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, W.)

"They won't allow Gilbert and Sullivan to work apart from each other. Which reminds me, by the bye, of the verse—

"How terribly strange it is. How odd it seems to be,
Whatever is done by him is also done by me."

Our conversation now drifted to the subject of Mr. Grossmith's American tours. I asked him if his being an Englishman militated against his popularity with his audiences across the Atlantic.

"Quite the contrary," he replied. "I've taken three hundred and thirty pounds at one entertainment in America, though, as a rule, the halls are not so large as they are here. Still, on the occasion of my first tour out there, for the first few months I lost money and played to empty houses. My second tour of four months was a wonderful success. I wrote an entertainment specially for them, called *How I Discovered America*. It was for that, too, that I composed *Baby on the Shore*, an imitation, you know, of American quartette parties."

Here I put it to Mr. Grossmith whether the average American had a stronger sense of humour than the average Englishman. In my own experience, one of the quickest persons to detect the humorous intent latent in an apparently innocent remark is the West Indian negro. Commenting on the density of our own people to anything except the hall-marked joke, their frequent unwillingness to laugh or admire where humour or wit is concerned, unless they are quite sure that the best and highest authorities have passed the quip or the story, I asked Mr. Grossmith how he found the Americans in the matter of spontaneous and natural appreciation of the artistically good.

"The Americans," said he, "are the most wonderful audiences—so quick, so enthusiastic. I found they grasped my points on the instant, and compared very favourably in this respect with an English audience."

"And the American has a stronger sense of humour, then?"

"Yes, on the whole, I think so."

"Can't you give me an original anecdote out of your own experience, something that's never seen the light before?"

"I'll try," said Mr. Grossmith, and his lithe fingers moved nervously on his crossed knees as he composed his head to an attitude which suggested that the contents of many brain-cells were being ransacked for anecdotic matter.

At last I knew the lightning swift work of selection was at an end.

"Yes, there was one rather funny thing," said he. "A New York gentleman was

chaffing me about my pronunciation of certain words, and I was very much amused at it. So I said to him—

"It's our language, you know. We invented it before you were discovered."

"He was a bit abashed at first. Then he said—

"That so! Wall, I think it's about time you learned to speak it."

"The great quality of their humour is its dryness?"

"It's their form of humour," returned Mr. Grossmith. "It's very difficult to score off an American, and you can't play a practical joke on one at all."

"And you have a weakness that way, like Mr. Toole?"

"Yes, I'm rather fond of practical joking. I've often gone, when I've had a friend with me, into some old City bank, like the Bank of England, for example—staid old place, you know. We've marched up to the counter and I've said quite calmly to the old gentleman behind it: 'Can't I have a brandy and soda and some sandwiches?' They've always been most polite and taken it seriously, saying: 'We don't keep brandy and soda and sandwiches here.' 'But you have them ordered in from outside?' 'Yes, but that, of course, is for ourselves,' and so on, all quite gravely and without the suspicion of a smile, not the slightest quiver of the muscles of the countenance to indicate a sense that a practical joke was fooling around."

"And in America you would have fared differently?"

"Rather. I went once to the State House in Hartford, Massachusetts. There was a man standing at the entrance, an official with a band round his hat; so I stepped up to him and said, 'Can you tell me if this hotel is conducted on the European plan?' He simply looked at me and calmly said—

"Any more?"

"Then there was a moment's awkward pause, and I had to walk out."

In this connection I am reminded of a passage in Mr. Grossmith's *The Diary of a Nobody*, where, under date May 26, Mr. Pooter, senior, writes: "Left the shirts to be repaired at Trillips's. I said to him, 'I'm 'fraid they are frayed.' He said, without a smile, 'They're bound to do that, sir.' Some people seem to be quite destitute of a sense of humour."

It is in the making palpable to his audiences the ludicrous side of episodes like the above that Mr. Grossmith owes some measure of his success. Then he is a sharp observer of the small absurdities and weaknesses of ordinary social life. For instance, he has

observed that people who come ostensibly to see a display of wedding presents are most concerned to find out the place in the array of their own contribution to the stock. "Where's ours?" they say, and this triviality Mr. Grossmith has been able to make effective play with. So, again, a lady damages some piece of furniture belonging to someone else, and hastily endeavours to hide the devastation she has wrought; just as the husband slips a plate over the spilled sauce, so that the coming rebuke for the damaged table-cloth may be delayed as long as possible. This last was my own contribution to Mr. Grossmith's enormous store of social notes.

"I never write about anything I don't understand," said he, "and that's why people recognise my sketches. And then I always try to be absolutely up to date in everything. That's the only way for an entertainment to succeed."

Moreover, Mr. Grossmith carefully eschews

everything that is not of good report. No witticism, no allusion which smacks in the slightest degree of what the French call *saleté* is permitted to enter and taint the atmosphere of his entertainments. The immense importance of this very proper strictness on the part of Mr. Grossmith is well illustrated by the following amusing anecdote of his early "sketch" days, which he gave me—

"A gentleman wrote to me for the purpose of engaging me, and, rightly or wrongly, asked me if my sketches were quite *comme il faut*, as he had several young daughters. I was so immensely tickled by this, that, also rightly or wrongly, I replied that my entertainments *were* as they should be; for I was recently married, and hoped myself to have several young daughters. He wrote thanking me for this assurance, and I was to consider myself accordingly engaged."

Mr. Grossmith's gifts as an entertainer are unquestionably hereditary; at least, he shares

Flute *Allegro Vivace* $\frac{2}{4}$ mf

Piccolo mf

Violins mf

Viola mf

Cello mf

Double Bass mf

Horns mf

Trumpets mf

Trombones mf

Piano mf

Flute *Allegro Vivace* $\frac{2}{4}$ mf

Piccolo mf

Violins mf

Viola mf

Cello mf

Double Bass mf

Horns mf

Trumpets mf

Trombones mf

Piano mf

Flute *Allegro Vivace* $\frac{2}{4}$ mf

Piccolo mf

Violins mf

Viola mf

Cello mf

Double Bass mf

Horns mf

Trumpets mf

Trombones mf

Piano mf

"ACME" P.W. (24.)

Allegro Vivace

FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION OF A PAGE OF MR. GROSSMITH'S
MANUSCRIPT SCORE OF "HASTE TO THE WEDDING."



MR. GROSSMITH'S STUDY.

them in a measure with other members of his family. His father, the first Mr. George Grossmith, added to his emoluments as reporter at Bow Street by giving public entertainments similar to those which have won for his son a wider fame. Then, Mr. George Grossmith the third is already walking with success, more or less in his father's footsteps, while it is almost unnecessary to allude to the cognate distinction won by my host's brother, Mr. Weedon Grossmith. But there is another member of this remarkable family, with whose name the public is less familiar.

When we had left the "den," and I was accompanying Mr. Grossmith over the house, he stopped suddenly in front of a coloured print of a boy seated, and dressed in the mode of the third decade of this century.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"That," said he, "is my uncle, Mr. William Grossmith. He gave entertainments when a child between seven and eight years old, in 1825, and he continued at it for two or three years, but the strain upon him must have been too great for a mere child to bear, and he never recalled the incidents of that experience with either pride or pleasure."

And so we came to the drawing-room, where were the 1796 Broadwood and the 1770 Zumpé.

On the latter, a very tiny, queer-looking little instrument, Mr. Grossmith played a bar or two. It was not remarkably tuneful.

"An old piano is not like an old violin," I said. "It doesn't improve with the passage of time."

"No," said he, "it does not; and this one

is a little out of tune, though, even now, ladies occasionally play gavottes on it. But here is the Broadwood, and you see, in perfect state of repair, though its notes, no more than those of the Zumpé, are improved by time."

In the large recess of the drawing-room, where the southern light falls, stood on a platform a magnificent grand piano, a gift to the entertainer from Messrs. Brinsmead, from which the skilled fingers of Mr. Grossmith sent rolling forth a burst of sonorous melody.

Behind the drawing-room, and opening out of it, is a large and lofty apartment with a parquet floor laid down by Mr. Grossmith. This serves as a ball-room, and here is another piano. In fact, I was informed that there were pianos all over the house. So that Mr. Grossmith takes his *rôle* of piano collector very seriously.

Of course, Mr. Grossmith has a non-professional social life, when he sinks his public character in that of the ordinary English gentleman. There are some people, however, who are obtuse to what should be obvious enough to men of sense. Mr. Grossmith is well able to deal with the snobbish vulgarity which fails to understand that the great *artiste* becomes on occasion the private person and the distinguished guest. Once, for example, a wealthy hatter, with whom Mr. Grossmith had some slight acquaintance, came up to him at a Mansion House ball, and said—

"Hulloa! Mr. Grossmith, what are you doing here? Are you going to give us any of your little funniments—eh?"

"No," replied Mr. Grossmith. "Are you going to sell any of your hats?"

WOMEN IN PRISON.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.



ALL officers of prisons who have had charge of both sexes are agreed that the women are "a much worse lot to manage" than the men. One of them, a well-known doctor, with upwards of fifteen years' experience of

local and convict prisons, put it to me in these simple terms: "The women give us trouble, the men don't." The statement is true as regards the women, but a little flattering as regards the men. In a great local prison, such as Wormwood Scrubbs, with a population averaging about a thousand males and two hundred females, the male side is more easily disciplined than the female. The men are mostly undergoing short terms of imprisonment—say, from a week up to eighteen months or two years—and except at exercise and in chapel, most of them are kept in separate confinement in their cells. In one

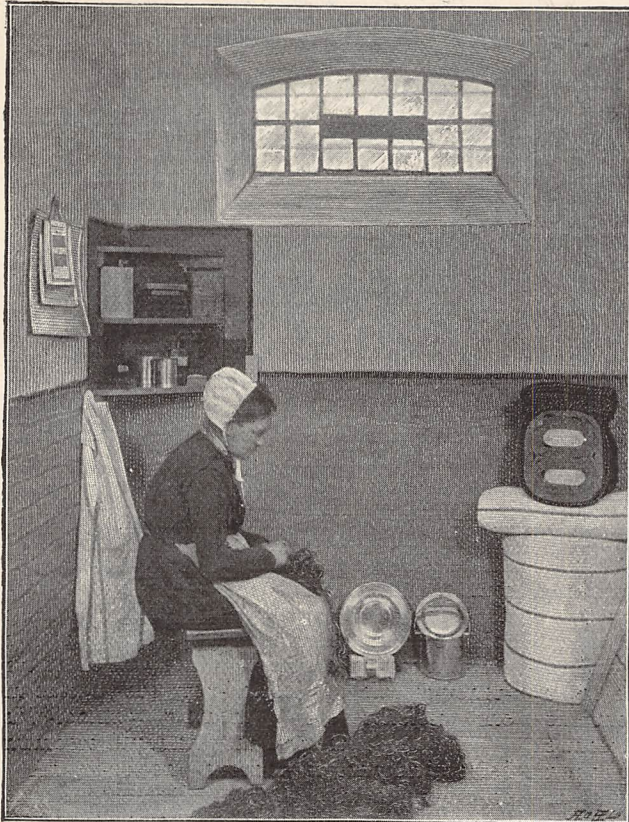
of the large convict or "public works" prisons—Portland, for instance, or Dartmoor—where the men, with sentences of from three years to life, work out the second and longest stage of their punishment, and where they pass the hours of labour in restricted association, there is always a rather numerous class of prisoners who are continually in trouble with their guardians, and a small body who are almost entirely unmanageable. But both in local and in convict prisons, the great majority of the men are sufficiently well conducted to enable discipline to be maintained at the highest pitch of efficiency (and a rigorous discipline it is), while there are many who serve out a sentence of ten, fifteen, or twenty years of penal servitude with hardly a scratch of the governor's pen against their names through all that weary time.

The record of the ladies is less satisfactory; but fortunately they are fewer in number than the men. Everywhere, indeed, as modern statistics have shown, women are less criminal than the other sex. In all countries "the



THE WORK-ROOM, WORMWOOD SCRUBBS PRISON.

(From a photograph by Sofer and Steedman, Strand, W.C.)



A FEMALE PRISONER IN HER CELL, WORMWOOD SCRUBBS.
(From a photograph by Soper and Stedman, Strand, W.C.)

proportion of female offenders, as compared with female population, is at a very much lower ratio than that of males." In France, for example, there are four times as many male criminals as female. In the United States there are at least twelve times as many. "With us, although female crime has followed the very general decrease so marked in recent years, the proportion is as fifteen males to one female in the convict population, and as five to one in the local prisons." Unhappily, the proportion of re-convictions is greater amongst women than amongst men; and experience has shown that the woman who has once passed into prison is less likely than a first offender of the other sex to regain the path of honesty. In the principal female convict prison in England, "by far the largest number in custody are grey-haired, old, almost venerable-looking women." Nevertheless, the numbers diminish year by year.

An ex-prison governor, of long and varied experience, has divided the women in durance into three categories, or classes. To the first belong those impulsive criminals whose mis-

deed—possibly, if not probably, their first—"is more or less unpremeditated, born of some sudden, overmastering excess or fury—a momentary madness, not sufficient to satisfy the courts or their irresponsibility, but only to be explained as the temporary withdrawal of all barriers in a nature too easily inflamed." Criminals of this class are fewer in England than in France, and they are always the smallest category in our prisons. They do not, as a rule, belong to the troublesome order. Their crime is usually a serious one—the taking of life, or some deed almost as heinous—and the terrible penalty it has involved has an almost crushing effect. Often these women are sincerely and intensely penitent, and suffer an agony of remorse through all the years of their sentence. The vindictive ones amongst them, on the other hand, and those especially who have belonged to the refined or well-to-do classes, are difficult to subject, and still more difficult to keep in subjection. In their furious excesses, which are liable to be as sudden as they are unaccountable, they are not less dangerous to their fellow-prisoners than to the

wardresses, and sometimes most dangerous of all to themselves; and wrist-irons or the straight-jacket have to be produced at a moment's notice.

The second and largest class of criminal women includes, according to Major Arthur Griffiths, "all who have taken to crime deliberately for their own base purposes; all who have drifted into it imperceptibly, the result of inheritance, of early associations, of evil teaching and example; all who, once embarked in crime, are seldom weaned from it, especially if it has been undertaken and continued at the instance of, or through devotion to, some criminal man—the parent, child, husband, more often the lover, to whom they are quite as faithful as though bound by the marriage tie." A very large proportion of these are professional thieves and swindlers, the more famous and successful of whom are almost invariably associated with some partner or partners in crime of the other sex; and these include women of education, good linguists, and clever and entertaining talkers, who lodged last in elegant quarters in the

West End of town, who are at home in the gayest capitals of Europe, and who not improbably put off in the reception-room a silk dress and bonnet of the latest fashion, for the prison gown of blue-and-white check, the style of which does *not* change with the *modes* in the gay world. There is a third class, "the lees and residuum of the other two," the

one or more of these who are generally responsible for those periodical "breakings-out" which are all but unheard of amongst male prisoners. All officers on the female side are familiar with that ominous beginning of revolt which is signalled by a drumming of feet on the door of a cell. The inmate of that cell—perhaps it is a punishment cell, rather dark



CAPTAIN PRICE, R.N., GOVERNOR OF WORMWOOD SCRUBBS PRISON.

(From a photograph by Soper and Stedman, Strand, W.C.)

members of which are amongst the failures of our penal system. It is superfluous to say that the third is the most difficult class to deal with. Outside of prison these women are incorrigible law-breakers; inside, they are almost incorrigible offenders. Parliament never succeeds in framing laws to please them, and when under lock and key they baffle most of the arts of prison discipline. If they were a more numerous order, it would be practically impossible to control them; for they spend half their time in prison, and are almost perpetually passing in and out. It is

and very dreary, to which she has just been relegated for some breach of discipline—has worked herself into a rage, and wants to excite a little mutiny in the ward. She has thrown herself full length upon the floor, and commences to hammer the door with the soles of her feet. Every prisoner in the ward knows that sound, and the example of the mutineer is almost certain to find immediate followers. If there are many "bad 'uns" in the ward, the volume of sound gradually increases until there may be thirty or forty women on their backs in their cells, pounding with all their

force at the doors, and the whole place is in an uproar. Such an outbreak as this, periodical on the female side of a prison, is unknown on the male side. Differences of temperament between the sexes furnish, perhaps, the principal explanation; but there are also to



A PRISON WARDRESS.

(From a photograph by Sofer and Steedman, Strand, W.C.)

be taken into account certain differences of discipline. The grim chamber in which the prison "cat" and the triangles are lodged together is peculiar to the male side of the prison; that is to say, corporal punishment, the fear of which is the most powerful deterrent amongst male prisoners, has no part in the discipline of the female side.

But it is not for a moment to be supposed that lack of order is a principal characteristic of a modern women's prison. The women's yard in the Newgate of Mrs. Fry's day, infamously celebrated as "Hell upon Earth," has no counterpart in any British gaol of these days. Discipline of the most perfect kind is not the exception, but the rule. The disturbers of the peace, who, happily, are a comparatively small minority, are not allowed to mingle with their well-behaved sisters. They are kept in separate confinement, and at purely penal tasks; they are generally exercised alone, and in a variety of ways are made to feel that prison is a much more uncomfortable place for the troublesome than for the

well-conducted prisoner. In the spacious and airy workrooms the aspect of prison is, to the visitor from the outer world, by no means unkindly. There is nothing here that would offend the most susceptible of Government Inspectors—indeed, it may be questioned if there is a free workroom in London, or in any great manufacturing centre, in which every condition necessary to the health of the workers is so rigorously enforced. Look at the dimensions of the sewing-room in the picture—the height and breadth, and the amount of light which it receives. In winter these rooms are well warmed, and in the hottest days of summer they are cool. And just as orderly as it appears in the picture is the general conduct of the women at work. If one of those demure-looking seamstresses should do anything to disturb the peace, she would, amongst other penalties, forfeit the privilege of working in association. The same strict order may be observed in the large and not uncheerful exercise-yards, where the women walk for an hour every morning in fine weather. The rule of silence is maintained by obliging the women to walk at a certain distance from each other; and with this and the close scrutiny of the wardresses posted at intervals throughout the yard, a cunning pair of tongues is needed to carry on even the most fragmentary gossip.

The appearance of the workroom just referred to may cause the reader to think that prison tasks on the women's side are not of too severe a nature. As a matter of fact they are, for the most part, light enough. The laundry is, perhaps, the hardest work. At Wormwood Scrubbs the whole of the washing for both sides of the prison is done by the women, but there are plenty of hands for it, and the work seems pretty evenly divided. It is no harder, I imagine, than the ordinary task of a hired laundress; and the hours of prison labour are always shorter than those of free labour. A glance at the accompanying illustration will show that the prison laundresses are women of sturdy build, quite able to stand over the tub six hours a day. It is the doctor's business to certify a prisoner as fit or unfit for this or that form of labour, and the infirm or weakly woman would never be sent to the laundry.

There are thousands of women in every part of England, toiling by day and by night in the over-crowded workshop, the bare garret, in the factory and the field, who would make very light indeed of the "hard labour" assigned to the female convict. At "sweater's" wages, I doubt whether a woman could keep body and soul together by the profits she would make on the amount of work that is

exacted day by day in the prisons. Understand that the prisoners are kept steadily going; idleness is a fault that never escapes punishment, and for every hour of the working day there is its appointed task. But the task is not extraordinary in quantity; most women working for wages, and many an industrious housewife of the middle classes, get through more in a day than is ever demanded of the women under sentence of "hard labour." Imagine the case of some poor driven creature, the slave of an East-End tailor, struggling through weary days and more weary nights for pence enough to keep the shelter of an attic, who, stealing a loaf from a baker's shop one night, should the next night find herself in prison. It would be for her the most blessed translation. It would be almost like going to stay free of cost in an hotel. If it were winter, how grateful the warmth of the cell would be; and she would hardly know herself in her clean and comfortable felon's clothes, and morning, noon, and evening she would be fed much more wholesomely and generously than she was ever able to feed herself. As for the prison tasks, well, if she should be given a place in that big, bright, clean, and well-warmed sewing-room, with its easy duties of the needle, I fear she might be tempted to regret that she had not stolen *two* loaves. There are numbers of strugglers for life who are better off in prison than they are out of

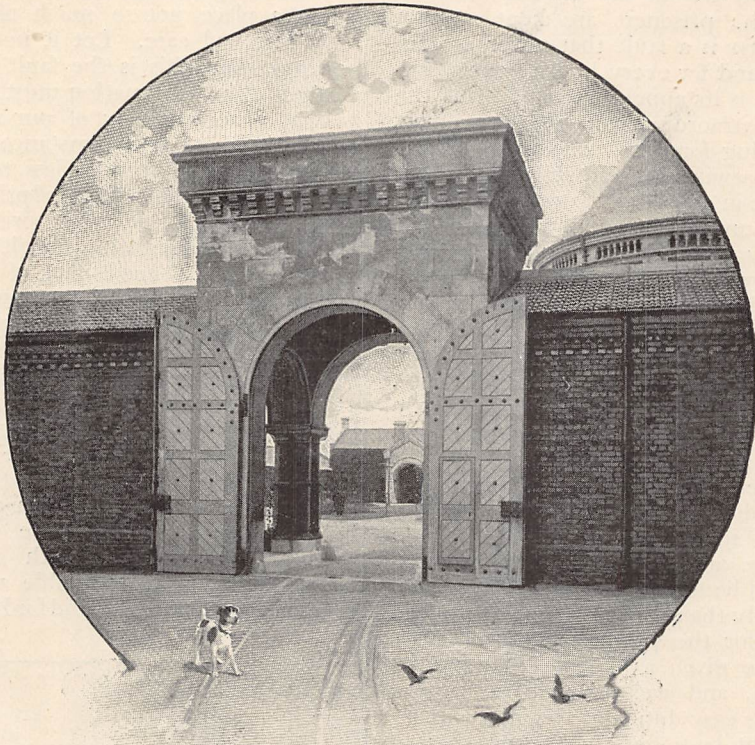
it, and who, strange as it sounds, find the prison a place not so much of punishment as of rest and ease. Let it not be thought, however, that this is the fault of the penal régime. The explanation must be looked for in that cruel anomaly of our social system which, in certain circumstances, makes the life of so-called freedom less tolerable than the ignominious servitude of prison.

The general question of prison labour is one that bristles with difficulties. If it be objected that a good deal of it, especially during the first stage of the sentence, is dull and monotonous, and not very useful, the answer is that such tasks are necessary for their punitive effect. Later, the prisoner of good conduct is put to more congenial labour; but it is obvious that the number of really useful callings which can be followed in prison is very limited, and the efforts of Government in this direction are hampered by the opposition of those who cry out against "competition with free labour." Nevertheless, a considerable variety of industrial occupations is found for H.M. prisoners.



WOMEN AT EXERCISE IN THE YARD OF WORMWOOD SCRUBS.

(From a photograph by Soyer and Stedman, Strand, W.C.)



WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON : YARD WHERE THE WOMEN ARE PHOTOGRAPHED.

(From a photograph by Soper and Stedman, Strand, W.C.)

They manufacture cotton, linen, woollen, and jute articles ; sacks, bags, ships' fenders, and nosebags ; and amongst other employments are cotton, hair, and wool picking, paper sorting, and sugar chopping. For Government offices and other public departments they make hearth-rugs, mats, mattings, bags, baskets, slippers, rope, and twine ; and for the prison service rugs, mops, brushes, belts, blankets, woollen cloths, sheetings, shirtings, handkerchiefs, calico, canvas, dowlas, towels, socks and stockings, etc. I am not sure whether bookbinding is amongst the employments of the female prisoners, but I have seen men at this trade in Wandsworth Prison.

Before they have been long in confinement, both sexes find that their well-being is largely dependent on their industry. Every day, Sundays excepted, such and such a quantity of work is required to be done. As has been shown, it is not excessive, but the non-fulfilment of the task brings penalties. Marks are assigned in proportion to the work turned out, and the more marks gained the better

the status of the prisoner, and the greater his or her chance of obtaining remission of a portion of the judge's sentence. A sentence of penal service may be reduced by about one-fourth by earning the highest possible number of marks ; and these marks, it is to be remembered, are awarded, not for good conduct (which in prison means little more than non-transgression of the rules), but for steady industry at the appointed task. Again, the marks given to industry raise the prisoner from a lower to a higher class ; and the little privileges allowed to prisoners in the first-class—permission to write more letters to and receive more visits from friends or relatives ; a restricted choice in the matter of diet ; and a somewhat lighter form of labour—are always coveted. Then, persistent failure to earn a reasonable number of marks, which may usually be construed as a determination to idleness, results in reduction in class, privation in diet, a more irksome task, and complete isolation from such limited social intercourse as the rules of the prison permit,

Once the situation is understood—that steady industry means a rather easier life, and (in penal servitude) a certainty of remission of sentence—it is generally found that both men and women work moderately well in prison. But there is this difference—as regards the relative position of the sexes—that, whereas in the long run the men can be compelled to work, there are no physical means of compelling the women. In the last resort, you can all but starve a male prisoner into submission, or—on the fiat of a visiting justice—you can tie him up and flog him. But the bread-and-water diet is now abolished for women; and it is, happily, beyond anybody's power to condemn them to the lash.

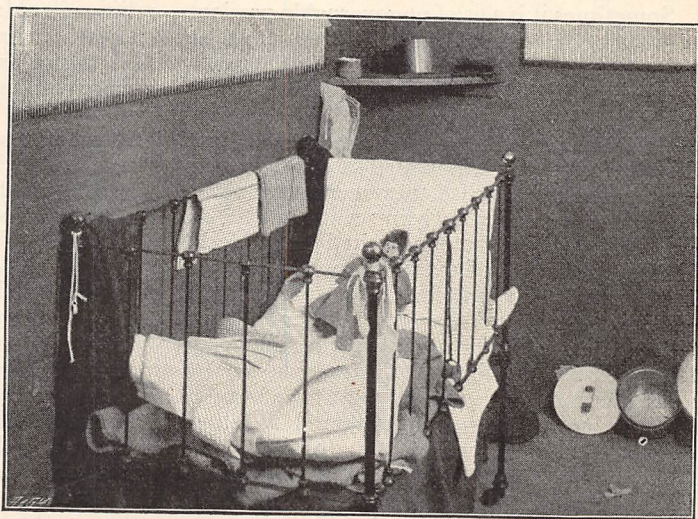
In these circumstances the women keep a certain power in their hands; and, within limits, they may almost be said to have the last word on the subject of labour. Of course, it is not often that the coercive powers of the prison are strained to breaking-point. As a rule the female prisoner gives in, as the male prisoner does, and works just hard enough to secure the proper number of marks per diem. In many cases with women, as with men, the work is done with zest, to make the time pass, to ease the itch of remorse, or to get the rare best berths, with their attendant bonuses, which are open to competition in prison.

The best workers, on whichever side of the prison, are always to be classed in two divisions. They comprise (1) those "first offenders," who are genuinely penitent, and who want to forget their disgrace, as far as hard work may make them forget it; and (2) a certain number of the "old hands," who have learned by previous experience that industry, or the show of it, "comes cheaper" than skulking.

But on the women's side of the prison, even more than on the men's, there is always a considerable class of prisoners to whom serious and steady work of any industrial kind is not only repulsive, but more or less impossible. The expert female sharper, shop-lifter, thief, or swindler, who has never condescended to use her hands like the rest of her sex, and who has a weakness for playing the fine lady in prison, spares neither trick nor tale in her ceaseless efforts to escape the drudgeries of her lot.

The disgrace of prison she does not feel, but she bitterly resents the indignity of having to go down on her knees and scrub the floor of her cell and the corridor in front of it. Anything in the nature of an industrial task is abhorrent to her. She petitions the matron, upbraids the governor, wheedles the chaplain, and tells the doctor he is killing her by inches. Sometimes, when every other device has failed, she hurts herself with a needle, scissors, or fragment of glass, in the hope of being removed to the infirmary. She feigns sickness, insanity, epilepsy—anything that is likely to "come off"; and an old hand at the art of malingering often puts to the severest test the skill of the most experienced prison doctor. Occasionally, without any pretence whatever, she flatly refuses to work, in which case the governor has to prescribe a few days' low diet, with solitary confinement.

Again, a prisoner of this class will work with exemplary patience for weeks together, and then on a sudden break loose. The deadly monotony of things becomes too much for her. The adventuress whose free life is a perpetual, varied excitement, and who can face almost anything but a changeless round of common duties, is mentally unable to endure for long the hard, dull routine of prison. To almost every prisoner, indeed, this is one of the sorest trials of a long sentence. A situation is created, which presently becomes almost, if not quite, intolerable. The stolid or the vacant mind sustains the awful lack of change with equanimity through a long course of years; but the imaginative, or the highly-strung temperament (and it is to be



IN A COT CELL.

(From a photograph by Sofer and Steadman, Strand, W.C.)



IN THE LAUNDRY, WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON.
(From a photograph by Sofer and Stedman, Strand, W.C.)

remembered that prison holds nearly all known types of both sexes) suffers more terribly than may be imagined; and an acute mental crisis may be followed by a brief defiance of all rule and authority.

Sometimes it is a fit of ungovernable passion, in which the nearest person—wardress or fellow-prisoner—is attacked with fury. Sometimes it is a fit of destructiveness, and the cell furniture is smashed, and the bed-covering and the clothes which the prisoner is wearing are torn to rags. It is a curious characteristic of these outbreaks that they seem often to be deliberately planned to bring punishment on the offender. A woman, locked in her cell, will divest herself of every garment, stand on her head, and scream for the wardress. She knows that she will be reported, and she *is* reported; but a “scene” on the following morning, in the office of the matron or the governor, means a temporary rest from labour; and the punishment that is bound to follow means a break in the monotony of life.

As a rule, the most hardened female prisoners, equally with the novitiates in crime, are more or less amenable to gentle treatment, and this is the more successful in proportion

as it is unofficial in character. The chaplain's ministrations are not invariably taken in good part, and where they are resented, or coldly acquiesced in, it is on the not very reasonable ground that the good man is “paid to talk religion.” Many of them, however, find the chaplain a very practical friend, whose usefulness is not confined to quoting texts from memory. But the unpaid and unofficial visitors from the outer world—kind-hearted and sympathetic women, above all—are those who win their way most effectually into the hearts of the female prisoners. Here is given freely the trust which is so often sullenly or fearfully withheld from anyone and everyone holding an official position in the prison, and the bruised heart finds balm. One of the illustrations shows a party of women at exercise, of whom some are carrying babies. The prison baby plays quite an important part as a peace-maker and moral agent. With the consent of the mother, other prisoners on their good behaviour are allowed to nurse it for a while during the exercise hour; and a similar indulgence often calms the passion or relieves the melancholy of a truculent or despairing convict.

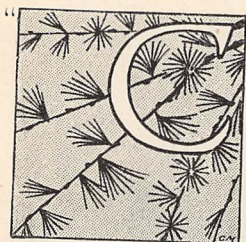
SO VERY HUMAN.

THE COQUETTE.



THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

BY A. R. BUCKLAND AND HENRY CHARLES MOORE.



"COINCIDENCES," said the doctor, lighting his second cheroot, "are amongst the most puzzling things in life."

"They are," said the major, in the tone of one who has evidence to produce.

"The bother is," said the man whose last story—he had told us a dozen or so—had drawn out the doctor's generality, "you can't get the general public to accept a humble solution of a business which looks mysterious."

"You can't," said the major with decision.

"Because," said the other, "the interest of the thing is gone if you bring it down to the commonplace. I remember—but I've told my share; the major has something to say; I know he has."

"Now, major," cried more voices than one.

"Well," said the major, examining the cheroot with a critical eye, "there are one or two things in the way of coincidence which have puzzled me—but—"

"Say on," said the man of many stories who first began to illustrate coincidences.

"I dare say," the major answered, shifting uneasily in his seat, "some of you may laugh at what I am going to tell you, but it never strikes me as a laughing matter. Fifteen years ago, just before sailing for the East, I went down from town to say 'good-bye' to a man I had known since I could remember anything. Walking from the station towards his place, I caught up a well-dressed man who seemed to be about my own age. Oddly enough, he asked me the way to the very house I was going to. He was well-spoken, knew lots of the right kind of people, and had a lively way of putting things. So we were soon on pleasant terms."

"When we reached Melville's, we found a tennis-party in full swing, and a score or so of people playing or looking on. I had very little time to spare; so, when I had had my say with Melville and his people, I headed back for the station. Just as I was shaking hands with Melville I remembered the man who walked up with me."

"By the way," I said, "who was that good-looking chap who came in when I did?"

"Haven't a notion," he said. "Didn't he come in under your wing? I thought it a little odd you didn't make us known; but

there are some new people here, and somehow the point slipped my mind, but—"

"But, my dear fellow, I don't know him from Adam!"

"Then I had better inquire about the spoons," said Melville.

"He didn't count the spoons, but he asked a question or two. People had seen the man come in with me, and he had made a 'cute remark or two about the tennis to some of the youngsters; but nobody could tell us when he went. He wasn't at the station when I got there; and I soon forgot, for a time, the little incident."

"The next morning brought me a telegram: Melville had died suddenly in the night. It was a shock, and the news drove the agreeable stranger clean out of my head."

"What's the connection?" asked the doctor.

"Wait a bit," said the man of the anecdotes.

"Don't be in a hurry," continued the major. "The first man I met on Indian soil was an old acquaintance, who, hearing I was due, came in a good-natured way to give me a lift. He had a very pleasant fellow with him; but in the hurry of our greeting, he seemed to forget that I didn't know his friend. However, the man went off soon, and then I asked Lindsay who he was."

"'Pon my word, I don't know,' he said; 'and I never was good at guessing.'

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Mean? Why, how should I know your friend's name if you won't introduce him?"

"My friend? I never saw the man in my life before!"

"Odd! He came up to me, called me by my name, and said, 'I think you must be looking out for my old friend Scott; so am I,' and then we talked."

"Why, just before I sailed——" I began, and then it occurred to me that the reminiscence was not a lively one; so I went on another tack.

"That night, Lindsay was down with the cholera, and before I heard he was ill he had gone under."

The company sat up uneasily, and the anecdote-monger smiled the smile of one who has a story ready to cap the one going.

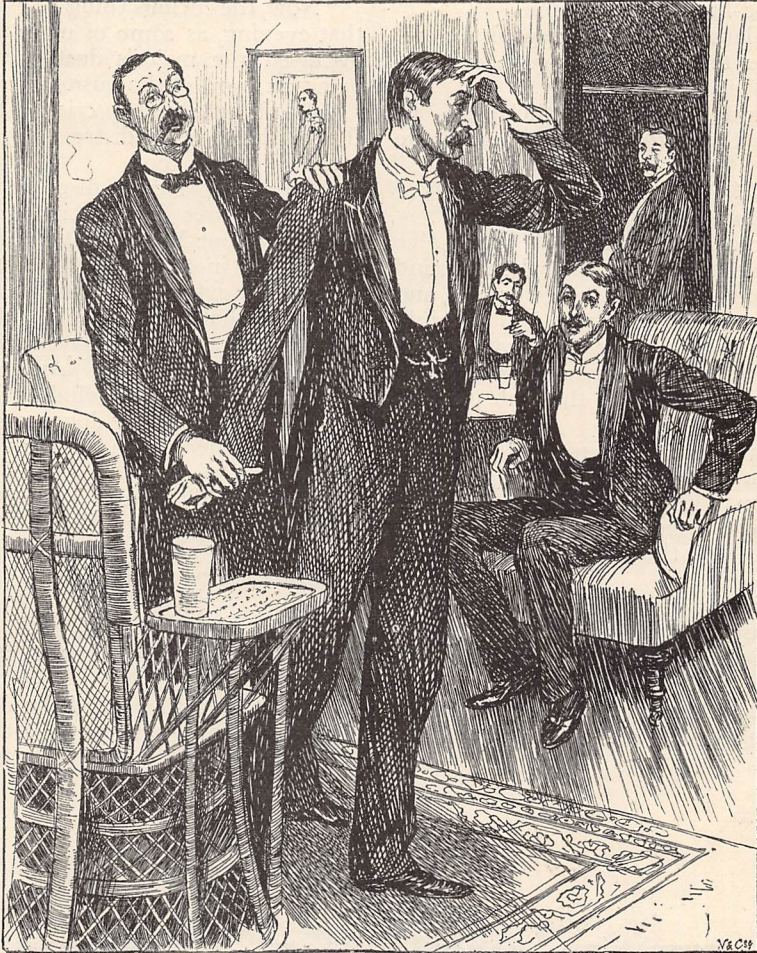
"This," said a young subaltern who talked much of books, "is clearly the thing to be investigated by the Society for Psychical Research."

"Well," continued the major, looking

meditatively into his tumbler, "I didn't like that second business; but I liked the third still less. When the stranger turned up the fourth time, and a fourth friend died, I took the chaplain into my confidence. He said it was a case for the doctor. I went to the doctor, and he seemed to think it had some

"Odd," said the doctor; "when did your obliging friend turn up last?"

"Three years ago, at Mandalay, when Douglas—you remember Malcolm Douglas?—fell and broke his neck. I was with him that morning, and the fellow strolled up in a casual way."



"I'VE NEVER SEEN THE MAN BEFORE" (p. 568).

mysterious connection with my liver. So when it happened for the fifth time, I told nobody, and knocked together the best explanation I could about my friends."

"Why didn't you nab the fellow?" began the subaltern.

"He was never the same man, but always older; and oddly enough, if I was seedy, he looked seedy; if I was in good form, so was he. As I got grey, so did he. But I could never identify him."

"Poor chap!" "Good fellow, Douglas!" cried the chorus.

"And now," said the major, "I'm half afraid there may be a seventh; but something tells me I shall go under that time, and it strikes me I had better—in the public interest."

"Humbug!" said the doctor; "you want a pick-me-up, I see. I'll send you one in the morning."

"Won't somebody give us a pick-me-up

now?" I ventured to suggest. "Something a trifle more lively than we have been having."

"Well," said the man whose good stories brought out the major's confession, "that is hard to beat; but I once heard an American with the most profligate imagination tell a story that knocked it into a cocked hat." And he gave us a side-splitter which pulled us back into good-humour in no time.

Before the laughter which greeted the end was over, the teller had nodded a cheerful "good-night," and was gone.

"Your friend rather took the wind out of your sails that time, major," said the doctor.

"My friend! What do you mean?" asked the major, rising from his seat.

The doctor changed colour. "Well, I've never seen the man before, but when I found him in the smoking-room an hour ago, and answered a question or two, he certainly conveyed to me the impression that he was your friend, and was here to meet you."

"I've never seen him in the club before," said the subaltern.

"That don't count for much," said the doctor; "men come and go."

"It's all up with me," said the major; "he's come again, and for the seventh time. I thought he was the guest of one of you fellows."

"Rot!" said the doctor, feeling the major's pulse in a casual way. "You've a touch of the fever again, that's all."

"That's it," said the company, and we laid ourselves out to prove in a variety of ways that the thing could not possibly have any meaning.

The major shook his head and went off in gloom.

Before I was up the next morning, news came that the major had been found dead—an undisputed case of heart disease, so the doctors said, and nobody challenged the statement. But the story told at the club the night before had got about.

"Now, the curious thing is," said the doctor that evening, as some of us in hushed tones discussed the major's death, "that I don't believe a word of the business."

"Good gracious!" cried the company. It was shocking to distrust the dead; but it was comforting, too.

"Of course, I can't disprove all his cases; but I can three he mentioned by name. I knew all about Malcolm Douglas's end. The major was not with him that morning; he wasn't even at Mandalay at the time. I know that when he landed he went up country the same day, and no fatalities attended the journey. And instead of a melancholy business prelude his departure from home, the young dog was in the liveliest possible feather down at York, as Langreish can witness."

"But couldn't it have happened?"

"I don't think it could."

"But how about this long story, full of detail—a story he evidently believed himself?"

"A little legacy from fever."

"There's just one other point," I ventured to add.

"What is that?" asked the doctor.

"The Great Unknown of last night."

And that point we never cleared up.



PICTURES FROM GERMANY.



A DOMESTIC CATASTROPHE.
(By Franz Defregger.)

WHAT may be called the academic art of Germany of to-day is represented in these pages. At least two of the artists, whose works are reproduced—Messrs. Ludwig Knaus and Franz Defregger—have a world-wide reputation. They stand at the head of the old guard of German painters of *genre*. Strong as draughtsmen and colourists, they each appeal to the national sentiment in their country by their choice of subjects. Knaus has become the recognised painter of children of the peasant class; Defregger as the delineator of the peasant life of the Tyrol, his mountain-guarded birthplace. And yet their works appeal to picture lovers outside their own country, for the love of children and the simple beauty of lowly life are universally dominant. The nationality of the painters and their models is overlooked in the sentiment underlying their work. It is the child, not its dress, which appeals; the homely joys of the peasant, not the local surroundings in which he is placed. And it is the strength of this characterisation of their subjects which has

ensured the success of these two artists. Yet they have preserved their nationality withal; their children and peasants are strictly of Germany and the Tyrol; they are never generalised; the Teutonic character is marked—nay, emphasised—in all cases, and this but adds to their success.

Herr Ludwig Knaus has now attained the age of 67. Born at Wiesbaden in 1829, the son of an artisan, his early life was spent in comparative poverty. As a child, however, he showed an aptitude for drawing, and his parents wisely encouraged him, sending him, when but a lad, to the academy at Dusseldorf. He began painting early in his career, and when but twenty-four years of age started off to Paris to enlarge his experience and vary his training. Here he spent seven years, painting busily all the time. Before he left Dusseldorf he had chosen his subject, and all his pictures dealt with children of the peasantry. He did not take their poverty nor the serious side of their life, but enlarged upon their joyousness, and, indeed, many of his paintings are distinctly humorous. One

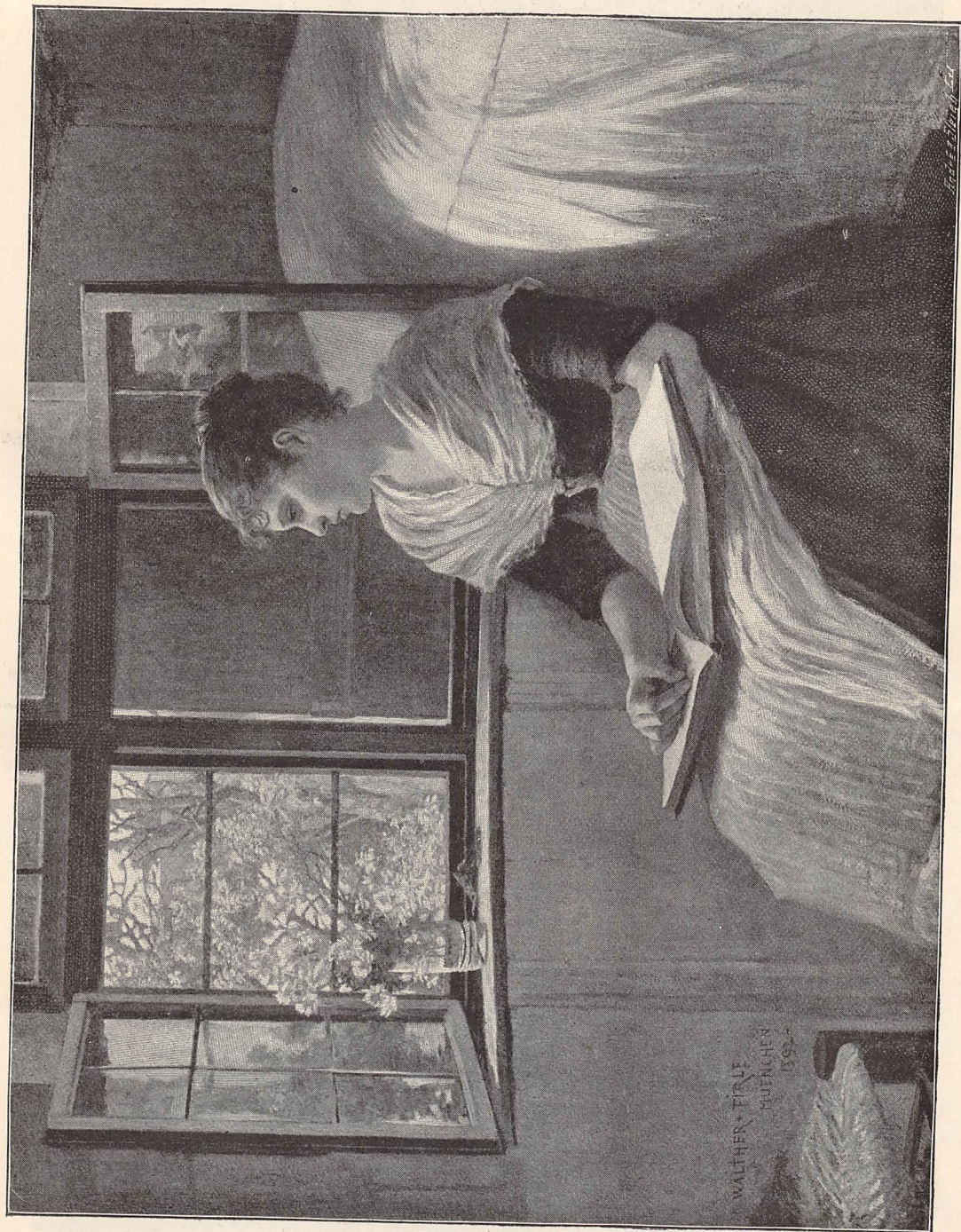


SISTER AND BROTHERS.

(By Franz Defregger.)

of his works, "A Scene in the Tuileries Gardens," was purchased for the Luxembourg. In 1860 he left Paris for Italy, where he sojourned for a year, and then went on to Berlin; but in 1865 he returned to Dusseldorf. Since then he has worked steadily on the same lines; he is a close observer and delineator of character, with the humorous faculty strongly developed, but held closely within bounds; and is now a representative of German art,

to be reckoned upon in any survey of the art of the Fatherland. He is one of the honorary foreign members of our Royal Academy. The two works we reproduce are characteristic examples: the one of his studio work, and the other of his typical peasant subjects. The little child-model posing as Cupid is a charming characterisation, without any idealisation, and yet pleasing in the extreme. He is merely a sturdy German youngster, but yet



A REVERIE.

(By Walter Friele. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.)



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STEPPING-STONES.

(By M. Nonnenbrück. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.)



THE ARTIST AND HER MODEL.

(By L. Knaus. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.)



HYPATIA.

(By A. Seifert. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.)

he is Cupid, with all his vivacity and *naïveté*.

Franz Defregger is a bolder, more rugged character. The only son of a Tyrolean peasant-proprietor, he was born in 1835, and spent his early years, like Giotto, tending his father's flocks on the slopes of the mountains round his village home. Like Giotto, too, he made his charges serve as models. He spent his time fashioning sheep and goats in clay or dough, or carving them out of potatoes or any other material convenient for the purpose. The acquisition of a pair of scissors—with which he cut out landscapes in paper—and, subsequently, of a pencil, bought by his father at a fair, were events in his artistic career. At fifteen he began to work as a labourer for his father, and his beloved art had to be laid aside for sterner duties; but seven years later, his father dying left him in possession of the homestead and its belongings. After a little time he sold everything, and determined to go in for art, selecting sculpture as his medium. He went to Innsbrück, and entered at the technical school, but the master soon told him that painting was his proper study, and in 1860 took him to Munich. He was there introduced to Piloty, the leading artist of the day, but was not sufficiently advanced to be received into the master's studio. After a course of study in the technicalities he went to Paris, but in 1864 returned to Munich with his first picture, and on its merits Piloty received him as a pupil. From that time his success was assured. He chose his subjects from the peasantry among whom he was born, painting them with a realism that in itself appealed to the world. He established himself in Munich, where he has since lived—one room in his house being an exact representation of a Tyrolean parlour. The picture on page 569 shows his ability, his strong dramatic instinct, and his power as an animal-painter. The dog is a study in itself. He fully appreciates the heinousness of his



[Copyright 1892 by Photographische Gesellschaft.]

THE SPRING OF LOVE.

(By Otto Lingner. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.)

offence, and knows that the punishment forthcoming is fully deserved. Defregger's two greatest pictures are representations of scenes in the life of Andreas Hofer, the peasant hero of the Tyrolese. One was purchased for the museum of Königsberg, and the other by the Emperor of Austria, by whom it was commissioned.

The other artists here represented are all typical exponents of German art. Seifert is an industrious worker. He has painted innumerable pictures of the class here reproduced—idealised figures labelled with classical names. The one we give might have been called by any other name than "Hypatia"—

it is not distinctive in any sense of the character. Like Herr Lingner, he chooses merely pretty subjects for his canvases, specially German, but distinguished by no particular strength or ability.

Munich is the "hub" of German art. It

styled itself "Secession," and included in its ranks many well-known artists. To the rival exhibitions artists of all countries contribute, and in Munich every year can be seen the best representative collections of European art. In the Crystal Palace the old society,



DINNER TIME.

(By Ludwig Knaus.)

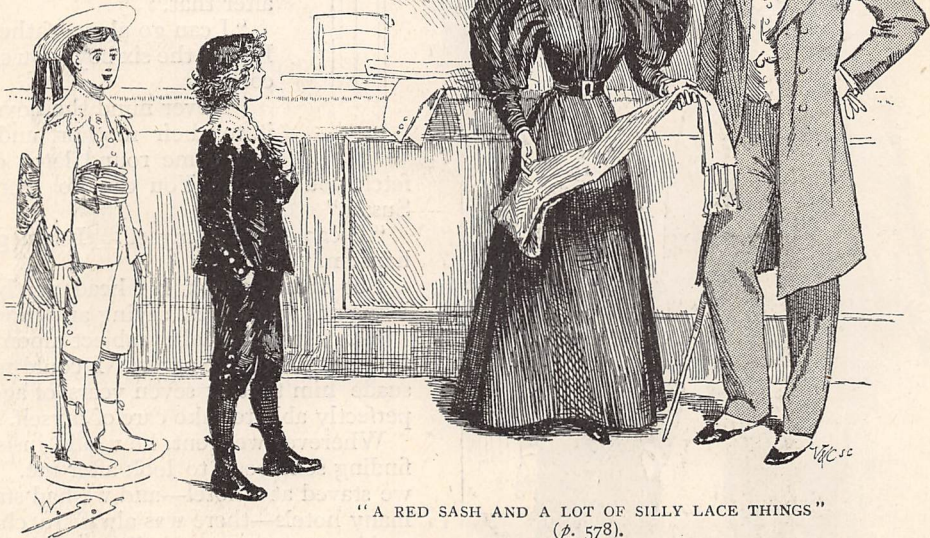
is there that art is taken seriously, and where we look for its development. Thence flock students of all nationalities, and there the pulse of German art beats strongest. A few years ago there was a great split in its artistic society. It held a position comparable with that of the Old Salon of the Champs Elysées of Paris, and was divided in exactly the same manner as the latter when the Salon of the Champ de Mars was established. The offshoot

patronised by the State and the municipality of Munich, holds its shows. Of this Herr Max Nonnenbrück is one of the leading spirits. He is an artist of great refinement, a skilled draughtsman and colourist. Herr Walther Firlé is also a contributor to the old society's exhibitions. He is a painter with a great sense of the beautiful, of sentimentality without sickliness, and a delineator of religious scenes of a power almost equal to Von Uhde.

ARTHUR FISH.

The Wrong Number

A Story for the Oldish, and the Youngish



"A RED SASH AND A LOT OF SILLY LACE THINGS"
(p. 578).

"AND what is your name?" asked my father's friend.

A pause had at last come in the long conversation which I could not understand, and might not interrupt; and now the eyes of the two men were fixed on me. I tried to answer in my plainest voice—

"Julian Wayne."

"Wayne?" asked the friend, puzzled.

I coloured and father laughed.

"He has a trouble with his 'r's.' He means 'Rayne' right enough. See, Julian!" and he turned to me, "you must speak like a man, now we've come to England. There's no knowing what may happen, if you can't tell people your name. Suppose some fine day I were to lose you?"

"Oh! I could always find myself."

The two men laughed, which hurt my feelings a little. I thought father ungrateful.

"I found the letter which tumbled into the waste-paper basket, and the clothes brush, which Susan hid behind the clock, and the stamps she whisked off your table, and your spectacles, and all the things she tidies away, and everything. Don't I find you everything?"

Father drew me towards him, but said nothing.

He and his friend were looking at each other. There was some meaning in their eyes which I could not make out; but I was content to stand at father's side and rub my cheek against the hand he had laid upon my shoulder.

Presently his friend spoke.

"You called him after Julia?"

Father nodded, then he said—

"You have never heard of her?"

"Never—not much chance of finding old traces after twenty years' absence. Plantation work doesn't give one much holiday time. I wasn't like those lucky beggars in the Services, who get their leave every five years."

"One can't have luck all ways," replied father. "There's not many a man nowadays makes enough out of an Indian career to start a house in Cromwell Road."

"There's truth in that. I want you to see my home and my wife. She is giving a Christmas party for the children to-morrow. Won't you bring your boy to make friends with mine? You will come and see me, won't you?" added father's friend, turning kindly to me.

"Yes," I replied. "How many boys have you got?"



"MASTER JULIAN WAYNE!"

"Six, at your service."

"Hoowah! Father! do you hear that?"

"I promised him he should have boys to play with when we came to England," explained father, "and I'm afraid I've been slow in finding them for him."

"Father isn't vewy good at finding things," I explained in my turn. I wanted this stranger to know that it wasn't father's fault that he hadn't kept his promise.

He laughed again a little, and looked at father; but this time father didn't laugh, and that pleased me.

"Well, the wife shall send you an invitation in due form. I forget the time myself."

Then he shook hands with father and went.

The evening post brought the promised

note from his wife. Father read it through, and then looked at me, as if he didn't know what to do.

"We are invited for five o'clock."

"That's for tea," I explained.

"But I can't be there at five. I'm due at the Patent Office at four, and must meet Norton after that."

"I can go alone, father; and I'll tell the six boys you couldn't come."

"Never mind the boys. Tell it to their mother, and say I will come round later on and fetch you home. You can go there with Susan."

"I can go by myself. I can go in a hansom."

But father shook his head at that, and I knew it was useless saying any more.

This was the only subject upon which father and I didn't agree. I could not persuade him that at seven years of age I was perfectly able to take care of myself.

Wherever we went, he would insist upon finding somebody to look after me. When we stayed at a hotel—and we had stayed in many hotels—there was always a chambermaid or a garçon, a kellner, or a "boots," or a "boy"—a black one, sometimes—deputed to look after me, whenever father's engagements obliged him to leave me.

During the month which we had spent in lodgings in Half Moon Street the landlady's niece, a young woman named Susan, had held the rather thankless post of my attendant.

I despised Susan because she was so stupid at finding things and so apt at losing them.

"I believe she'll lose me one day," I said, hoping to frighten father into releasing me from her attendance.

But father refused to be warned, and I wondered how it was that such a wise man, who knew everything else in the world, did not know that I should get on better without Susan than with her.

The next morning father took me himself to a big shop, where he bought me a velvet suit, and he nearly let the shopwoman persuade him into buying me a red sash and a lot of silly lace things. But I told him I really could not go dressed up like a baby, and he said, "All right."

Father was busy writing in the afternoon, and just before he started he missed his gloves, which Susan had tidied into my drawer. While I was looking for them he called Susan to give her his orders for the afternoon, so I

did not hear what he said. I only got back into the dining-room in time to give him his gloves, and to make him tell Susan we were to go in a hansom.

When I didn't take this precaution, Susan always pretended we had to go in a four-wheeler, and I do hate a "growler."

"Don't forget to give my compliments, and say I'll come for you at eight o'clock," said father, as he buttoned his glove.

"I'll wemember. But if I don't like it I shan't stay till eight. I can come home in a cab."

"You can do nothing of the sort. It would not be polite. Promise me, Julian, that you will stay till I come for you. Don't keep me waiting!" added father, as I hesitated.

"I pwomise," I replied.

It was a point of conscience with me that father must never be kept waiting. Young as I was, I had a perception of the value of his time.

I thought Cromwell Road very long and very dull. Susan was cross because it was such a long way off, and she wanted to go to tea with her own friends, who lived in Camden Town.

We were both glad when we stopped at a large and brightly lighted house. There was a carriage just before us, and I watched two little girls get out and run up the steps, followed by their maid. They had on white shoes and stockings, and their party frocks were hidden under white, woolly wraps. They made me think of snowballs on legs.

"You needn't get out, Susan," I said, not caring to have a maid after me, as if I were only a girl.

"Gloucester Woad Station!" I called out to the cabman, with as near an imitation of father's manner as I could achieve, and then I ran up the steps so quickly that I surprised a smile on the face of the man at the door. He smoothed it away immediately, took my hat and great coat, inquired my name, threw open a door, and announced—

"Master Julian Wayne."

I found myself in a large dining-room, where a party of ladies and children were already seated at a bountifully spread tea-table. A very smartly-dressed lady was pouring out tea at the furthest end of the table. I guessed she was the lady of the house, so I went straight up to her, shook hands with her, and gave her father's message.

She seemed rather puzzled by it.

"Your father!" she repeated; "I don't think I know your father."

"Oh, no! and father doesn't know you," I replied; "but father's fwiend wants to show him his home and his wife—that's you."

"It must be someone Mr. Wilson has invited and forgotten to tell you about!" exclaimed another lady.

"Come and sit by me," she added, making room for me at her side. "What is the name of your father's friend?"

"I don't know his name; but he was tall, and had light hair, and his face was wather wed, and he laughed a gweat deal."

"Not a bad description of Tom," said our hostess to my friend. "He is called Mr. Wilson," she continued, speaking to me, "and I am Mrs. Wilson, and that lady is Miss Bell."

"And where are the six boys?" I asked, looking round the table.

"Six boys!" repeated Miss Bell; "there are more than six."

But I shook my head; I had been counting for myself.

"Only six pwoper boys. The ones with sashes and curls are babies. I should like to talk to that boy with a wound face and wed hair flaming out fwom it—like a picture of the sun."

"So you shall," said Miss Bell, laughing. "That's Tommy Wilson."

Tommy proved as pleasant as his appearance was attractive, and we spent a happy two hours playing at various games, which Miss Bell led with much brightness and skill.

Much of the success of the little party—where everybody was gay and nobody was noisy—seemed due to Miss Bell's tact and gentleness.

She was particularly kind to me, as being a stranger, and unfamiliar with some of the games. But I was too much accustomed to new surroundings to feel shy, even when we were playing "Ship to China," and the letter "r" having been chosen, I was ruled "out," because I had laden my ship with "wags" instead of "rags."

It was rather disappointing, for I had held my own with all the other letters, and the victory now lay between Tommy and me. Miss Bell tried to intercede for me, but I preferred losing the game to having my weak point allowed for. Besides, Tommy cared more about winning than I did.

"It's quite fair," I said hurriedly. "Here is your handkerchief, Miss Bell. How pretty it is; but I can't make out this funny sort of writing in the corner."

"That is my name—Julia."

"Julia!" I exclaimed. "I am named after Julia—am I named after you?"

"Oh, no!" she replied; "but I should be very pleased if you were. There is nobody called after me."

"Nor after me," I said, to comfort her; her tone had been rather sad.

"Ah, you! you are young." She laughed, as if she wanted to shake something off her mind, then the door of the room opened and Tommy Wilson called out—

"Here's papa, at last!"

I turned round to see a tall man, fair-haired and red-skinned—but he was not father's friend. While I stood staring in surprise, he crossed the room to shake hands with Miss Bell.

"Why—what's your name?" he said, as his eye fell on me.

"Don't you know him?" asked Miss Bell,

"Oh, anywhere! We just knock about—all over the shop! Amewica, Germany, Pawis," I replied, again using expressions I had overheard and admired.

"Do you hear that?" said Mr. Wilson, turning to Miss Bell.

Then, before she could speak, he turned to me again—

"Don't try to deceive me! Just tell me where you are living now!"

I stared at him in blank surprise—he seemed quite angry, and it was not till Miss Bell said



"DO YOU KNOW ME, RODERICK?"

when my name had produced no sign of recognition.

"Not I. How in the name of wonder did he get here?"

"Susan brought me, but father's friend asked me," I explained.

"Who is your father?"

"Dr. Wayne."

"Never heard of him in my life," said Mr. Wilson, addressing Miss Bell; then he turned to me again.

"What is your father?"

"Father is a genius!" I proudly replied.

I had picked up my information from a lady on board the ship which brought us over from America. I did not quite know what it meant, but thought it was something grand.

Mr. Wilson's face darkened as he asked—

"Where do you live?"

gently, "Tell us, Julian," that I collected myself and answered—

"16A, Half Moon Street."

"Then I think the best plan will be for you to go back to 16A, Half Moon Street, at once."

"I can't," I replied. "I promised father I would stay till he came for me."

"I believe it's a vile trick, a plan to fasten the child upon us," said Mr. Wilson excitedly.

"What are you talking about, Tom?" asked his wife, who had just joined our group.

Mr. Wilson and Miss Bell began explaining together, so that it wasn't very easy to understand them, only Mr. Wilson wanted to send me off at once, while Miss Bell was sure I had been brought to the wrong house by a mistake, and offered to accompany me back to Half Moon Street.

But Mrs. Wilson would not hear of this. She agreed with Miss Bell that there had been a mistake, and it ended in her sending off a servant to Half Moon Street, to let my father know where I was.

The other children were now leaving, and the room was nearly empty when Mrs. Wilson's messenger returned. He held a note, which he handed to Mrs. Wilson.

"Why, it's my own letter!" she said, surprised.

"Yes, ma'am, I brought it back again. There's no such a person as Mr. Wayne at 16A, Half Moon Street."

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Wilson, looking at the two ladies, with an odd mixture of triumph and dismay.

"But it isn't Mr. Wayne—it's Dr. W-W-Wayne," I stammered, trying hard to pronounce the name correctly.

"Wayne!" repeated Miss Bell, as if an idea had struck her. "Julian, what letter does your father's name begin with?"

"With an 'r'—it's Dr."—and then I paused, took breath, nerved myself for a mighty effort, and gasped out—"Dr. Roderick Rayne! There! I've said it, I've said it!" I cried, clapping my hands and dancing about in my delight. "Won't father be pleased!"

"Why am I to be pleased?" said the well-known voice, and I turned round to see father, who had just been shown into the room.

He laid his hand on my shoulder, with the old familiar gesture. I had been away from him for a year—at least, if sensation is a measure of time—and he addressed his explanations and apologies to Mrs. Wilson.

Susan had mistaken the number of the house and had brought me to 350 instead of 315, being confirmed in her blunder by the fact that there was a party going on at both houses.

Poor father had been dismayed, upon calling at his friend's house, to find I had never been there. He had spent the last hour or so rushing about in a hansom—first to Half Moon Street, and then to Camden Town, in search of Susan and information.

Mrs. Wilson received his excuses graciously, and was kind enough to say I had been a pleasant addition to her party.

"He has made quite a friend of my Tommy, besides winning Miss Bell's heart. Why, Julia!" she exclaimed, as she suddenly noticed how pale and agitated her friend was looking.

Miss Bell's eyes were fixed on father, who now looked at her for the first time. Presently a puzzled expression succeeded his first in-

different glance, to be followed in turn by a look of dawning recognition.

"Do you know me, Roderick?" she asked, as with a sudden gesture she threw forward her hands.

He took them in his own and drew her towards him.

"Julia! is it really Julia?"

That was how we found Aunt Julia.

Father told me she was his half-sister, and so she must be my half-aunt. But I said I did not mean to go halves with anybody, and when Tommy wanted to have half of her for himself, I wouldn't let him. Only I told him he might go shares with father and have her for his half-sister; for as father seemed satisfied with half a sister, Tommy might as well have the other half of her if he liked.

I was surprised to find everybody amused at this very sensible arrangement; but I was not sorry when they laughed, for not many minutes before I had felt as if they were going to cry—and besides crying being babyish, there was really nothing to cry about.

As father said afterwards, it was the happiest day of his life. But that was later on, when Aunt Julia had come to live with us, and had made for us, what we never had before—a home.

I never knew exactly how father and Aunt Julia had lost each other, but Mr. Bell, Aunt Julia's father, had been unkind to father when he was young. Once I heard that he had cast him adrift, and that father had gone under for years, and only come to the surface again on the other side of the world.

At first I thought he had been shipwrecked, and wondered how he could have been so long under water without being drowned. Then I found the sea had been a sea of troubles, and not real water; but I never asked about it, for if Aunt Julia's father had been unkind, she mightn't like me to know. Besides, it would have been of no use now, even if she had told me, for, of course, I couldn't have told anybody else.

So father and I left off knocking about the world, and we had no more losses after Aunt Julia came to live with us. She took care of me by letting me take care of myself, and we took care of father between us. But I hadn't nearly so many things to find for him as I once had, for Aunt Julia was so clever, she didn't let his things get lost.

Altogether, it was a happy accident which Susan had brought about by her blundering, as I had found the letter "r" and Aunt Julia in one and the same evening—all from being left at "the wrong number."

BULGARIAN EMBROIDERY.



DESIGN FOR A TABLE CENTRE.

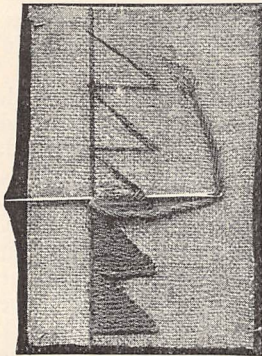


FIG. 1.

BULGARIAN embroidery has but lately come into this country, and it will, I have no doubt, be very much liked when better known, for it has a great deal to recommend it. The silks and cottons with which it is worked all wash well, and as there is no restriction as to particular colours being employed, the taste of the worker has much more scope than in the old Hungarian work, which it resembles in some particulars as much as it differs from it in others.

Exactly the same kind of designs are used in Bulgarian work—*i.e.*, conventional pomegranates, circles, scrolls, leaves, and purely fancy flowers, which, however, all bear more or less a family likeness to each other, and upon which changes are rung.

It is no use whatever taking ordinary

patterns intended for crewel work and adapting them to either Hungarian or Bulgarian work, for neither of these embroideries would be suitable for them, and if you wish to retain the characteristics of the native work, you should use the designs which can be had, as well as all materials for making them, at Messrs. Friedberger's, 15, Wigmore Street, London, W. You can do Bulgarian work upon coloured linens as well as upon white-brown. These coloured linens can be had in many art shades—terra-cotta, blue, green, etc. They are fifty inches wide and four shillings and sixpence a yard.

The white-brown, or *toile grosse*, is five shillings and sixpence a yard, but it is two yards wide, and so really not expensive in the long run.

I shall begin by describing the embroidery

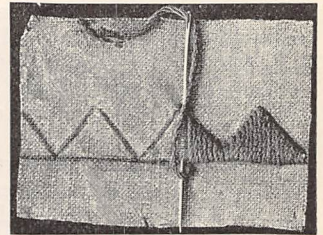


FIG. 2.

as done in cotton. The latter, which is suited to Bulgarian work, is something like ordinary embroidery cotton, and yet is

In all this cotton work you should be very careful in your choice of colours, as very much of the beauty of the work depends upon a good selection.

Two or three shades of blue work well together, and on the *toile grosse* in particular. On terra-cotta linen black looks extremely well, and also green silk. Blue cotton also does well on terra-cotta.

Use needles with a large eye, which will carry the cotton easily. Chenille needles are good for this work, or else ordinary sewing needles, No. 1 or No. 2. I generally use the coarsest number of the cotton, and prefer it for large patterns. No close-twined

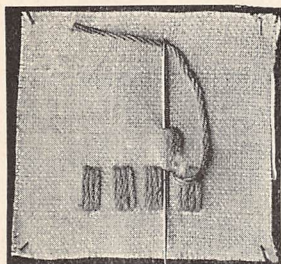


FIG. 3.

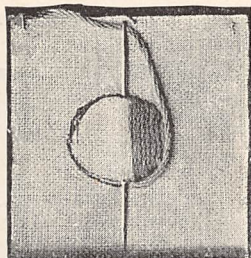


FIG. 4.

not quite so soft. It is bought in balls, costing ninepence each, the red alone being tenpence. It can be had in many colours and in three sizes.

My readers will be able to form a very good idea of the expense of this work when I refer them to the table-centre seen in our illustration. This is one yard long and twenty-one inches wide, exclusive of the lace. It is made of *toile grosse*, which I have just named, and only two shades of blue—the two lightest of the three sold—are used. It only took about two-thirds of each colour. The lace is common torchon, costing a few pence a yard. If you wish to go to more expense, you can buy the real Russian lace at Friedberger's, a very pretty blue and white one, which goes well with the blue embroidery, costing one shilling and threepence a yard. It is two inches wide. There is also a very pretty design in *écru*, costing one shilling and sixpence a yard.

This is a very bold design—one of Friedberger's—and it is worked entirely in satin stitch and stem stitch, and long stitches, which are merely bars taken across and fastened down with a contrasting shade.

None of the satin stitch is padded or outlined first of all. It is simply sewn over and over, care being taken to have the stitches neat, and neither to drag your cotton nor to let it lie so loosely that the material shows between the threads.

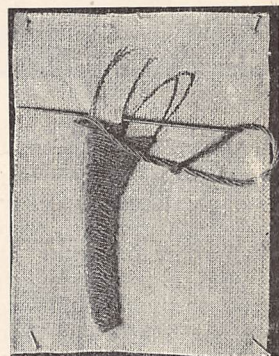


FIG. 5.



DESIGN FOR A WORK-BAG.

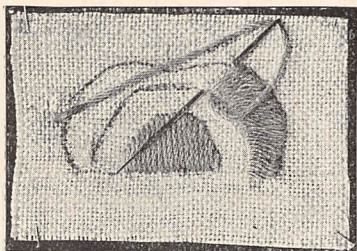


FIG. 6.

Bulgarian embroidery is a kind of floss, which is sold on reels, costing one shilling and fourpence each. They hold a good deal, and the silk certainly looks very well indeed when worked upon the *toile grosse*, the roughness of which throws up its brightness. I must remind you that it washes as well as the cotton if common care is used, for, needless to say, if you have your fancy work sent to the ordinary wash, and let chemicals or caustic soaps be used, you cannot but expect the colours to be damaged. In washing work of this kind always press the water out; never wring the article.

Both when you use cotton or silk you can make all kinds of things in Bulgarian work—bed-spreads, *couvre pieds*, cushions, tea-cloths, bags, cosies, etc.

The work-bag which you will see in the illustration is very pretty, made in *toile grosse*

or inter-laced designs are good for this embroidery, and the patterns must be bold and clear.

The silk used for

lined with *grenat* silk, which shows through the linen-work.

You can use drawn linen stitches, and make your hems and insertions in it as much as you please. It is very well adapted to going with Bulgarian embroidery, and the coarse, even threads of the linen are very quickly withdrawn.

The tea-cosy is worked in rope silk. Pearsall's rope silk is often used in this work. It wears better than the floss and looks very well.

This cosy is embroidered in two shades of red, a *grenat* and a light shade almost approaching pink.

Now for the stitches.

Fig. 1 shows how a border the same as in the cosy is done. The stitches must be quite straight and even.

Fig. 2 shows a clearly-pointed border, very useful for finishing off tea-cloths, etc. etc. It explains itself. For learning these very simple stitches I have more faith in a careful examination of the illustrations than in pages of letterpress. Consequently, I do not give the latter.

Fig. 3 shows how the border, such as that of the table-centre, is done. I do not care to have a border of the kind stamped on the stuff, as it never comes quite straight enough to satisfy me. The *toile grosse* is so coarse that you can easily make the border by counting the threads and leaving equal spaces between.

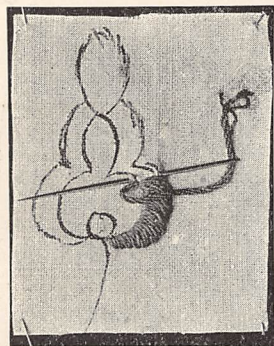


FIG. 7.

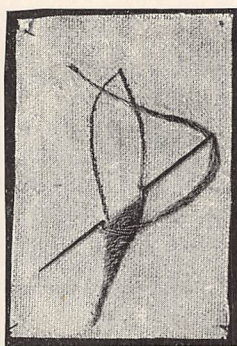


FIG. 8.

and embroidered in the Bulgarian floss silk, pale pink, pale green, and a deep red called *grenat* being chosen. These three go admirably well together.

As you will see in the illustration, some of the linen is drawn, and those who have any knowledge of drawn-linen work will easily see how this is done, red silk being used instead of thread or cotton. The running string is run in and out of a deep insertion of drawn linen, formed into clusters, and the bag is



FIG. 9.

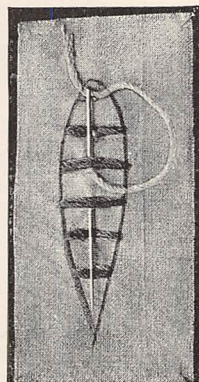


FIG. 10.

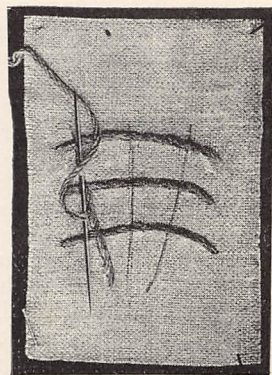


FIG. 11.



TEA-COSY IN TWO SHADES OF RED.

Fig. 4 shows how the balls are done, which are so great a feature in Bulgarian, as in Hungarian, work.

Fig. 5 shows stitches taken straight across, and how to work a forked branch.

Fig. 6 shows the way in which the deep satin-stitch scalloping is done.

Fig. 7 is a reproduction of part of the design for the work-bag. The stitches go straight across.

Fig. 8 shows the satin stitching done obliquely. In one piece of work you can have some leaves, etc., done with the stitches lying straight across, and others with the stitches lying obliquely, only in an actual set of leaves it is best to do them all one way, whichever you decide upon.

Fig. 9 shows the bars taken across in double cotton.

In Fig. 10 you see how the latter are

fastened down, and you will see it is merely a back-stitch.

Fig. 11 is the stem-stitch, which you will see used in the table centre on page 582.

Fig. 12 is the way in which the second half of a leaf like this one is worked.

The embroidery is quickly done, very effective, and inexpensive, and I am sure many readers who do not yet know it will be pleased when they try it and see how charming it is.

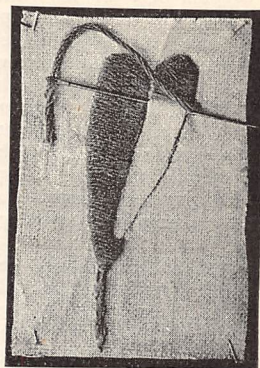


FIG. 12.



NEW DRESSES FOR OLD.



BODICE OF ÉCRU GRASS LAWN EMBROIDERED.

ARE there any girls at this moment with the problem to solve as to how to look brightly and freshly dressed during the summer months on a small stock of money? If so, they may be interested to know how I have managed: for small is the surplus left of my allowance money after the share I took in the purchase of our beautiful bicycle. A good hint reached me from an expert whom I heard chatting with a mutual friend on the subject; her words of advice were—"a good black satin skirt and a few blouses." Delightedly I remembered my pretty merv evening skirt that I had made and worn in December, and forthwith I decided it should do duty on special occasions, whilst a shot green and mauve alpaca, cut exactly like it, should serve for ordinary wear.

Now on every hand one sees people, of good taste, and their children too, wearing a grass muslin or lawn écreu coloured, that is, something the colour of light brown holland, and these muslins are embroidered sometimes with white and sometimes with delicate colours; and the frills and collars are trimmed with a very narrow lace Valenciennes edging. Armed with these observations I bought five yards of grass muslin—it is 28 inches wide—and made it up into a bodice on a plain-fitting cream sateen lining, leaving the muslin full in the front and not seaming it in excepting at the shoulders and the under-arm sidepiece. Up the centre of the front fulness, at intervals of about two inches I embroidered very small flowers—because flowers are to be seen on all the silks and muslins and ribbons, in pale blue, mauve,

and pink with a little green. A plain collar-band was sufficient beneath the green chiné ribbon necktie, and the narrow square pieces of lace-edged muslin would flap out over this. Each side, from the shoulder to the waist, I carried a folded strap of muslin, cut on the selvedge way and edged with lace; these hid any small imperfections in the fit and improved the figure. For the sleeves I made the lining fitting and the muslin loose with one seam only and a little fulness at the wrist under the cuff; at the top of the sleeve the three gathered frills, edged with lace and sewn one above the other, gave a fussiness that is rather an improvement to my slight figure. The flat waistbelt I covered with muslin and fastened with a bow of ribbons; this and the necktie can be varied, sometimes a plain ribbon will look well. Many agree with me that if it were possible our dressmaking parties are even more enjoyable now, for we who have no garden betake ourselves in the afternoon to our friends who have, and there, beneath the shade of a huge Japanese umbrella and surrounded by flowers, we stitch and chat, whilst the two little girls for whom we ply our needle are close at hand when the question of fit or choice of colour is to be decided. Alpaca and linen are their mother's favourite materials for them, and we are now busy making these up. The two children—one five years and the other



LINEN COAT FOR LITTLE GIRL OF FIVE.

four—are quite different in colour and style; the elder is dark and rosy, and the younger is sweet, gentle, and fair, looking her best when dressed in a quaint way with a frock to her toes and a fichu.

We have found that *useful* stuffs bought when cheap during the sale times are good store, and have proved it in this instance, for a few pieces of white and short lengths of art blue linen were made up by busy fingers into a sweet little coat for the elder child; on the opposite page you will see the sketch of it. Very little fitting was required, as the coat is full and gathered in the centre of the back and of the front, drawn into shape with lines of feather-stitch across the fulness; and to neaten this in the front the sides are folded over in two deep pleats and fixed with scroll embroidery work in feather-stitch just above the waist. For this coat, let me tell you, we had a paper pattern with the design for the embroidery marked out upon it, saving us a great deal of time and trouble. The white linen pieces made the collars, with a narrow flat-pleated frill put between the upper and the lining. These are cut in three square pieces, one across the back and one on each shoulder, made into a tiny band, and with the cuffs can be removed to be washed. We have two sets like this, and they freshen up the coat and remove any soil that would mark either the wrists or collar. We also had the thought of the "getting up" process when we put the sleeves into the armhole in gathers instead of deep pleats. This style is so becoming to the child, and useful in wear, that she is to have one also made in brown holland embroidered in white.

For the younger girl we have chosen a pale mauve alpaca. First we cut a fitting body-lining, and on this arranged the alpaca in very fine tuckers down the yoke with the fulness drawn to the waist and neaten with a piping—that is, a piece of alpaca about two inches wide cut on the bias with a piping cord laid in between, and then hemmed up to the body lining. To this we gathered the skirt, which had been cut to allow of a deep

hem and three fine tucks, with an inch turned in at the top for letting down. To the elbow the sleeves will be fitting, and then a gathered puff sewn on and drawn into the armhole with two threads. The belt of silk will be full like a sash, and end at the back in a large bow. This little frock we shall repeat in a black alpaca, a light blue mohair, and a tan velveteen plain, without the tucks; and the fichus will be all alike in creamy white muslin with little gathered frills.

We have arrived at the conclusion that one of the girls is developing into a clever milliner; she certainly owns a wonderfully light touch, and frills up a piece of lace and silk, and stitches on a bow, pleats up a crown of silk to a piece of buckram, and the result is a dainty hat for a child.

BIZZIE BEE.



ALPACA FROCK AND MUSLIN FICHU
FOR LITTLE GIRL OF FOUR.

Patterns of the muslin bodice are ready cut in three sizes at 1s. 10d., and patterns of the coat for a child of five, and frock and fichu for child of four, at 6d. each.—Address, BIZZIE BEE, c/o the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.



IDYLLIC ECHOES.

First Voice.

§ SWEET, after winter, when the earth grows
fair
In seed-time, when upon the shelving
share

Of the late-used plough Arcturus shines,
And spring stars see the buds upon the vines.

Second Voice.

Sweet are the apples that bloom amid the corn-
fields yellow,
The fragrant flowers of the vine that yield to the
grape grown mellow;

And under amber noon-clouds, and piles of
vapours sunny,
The evergreen oaks o'er hives of dewy, delicious
honey.

Third Voice.

Through rosy withering twilight Vesper's star
Guides weary wings to well-known nests afar;
And thus life's ageing years with each day's end
After the sunken sun fatigued tend
Toward the dear bed that in the dusk of home
Awaits them, where Peace beckons through the
gloom
To pillows wreathed with sere leaves, once in bloom,
And rest—time's happy prelude to the tomb.

T. C. IRWIN.



Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in *THE GATHERER* may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

SHALL WE EVER SEE BY WIRE?

THE telephone enables us to transmit sound to a distance by electricity, and the question has arisen whether we shall ever transmit light by the same mysterious agency. We can talk from London to Paris, or from New York to Chicago; and when the new telephone cable is laid across the Channel, it is expected that some of the provincial towns—for example, Liverpool and Manchester—will also be able to speak with the French capital. There is even a prospect of the Old World and the New being put into communication with each other by word of mouth some day; either by a method of overcoming the “induction” of the trans-Atlantic cables, or by overland lines through Siberia and Alaska with a cable across Behring Straits.

Will it ever be possible to enable the persons who speak with each other by telephone to see one

another at the same time, as “in a glass darkly” perhaps, but still “face to face”? Will it ever be feasible for a man in London to see the Opera in La Scala, or the Falls of Niagara, or the Feast of Lanterns in Canton, without stirring from home? It is a captivating idea, and although we cannot pronounce with certainty, there is a good deal to be said in favour of the possibility of its realisation.

To begin with, it is known that light is merely a form of energy, or, as the late Professor Tyndall would call it, a “mode of motion.” It is, in fact, a wave-like motion in the exquisite medium that we call the luminiferous ether, which is understood to permeate all bodies. The waves resemble those set up in water when a stone is dropped into it; that is to say, they are transverse rays, the particles of water rising and falling alternately across the line on which the waves travel. In this respect light differs from sound, in which

the particles of air conveying the sound vibrate to and fro along the course of propagation of the sound. Now it has been found of late years that waves similar to those of light in all but size can be set up in the luminiferous ether by oscillatory discharges of electricity, and there is growing evidence to show that some well-known effects of electricity are the result of wave motions in the ether of the same kind as those of light. If, therefore, we could find a means of transforming the waves of light into corresponding electric waves, and transmit these to a distance by wire, or even without wires, then retransform them back again into light, the problem would be solved. The progress of electrical research appears to tend in that direction.

The answer to your question "shall we ever see by telegraph?" is "Yes. When millionaires cease to delight in the mere growth of their fortunes, & take a little delight in spending money for the good of the world, one of them may think it worth while to chuck away £2000 in doing this thing. But if I had the money to throw away I wouldn't do it for I know of much better things than to mess about what all electricians know can be done

Yours
John Perry

PROFESSOR JOHN PERRY, F.R.S.

First Attempts.

Meanwhile, crude methods of realising the idea have not been

wanting. We do not refer to forms of telegraph-apparatus by which drawings and photographs can be transmitted by wire, but to apparatus for reproducing luminous effects. Such, for example, is the telephotograph by Shelford

W. H. Preece

MR. W. H. PREECE, C.B., F.R.S.

Bidwell, by which light falling on a selenium cell changes the strength of an electric current, which on passing through the wire is caused to decompose a chemical at the distant place, and thus produce a representation of the luminous object in light and shade. A still earlier plan, and the first real attempt to grapple with the problem, is that of Professors Perry and Ayrton, the distinguished electricians, which was explained in a lecture to the Society of Arts in 1881, and is fully described in Dr. Wormell's "Electricity in the Service of Man" (Messrs. Cassell and Co.). It will be sufficient to say that it consists in employing a selenium cell, which, when exposed to light, has the property of altering the strength of a current flowing through it and to a degree corresponding with the brilliance of the light. The current thus modified travels along the wire to the distant station, where it passes through a magneto-electric device which operates a shutter, so as to modify the brightness of an illuminated spot and imitate the brightness of the original object at the transmitting end of the line. This may be regarded as a simple element in the arrangement, and by combining a number of these

The question you put is one which it would be rash to answer shortly and without consideration. Much consideration and discussion I have not at present time to give.

Yours truly
J. H. Hopkinson

DR. J. HOPKINSON, F.R.S.

elements into a "mosaic," so to speak, the light-and-shade pattern of an object could be reproduced at a distance—but not colours and tints.

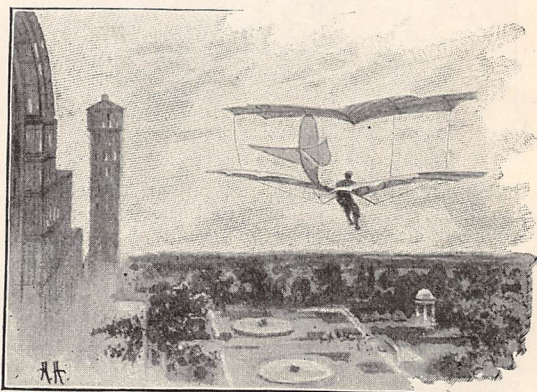
"Provide Me With £2,000."

Professor Perry has been kind enough to inform us that although he has been too busy otherwise

during the last fifteen years to give much time to the working out of this plan, he is still convinced that it would succeed. "Provide me," he said, "with £2,000 to play 'ducks and drakes' with, and I promise to transmit such mosaic pictures of people moving as I have described. I see my way to using only ten wires, and I think that this number might be reduced if I had leisure to think the thing out. I do not think I would use selenium cells now."

"The Word 'Impossible' Wiped Out."

Mr. William Henry Preece, F.R.S., the well-known Engineer-in-chief of the Post Office, whose remarkable feat of telegraphing through the air to a distance of several miles without wire has attracted so much attention, has favoured us with an expression of his views on the subject: "The word 'impossible,'" he says, "has been wiped out of the electrician's vocabulary. The unexpected is always



HUMAN FLIGHT.

happening in electricity. It is dangerous to prophesy unless you know. I can say only this, that it is not impossible to see by telegraph and that we know more of the probability of doing so now than we did of the probability of transmitting speech before the telephone was introduced."

Amongst other eminent electricians to whom we have applied, Professor J. A. Fleming, F.R.S., has answered that he has not given sufficient attention to the matter to express an opinion; Professor George Forbes, F.R.S., was on the point of starting for New Zealand, and Dr. John Hopkinson, F.R.S., President of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, regrets that he has not time to discuss it at present.



Human Flight.

Herr Lilienthal, of Berlin, has improved his apparatus for flying by doubling the supporting surfaces, which now extend to 18 square metres. Our figure shows his new flying, or rather soaring, apparatus, the upper and under bearing surfaces being connected by two rigid stays and thin wires. Taking up his position in the midst of the lower surface, and jumping from a tree-top or house against the wind, Herr Lilienthal is able to soar

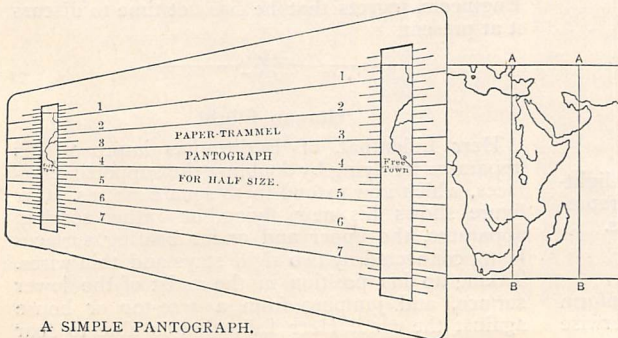


A SOCIABLE CYCLE.

like a bird by the upward pressure of the wind on the floats. He also hopes to be able, by adding wings, to circle round in the air, and so take advantage of the most favourable currents.

A Sociable Cycle.

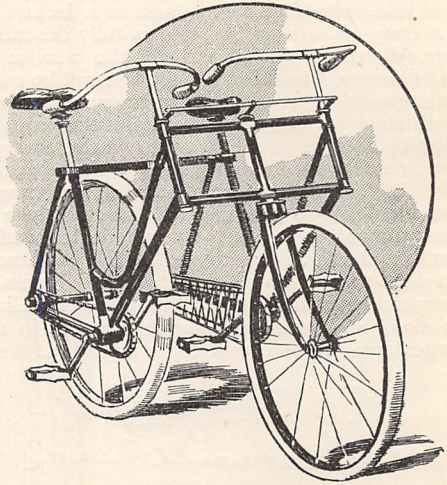
The tandem cycle does not permit of the travellers sitting side by side and talking *tête-à-tête*, in a sociable fashion, hence an American maker has introduced the machine which we illustrate. As will be seen, it is a bicycle with two seats abreast, two sets of driving pedals, and two steering handles; the hind wheel is thus actuated by two separate chains. A difference in weight between the two travellers only causes a certain *list* of the machine to one side. The start is made by one passenger getting into the saddle while the machine is at rest, and the other mounting when holding it vertical and putting it in motion. The descent from the bicycle is effected in the same way, but in inverse order—that is to say, one gets off while the machine is going and holds it upright until the other descends.



A SIMPLE PANTOGRAPH.

A Simple Pantograph.

The "paper-trammel" pantograph invented by Mr. Moon, B.E., of the Australian Geographical Survey, for the reduction of maps and drawings, has the advantage that it is made of paper, and can easily be made by any student of geometrical drawing. Our illustration shows this ingenious device, and the manner of using it; a map of Africa being reduced to half-size by means of the two scales. When the map to be reduced is larger than the pantograph, it is first ruled off into square sections, each of which is a little shorter than the long slit in the pantograph. Division lines A B, double the width of the long slot apart, are then drawn across the section, and the pantograph is moved to each of them in turn. When it is undesirable to cut up the original map into the sections, tracings of these should be made on smaller pieces of paper, and each reduced into its place on the drawing-paper which has likewise been divided into skeleton sections corresponding to those of the larger map. If a reduction of one-third or one-fourth is required, the small slot should



A SOCIABLE CYCLE.—FIG. 2.

be cut one-third or one-fourth of the distance from the wide slot to the apex of the converging lines, the slots being proportionately one-third or one-fourth the width of the wide slot. The same rule holds good for any other proportions.

The Power of a Thunderbolt.

During a recent thunderstorm at Klansthal, in Germany, a thunderbolt struck a wooden pillar and melted two nails instantly. From the mass of the nails and the heat required to melt them Dr. Grottewitz, an electrician, has calculated that they could only be fused artificially by an electric current of 200 amperes at a pressure of 20,000 volts. Applied for one second this amount of energy is equivalent to 500 horse-power, and applied for $\frac{1}{10}$ second to 50,000 horse-power.

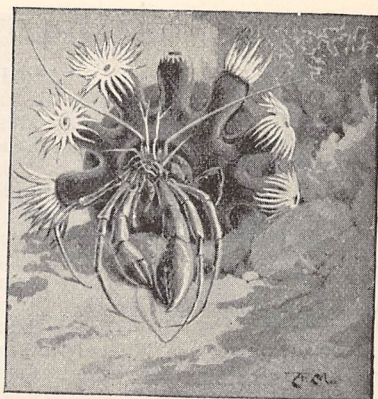
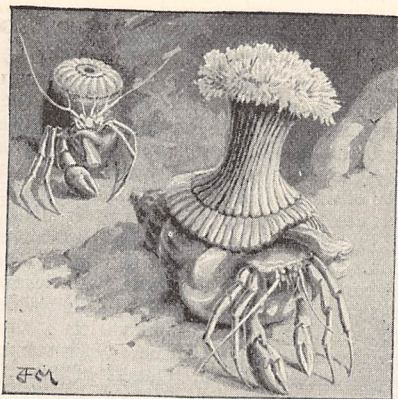
Crabs and Sea-flowers.

The hermit crab (*Pagurus Bernhardus*) lives in empty cockle-shells, but it has been observed by Mr. Percival Wright in the first place, and more recently by M. Faurot, that he prefers a shell on which the sea anemone (*Sagartia parasitica*) is growing. Experiments have shown that the crab and actinia are partners, the actinia keeping parasites from the crab, and the crab sharing his meal with the actinia. Indeed, the crab is known to remove the actinia from its position on a rock and plant it on the shell. Moreover, the actinia even transplants itself from an unfavourable site to a shell tenanted by the crab. Still more wonderful is the partnership between the *Pagurus Prideauxi* and the *Adamsia palliata*, which enlarges the shelter of the crab by a stony secretion from its foot or sucker. The crab purposely breaks up some of his meat fine enough for the actinia to swallow. This actinia dies when the crab forsakes the shell on which it grows, but the crab can secure another partner by transplantation. Fig. 1 represents the partnership of the Bernhard crab and the anemone, while Fig. 2 shows another variety of crab, the *Pagurus pilimanus*, inhabiting a colony of the beautiful violet deep-sea polype named *Epizoanthus parasiticus*. In this case the original shell in which the crab lived has been dissolved away by the sea-water, leaving a hole or cavern in the heart of the polype which continues to be its home.

More about the New Photography.

The Röntgen method of photographing the bones in the living body and other unseen objects is gradually undergoing improvement. Experiments are being directed to find a substance which when made phosphorescent or fluorescent in the Crookes vacuum tube, will yield the most effective rays for taking the photographs. Hitherto barium platino-cyanide has been one of the best materials; but according to a recent message from Edison to Lord Kelvin, tungstate of calcium is superior. Dr. Macintyre, of Glasgow, has succeeded in examining a bullet inside the skull by means of the rays and phosphorescent barium platino-cyanide; and Edison can, it is stated, see metal objects behind a partition of timber eight inches thick by employing tungstate of calcium. Dr. Uberto Dutto, of Rome, has shown how photographs of the arteries and internal parts of the body, other than the bones, can be photographed by injecting mineral solutions into them.

The Röntgen method has also gained a moral victory by demonstrating to a hysterical girl who believed the bone of her arm diseased that there was nothing the matter with it.



CRABS AND SEA-FLOWERS.

Three Years in Parliament.

From whatever point of view we look back upon them, the three years of the last Parliament were interesting ones. Very few of us can follow the inner history of political life for ourselves, but all who would correctly appraise the "personal equations" of public life in that period of strenuous Party warfare, have now an opportunity of looking again upon its fights, its triumphs, and its failures. Mr. H. W. Lucy, keenest of Parliamentary note-takers, gives us in "A Diary of the Home Rule Parliament" (Cassell) an addition to his excellent series of word-pictures of the men and the methods of modern legislative life. It is the history of yesterday, of course, but to read it as Mr. Lucy tells it is to gain many clues to the understanding of the news of to-day. And let no one pass this book by in the mistaken belief that it is a mere chronicle of party fights, for it is much more than that. It brings out the personal side of Parliamentary life, and does not a little to explain its quaint forms and cumbrous ways.

More New Books.

"Academy Pictures," the special supplement of the "Magazine of Art," for the reproduction of the most popular and most interesting pictures in the current Exhibition, is being published at short intervals by Messrs. Cassell, who are giving to the work every advantage of paper and printing to make it a valuable and permanent memento of the best pictures of the year.—The same publishers have issued the third volume of their Illustrated "Gazetteer of Great Britain and Ireland," carrying on the work as far as "Kiltearn." The descriptive letterpress is accompanied by useful maps and excellent illustrations of the places referred to.—Messrs. Cassell are also issuing, at a price which brings it within the reach of every household, a new edition of their "Natural History," in weekly parts and monthly numbers.

"Big Men at Play."

Erratum.—In the article under this title in our May number, "Hamlet" in the third line of the first column of p. 436 should read "Romeo."

AMONGST FLOWERS, BEES, AND POULTRY.



FERNS should be in full beauty this month; they have a refreshing aspect, whether in the greenhouse or in some shady glade in the open. Plenty of water must be given to pot plants, but be reasonable in its application. Only supply water when it is necessary, not to plants already soaked. A light

shade must be given, but only to screen the ferns from the scorching sun. Ferns dislike darkness, and to get robust fronds that last well when cut, give the plants a cool light position to induce sturdy growth. This is the month to strike pinks from cuttings, also called pipings and layers. The more popular method is to take cuttings, which should be cut just under a joint, and dibbled in, under a hand-glass. Make up a firm bed of light sandy soil, which must be fairly moist, not too wet; otherwise, the cuttings will damp off wholesale. There are many beautiful pinks. Mrs. Sinkins, Her Majesty, and Mrs. Lakin, are of purest white, the last of the trio smoother and more even than the two former; all three are sweetly scented. Pinks make delightful edgings. Even when flowerless they possess charm, the leaves being of a pretty silvery colour, which is retained throughout the year.

The German Irises are splendid June flowers. I

wish every lover of hardy plants would grow a selection of these, not the washed-out varieties that are seen in gardens. We have plenty of fine selfs and shaded flowers, far richer and more striking than dingy mauves or dowdy yellows. The plants are vigorous, as one well knows. The great blue flag of gardens is *Iris germanica*, and a noble flower it is when well massed. No varieties surpass the following in beauty: *Atro-purpurea*, intense purple; *Bridesmaid*, a tenderly coloured flower, lavender and white; *Celeste*, self lavender, a beautiful variety; *Mme. Chereau*, white, edged and feathered with lavender, a popular market kind; *Queen of May*, an exquisite kind; the standards are rose-lilac, also the falls, the latter richly veined with yellow; *Rigoletto*, golden yellow and crimson; and *Victorine*, white with purple blotches on falls and standards.

SHADING HIVES.—If the weather be very hot, remove quilts over section boxes. Ventilate a little, but on no account raise the roofs too much. The familiar straw hackle is a good shade, also a green tree bough. Secure swarms.

MATERIALS FOR EGG SHELLS.—Nothing is better for shell-making than the prepared oyster shells to be obtained from poultry fanciers and dealers. A prepared compound like this, however, is not essential, as old rubbish is almost as valuable. In the use of either of these, circumstances alter cases. If the fowls can get plenty of runs amongst old buildings, prepared compounds are unnecessary.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Pocket-handkerchief Competition.

GENTLEMEN'S linen pocket-handkerchiefs, more or less well hemmed, have, in response to the prizes offered in our December number, come in from all parts of the kingdom; from north, south, east, and west of England, and from Scotland, Ireland, and "gallant little Wales." Hemstitching is not hemming, and a great many are hemstitched. Backstitching and fancy lace stitching are not hemming either, and fine Scotch cambric is cotton, not linen.

The best specimens of hemming are by

Miss Lydia Collis, Lorne Villa, Strood, Rochester,

Miss May Mitchell, The White Farm, Ilkley, near Leeds,

whose work is of equal excellence and so very good that we give an

EXTRA PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA and award them one guinea each.

The SECOND PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is taken by

Miss Beatrice Scrivin, North Cerney, Cirencester, Gloucestershire.

HONOURABLE MENTION is deserved in order of merit by E. Wheeler, Union Street, Torquay; Miss Florence T. Lawford, Birchwood Park Road,

Swanley Junction; Florrie C. Shepherd, Exeter Road, Launceston, Cornwall; Edith A. Allan, Mill House, Ecclesfield, Sheffield; Miss Annie Ion, Daubeny Street, New Clee, Grimsby; A. M. Hutchings, 9, Athenæum Place, Plymouth; Miss Emma M. Moore, 4, Eglantine Terrace, Malone Road, Belfast; A. J. Winslade, Braden, Isle Brewers, Taunton; Lydia S. Martin, 30, St. Margaret's Road, Oxford; Florence Faill, 1, Hawarden, Partickhill, Glasgow; Edith Mary Worlidge, Orchard Bank, Alurincham, Cheshire; and Madge Latham, 1, Kensington Terrace, Hyde Park Road, Leeds.

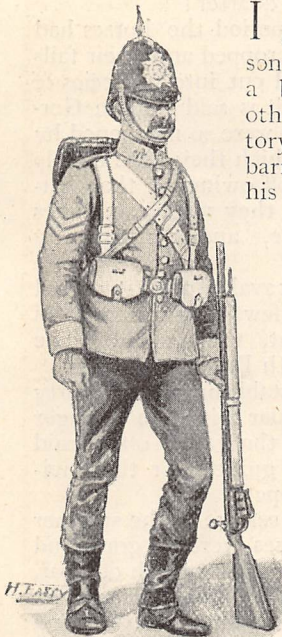
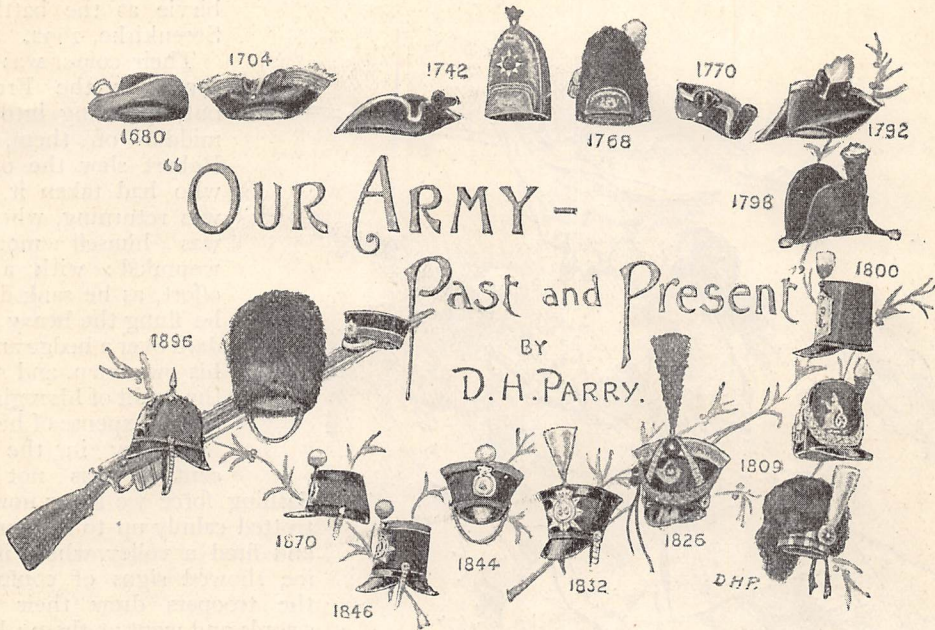
Those competitors who require their work to be returned to them must make application within one month of the publication of this Award (Rule 7), enclosing stamped addressed wrapper or envelope.

As this number will be issued several days prior to the 1st of June, we would remind our readers that all MSS. in the Serial Story Competition must be received by that date. The "Summary" Competition is not due until 30th July; but the Photographic Competition closed on the 15th of May, and we hope to publish the Award in an early number.



"YES OR NO?"

(Drawn by H. J. Stock.)



A CORPORAL OF THE LINE:
PRESENT TIME.

I DOUBT whether the soldier of to-day is personally a better fellow, or a braver, than at any other period of his history; but the great social barrier between him and his civilian countryman being happily almost a thing of the past, he is perhaps more popular at the present time than he ever was before.

Our standing army dates back little more than a couple of centuries; and, strange as it may sound to some, its very existence is voted annually in Parliament, and becomes legal year by year.

It began in the days of the Merry Monarch with two regiments of horse and six of foot—picturesque-looking warriors with broad-leaved hats and curled periwigs, who stood firmly

with feet apart to handle their pikes and prime their clumsy matchlocks; it increased under various sovereigns in time of war, and was partially disbanded when peace came again; it grew terribly German under the later Georges—keeping its heels together in constrained and well-nigh impossible attitudes; paid great attention to the cock of its hats and the length and fashion of its pigtails; was braided and bebuttoned, and plastered with pipeclay and flour; won high renown in Flanders, where it once “swore terribly,” more renown in various corners of Europe, and in America; was flogged and branded, recruited by the press-gang, had the gaols turned into its ranks on occasion; and then, when we threw in our lot with the enemies of the French Revolution at the close of the last century, went far to lose much of its well-earned prestige under incompetent generals.

William III. did much to improve it, although he played with it largely as a toy in his favourite game of war.

There is a story of his period which will well bear repetition. Our bayonet—a weapon first mentioned in the British service in April, 1672—screwed into the muzzle of the musket, so that when fixed it was impossible to fire.

The French had invented a new attachment, then unknown to us; and in a battle, the name of which has been lost, a French



regiment charged our 25th—then the Edinburgh Regiment—with its bayonets thus fixed.

Lieut.-Colonel Maxwell ordered his men to screw in their bayonets, and the French drew nearer and nearer, until, to the dismay of the British, who expected to meet cold steel, they poured in a crashing volley at short range, which threw us into confusion.

Happily, we rallied, and the square-skirted red coats faced with yellow pressed on with such irresistible fury that the enemy's regiment lost the reward of the unlooked-for advantage they had taken, and were driven out of line.

Charles II.'s was a scarlet force, and that colour has ever since been our national one—no regiment having carried it with greater honour than the Royal Scots, who were nicknamed "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard," from their claim to antiquity as a corps.

When I was requested a few years ago to design some figures for their silver mess-trophy, the principal group represented a very heroic act performed by Colonel Sir

Robert Douglas of Glenbirvie at the battle of Steenkirke, 1692.

Their colour was captured by the French, but, springing into the middle of them, Sir Robert slew the officer who had taken it, and was returning, when he was himself mortally wounded; with a last effort, as he sank down, he flung the heavy standard over a hedge among his own men, and saved the credit of his regiment at the expense of his life.

Cavalry in the last century was not the dashing force we know now: it trotted calmly up to the enemy, and fired a volley, when, if the foe showed signs of confusion, the troopers drew their long swords and went at them; but if they stood firm, the squadrons wheeled and tried for better luck in another quarter!

At one period the horses had their ears cropped and their tails docked and cut into a species of knob, and it is said that in Germany they were so maddened by the flies, which they were unable to whisk off owing to that bar-

barous regulation, that they were sometimes rendered unmanageable, and consequently useless as a force.

An insight into the cavalry of that period may be obtained by a few curious anecdotes of Ligonier's Regiment, then called "The Blacks," and now the 7th Dragoon Guards.

It was on the Irish establishment for thirty years, and was so popular with the younger sons of good families, that they often paid from twenty to thirty guineas for the privilege of becoming a trooper.

Suddenly ordered on service in the summer of 1742, when the horses were at grass and the men's uniforms in the last month of wear, they were reviewed on Hounslow Heath by George II., and placed between the Blues and Pembroke's Horse, then newly clothed and splendidly mounted. The contrast was marked, and their colonel in despair.

"Well, Ligonier," said the King, "your men have the air of soldiers, but their horses indeed look poorly. How is it?"

"Sir," replied Ligonier, "the men are Irish, and gentlemen—the horses are English."

At Dettingen, where they only mustered 180 strong, they charged the French Gendarmes, who were drawn up six deep, and lost six officers and fifty-six men, having to fight their way out against heavy odds.

Cornet Richardson, carrying the standard, received thirty-seven wounds, and returned with the colour pole slashed in many places.

When asked how he had managed to preserve it, he said—

"If the *wood* of the pole had not been made of *iron*, the colour would have been cut off."

The standard was presented to him for his gallantry when new colours were given to the regiment the following winter.

At Fontenoy the "Blacks" mustered their full strength, although they had left a man behind in Brussels, shot through the thigh in a duel; for thirty-seven recruits had just joined, being one more than was required, and the distress of the odd man was so great, that Sir John Ligonier kept him at his own expense until there should be a vacancy.

They had a strange court-martial at Ath on a trooper who, his horse being shot in the morning at Fontenoy, had not joined until after the battle.

The regiment was so enraged that they were for summarily dismissing him; but he demanded to be heard, and brought Lieutenant Izard of the Welsh Fusiliers as a witness, who stated that the dismounted trooper had come to him and requested to be allowed to carry a firelock during the battle in the grenadier company, and after fighting valiantly all day, was one of the *nine* men of that company that came out of action.

He was instantly restored to his troop with honour, and next day the Duke of Cumberland gave him a commission in the Welsh Fusiliers—one of the few creditable acts on record of the "Butcher of Culloden."

It is further said that from the time of the regiment leaving Ireland until its return, not a single case of desertion occurred, not a man or horse was taken by the enemy, only six men died natural deaths, and thirty-seven troopers were promoted to commissions—a very rare thing in those days of purchase and privilege, when a few years later a lieutenant-colonelcy of horse cost £4,940, and an ensigncy in a foot regiment £405.

Great changes took place during the last century in the appearance of our troops.

The handsome Cavalier hat was looped up first on one side, and then on all three, and thus became the well-known three-cornered headgear, altering in shape, or "cock," as it was called, and passing through various fashions—such as the "Ramilies," the "Kevenhuller," the "Nivernois," and the old

"Egham, Staines, and Windsor," so named because the angles pointed in three directions like a well-known finger-post—until in 1800 it was replaced in the infantry by a straight shako, popularly called the "smoke-jack."

Regiments, once named after their colonels, were numbered by George II. in 1751, but the numbers were not placed on the buttons until sixteen years later, and the old county titles were not adopted until 1782.

Although promotion was dear and difficult, a private's funeral was not expensive, the items being as follows:—

"To the parson, 2s. 6d.; sexton, 1s.; gravedigger, 1s.; for the pall, 1s. 6d.; for a coffin, 8s. 6d."—or 14s. 6d. all told.

One strange circumstance will bear recording here of a burial that took place after Egmont-op-Zee, 1799, where our 31st met the same regiment in the French service.

A private of ours, named Robert Hullock,



ROYAL REGIMENT OF FOOT, 1742.

was shot through both jaws, and, mistaken for dead, was buried in a sandhill by a comrade named John Carnes, but coming to during the night, and having been but lightly covered, he crawled out, reached a picket, and eventually recovered!

Being greatly disfigured, and his voice

almost unintelligible, a part of his tongue and palate having been carried away, he served as a pioneer, and when in Malta, in 1809, dug the grave of a man who had died.

When the burial party reached it, they



INFANTRY, 1812.

found Hullock still digging, although the grave was then ten feet below the surface, and being questioned, he said—

"Why, sir, it's for poor John Carnes who buried me, and I think, sir, if I get him that deep, it will puzzle him to creep out as I did."

After the service had been read, he filled in the grave, and thus had the remarkable experience of burying the man who had buried him ten years before!

Recruiting at various periods was curious and costly.

A man enlisted for life as a rule, although in Queen Anne's time a three years' term was adopted, and even a two years' service during the troubles of the "'45," and every means (fair and foul) was used to get men into the army. Ballot, substitution, recruiting by beat of drum, even the press-gang, while criminals were often offered a free pardon if they would become soldiers, and sometimes the occupants of the gaols were requisitioned, whether they would or not!

We read of a preacher whose rival drew larger congregations, taking him before the

justices as a Methodist, and actually succeeding in compelling him to be a soldier; also of £60 being paid at Plymouth for a substitute for the militia; and another man selling himself at seven-and-threepence a pound!

In the iniquitous days of the press-gang, likely fellows, if refractory, were tied down to ringbolts in the floors of the crimping-houses, which mobs often destroyed in spite of the military who were called out to protect them.

One day at the beginning of this century, a groom was leading a horse that had cast a shoe in Withy Grove, Manchester, when he was seized by the press-gang to carry a knapsack for King George.

They dragged him into the "Seven Stars," a fine old inn with many a strange legend connected with its pointed gables, and before they left he nailed the shoe at the foot of the staircase, saying that he would claim it when he returned from the wars. That was in 1805, and I saw the shoe still in its place only a few months ago!

In spite of bad pay and popular disfavour, however, and all the thousand and one circumstances that went to make the soldier shunned, often unjustly, there was always another side to his life—the fighting side, and he got plenty of that, if an ungrateful country gave him very little else.

It is not generally recognised that, out of the 715 years between A.D. 1100 and A.D. 1815, England and France were at war for 265 of them!

On the 31st May, 1763, the old colours of the 25th, "being much wounded in Germany, particularly in the glorious and ever memorable battle of Minden," were buried with military honours at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where the regiment was then quartered.

The 25th was one of the six "Minden regiments," who lost among them nearly fourteen hundred officers and men; and this burial of their shot-riven standards is a very curious fact.

The greatest loss a regiment could sustain was that of its colours, and some of the noblest acts of heroism ever recorded have been done in their defence or capture.

We have already seen how Douglas of Glenbirvie saved his standard at Steenkirke, and Richardson at Dettingen, but it would take a volume to even briefly narrate the incidents of a similar nature on authentic record, and tell of Christie, of the 44th, at Quatre Bras, who, writhing in agony with a lance-head piercing eye, tongue, and jaw, kept hold of the pole until his men killed the daring lancer; of Clarke, a volunteer in the 69th at the same battle, who received twenty-three wounds and lost an arm before his

precious charge was wrested from him; of Lathom, of the Buffs, at Albuera, who exclaimed, "I will surrender it only with my life!" when, with left arm and hand cut off, and otherwise frightfully wounded, he dropped his sword and seized the King's colour in his remaining hand, although surrounded and ridden over by the French cavalry: even then they were unable to take it from him, and the Prince Regent afterwards defrayed the expense of a delicate operation by the celebrated Dr. Carpue to restore the nose and half the face of the brave fellow.

Or of Ensign Jackson, also at Albuera, who had nine balls through his clothes, four wounds, and thirty shot-holes in the silk of the King's colour of the 57th; of Sergeant Masterson of the 87th, who took the first Eagle taken during the war from the 8th Light Infantry, and received a commission; of Ewart at Waterloo; or the capture of the "Invincibles'" standard at Alexandria by the Black Watch; of the marvellous escape of the ensigns of the 11th at Salamanca, where a shot took off the heads of the two sergeants beside them and also that of a black cymbal-player in the rear.

Coming nearer to our own time, we find Anstruther, at the Alma, falling dead on the Queen's colour of the Welsh Fusiliers, which had twenty-six bullet-holes in it; and Clutterbuck of the 63rd, who was killed at Inkerman with the Queen's colour in his grasp; the nineteen sergeants of the 33rd, who fell in the former battle chiefly in defence of the colours; and last, but excelled by no other deed ever penned, the dash with the colour after Isandhlwana, which enrolled Melvill and Coghill among the heroes of the Victoria Cross, although their lives had ended on the scene of their gallantry.

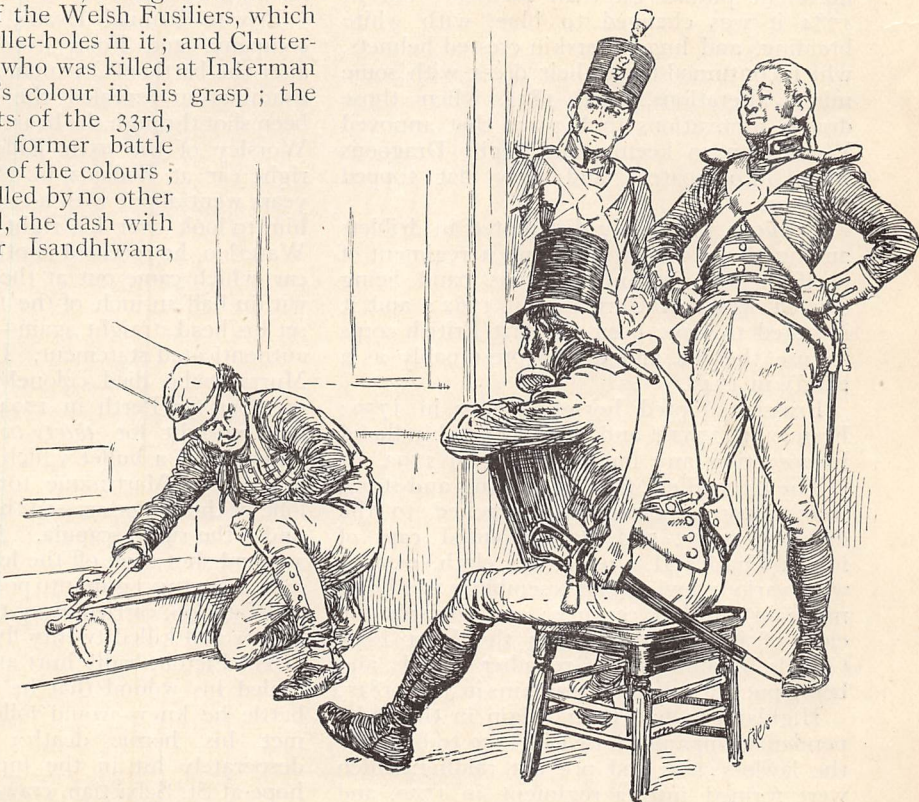
Formerly regiments carried three colours, but the 2nd Foot, now Royal West Surrey, alone have the privilege. In presenting new standards to the Welsh Fusiliers in 1849, one of which was that mentioned

above, Prince Albert summed up the uses and object of the two distinct ensigns in the following words: "Receive these colours: *one*, emphatically called *The Queen's*—let it be a pledge of your loyalty to your sovereign, and of obedience to the laws of your country; the *other*, more especially the *regimental* one—let that be a pledge of your determination to maintain the honour of your regiment. In looking at the one you will think of your sovereign; in looking at the other you think of those who have fought, bled, and *conquered* before you."

The Romans had their company colour—a wisp of straw on a pole, from which the term *manipulus* was derived; and the Germans to-day have a simple staff, as though to mark the obvious insanity of so conspicuous a mark as the huge silk folds of past times, the carrying of which Lord Wolseley has designated as nothing less than murder.

It is strange to read an order issued by Lieutenant-General Fowkes in Dublin, in 1764, wherein he recommends "that the officers of the Horse Guards will avoid mixing with the ladies in the drawing-room (of the Castle), on account of the inconvenience of spurs to the ladies' hooped petticoats."

The old term "Horse, foot, and dragons"



"HE NAILED THE SHOE AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRCASE."

at one period embraced the three distinct arms of the service, for the dragoon was by training neither altogether a cavalry nor a foot soldier, being a species of "mounted infantry" link between the two ; but in 1759 Light Dragoons were first added to the English army, and marked the dawn of a new era.

Although it "takes nine tailors to make a man," according to an old adage, the first regiment of Light Dragoons raised is said to have largely consisted of tailors, a number of those indispensable gentry having come to London to petition the king, and being induced to join Elliot's Light Horse, in whose ranks the poet Coleridge served under an assumed name for a short time.

These light horsemen soon slashed out a tremendous reputation for themselves in Germany, where the 15th took five French battalions, their colours, and nine guns ; in Portugal, where the 16th did great things under Burgoyne ; and in America, where the 17th displayed their striking motto, "Death or Glory," in memory of General Wolfe, now borne by their representatives—the gallant 17th Lancers.

Their first uniform was scarlet, with red horsehair plumes on their helmets ; but in 1784 it was changed to blue, with white braiding, and huge bearskin crested helmets, which continued to be their dress, with some minor alterations, until 1812, when those drastic innovations took place that annoyed Wellington so keenly, and Light Dragoons went into coatees and ugly flat topped shakoes.

Artillery, previously distributed in dribbles among the regiments, became a regiment of itself in 1716, its now famous band being formed when in Germany in 1762 ; and it is stated to have been the first British corps to use the fife and drum (presumably as a band), in 1747.

Prussia adopted horse artillery in 1759 ; France in 1792 ; and we, ever behindhand in accepting any improvement, in 1793.

The Grenadiers, famous in song and story, were separate companies attached to the different corps, and wore pointed caps of fur in Charles II.'s reign ; of cloth, worked with various devices and resembling a bishop's mitre in the last century ; and towards the close of it, fur caps again ; the First Foot Guards becoming the Grenadier Guards, and being put entirely into bearskins in July, 1815.

Highlanders had their origin in the independent companies raised in 1729 to overawe the lawless clans and prevent raiding, which were formed into a regiment in 1739, and became eventually the famous Black Watch.

Many purely Scottish regiments were raised for service at various periods, and their bravery has always been conspicuous, at the present time the *esprit de corps* being higher in our kilted regiments than probably any other of the Line.

In 1800, our army, which in Charles II.'s reign began with a small 5,000, numbered 168,082 men, and the Peninsular War gave it a reputation that will never die, and also left a permanent mark on its discipline and organisation.

Some of the most terrible fighting ever seen took place during that war, and the remark of the French marshal (either Soult or Bugeaud, both Peninsular men) is well known : "The British infantry," he said, "is the finest in the world—happily there is not much of it."

The pigtails, ten inches long in 1799, were shortened to seven inches in 1804, and in 1808 disappeared altogether, the 28th Foot receiving orders to cut them off when on board ship at Spithead, and, all the tails being collected, they were heaved over the side with three hearty cheers.

A military chat of this description would be incomplete without some mention of the extraordinary wounds to which our soldiers have been subject at various times.

Private Samuel Evans, of the grenadier company, 2nd Foot, lived for sixteen days after the battle of Corunna, and a post-mortem examination revealed the fact that he had been shot through the heart there. Lieutenant Worsley of the 95th Rifles, was hit in the right ear at Badajoz, in 1812, and for three years went about with a twist that compelled him to look over his right shoulder, until, at Waterloo, he received another ball in the left ear, which came out at the back of the neck within half an inch of the former wound, and set his head straight again—a strange but well-authenticated statement. Lieutenant-General Murray, who died colonel of the 72nd, and member for Perth in 1794, had slept sitting bolt upright for *thirty-two years*, in consequence of a bullet which entered under his lower rib at Martinique, tore through the left lobe of the lungs, crossed the chest, and lodged under the right scapula. At Quilon, in 1809, a round shot took off the legs of nine artillerymen dragging a gun into position ; and another, at Waterloo, carried away the head of Captain Fisher and killed twenty-five of the 40th.

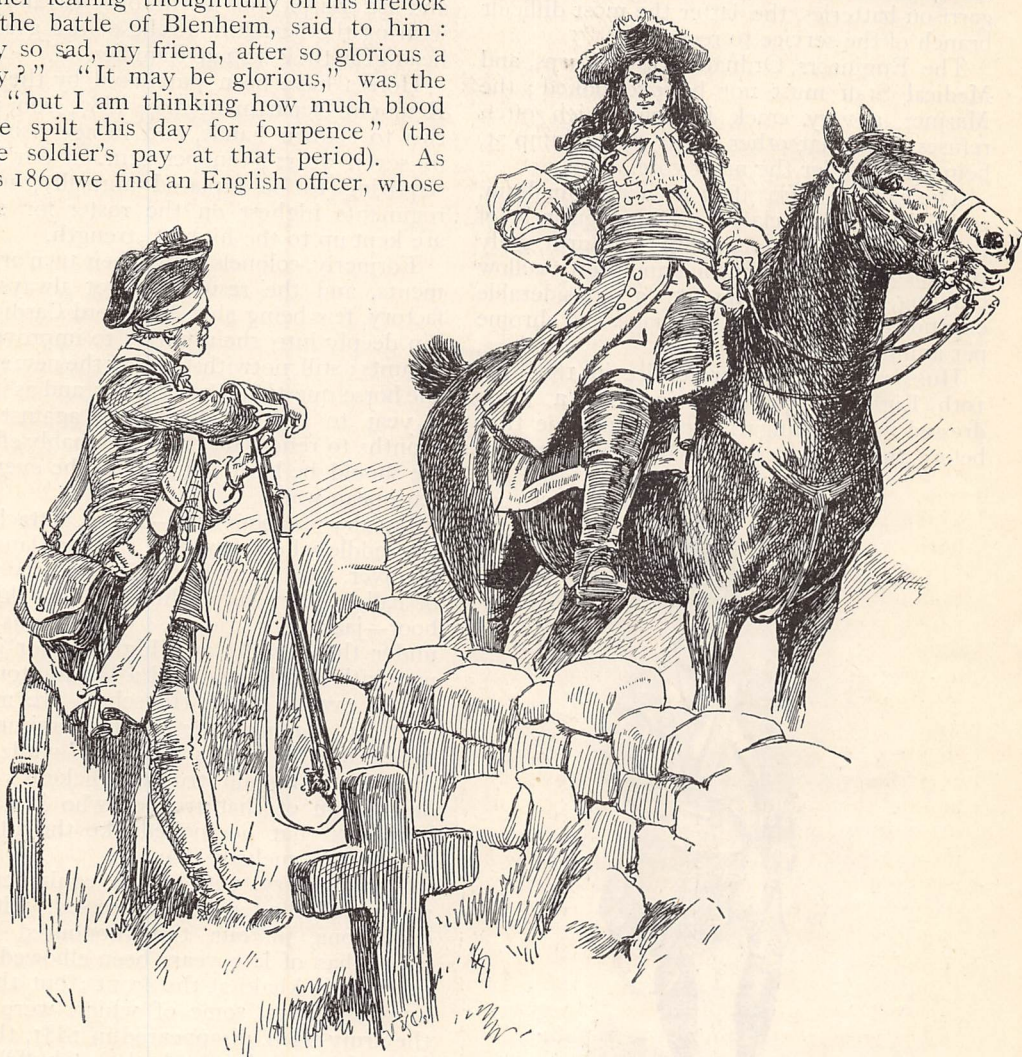
Yet Picton, badly hurt at Quatre Bras, concealed his wound that he might fight in the battle he knew would follow, and where he met his heroic death ; Colin Campbell, desperately hit in the hip with the forlorn hope at St. Sebastian, crawled out of hospital and led his company at the Bidassoa, where

he was again badly wounded ; and ten men of the 22nd concealed their Hyderabad wounds and marched next day, rather than miss the next fight.

Such has ever been the spirit of the British army, but not from an indifference to human suffering, for the Duke of Marlborough, seeing a soldier leaning thoughtfully on his firelock after the battle of Blenheim, said to him : "Why so sad, my friend, after so glorious a victory?" "It may be glorious," was the reply, "but I am thinking how much blood I have spilt this day for fourpence" (the private soldier's pay at that period). As late as 1860 we find an English officer, whose

quiet vicarage home. But we must now take a long bound, and find ourselves among our soldiers of to-day.

At the present time our regular force is 222,194 strong, exclusive of reserves, 78,168 ; militia, 117,789 ; a struggling cohort of 9,745 yeomanry cavalry, and 331,704 volunteers ;



"I HAVE BEEN THINKING HOW MUCH BLOOD I HAVE SPILT THIS DAY FOR FOURPENCE."

coolness at his gun largely helped to save a victory during the Chinese War, struck with so great a horror at the carnage he had created, that he threw up his commission and devoted himself to the cause of the Gospel.

Many officers have left the Service for the Church, at least one V.C. amongst them, and also one of the "Six Hundred," who, however, still preserved the dashing hussar uniform he had worn at Balaclava in the study of his

the regulars, who are 3,874 above the establishment, being recruited on the "short service" system of twelve years—viz. seven with the colours and five in the reserve, unless a man's time expires on foreign service, when he is liable to put in eight years' colour service and reduce his reserve time to four years.

There are a few exceptions to the distribution of service, the Guards having the option

of joining with the colours for three years, and the Army Service Corps enlisting in all cases for three years' colour service and nine in the reserve.

We have thirty-one regiments of cavalry and seventy-four of infantry, the artillery being divided into horse, field, mountain, and garrison batteries, the latter the most difficult branch of the service to recruit.

The Engineers, Ordnance Store Corps, and Medical Staff must not be overlooked; the Marines, a very crack branch, which often refuses men that other corps would jump at, being paid under the navy vote.

The cavalry is classified as heavy, medium, and light, the last class consisting entirely of the thirteen hussar regiments—an arm, gaily equipped with smart busbies and pretty yellow braiding, which represents a considerable expenditure of patience, language, and chrome per annum.

Hussars came into our service in 1806, the 10th Light Dragoons having had a troop dressed in the Hungarian costume some time before that; Lancers, of whom we have five

It is, perhaps, invidious to select particular regiments as being finer or more popular than their comrades, but the Scots Greys, the Guards, the Highlanders, the various Fusilier and Rifle Corps, and the Royal Horse Artillery are known all the world over.

The first named ride grey horses to a man, and are conspicuous as the only cavalry corps wearing the bearskin, a relic of the grenadier head-gear they won at Ramilies.

Horses have been purchased by the Army Remount Department since 1887, from fifteen two to sixteen hands, and in age rising four to seven years; ten per cent. of our horses requiring to be replaced annually, and the regiments highest on the roster for service are kept up to the highest strength.

Formerly, colonels made their own arrangements, and the result was not always satisfactory, few being able, like Lord Cardigan, to dip deeply into their purses to improve their mounts; still, notwithstanding the new system, the horse question is a difficulty, and as it takes a year to train a charger, as against eight months to render his rider reasonably efficient, we should be hard put to it in the event of a European war.

Cavalry weapons are—sword, attached to the saddle when mounted, carbine, lance, and revolver, each trooper carrying thirty rounds of ball. They have three distinct kinds of boot—jacks for riding, Wellingtons worn under the overalls, and highlows for general use, with a jack-spur, and a Wellington.

The cavalry of the Household are magnificent *en grande tenue* in their shining cuirasses and "Queen's breeches," while in undress they remain true to Dickens's happy description of that trooper, who had "such long legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else."

The infantry, with valise equipment and magazine-rifle, are still dressed, with few exceptions, in our time-honoured scarlet, which has of late years been elbowed by the serviceable khaki at the front; but the well-known facings, some of which were old as the army itself, disappeared in 1881, the East Kent alone getting back their "buff" after a struggle.

For royal regiments the facings are now blue—white for English, yellow for Scottish, and green for the Emerald Isle, but many quaint customs still survive reform, and may they ever do so. Branding for desertion and bad conduct was abolished in 1871; flogging ten years later. The "shilling" is no longer given to the recruit, and the iniquitous system of purchase was done away with in 1871; but the Welsh Fusiliers still retain their black silk "flash," once intended to prevent the



DRUMMER OF THE FOOT GUARDS, 1792.

splendid regiments, only appearing in our army in 1816.

The minimum height for infantry is 5 feet 4 inches; for cavalry, 5 feet 5 inches; and the minimum chest measurement respectively 33 inches and 34 inches.

pigtail greasing the coat. The "hymn tunes" of the 41st are yet played every Sunday after last post; several regiments deck their helmets with roses on Minden Day; and so on.

Uniform, which we have touched upon at various periods of its alteration, is supplied by the Army Clothing Depôt at Pimlico, and is technically known as "clothing," the under garments being called "necessaries"; but it is a great mistake to suppose that the "free kit" given out on enlistment represents everything the soldier has to buy.

If he joins the hussars, for example, he receives, nominally, thirteennence a day, paid weekly, a pound of bread, and three-quarters of meat, with use of gas and coal; but tea, milk, butter, potatoes, and anything in the way of relishes he must pay for at an average of threepence *per diem*. Sixpence a week is deducted for the weekly washing of one small towel, a shirt, pair of drawers, and pair of socks; he pays the room "buck," or guard, twopence a week; library costs him threepence. In short, about half-a-crown fades from his astonished vision before he gets anything for himself.

Nor is this all. He must pay eighteenpence for a pair of "putties"; the same price for his walking-whip, at the lowest; burnisher costs him two shillings; brush, curry-comb, sponge, rubber, and saddle soap are served out as stable-kit; but polishing-paste, bath-brick, pipeclay, blacking, soap for personal use, and that mysterious compound which he calls "akkiboo," cost him elevenpence for the seven days. And still he has not done—for his Wellingtons, when he gets them, are so hideously square-toed that he has them "made over," or narrowed, and the luxury costs him 9s. 6d.; while, horrible eventuality! should he from carelessness or inexperience break his service-blade, bang goes 18s. 6d., like the Scotchman's proverbial "saxpence"; and for the scratching of his carbine barrel they will promptly mulct him in the sum of half-a-guinea.

Nevertheless, with drawbacks and petty annoyances, small pay, and a good deal of work that is both hard and monotonous, the army is a fine school to discipline a man, to teach him respect, both to himself and to his superiors, and to imbue him with strong self-reliance.

It is a life totally distinct from civilian existence, with a routine, habits (some of them not very good ones), and a language entirely its own.

Some instances of cavalry *patois* are curious: for example, a mounted recruit is a "jossier," an infantry one a "toey"; to grumble is "to crib," to talk, "to chew the fat"; a man with plenty of cheek, or "nerve," as we sometimes

put it, has a "hard neck" in the cavalry, while a duffer is said to be "sizing for the Army Service Corps"; main-guard, or sentry, is the "main-chat"; and the cleanest man of



SCOTS GREYS AND 93RD HIGHLANDERS: TIME OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

the guard, consequently chosen as orderly for the day, has "pulled the stick."

On organisation and the multitudinous military departments I have no space to dwell. Our active force is about equally divided between home and foreign service, a cavalry regiment spending, as a rule, twelve years abroad, and an infantry battalion sixteen.

To meet possible warlike contingencies, a field force of some 20,000 men is detailed and kept in readiness, principally at Aldershot; and for home defence a scheme of mobilisation furnishes three army corps, with headquarters at Aldershot, Colchester, and Maidstone, together with four brigades of cavalry.

Free criticisms of existing schemes are not for this place, and the proof of the pudding must ever be found in the eating of it. We have sanguine minds and alarmists watching over our military interests, each urging their respective ideas; but one thing is certain: we have a glorious past to look back upon, the rest is *in futuro*; our small army is underhoused, underpaid, and widely distributed, and the greenest of laurels gathered at the bayonet's point are poor rations at the best of times!

A PURITAN'S WIFE

by Max Pemberton

[The Story of Hugh Peters, the son of Jonathan Peters, of Warboys, in the County of Huntingdon, and the nephew of that Hugh Peters who was Chaplain to the Lord-General Cromwell. On which account, and by reason of the part he was said to have played at the Court of the French King after the coming of Charles Stuart to his own again, many evils befell him, as are hereinafter set out; together with the history of Parson Ford, his tutor; and of my Lady Marjory, the daughter of John, Earl of Quinton, in so far as her story is, in a manner, his own. All of which is duly recorded, and to be read, in the great library at Warboys, as it has been by this present writer, who now for the first time publishes his account thereof.]

CHAPTER V. (continued).

INDEED, I thought for some minutes that I must tumble from my mare like a silly girl overtaken by a sickness; and while I could find no word with which to answer Gideon, I said to myself that there, for a truth, was the last blow upon the little house of my dreams.

It was an odd thing; but talk of this Captain Goulding had never come to me before. Many as were the thoughts which went winging through my mind while we stood for a minute upon the hill-top, the desire to see him and to know what sort of a man he was prevailed above any of them. My surprise, then, is to be judged when at last he rode through the broken gate; and I beheld by the moon's rich light no fop or gallant of the Court, but a gentleman of some age (he being fifty years old, as I learnt afterwards), and one who at the first sight invited both the respect and confidence of his fellows. A properer man in speech I never listened to; and though I would have held myself back from him, as from one who was my enemy—though I would have done this, I say—yet so kind was his greeting to me, and so evident his desire to do me a service, that I found myself playing the child again, and listening to him with the air of a son who hears a father.

"So this is our madcap Puritan," cried he, drawing rein in the road, and laughing heartily when he beheld my mare. "*Ventre-*

bleu, Master Peters, I see plainly why there be those who hunt for you in Epping. A man might ride many a mile to find such a beast as that. St. John, you went at them like the devil! I've seen nothing like it since Naseby."

"Ay, lad," chimed in Master Ford, who was at the Captain's heels; "'twas a ride to make the heart beat. Lord, that thou shouldst sit there as dumb upon it as a scold in the pillory. Hast no word for him who brought us out of the wood yonder? This is Captain Goulding, sent by one who thinks of thee often, to carry thee to Windsor in his company. Dost not thank him, rascal? Lord, that I should have nested such a booby!"

I was nettled at this, and I turned upon him sharply.

"Master Ford," said I, "it seems to me that I owe my coming out of the wood as much to the beast which I ride as to any help of strangers, whosoever they be. Had I stopped to pay my compliments to this gentleman—surely, I had run upon the King's Guards in the hollow, and then——"

"Tut, tut, tut," cried the parson—and I went near to laughing at him, so ill had they bandaged his eye which was hurt, and his nose which was cut—"a plague upon thy loutish manners. Hast lost thy senses, Hugh? God's mercy, I have the mind to lay my stick upon thy back."

"Come, come, Master," now cried old Gideon, "wouldst be blind in both eyes? Leave the lad alone until he shall have his breath again. For the matter of that, he would be the better for a cup of sack—as

would the rest of us. But we shall be wanting it until we come to Waltham town, and a pretty maid to serve us. You would not hold us here all night in the argument, sir?"

"Well said," exclaimed Sir Nathaniel, turning his horse up the road; "a truce to talk, unless it be as we go. I am waiting to see the paces of Master Hugh's mare, and will even make him my body-guard. Two men that are both of Paris should not complain of each other's company."

He looked at me out of the corner of his cunning eyes, and the moon's light falling upon his face plenteously, I observed that his beard was well trimmed, and that he did not wear his own hair as the King's men did, but had a periwig, nicely curled and tied with silk, which helped him to make light of his years. There was, moreover, the fashion of France to be observed in all his clothes; and his way of speaking, for he used many French words, was that of a man who had been long out of England. Nay, he was all vanity in his talk; and though I had the wish to draw rein and let him ride on by himself, I found that I could not help myself; but, well or ill, must listen to him. Nor did he rest his tongue at all when, we two going before, our little company set out for Waltham—yet none with so heavy a heart as Hugh Peters.

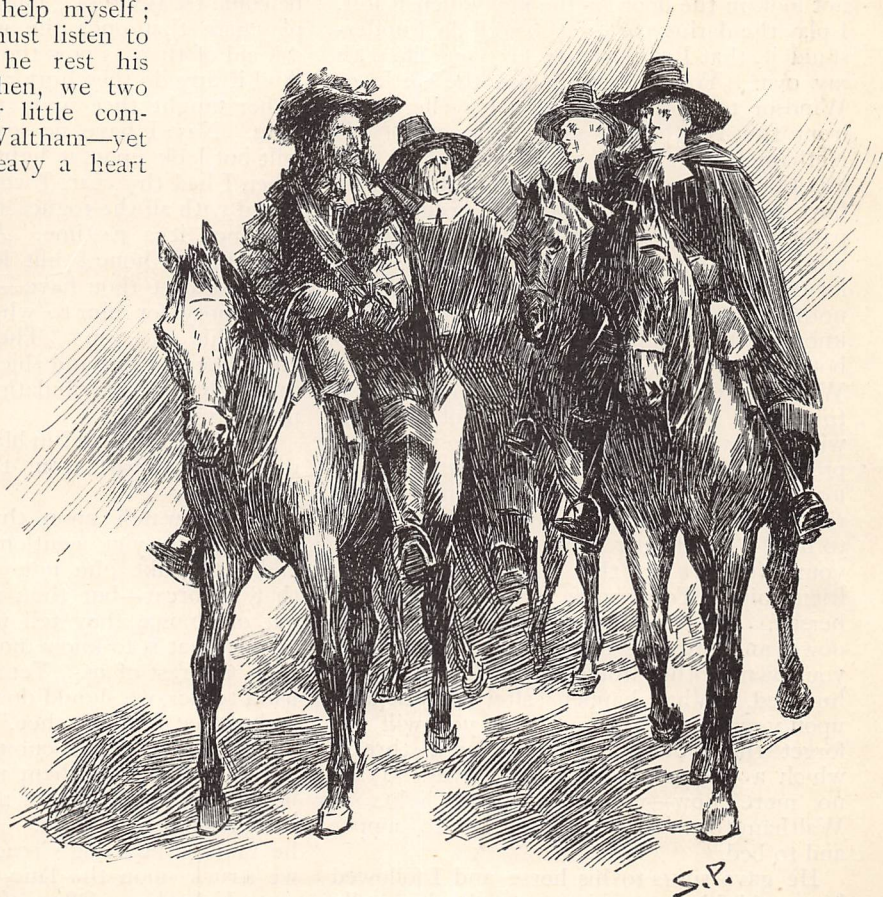
"It may be a surprise to you, Master Hugh," he began, without waiting for any word of compliment from me, "that I should speak of your coming out of France; but am I wrong in supposing that you were some years there in the company of your kinswoman, Madame de Pontac?"

"Sir," said I suddenly, "it is as you suppose; yet why you should call me by that name, or why you should concern

yourself with my affairs, is a thing I have yet to learn. I am 'Master Hugh' to my friends, and not to every stranger that rides a horse upon the King's high-road!"

I could see him bite his lip at this, and he made a movement of impatience, not to be concealed from me.

"Saint Denis," he cried, with the air of a man affronted in a friendship, "you have a strange way of requiting a service, Master Peters. If I did not wish very well to you, I would surely ride on and leave you to the hangman, whose acquaintance you came near to making this night. Do you not see, *ami*, that I concern myself with your affairs because if someone does not stretch out a hand to you now, to-morrow or the morrow after that will find you where neither day nor night will be in your reckoning? *Dame*, you can ask me these things, and forget in the same breath that you met the Abbé Pregnani in the French king's city, and called him a cheat to his face! Body of St. John, a prince's ransom would



"I WILL ANSWER FOR YOUR LIFE WITH MY OWN" (p. 606).

not save your neck if the King's men laid hands upon you ! Know you not what hopes they hold of the Abbé's work when he shall come here presently to persuade the King upon a matter which you heard talked of every day at Madame Kerovalle's house ?"

It was all like the Greek tongue to me, I vow ; and I knew no more than the dead of what he talked.

"Sir," said I, "you speak of those whose names, truly, I heard often in Paris, yet of their deeds I know as much as the Prince of Muscovy. What is all this to do with me that am a plain man, seeking, God knows, but mine own safety and the rights which my countrymen enjoy. Yet, if it be as you say, and hurt is likely to come to me of these affairs, then what friendship is it to carry me to the park of Windsor, where the first King's man I meet may cry out upon me to my cost ?"

I could see him thinking for a moment upon his answer ; and he never lifted his prying little eyes from my face.

"Master Peters," he said at last, "they do not look in the door for the key which is lost. I play the daring part, yet so well do I understand it, that I will answer for your life with my own. You are going into the castle of Windsor to-morrow, not as a traveller come from the North, but as the servant of Sir Nathaniel Goulding, whom no one will question. You will lie there until those who have your interests at heart can secure your pardon, or some safer lodging for you. I will not ask you how it was that you could dwell for two years in Paris with ears which heard nothing and eyes which were shut. You know best what part you choose to play—both before your friends and your enemies. When the day comes, and it will soon, for you to reckon me a friend, I doubt not that you will be more open with me—and to your own profit. What I have done this night was done for the sake of one, to please whom I would ride to the world's end. She has all the heart to help you, and it rests with you so to carry yourself before her that you do not lose her friendship. To-morrow she will speak for herself. We shall pass into the Castle at sundown, and my men must so handle you that your own brother would not pick you from a hundred. What happens after will depend upon your own discretion ; but you will not forget that your life hangs by a thread, which a whispered word may sever. I say no more now—yonder are the lights of Waltham town. Let us press on to supper and to bed."

He gave spurs to his horse, and I followed him—thinking nothing of all his talk,

but only of little Marjory and of Gideon's words.

"She is my wife," I said in my heart. "Oh, God knows, she is my wife."

CHAPTER VI.—WE COME TO THE PARK AT WINDSOR.

WE lay until dawn at Waltham ; but being in our saddles so soon as the sun was up, we struck upon the village of Barnet before the people were yet abroad. It was still the sweet of the morning when we observed the spires of the school and church at Harrow, standing up boldly upon their great green hill. In this place I learnt to my vexation that Master Ford proposed to turn back to London, leaving me henceforth to the care of Sir Nathaniel Goulding, who, as he was persuaded, could do the more for me.

"I cannot forget mine own people, Hugh," said he, "and what can be done for thee will be done now by those of whom thou hast the better right to ask it. I counsel thee put not such a bitter face upon it when thou be come to Windsor ; but recall to thy little playmate that once she was very willing to ask aid of thee as now thou askest it of her. And if any do thee hurt, remember what thy father taught thee upon the green at Warboys. Nay, I have no fear for thee if thou wilt but look upon it lightly. God's mercy ! when I had thy years I would have crossed a sword with all the rogues in the country, and reckoned it a pastime. A prayer upon thy lips, and an honest hilt for thy hand, what more wouldst thou have—unless it be a word of memory for him to whom thou wast, and art, as his own son ? The God of Abraham bless thee, my lad, and shield thee from knowing aught of that tribulation to which I must now return."

He raised his hand in blessing, and drawing me a little apart from the others, he said cunningly :—

"Keep watch upon thy lips when thou speakest to yon gentleman. I like him, and yet I like him not. It might even be that a threat—but thou wilt judge. He is out of France, they tell me ; and spoken of as one that is to know more of little Marjory than the rest of us. Yet if he is to be husband to her, we should do well to be discreet ; and to that I exhort thee."

His words were ill enough for me to hear, though I believed them not ; but I remembered that I should gain nought by wrestling in argument with him. And so I left him ; he taking the King's road to London, while we struck upon the lane which should carry us to Uxbridge. Often after we had said our

last word, I turned about in my saddle and beheld him still watching us from his perch upon the great black horse ; while Gideon sat like a man of stone at his side, neither raising his hand nor making any other sign that this was a moment of parting. Only when the hill hid them from our sight did I begin to think again of this Captain Goulding, to whom I had now trusted my life, and in whose honour and fair-play all my hope must rest. And he, I said bitterly, was to be the husband of her for whom I would have shed the last drop of blood in my body. Never did God deal so hardly with a man!

I say that we struck upon the Uxbridge Road ; but it must not be thought that we went where all the world could see us. Nay, our path lay through leafy lanes and pleasant woods, where few gave us "Good-day" ; and no man was bold enough to ask our errand. I found my companion, who had now six servants in his train, to be a person of little speech, but of so proper a manner, that my blood tingled when I remembered what part gossip was making him play. I asked myself if it were not right that a young girl should think of such a one before a plain soldier that had only his ragged clothes and his honest heart with which to dower her. I began even to upbraid my presumption in telling myself that I had any claim upon her memory. "Lord," said I, "what mad dream is this which Hugh Peters is dreaming? what folly is plaguing his head?" And then, do what I would, I seemed to hear Tom Honeydew's voice in the old park again ; and his words : "Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder," were like sweet oils in my ears.

"Oh," thought I, "if she will but remember that day as I remember it !"

With these troubles and dreams for company I journeyed on through the heat of the afternoon. Captain Goulding changed few words with me ; and it was not until the sun began to sink, and we rode into the great wooded park of Windsor, and to the house of a keeper there, that he talked at all of the plan by which he was to bring me into the castle. But at the house he drew rein ; and one coming out to meet him, we all went into a little room of the cottage, and he began to tell me what he would do.

"Now, Master Peters," said he, "let me beg of you to wear a prettier face than I have seen at my side all day. *Par dieu*, man, they will pick you from a hundred do you show them eyes like those. I might even suggest that, should you laugh but once while we go through the gate, all the King's men in Berkshire would never mistake you

for your father's son. And remember, it is a hanging matter which so much as a silly whisper may bring to a head. God's life, my friend, if yon Constable knew that Hugh Peters rode into Windsor with Nathaniel Goulding this night, it might even be that the pair of us would swing at dawn."

"Sir," said I, "is it right that you should stake so much for one——"

"*Tais-toi, tais-toi*," he cried, with an impatient motion of a hand that was small and delicate as the hand of a woman ; "this is no day for 'ifs' and 'ans.' Get into the clothes we have brought for you ; and then remember upon what errand you come. You can speak your word of thanks by-and-by, to her who has most right to them ; and I doubt not you will make a good-enough serving man——"

"Captain Goulding," I exclaimed hotly, for he wore a cunning look when he spoke the words ; "I was never yet known to serve anyone, and, by my soul, I will draw sword on the man——"

"Oh," cried he, raising his hands as one who despairs ; "was there ever such a fellow to thrust his neck into the noose rather than play a part until the good hour comes ?"

I was a little abashed at this, and I knew that my face was all red with the hot blood which went up to my head.

"If, indeed, it be as you say," cried I, "and this is done for my safety's sake, then I beg you to forget the words——"

"They are forgotten already, Master Peters," he answered very pleasantly ; "only make haste to do as my men bid you, or the Southe Porte will be shut, and little supper will there be for you or me to-night."

Saying this he left me to his men, who had brought a very plain, but good, suit of grey stuff for my body, and a periwig for my head—such a thing as I had never worn all my life long. Nay, I do not think that Master Ford would have known me when they had done with me—so changed was I from the Hugh Peters who lay yesterday by the banks of Ambresbury. Even the captain was pleased with my new appearance, and clapped his hands when I came out of the cottage to mount my horse again.

"Oh ! good, good, good," he cried out, in his quick fashion of speaking. "Who would have thought they could do so well ? And now, my man, I will trouble you to ride at my heels with yon fellows, and if you cannot hold your tongue—then say your prayers with it, for certainly you will hang to-morrow."

He pointed to the serving-men behind him ; but as I turned to mingle with them,



"EVEN THE CAPTAIN WAS PLEASED WITH MY NEW APPEARANCE, AND CLAPPED HIS HANDS" (p. 607).

a woodlander, who had come out of the cottage and had been holding my bridle-rein, suddenly spake a word, but in so low a tone that I only heard.

"Sir," he whispered, "for God's sake beware. Yon knave is leading you to a trap. If you love your life, do not pass the gates of Windsor with him."

And with that, he turned sharply upon his heel and went into the cottage again.

CHAPTER VII.—I PASS THE GATES.

I HAD turned my horse while the woodlander spoke, and for a moment my heart

went thumping against my sides, and the warning which the man had uttered seemed to be echoed again and again in my ears.

"What am I doing?" I asked myself, as I drew rein suddenly. "Who is this Captain Goulding? How have I found a friend here in this strange place? Do I, truly, ride to my death?"

Dazed and giddy at the new alarm, perplexed as man never was before, I sat there upon my horse, and all the great trees seemed to dance towards me. "Oh," I cried in my heart, "if Master Ford had not left me!" But I knew that I stood alone; that seven swords would leap from their scabbards did I

but touch my own. Nor could I hope to ride away from men so well mounted as Captain Goulding's company. They had put me upon a sorry beast at Waltham, and he was already winded. And I doubted no longer that this was done for their intention.

There are occasions in all men's lives when, knowing that they have taken a wrong road, they must follow it yet awhile until the true way be discerned. So was it with me that night. Notwithstanding my perplexity and my suspicion, I said that I should gain nothing by bringing the rogues to account there in the park at Windsor; but must look for other opportunity. As the thing went, I had Parson Ford's word for it, that little Marjory was even then in the Castle; and while the risks were twofold—one from the King's men discovering me, the other from the knavery of the new-gotten friend—I declared that I would face them both if thereby I might touch once more the hand of her I loved so dearly.

"And," said I, "God help that man who first turns upon me, for surely I will rip him open like a sack."

This gave me a little of the courage I had known in the old time when I was first in the charge at Worcester. I began to remember that they had feared Hugh Peters then, holding him the equal at sword-play of any two in his company.

"If," said I, "it be my life or this man's, then the Lord strengthen my arm." Nay, I knew well that did it prove true, as Gideon declared, that he were the lover of my Lady Marjory, then, though I must die for it, would I yet find pretext to cross a blade with him.

We were out in the park now and the golden light of the setting sun had touched the spires and towers of the mighty Castle which rose up like a very city in our path. I could see the great keep lifting its head proudly above the turrets and steeples; and all its stones shone blood-red under a heaven of crimson. Here and there upon the ramparts, the pike of a guard was to be discerned; or the black nozzle of a cannon pointing down grimly upon the silent thickets of the park. There was something to bring the mind to silence and to melancholy in the contemplation of this vast work of man's; so forbidding, so triumphant in its strength that man might never prevail against it. Indeed, its aspect to me was that of a little city of God shining now in the light of the eternal throne. And even while I watched it, the sun sank behind the distant hills, and his passing recalled to me the coming night of my own hopes—nay, a night which might even be the night of my death.

It was almost dark when at last we crossed

the stone bridge above the deep castle ditch, and Sir Nathaniel Goulding challenged the sentry there. I heard the clanging of the arms, and the echo of the password as it went winging from man to man along the ramparts. Then we rode up together to the gate, and the guard, the better to observe us, began to thrust his lantern close to our faces. It was a moment when a strong man's heart might have quaked; and do what I would to remember Captain Goulding's wish, that I should carry myself bravely, no good thought would come to me. Indeed, I sat there like a figure of marble, so that even the sentry stopped when the rays from his lantern fell upon my eyes.

"Body of the devil, and who is this fellow?" was the man's cry.

I said nothing, leaving it to the captain to speak for me.

"That is Jacques Froibert, newly out of France," answered Sir Nathaniel, "he has no English, or I doubt not he would speak as pleasantly as he looks."

The man shrugged his shoulders, thrusting his lantern the closer to my face; and, for a truth he was so near to me that I made sure he would hear the beating of my heart.

"Oh," said he, "out of France, is he?—then the Lord take him back again to-morrow! Saw anyone such a villainous countenance? Hast lost thy purse, Captain?"

The captain laughed.

"Did I give yon man the French of your words," said he, "it is likely that you would lose your nose before dawn. There is no finer swordsman in Paris."

At this the guard drew back suddenly.

"Oh," cried he, "I want no quarrel with the gentleman—out of France. Pray pass on, sir, and the devil sit lightly on your shoulders."

He made way for us, and we crossed the bridge to the great upper ward in whose windows many lights were now twinkling. And here one of the others took my horse from me, and the captain bade me follow him to a room in that side of the court where the household was lodged.

"Come," said he, "my lady will be waiting for you—we must not keep her from supper. *Ventrebleu*, Master Peters, you are a lucky man."

But I did not answer him, for his words were scarce spoken when I stood in the presence of my little wife, and her greeting was in my ears.

CHAPTER VIII.—MY LADY MARJORY FORGETS.

SHE stood in the ingle-nook of a large room, which had oaken walls and ceiling. Though

it was now May, a fire of logs blazed upon the hearth and cast a ruddy light upon her girlish face, to its advantage. I saw her look up when I came in ; but she turned away her eyes directly, and remained with head cast down and restless foot the while she spoke to us. I observed that she had now come to some maturity of womanhood ; and her dress, of mighty fine stuff, together with the diamonds that glistened upon her breast, gave to her an air of wondrous dignity, as of a great court dame. Indeed, she was a picture for a man to see, and never did I think that anyone could feel so silly as Hugh Peters, when he stood blundering before her.

"So," she said—yet looking still away from me—"so you have come safely with your charge, Sir Nathaniel?"

"As you see," he answered, with those proper manners for which I hated him the more ; "as you see, my lady—we have made the journey ; yet it is no fault of Master Peters that he is not still in the forest of Epping. *Dame*, I had as much trouble to persuade him as to lure quarry to the hounds."

"Sir," cried I, breaking out at this, "that is not well said. I was ready enough to come to Windsor, could you but assure me that those here meant well to me."

He shrugged his shoulders ; while my lady held out her hand to me.

"Oh," she said, "surely this is the Hugh Peters I knew at Warboys—ever a lad to blow hot and cold like a day of April."

"Nay," said I, meaningly, "methinks that I am not the one against whom that it is to be charged. There are others, my lady——"

"Oh, come, come," exclaimed the captain, "this is no time for silly talk, sir. You have been seeking a quarrel with this man or that ever since we turned our backs upon the hole we took you from. Have you no manners to thank those that befriended you?"

"Sir," said I, "if you will point my friends out to me, I will make haste to do my duty."

My mistress laughed at this—the first time since we had come into the room. As for me, what with the giddy light of the candles and the heat of the fire and the bitter thoughts at my heart for the cold word spoken to me, I seemed to act like one walking in sleep ; and all the room and the people in it were dancing before my eyes.

My mistress laughed, I say, but it was a hard little laugh, like the tap of a stick upon a board. And presently she said :—

"Perchance we had done better, Sir Nathaniel, had we not meddled at all in the affairs of so ungrateful a fellow. But as we have him here, and must in honour's sake answer for his safety, I will even ask you to

instruct him in that which he must do the while he is at Windsor. The King comes at the beginning of the month, they tell me—until he be here, and I may speak a word to him, you will lodge Master Peters in the Devil's Tower, and number him among my pages. He will be wise enough to see where his safety lies, and to obey without question such orders as you shall give him."

Sir Nathaniel bowed very gallantly.

"It is all done as you desire, my lady," said he, "though you might find many a prettier page. He shall lie to-night with my own servants for his better security, and afterwards we will contrive together some good place of hiding for him. And if he show any temper, we have but to shout it out in yon ward that Hugh Peters lies in the Devil's Tower, and the guard will come to reason with him."

It was beyond bearing to me, I swear, to hear the taunts of this man now that he had got me through the gates of the Castle. Yet with him I could have borne but for the cruel coldness of my lady, who laughed and jested and aired her pretty graces before me as though we two had known each other but a day. Wait as I might for one generous word from her, she gave me none—nor yet a look from the eyes which used to be so close to mine in the old time. Nay, I thought she seemed to relish my discomfiture ; and at this my love turned sour in my heart and I called God to witness that I would abase myself neither before her nor the man whose presence was so welcome to her.

"Sir," said I, "you have been pleased to bespeak a plan for me, but now that your word is done, hark to me a moment. And first I would say this : that I will be menial to no man nor woman neither, whoever they be. You brought me here with your tale that you meant well by me. Is it well that I must lie with servants? God bear witness that I will even sleep on the stones first. And since it comes to threats between me that trusted and you that gave the pledge, the Lord help me to teach you that I am a gentleman born, and as pretty a man with the sword as any King's pimp come out of Paris."

I said this, and the speech so worked upon me that my sword leaped from its scabbard even while I was in the argument ; and, by heaven, I believe that but for my Lady Marjory I had slit his throat upon the spot. Nay, I can see it all to this day—the black room lit up by the tapers' light, the great fire blazing upon the hearth, the gentle hand of my mistress laid lovingly upon my arm, the sneering face of the King's man as he stepped backward to the wall and his fingers gripped

the hilt of his undrawn sword. And even now I hear little Marjory's cry as she began to reason with me.

"Hugh, Hugh," she said, forgetting all her mighty manner, "for shame to think of that. Is this your gentleman's teaching? Put up your sword, you silly boy. Indeed you shall tell Sir Nathaniel that you are very sorry. Oh, how like to the Hugh of Warboys, who was never happy but in some brawl upon the green."

She held me tightly now, and her touch was to me as the touch of an armlet of roses. I could see her breast heaving with the quickness of her breathing; I could look deep into her sparkling eyes and try to find my message there. Yet this was the pleasure of a moment's durance, for Sir Nathaniel quickly spoke again, and at the sound of his voice she drew back and looked at me no more.

"Put up your sword, Master Hugh," said he, not unkindly; "I know how the wind of a young man's temper blows. We have ridden far, both, and would be the better for a cup of wine and a dish of meat. That we shall find in my own room, where I will even now persuade you what a wrong you do me. You may wait for morning to make me your apologies. Nay, I bear no grudge, as my lady shall witness."

"Most readily, Sir Nathaniel," said my lady, who had gone to stand by the fire again, "and he shall remember then that one who is gentleman-born does not draw his sword in the presence of his mistress."

They meant well to me, it would seem, and yet, I vow, tears stood in my eyes when I walked from the room; and my feet were heavy as though lead were in my boots.

For I said always, "she has forgotten the jest."

CHAPTER IX.—IN THE DEVIL'S TOWER.

IT was ten of the clock when they took me through the upper ward of the Castle to the bedchamber Sir Nathaniel Goulding had found for me in that tower, which to this day is called the Devil's Tower. Late as the hour was, I observed that they played a mask under the moon's light in one of the gardens near by the tennis court; and Lord! to watch the tipsy cavaliers with their coats of gold and silver and the giddy jades they toyed with! And this was the strange part of it, that they should be bold in their sins here under the very windows of the papish church, which the Lord-General's men had gone near to destroying in their anger. I could not help but remember, then, how my country was fallen that all this wickedness and evil-doing

should be the sport even of them who stood nearest to the King's throne.

They had put me in the Devil's Tower, I say, in a little square room of stone, like to a prisoner's cell; but my word with Captain Goulding had so far prevailed that I lay alone; and this to my great content. I had found the captain mighty pleasant over the wine; though he talked always of France and of a certain Abbé Pregnani, whom I had met but once at Madame de Pontac's house in that city. It was his wish to convince me that I had been much with the abbé; and had been loud in my talk, when I was in Paris, that if the man ever came to my country, I would have him hanged for a French spy and a charlatan. I knew that such a thing had never so much as entered my head; but he would not hear my "nay," and I left him doubting of it.

There was a little window in the turret where I slept; and, being come into my room, I stood awhile to look out upon the moonlit park and the garden, where many lanterns of pretty colours were lighted. It was pleasant enough to watch that fine company, as gay as players in a booth; yet Lord! so mighty proud and so noisy in their laughter and talk that all the peace of the night was broken, and Satan seem to be come into the Castle with them. For the matter of that, I had gone to my bed at once, and left them to their music and their silly dancing, had not I seen my Lady Marjory as bold as any among them—ay, and better gowned and prettier than any hussy there. She was talking to Sir Nathaniel Goulding when I saw her, and he held her hand, not as a friend might have done, but as lover holds the hand of mistress. Once I saw his face bent down very close to hers; and, I vow, she looked up at him so willingly that I could bear with it no longer; and flung myself upon my bed, to rage in my heart more bitterly than I had ever done.

"Lord," said I, "what a folly to think that she who sits at Charles Stuart's feet will remember the farmer's son! That was done with long ago when they took her from Warboys to her kinsman's great house in London. I am naught but a serving-man in her eyes—a booby whom she may laugh at. Did I tell her that there was a day when we two, boy and girl together, pledged our love before Tom Honeydew, the tipsy parson, and were by him made man and wife, she would call a groom to whip me for the saying. But of that she shall never hear from me. Let her find a lover where she will," said I, "and God judge between us."

This was my determination, but it went ill

with me when I recalled that day upon which I had held her in my arms in the park at Warboys, and we had kissed and kissed again ; building, in our pretty fancies, a little house for ourselves, and peopling it with the children of our love. There were tears upon my pillow, I believe, when I fell to sleep at last ; and my dreams were troubled so that I thought to see men standing by my bedside, and to hear one say to the other, "I could pick him from a hundred." For a truth, so real was it, that I sprang up from my couch, and ran to the door of my chamber, which was now unlocked—a very strange thing, since I had barred it with my own hands so soon as I was come into the tower.

It must have been about the hour before daybreak. The whole castle still slept, and there was no longer any light of the moon above the park. I stood upon the cold stones of my chamber, and listened at the stairs' head for any sound that might break my dream ; but while, at the first, I did not hear so much as the creak of a door, by-and-by I made sure that someone moved upon the landing below me. And at this, I remembered the woodlander's warning, and cold sweat burst out upon my limbs. Nay, I feared to sleep any more, lest this should be, indeed, the danger of which he spake ; and I sat long upon my bed, holding my drawn sword in my hand, and swearing that the first man who came in should reckon with me for his venture. But though my ears were never resting, and my eyes kept ever upon the door, I heard no other footfall until the dawn lifted the curtain of night from the forest again, and all the woods were awake to the merry music of the song-bird.

The dawn came, I say, yet still sleep was not for me. Fearing, I knew not what, I stood at my window while the herald of the morning drove night from the garden below me, and all the blossoms lifted up their heads that they might welcome him. Sweet it was there above that pretty bower with the perfume of the gilly-flowers strong in the air, and the breeze to blow freshly upon the face, and the silence of the new-born day to rest the mind ; yet I was soon to think of other things, for scarce had the great clock struck five when whom should I see in the garden but my Lady Marjory—and she was alone.

CHAPTER X.—I TALK WITH MY LADY IN THE GARDEN.

I SAW my lady, and scarce had I seen her when the impulse took me to dress myself and run down to her. I knew well that we had talked but ill yesterday—she being held

back by the presence of others ; while all that I would have said stuck in my throat when Captain Goulding angered me.

"But now," cried I, "she shall speak her whole heart," and with this thought quickening my feet, I ran down the stone steps and stood, quite of a sudden, in the path before her.

There be many who say that a woman looks her best when the candles are lit, and she is dressed for mask or play ; but this is no opinion of mine. Let me see her, say I, in the first of the morning when she is rested by her sleep, and the dew sparkles not with the brightness of her eyes, nor the roses leaves shame her cheeks in the blush. Long years had come between that yesterday when I was returned to Marjory again and the day she had given me "Good-bye" at Warboys ; but I had been too strong in my tempers last night to think of anything but her hard saying ; and must wait for this morning hour to see how the years had dealt with her, and how pretty she was now grown. Nay, with her womanhood she had put on the riper beauty, yet thereby she lost nothing of that which pleased most in her girlhood ; and when I saw her now in the garden reading from a book—I knew not what—I vowed that no fairer woman was to be found in all the world.

I came into the garden, and scarce had shut the gate behind me when she heard my step upon the path, and closed her book quickly. She was near by a bush of white roses then ; and when she saw who it was walking toward her, she began to pick the petals of the flowers, and there was a little flush of the blood to her face. For my part, I thought only of my servant's coat—and Lord ! never was a man so shamed of his clothes as Hugh Peters in that moment. As I live, they seemed to put a great gulf twixt me and her ; and the ready word stuck to my tongue when I looked, first at them and then at the laces about her throat, and the shining pearls upon her neck.

Speech stuck upon my tongue, I say, and she it was who first spoke ; yet not kindly, as I had hoped, but proudly as a mistress to one who must obey.

"Well, Master Peters," she said, "and what brings you abroad at this hour ?"

"My lady," said I, for I dared not yet to call her Marjory, "my lady, is there any need to ask me that ? Nay, surely, we have walked at the dawn too often together that we should put the question one to the other—why is it ?"

She crushed a rose leaf in her hands, and turned away her head, as though looking to find others in the garden.



"PUT UP YOUR SWORD, YOU SILLY BOY" (p. 611).

"You are pleased to remind me of your father's charity, Master Peters," she exclaimed presently. "Oh, be assured, I am not like to forget that, as you yourself shall bear witness, since you are here safeguarded in the Castle of Windsor, when you might very well have been in the hands of the King's Guards at Epping——"

"My lady," said I, for I was angered with her, "have shame to say that. You know well that never was I one to speak of that which my father did in friendship. Such kindness as you have shown to me—if, indeed, it were a kindness to bring me to this place at all—for that I thank you dutifully. Yet how I am safeguarded here among the King's men, where twenty may remember Hugh Peters, is a thing you have yet to teach me. Nay, it seems to me that had you sought my undoing, you could not have set about it in a prettier way——"

I spoke in much temper, losing myself in the heat of it, at which she drew herself up mighty proud.

"If that was your thought, Master Peters," said she, "where was your prudence, then, that you are here at all?"

"Oh," cried I, my heart beating with longing for her, "you can ask that—you, the little Marjory that played with me at Warboys."

Her face flushed quite crimson at the question, and she looked all about her to see that none listened.

"Hush, hush, Hugh," cried she, "this is no time to speak so—you know not what it means—I command you, talk not to me of that again."

"Marjory," said I, for the pain it gave was easy to be understood by me, "trouble yourself not at all that I forget how I stand before you, nor think that I do not know very well why you would close my lips. Oh, believe me, if Hugh Peters' memory can minister to your happiness, you shall find it obedient as a child. He remembers nothing; he bids you act and speak as though Warboys had never been, nor them that lived in it."

Her confusion at this, it might be her shame, was very plain to see. As for me, I knew then that she loved this man whom the common tongue had named for her husband; and with my hope all the beauty of the garden seemed to perish before my eyes. I began to say that the sun should not set before I left Windsor, and trusted my poor life again to the God Who had brought me through so many perils. And so I would have told her had she not now begun to speak once more, and to my surprise, with a little laugh which seemed to be in scorn of me.

"Oh, Master Peters," she cried, looking

away from me the while, "that you should break the morning with your angers! And that I should be held in argument with you here in the garden where twenty eyes may see! Silly lad, to come from your room at all until the King's pardon is gotten by one who will still be your friend—remember or forget as it pleases you to do. Go back now, and hide your face until those who have the right shall summon you to show it. You have my word for it that no harm shall come to you here. Though the Constable himself should know where you lie, yet shall he not put hand upon you until the King be come. Think you that we are children, Sir Nathaniel and I? You must think it."

"Marjory," said I, for her words perplexed me sorely, "I wish to God that we were both children again, with naught before us but our playtime in the park at Warboys."

Her face was grave at this, and she looked up to me with eyes in which I seemed to find something of that which I had waited for all along. But the look passed away on the instant, and when she spoke it was not of Warboys.

"Come," she said, with one of her pretty gestures of impatience which I loved to see, "we do well, indeed, to stand here when all the castle is waking. What, Master Hugh, if one should stop to say: 'That great fellow there with the big hands and the red hair peeping from his fine periwig—that is Hugh Peters sent from France to make trouble among us.' Nay, look not so angry—they are big, methinks—and, oh, my friend, what a picture has a periwig made of you!"

She was laughing openly at me now, and I stood before her grinding the stones beneath my heel.

"Laugh if it please you," said I, bitterly, "I am as God made me; and I would the sooner be what I am than all the King's pups come out of Paris. There was a day, mistress, when you were well enough pleased that my hands should be big and my arm should be stout—a day when few but Hugh Peters would fetch and carry for the daughter of the great earl that was earl no longer. God be praised, I can now make haste to forget that day, as you have forgotten it."

I spoke the words bluntly, for I said that I would spare her no longer. And I have always thought that my life would have been different had it been given to us to talk a little while longer, there in the garden of the keep. But that was not to be, for while she had the word of answer upon her lips, Captain Goulding came through the gate; and no sooner did she see him than she drew away from me as though in shame that we had been discovered together. As for Sir Nathaniel, he

was under no politeness to conceal his anger, and having looked quickly from one to the other, he began to speak his mind upon it.

"God in Heaven, Master Peters, what folly is this?" he cried, as he stood before us. "Is your neck then so ready for the noose that you must go seeking the hangman in any place you can find him? Back to your room, man, or, by the Lord, I will wash my hands of so pestilent a fellow on the instant!"

face in all the castle that I had ever seen in my life before. The Constable and his fellows were too set upon their own idle pleasures to ask of every serving-man, "Whence come you, and whither do you go?" Few of them had been at the wars, or, indeed, had ever heard



"'LAUGH IF IT PLEASE YOU,' SAID I, BITTERLY, 'I AM AS GOD MADE ME'"

I was in no mood to wrestle with him; and without so much as a look at my lady, I went back to my room again.

CHAPTER XI.—A MAN STANDING IN THE MOONLIGHT.

I HAD been at Windsor five days before I had any feeling of security in my lodging; but when that time was passed, I began to learn how well they had done in choosing a hiding-place for me under the very nose of the King's men. For the matter of that, I saw no

of my name, much less of my eventful life. My new clothes, and the new fashion of wearing my hair, so changed me, that my own kinsmen might have been sore tried to say if this were Hugh Peters or no. Above all, I learnt very soon how well my Lady Marjory and Sir Nathaniel stood with the King; and what an overbold man that would have been who set himself to question one enjoying their protection. Sir Nathaniel himself had been given lodgings in the castle so soon as he came over from France; and my Lady Marjory had got an apartment there when

she was made one of the Duchess's women. As for me, they gave it out that I was brought from Paris to be servant to my lady ; and this was the beginning and the end of the talk about me.

Five days I had been in the castle, I say, yet I heard or saw nothing of the King nor of any of the jades who followed his steps. As for the Duchess, she was at the castle ; but only waiting word for the Duke's quitting of his ship when she was to go with her ladies to meet him at Greenwich. I did not fail to reckon with the day when I must be left alone in Windsor with Sir Nathaniel again ; and that day, I knew, would be little to my content. Nay, every finger pointed to my lady and to this man as them who were soon to be husband and wife ; every tongue spake of their amours. I had never such shame nor bitterness in my life as when I went to play my part in little Marjory's rooms ; and must see this fine dog of Paris so carrying himself that all the world might learn what he would do presently. Twice every day I stood in the little antechamber, for the play's sake ; and Lord, what a humility to see them pass me by as though I had been, indeed, a serving-man, and she was never my playmate at Warboys ! Not once, I vow, in all those hours, save when we talked in the garden, did she so much as seem to remember that I lived—not once did she turn her eyes upon me nor speak a word of greeting. Well enough to say, as this rogue of France said often to me, that it was for my safety's sake. I knew well that no woman would have so treated a man that was in her heart's keeping ; and I lay awake the night long telling myself that I must love her ever even though she forgot that Hugh Peters had lived to plague her. And this, I vow, was the darkest hour of my life.

There had been rain upon my fifth day at Windsor, and after I had taken supper with Captain Goulding—as often I did, for it was his abiding love to talk of Paris with me, and chiefly of pretty Madame Keroualle, whom I had known there as waiting-woman to the Duchess of Orleans—after I had taken supper, I say, I went to my room in the Devil's Tower and got quickly into my bed. I could hear the note of fiddle and hautbois over in my lady's apartment ; and once I caught sight of her speaking to them that sat at a card-table. Her dress was mighty rich that night, I remember, and her pretty brown hair lay spread saucily upon the whitest neck man ever clapped eyes upon. I thought that she looked nigh as young then as when first I had left her to go to my father at Scheveling ; nay, it seemed to me that she was still a child in the haste and carelessness

of her speech, and in love of all those plaguing tricks which ill become the mistress. And this brought me to remember that a child won is but a woman to be woo'd. Lord, said I, that I should think the old jest gave me the right to be before others with her !

I lay long awake that night, dreaming again as I had done when first I came to Windsor that a man watched me while I slept. It was an ill dream, for it woke me from my sleep with such a start that I must sit bolt upright in my bed, and rub my eyes like a lad scared by a bogle. At first I thought that day had come, so mellow was the light of the moon's beams shining in the tower ; but when my sight was cleared, and I had begun to ask what waked me, I became aware, all on the instant, that a man, ill-dressed, but of great stature, was standing quite close to my bed and watching me. I could see him as plainly as though the sun had been up and day with us ; and while a great felt hat was drawn over his eyes, it did not hide from me the pointed beard and the long curling hair of a cavalier man. Nay, the fellow was laughing as he stood, and though his hand was upon the hilt of his sword and his eyes were never turned away from my face, he wore rather the air of a jester than of one bent upon an ill deed.

I watched the man, it might be for a minute, and then with a quickness he had never looked to see, I sprang from my bed and made to reach my sword. It was lying with my clothes upon an old oaken bench beneath the window of the tower, and I must cross the room to get it : a thing he had waited for, since he, taken on a sudden as he was, could yet make a move to come between me and the window. And this he did, kicking me upon my naked shin with his heavy boot so that I cried out at the hurt, and fell headlong upon the floor. The next instant, his sword was pricking my breast, and I lay trembling with the sweat of death.

"Lie still, you devil's cub," he snarled, "for as God lives you are going to sing your psalms in hell."

He pricked me the more at this, and I could feel the blood trickling down my chest. His sword seemed to be searching for my very heart.

"Now, Hugh Peters," he went on presently, yet never once taking the steel from my flesh, "how dost feel now? Hast said thy prayers? Ho, ho, that they should bring thee into Windsor, thinking that none would see through thy pretty French wig. 'Twas a good day for me, by my life, that am but a poor soldier."

It was horrible to me to hear the man laugh

so; yet as I lay looking up into his face, I could find no hope of mercy there.

"Oh, my God," cried I aloud, "he means to kill me."

"True, Hugh Peters," he answered, with another mocking laugh, "when yon ray of the moon's light shall fall upon thy face, I will even stick thee like a pig. Whisper a word of prayer then, and have a care 'tis but a whisper. God's mercy, are there not five hundred guineas upon thy head? Think you that I will call the guard and share them with another! Nay, I am no such simpleton."

Death is very cruel when he holds us long in talk and makes no haste to strike us. As I lay upon that stone floor, I seemed to die ten times; and yet death did not come to me. Though he had bidden me pray to my God, and I would tell myself that this was the moment when I should know the Eternal, I could bring no prayer to my lips.

Only the thought of the hurt which the steel would give me when presently he plunged it to my heart came to me. Nay, I asked myself why does he hold his hand? and at this, I scanned his face again, but could read nothing there.

The ray of the moon was, perhaps, a hand's breadth from my head when he bade me pray. I watched it now, yet had not the wish that it should be held back, but only that it might touch my face swiftly. And never did moon's light creep on so timidly.

"Lord," I exclaimed, "let it be swift to come that I may have no pain of it." And to him I made the same prayer.

"Do your work now—why hold your hand?" I gasped.

"Nay," said he, watching me curiously, "I have promised thee a minute for prayer, Hugh Peters, and I am a man of my word."

At this saying he cut me again a little with



"I SAW HIM DRAW BACK A STEP TO STRIKE ME" (p. 618).

his sword ; but as he slit my flesh, I divined a tremor of the sword in his hand ; and I knew then why he did not strike on the instant. Like many a man put to the trial, he could not bring himself to kill me. His arm, which had been strong in the plan, failed him in the action. He touched my flesh and was frightened as a woman when the blood ran out upon my naked breast. Had I cried out but once for help, the call would have nerved him to my death. It was even possible that when the moon's beam fell upon my face, it would compel him to strike as he had promised.

There is no pain which man can bear surpassing the pain from the wounds of steel. So sore cut was I now, that I gnashed my teeth to hush the cry upon my lips, and the nails of my fingers were torn as they sought to clutch the stone of the floor. This he saw, and it seemed to frighten him the more.

"Dost fear death, lad?" he asked. "Nay, we all fear it. Yet, surely, will I kill thee, for there are five hundred guineas upon thy head. Oh, that will be wealth to me, Hugh Peters, who am but a poor soldier. Did I spare thee, others would share it, and God knows what I might get. Nay, I must kill thee—when the time be come."

He spoke with so plain a ring of pity in his voice that I was emboldened to plead with him again.

"Show me mercy, for the love of God," cried I, "and you shall not want five hundred guineas. I have friends here as you must know. Speak to Sir Nathaniel Goulding, and he will deal with you."

It was an unlucky word, and he answered it quickly.

"What," he said, "the French spy pay money to save thy neck! That is a fine thing to hear. Surely, he would give five hundred guineas to know that thou wert dead—as thou wilt be now on the instant. God forgive me, there is moon's light upon thy face."

It was as he said. The beam fell blindly upon my eyes, nevertheless I saw him draw back a step to strike me, and I put my arm upon my bleeding chest, that the steel should first cut that. Twice he raised his hand ; twice he could not bring himself to the blow, yet at every motion I had the terror of death in my heart, and at last I could bear with it no longer, but screamed aloud in my agony. Never was such a sorry assassin born as this man who had the mind, but not the hand, to kill me.

"Devil," he cried, "would you bring the guard? God's life, I will close——"

He had the will now to strike me, I make sure ; but the word he went to utter gurgled

upon his lips suddenly ; and with a horrid sound gulping in his throat, he fell headlong across my knees.

A man, whose very eyes were muffled up in a black cloak, had stabbed him as he stood ; and so hard was the sword driven that it stuck out from his body, and cut my knee when he fell upon me. Then the whole room swam before my eyes, and I fainted.

CHAPTER XII.—I SEE THE BLAZING STAR.

A GREAT star blazed in the heavens, a star of transcendent lights, floating in a cloud of golden spray. Swift it seemed to go, so that the other stars hid their faces, and all the mighty vault of the night was emblazoned with the fires which the big star shed. I watched it long, lying upon my back, and saying surely that I was in a boat upon the sea ; and that all the waters must be tossing the gold foam from the blazing planet above me. Or, closing my eyes for a little while, I told myself that I had been carried up from the earth to the mysteries of God, and that all the air was full of the jewels which fall from the throne of Him that was, and is, and is to be.

I saw the star, and then a sleep of weakness held my mind again. When I awoke for the second time, the heavens were still full of the dazzling light, and a rain of gold appeared showering at the zenith. But now I knew that my dream of death was a silly one ; and that I, indeed, lived upon the earth, as distant as ever I was from the City of the Eternal. Nay, I would have lifted my hand, but it was bound close to my side ; and when my mind had gone wandering yet a little while longer, it was restored to me all on an instant ; and I could say that I was roped to the back of a horse, and that the horse carried me through a forest. In which way had this ridiculous thought—that I was in a boat—come to me.

If we be very weak from wounds or sickness, we are often content to rest and to ask naught of the place we rest in or of them that have brought us to it. And so was it with me when I awoke upon the horse's back ; and lay long looking up at the branches above me, and at the great blazing star shining with such fiery lights upon the slender tracery of the blossoming trees. Though I had burning pain at my chest, and my feet were benumbed with aching cold, I was content for a little while to be rocked by the sway of the saddle, and to remember nothing of the earlier night and of the peril which I had then passed. Only when the horse was put, of a sudden, to the trot, and my wounds seemed about to burst again with the pressure of the ropes, did I recall the dreadful hour in my bed—

chamber at Windsor, and the death of him who had wished to compass my death. Then I must have cried out aloud, for one answered me immediately; and presently a man bent over my saddle and looked at me, and I saw the veiled face of him that had struck down the cavalier.

He was still wrapped all about in his great black coat, but his eyes shone bright between the folds of it, and his voice, while harsh as the croak of a marsh bird, was not lacking kindness.

"Hush, Master Peters," he said in some kindness, "bear with it a little while, and then I will ease thee. 'Tis better to laugh at thy cuts than to dance with the hangman. Another hour and we will do better for thee."

"Who are you?" cried I, groaning again, for he was whipping my horse now. "Who are you, and whither do you carry me?"

"Canst ask that," he exclaimed angrily, "after what I did in thy chamber? Nay, hold thy tongue, man. We ride in the forest of Windsor, and the Constable and twenty of his men are at our heels. God send the dawn soon, or we shall never see another."

With this he fell to lashing his own horse; and he called to another in his company not to spare whip nor spur.

"Dost hear them, Tom Robinson?" he bawled, "dost hear them? A plague upon this swinish thicket! Lord, that I should lose my way—I, that know the forest like my own devil's face."

There was a moment of silence after this; but presently the man, whoever he was, answered, as it seemed to me, from some distant place of the copse through which we rode.

"Ay, Master Israel, I hear them, and, by —, they have loosed the hounds."

My guide swore a great oath when the words were uttered, and pushed on still deeper into the brake. I could hear already the deep baying of the hounds in the forest behind us; and so great was my fear that I raised myself a little from my horse, and looked round at him who rode with me. His cloak had fallen back from his face now, but when he turned to speak, remembrance both of my situation and of the hounds passed away, and I called out again for very terror. He had the face not of a man, but of a devil, as he said; and no vulture was ever such an ill thing to look upon as this guide in whose keeping my life lay.

(To be continued.)

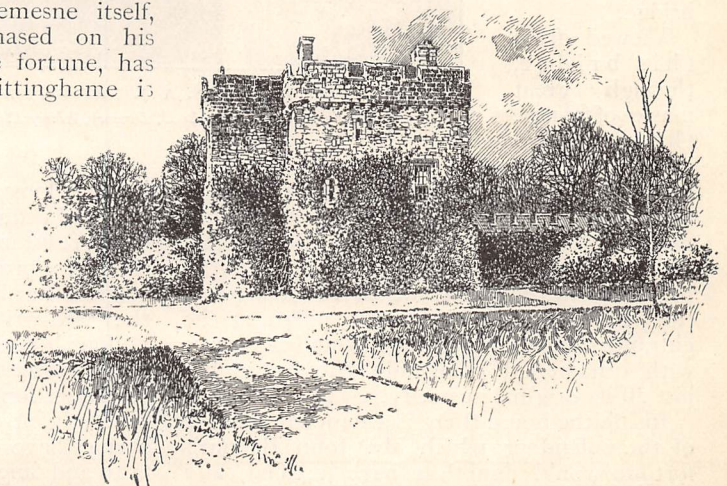


THE HOMES OF THE TWO COMMONS LEADERS.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

WHITTINGHAM HOUSE, which the Leader of the House of Commons inhabits during the Parliamentary vacation, was built by his grandfather, Mr. John Balfour, in 1817. But the demesne itself, which that gentleman purchased on his return from India with a large fortune, has a much longer history. Whittingham is celebrated, indeed, in Scottish annals as having been at one time the home of the great Douglas family, whilst tradition has linked it with the tragic fortunes of Mary, Queen of Scots. Having been given Whittingham Castle by the Queen, in 1564, it was there, we are told, that the Earl of Morton planned with Bothwell the murder of Darnley. A portion of the castle still existed in a habitable state early in the century, and in Stony-

path Tower, which is supposed to have been built about 1414, there is even yet a striking souvenir of the hoary past which Whittingham can claim. Besides its



OLD TOWER, WHITTINGHAM.

historic interest, Mr. Balfour's home has the charm of some of the prettiest scenery of the South of Scotland—the wooded banks of the Firth of Forth on the one side, and the picturesque features of the Lammermoor country, as Scott describes them, on the other.

A drive of six miles from Dunbar brings you to the gates of Whittinghame—or rather to the fine stone pillars on which the gates should swing, for Mr. Balfour's park is now quite unenclosed. The park is divided into two parts by a ravine along which flows a stream known locally as Whittinghame water or burn. The old castle stood on the north side of this ravine, and here are still the gardens and glass-houses. But Whittinghame House was built on the other side, being reached from the gardens by stepping-stones and a light wooden bridge.

Viewed from this bridge, through great masses of foliage, the mansion makes quite a pleasing picture. In reality, it was built in the plain, simple style which prevailed in Scotland early in this century. But shortly after coming of age and succeeding to the property, Mr. Balfour made various changes in the building, and, with Grecian pillars at the entrances, broad bay windows and a terrace with ornamental balustrade, the house has lost all its original austerity.

Inside the house there is a complete absence of the splendour which Mr. John Balfour's fortune would doubtless have justified, and which the extent of the well-timbered grounds

around it is apt to suggest. But every room seems replete with ease and comfort—drawing-room equally with dining-room, the library as well as billiard saloon, Mr. Balfour's study no less than Miss Balfour's boudoir. In the entrance hall, in addition to a large collection of rural hats and coats, there are to be found several bicycles and a miscellaneous assort-

ment of golfing tools. Both the statesman and his sister have imbibed the cycling fashion, and when going to Dunbar or North Berwick for a game of golf the former often prefers the "wheel" to horse and trap.

Stepping from the hall into the corridor, you recognise at once the handiwork of the present proprietor of Whittinghame in the books which, having long since overflowed from his library and study, are piled along the walls. By far the greater number of the few thousand books now in the house give evidence of the literary taste of the author of "The Foundations of Belief."

In the library itself, a long, well-lighted apartment with a panelled ceiling of dark oak, nearly the whole of the substantial tomes, bound in calf and vellum, were probably placed there as part of the original furnishing of the house; a glance at the well-written catalogue (in which Mr. Balfour himself has made numerous marginal notes) suggests that most of them are works of unquestionable literary orthodoxy. But in his study, at the other side of the house, the shelves have evidently been filled just as the taste and fancy of the Leader of the House of Commons suggested, and a rather remarkable



THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

(From a photograph by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.)

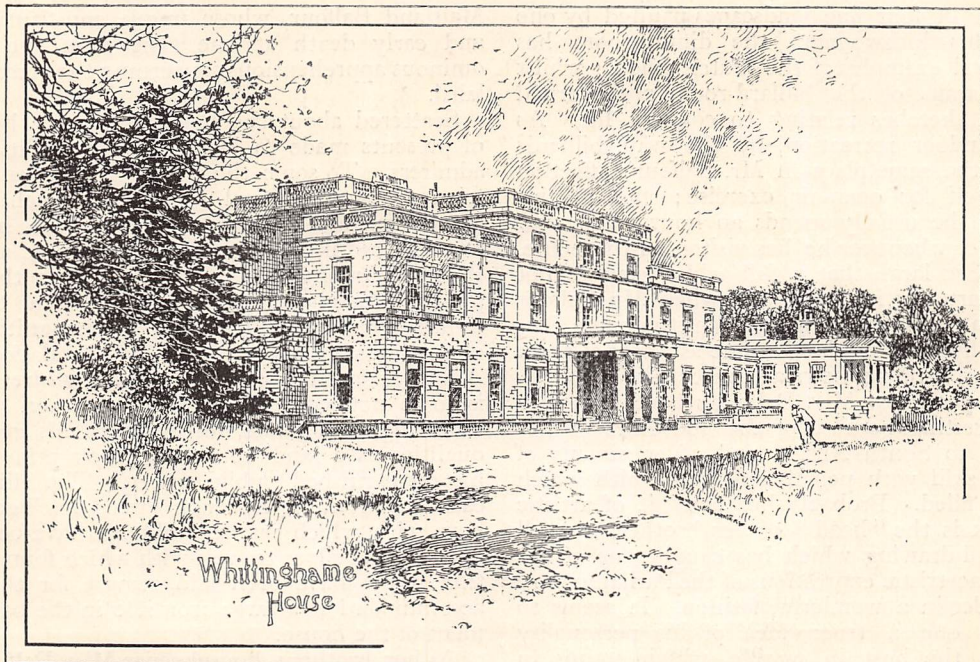
variety of books, both in subject-matter and in style of binding, is the result. Metaphysics make perhaps the most formidable show, but history—and especially modern history—is exceptionally well represented. Political works—pure and simple—are not so numerous as many would have supposed; there is a small cluster of volumes on the Irish question, however, evidently a survival of the time when Ireland was absorbing all Mr. Balfour's time and energy. Of fiction and poetry there is comparatively little. A glance along the shelves indiscriminately, if it does not suggest exceptional versatility, indicates that Mr. Balfour has studied both sides of most questions. The books of his opponents in politics and philosophy are probably even more numerous than those of his own way of thinking.

In this room Mr. Balfour spends most of his time when he is indoors at Whittinghame, probably finding in its smaller size greater comfort than would be possible in the library. In it was written the greater part of his book, "The Foundations of Belief;" a copy of this book, by the way, lying on a small table by the side of "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," has its pages interleaved with blank sheets of white paper for the making, presumably, of such additions and emendations as criticism and reflection may suggest. The room is at a corner of the house, and having

two large windows there is no wall space available for pictures, whilst neither photographs nor sketches are to be found on mantelpiece or tables. But close to the large writing desk (which is of the American pattern and of mahogany wood) there is an iron grand pianoforte with a music stand by its side for performance on some other instrument, and the presence of these somewhat unusual articles in a study strikingly confirms the great love Mr. Balfour is supposed to have for music. From this room, I believe, the strains of piano and violin are often heard far into the night.

Mr. Balfour may often be tempted to defer sleep by the fact that his bedroom adjoins his study; he has but to take three or four steps to seek repose. This sleeping apartment on the ground floor is in its small size and great simplicity in striking contrast to some of the bed-chambers on the upper storey, and that Mr. Balfour should have chosen it in order that he might more conveniently burn "the midnight oil" when the desire for study or for music seized him, is a circumstance of some significance.

Apart from family portraits there are few pictures in the house, and what there are are not of Mr. Balfour's purchasing. The Burne-Joneses and other specimens of contemporary art are at present in the house which Mr. Balfour occupies for the season in Carlton





THE YEW TREE, WITH WHITTINGHAME HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE.

House Gardens; but some day they will probably find a resting-place at his East Lothian seat. In the drawing-room are three or four fine landscapes painted by one of his kinswomen; the dining-room has several examples of the Dutch school; whilst the walls of the billiard-room are adorned with sketches relating to country life. As an indoor recreation, by the way, billiards has the same place in Mr. Balfour's affection as golf for open-air exercise; and in this room he usually spends an hour or so after dinner whenever he has visitors in the house. It is so large that a full table occupies not a quarter of its space, and when Mr. Balfour has a family gathering at Whittinghame, it is usually used in the daytime as a school-room for his little nephews and nieces.

A peep into Miss Balfour's boudoir is very interesting because of the souvenirs of her visit to South Africa, and of specimens of her skill with pencil and brush with which it is filled. Probably her best bit of artistic work is the "head" of her brother, a small pencil drawing which has caught one of the characteristic expressions of the Parliamentary Leader in a wonderful fashion. It seems to give one a truer idea of his personality than the bust in marble, which stands in

one of the corridors of Whittinghame. Among other family portraits in this room is one of the statesman's father, Mr. James Maitland Balfour, whose fragile constitution and early death at one time gave rise to ominous apprehensions concerning the present laird.

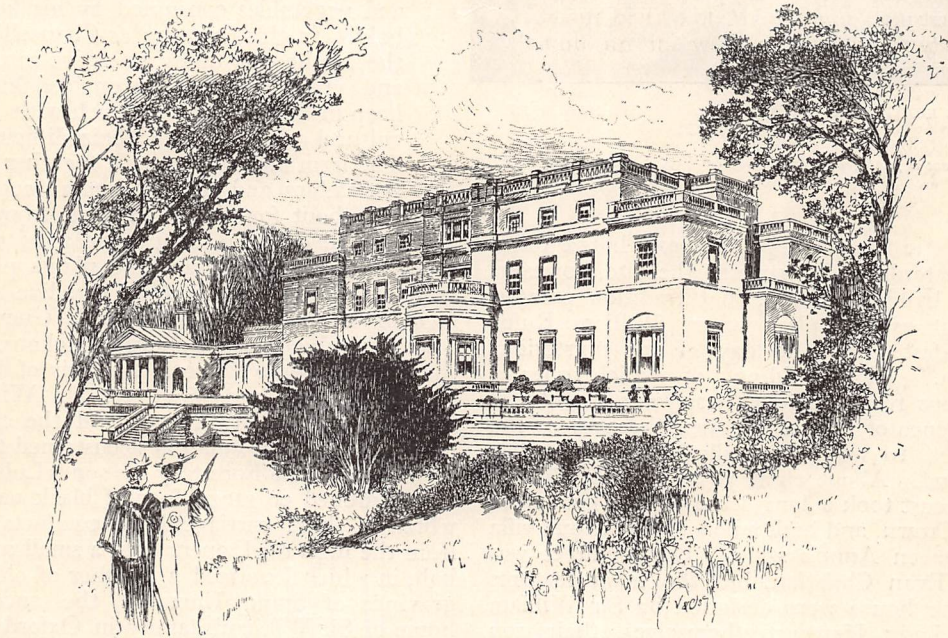
Scattered about the house is a whole host of presents made to Mr. Balfour by political admirers. To some the donors had evidently tried to give political significance, such as a satin cushion by an Irish lady, who had embroidered upon it the rose, shamrock, and thistle. Among gifts dictated by other than political feeling is an inkstand from the Whittinghame Curling Club, in recognition of kindness shown to them by Mr. Balfour. Amongst innumerable illuminated addresses is to be noticed that of the tenantry on the Whittinghame estate, testifying to his good qualities as a landlord, and to their pride in his distinguished public career. The silver caskets containing Borough "freedoms," gold keys with which public buildings have been opened, and silver trowels with which foundation stones have been laid, require for their accommodation a large iron safe in the basement of the house.

As her brother's housekeeper Miss Balfour

undertakes the management of the gardens at Whittinghame, which are not now maintained, however, on the scale which formerly made them so well known in East Lothian. There are still eighteen glass-houses and extensive beds for flowers, fruit, and vegetables, but only ten gardeners are employed—about half the number whose services were at one time required. Mr. Balfour has no favourite flower, cares nothing for horticulture, and seldom crosses the “burn” to visit the gardens. Nor does Mr. Balfour ever trouble the extensive game preserves which usually afford admirable sport for such of his guests as enjoy a day’s shooting. When he comes into the grounds it is usually to play a game over the small links of nine “holes,” which, chiefly with a view to the enjoyment of the ladies of the house, were made in the park a year or so ago. To Mr. Balfour himself this is probably a poor alternative to a morning with the crack players of North Berwick.

The leafy beauty of Whittinghame Park was largely the work of Mr. Balfour’s grandfather, who designed most of its pleasant

specimen of the eucalyptus in Scotland; it was taken to Whittinghame from Australia by the late Lord Salisbury, father of the present Premier, sixty years ago, and, notwithstanding the rigours of the climate, has attained to a wonderful size. The other is a yew, near Stonypath Tower, one of the largest in the kingdom, under whose outspread branches the conspiracy which led to the assassination of Darnley is believed to have been concocted. The branches of the tree, which embrace the grounds at all points, with the exception of one tiny opening, have a circumference of one hundred and twenty feet, and, in the arched space thus formed, some three hundred school children have been seated at the same time. In forty years the circumference of the tree has grown by thirty feet. In Darnley’s time this tree was probably quite close to Lord Morton’s extensive castle, of which only the Tower or “Keep” remains. This is still in sufficiently good repair, however, to provide habitations for one or two of Mr. Balfour’s gardeners. A climb up its well-worn stone steps is well



WHITTINGHAME HOUSE (BACK VIEW).

avenues. Oaks, firs, limes, beeches, etc., were planted by him in large numbers; and what were last century bare places are now rich with foliage. There are two remarkable trees which are shown to most visitors to Whittinghame. One is considered the finest

rewarded by a fine view of sea and country, revealing to the full on a clear day the picturesque surroundings amid which Mr. Balfour has his home.

The house in the New Forest where Sir William Harcourt is fond of cultivating his



THE RIGHT HON. SIR WM. G. G. VERNON HARCOURT,
P.C., Q.C., M.P.

(From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)

domestic fireside is, so to speak, but a thing of yesterday. It occupies the site, however, of a building so old, that tradition pointed it out as the place where William Rufus breakfasted on the day of his mysterious death. This building, of which only a ruinous relic remained, was long the official residence of one of the head-keepers of the Forest, to whom was allotted a small slice of land. About eight years ago Sir William Harcourt took a long lease of this land from the Crown, and built upon it a spacious villa of Queen Anne's style. The architect was Mr. Evan Christian, but the main features of the house were designed by Sir William and Lady Harcourt themselves, their son residing near the spot during the building in order to see that their wishes were faithfully carried out. It has a gabled roof, latticed balconies, and large square windows. The dark red walls still emphasise the newness of the house; but they are being rapidly covered by thriving creepers of various kinds, including clematis and the passion plant. Castle Malwood Lodge—which is the proper title of Sir

William Harcourt's home, although it is generally abbreviated to Malwood—is undoubtedly one of the prettiest of the numerous comparatively new residences in the New Forest.

It has great advantages in point of its situation—which is on an eminence four hundred feet above the sea level, about three miles from the little town of Lyndhurst. A glimpse of the house through the trees is to be obtained some distance away; while from its windows can be enjoyed some of the most delightful "peeps" of the Forest, extending across miles of richly-tinted timber to the vales of Dorsetshire on the one side, and the Isle of Wight, the Solent, and Southampton Water on the other. The enclosed ground around the house is only some four acres in extent, but with some of the best scenery and most secluded parts of the Forest at his door, Sir William Harcourt has no desire for a larger estate. Sir William has about twenty acres in addition, however, which are used for farming—for the production chiefly of the poultry, eggs, butter, milk, and vegetables consumed by his household. In this farm the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer takes an active interest, and, small as it is, it has enabled him to keep in close, practical touch with agricultural questions and their difficulties. The farm buildings, which, together with the stables and the coachman's cottage, are about four hundred yards from the

house, have quite a picturesque appearance given to them by the creeping plants placed against the red brick walls. The live stock include a herd of Jersey and Guernsey cows, and about four hundred chickens. In the stables are to be seen the pair of black Russian ponies presented to Sir William Harcourt by Mr. Armitstead, and the chaise in which the statesman is accustomed to be driven about the Forest by his son "Lulu."

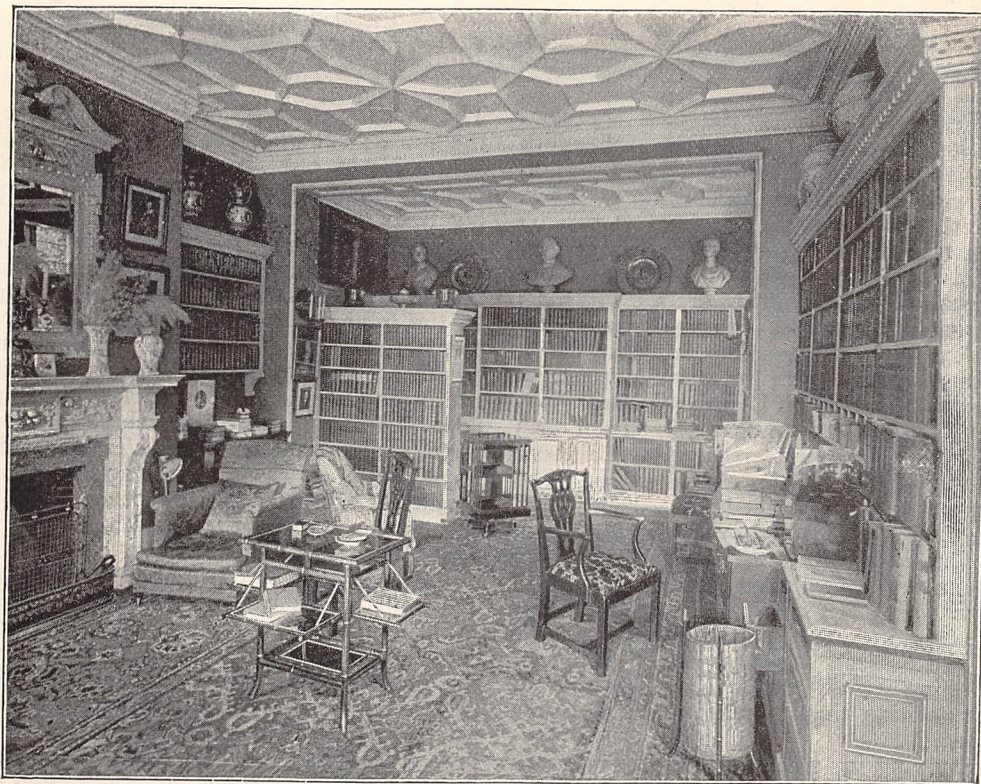
The arched entrance-door of black oak, to which a short carriage-drive conducts you from the high road, opens into a small square hall, in which I noticed a number of old engravings of Stancy-Harcourt, the ancestral home of Sir William's family in Oxfordshire. From an inner hall of somewhat larger size you can walk into the principal rooms of the house—the drawing-room, the dining-room, and the library. In the decoration and furnishing of these rooms—as, indeed, of the whole house—lightness and brightness have been very skilfully reconciled with a large measure of the solid and substantial. Another feature of the whole house, which cannot fail

to impress Sir William Harcourt's visitors, is the almost entire absence of anything bearing upon his public career. The house proclaims its owner to be a man of culture, for there are shelves of books along one side of the broad corridors—the overflow of an extensive, if not very remarkable, library. Of Sir William's many years' service to the State, there is in any part of the house, however, scarcely a hint or suggestion. A stranger examining all its rooms, might well conclude that Castle Malwood Lodge was but the residence of a country gentleman with a love for books.

In Sir William Harcourt's own room, for instance—the apartment in which are written the trenchant letters on current politics that the newspapers occasionally receive from his pen—there are to be observed no souvenirs of political friendships or relics of public controversies such as I had seen at Highbury. There are a few portraits in oils and in black and white, principally of Sir William and Lady Harcourt's kinsmen, among them of Motley, the historian, and Sir George Cornwall Lewis. On one or two small tables are also a few photographs,

but the only one to attract attention is of Prince Bismarck on horseback. It must be left to conjecture whether the Liberal Leader thus honours the "man of iron" out of admiration for his career, or from sympathy with a figure of physical proportions even more splendid than his own. Blue books and Parliamentary papers cannot be discovered in this or in other rooms of Malwood, but on the tables there is a profusion of what must be described as miscellaneous volumes, with the current numbers of various magazines and reviews. A large oriel window in the corner of the room, which floods the room with light and sunshine, gives Sir William, when he lays down his book or his pen, several fine vistas of scenery. Southampton Water, glistening in the light of the morning sun, must be an inspiring sight when beginning the day's work.

With forethought equally admirable, the dining-room was placed on the western side of the house, and from its windows those partaking of the evening meal in summertime can enjoy the sunset view over the rich pasture land between the New Forest



THE LIBRARY, MALWOOD, SHOWING SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S CHAIR AND WRITING-TABLE.

(From a photograph by J. G. Short, Lyndhurst.)



MALWOOD

(From a photograph by J. G. Short, Lyndhurst.)

and Dorchester. By far the most conspicuous thing in this room is the full-length portrait of Sir William Harcourt's grandfather in his robes as Archbishop of York. The other portraits include one or two by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and have among their subjects Gray, the poet of the "Elegy," and Rousseau, in his Arminian dress. The most remarkable canvas at Malwood hangs by the side of the dining-room fireplace, which has for mantelpiece an Indian wood gate that was exhibited at South Kensington some years ago. This is the portrait of the Queen on a horse, which was undertaken by Landseer shortly after her Majesty's accession. The picture was never finished, there being little more than the pencilled outline of the horse. The Queen once told Sir William Harcourt that she well remembered even now how painfully fatiguing she found sitting in the saddle while the great artist painted her. Apart from its subject, the picture is extremely interesting in an artistic sense, because of the revelation that it makes of Landseer's method.

Occupying a place of honour in the drawing-room is the tea-service of Crown Derby presented to Sir William Harcourt by his late constituents at the Midland town.

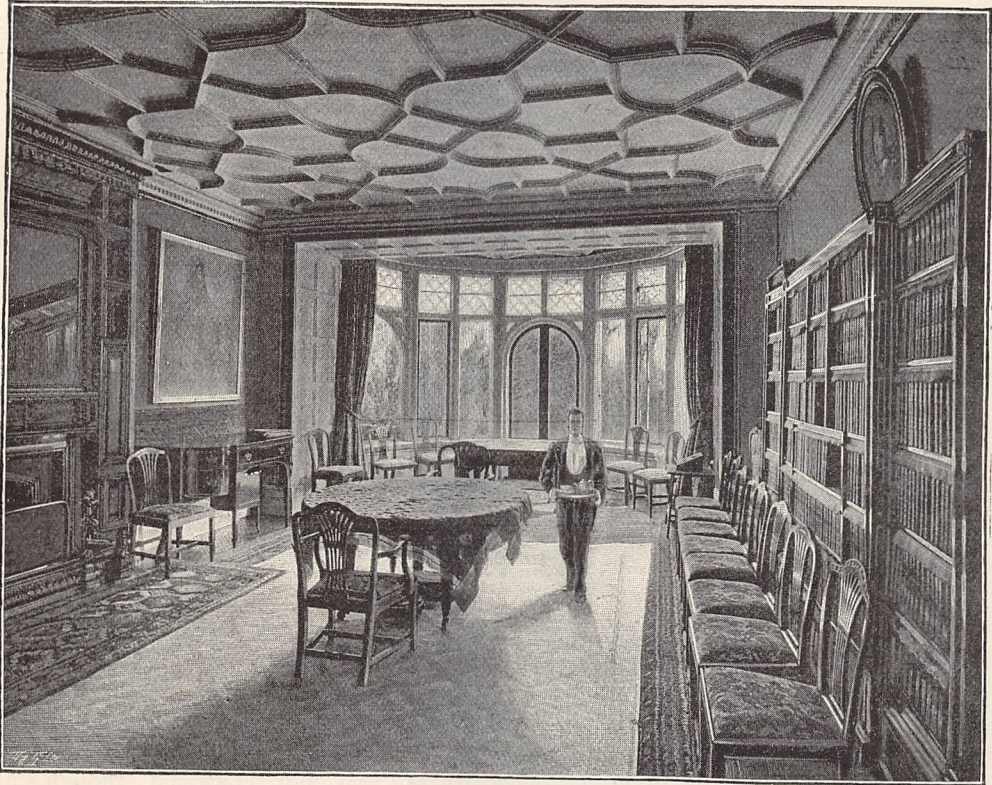
The drawing-room is not large for the size of the house; but what it lacks in space, it probably gains in comfort. Its cushioned chairs of light tasteful colours look only less tempting than the "cosy corners" in Lady Harcourt's boudoir, which is on the upper floor. In Mr. L. V. Harcourt's room, adjoining, there is a very interesting collection of Etoniana. In the fulness of his love for the old school, Mr. Harcourt has for several years gathered together every book, magazine, and article concerning it, that he could lay his hands upon. Among other things there is a complete edition of the *Eton Miscellany*, in which Mr. Gladstone's first writings appeared, and specimens of nearly all the other more or less ephemeral magazines which have since issued from the school. The collection is prettily bound in Eton light blue, and some day will probably be presented to the school, whose library at present lacks anything of the kind. Sir William himself, by the way, has given an indication of similar affection for his college days by the retention, in his dressing-room, of the old "four-poster" bedstead in which he slept at Cambridge.

The most interesting feature of the grounds is the "Friendship Garden"—a little space

set apart for the planting of trees by Sir William Harcourt's best and oldest friends. It was begun by Mr. Gladstone, who planted an oak, and Mrs. Gladstone, who planted an elm, on the occasion of their tour of the West Country about six years ago. During this visit to Malwood, too, the ex-Premier signed an engraved portrait of himself which hangs in one of its rooms. Another corner of the grounds, close to the tennis court, is devoted to the cultivation of a number of fine Italian plants, which Sir William and Lady Harcourt collected on the occasion of a recent visit to

deceased, which were given to Mr. L. V. Harcourt by one of the Rothschilds.

Sir William Harcourt is often spoken of as "the squire of Malwood." In point of fact, this title belongs to another gentleman of the name of Compton; but in the New Forest, the squirearchy have comparatively little power. Minstead, the large scattered parish in which Sir William Harcourt's residence is situated, is mostly inhabited by farmers and cottagers who hold their land direct from the Crown, grow little or no corn, and chiefly concern themselves with the rearing of cattle,



DINING-ROOM, MALWOOD.

(From a photograph by J. G. Short, Lyndhurst.)

Italy. An Italian verandah, consisting of various climbing plants growing over a light wooden trellis, is reminiscent of "the great Budget" of 1894. Its making was the then Chancellor of the Exchequer's recreation in the midst of the heavy labour which the preparation of that measure entailed. Wandering about the grounds are a goodly number of tame birds, including peacocks—some of which were the gifts of friends. You may perchance come across an infant kangaroo, too, the child of a fine pair of animals, now

for which they have grazing rights on the common pasture of the Forest, the production of fruit, and various small industries belonging to a wooded district. Nevertheless, Sir William and Lady Harcourt take a kindly interest in the welfare of the village of Minstead, which is remarkable for the number of its apple orchards. At Christmas time, for example, it is their custom to entertain the school children, and present them with pretty things from one of the big Christmas trees which grow in large numbers hereabouts.

A PEEP AT THIS YEAR'S ACADEMY.

THE present exhibition at Burlington House brings the number of the Royal Academy's annual "shows" up to one hundred and twenty-eight—no mean record. Founded in 1768, and established the same year by a Royal

place, and who have deservedly been forgotten. Nevertheless, the Royal Academy is to-day the representative art institution of our country, and the possession of its diploma of membership the highest honour coveted by artists. The fact that not more than forty at a time can write "R.A." after their names, and only about thirty attain the lesser dignity of Associate, renders the honour the greater; it is not to be acquired cheaply or easily, but can only be gained by sheer merit and the votes of those already on the rolls. As the foundation statement puts it, the objects of the Academy are "the establishing a well-regulated school or academy of design, for the use of students in the arts, and an annual exhibition open to all artists of distinguished merit, where they may offer their performances to public inspection, and acquire that degree of reputation and encouragement which they shall be deemed to deserve."

During the existence of the Academy there have been eight Presidents, the first being the famous Sir Joshua Reynolds, he being followed in the order mentioned: Benjamin West, 1792-1820; Sir Thomas Lawrence, 1820-1830; Sir Martin Archer Shee, 1830-1850; Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, 1850-1865; Sir Francis Grant, 1865-1878; Lord Leighton 1878-1896; and Sir John Everett Millais. It will be noted that Benjamin West, the American, was the only occupant of the Presidential chair upon whom a titular honour was not conferred, though, as a matter of fact, Sir Martin Archer Shee was the first to receive the knighthood upon his election to the office. The late President was honoured in a treble sense, being knighted on entering the office, created a baronet in 1886, and, as

is well known, a peer but a short while before his death.

The annual exhibitions were held in the first instance in Pall Mall, then, from 1780 to 1837, at Somerset House, when part of the building now occupied by the National Gallery was allotted for its use. About 1870 the final removal was made to Burlington House, which the Government



THE HON. JOHN NEVILLE MANNERS.
(By Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A.)

"instrument" signed by George III., the history of the Academy is virtually that of English art during the period of its existence. It is true that there have been some great men whose names have not been enrolled on its register, but they are few, and doubtless there are some so enrolled who were not worthy of the honour, whose work did not even reach the level of the common-



GOLDEN OCTOBER.

(By J. MacWhirter, R.A. By permission of Mrs. E. Rylands.)



THE SHEPHERDESS AND HER FLOCK AT EVENTIDE.

(By F. Goodall, R.A.)

leased to the Academy for 999 years at a nominal rental.

It is not generally known that among the first Royal Academicians, who numbered

thirty-six, were two ladies, Mary Moser—an indifferent painter of flower subjects—and Angelica Kauffmann. Their diploma works hang with the others in the little-frequented



MIGGLES.

(By W. A. Breakspeare.)

gallery at Burlington House. One wonders if the catholicity which has of late years developed in its decisions will again lead the Academy to elect ladies to its ranks, for it cannot be doubted that there are several fully worthy of the honour.

The recent election of two American artists, Messrs. Sargent and Abbey, to Associateships, recalls the fact that the second President hailed from "across the water," and that another of his countrymen, Washington Allston, figures on its list of Associates; while the latest Academician, Mr. G. H. Boughton, is American by training if not by birth.

The charge of conservatism so long made against this august body cannot be sustained to-day so strongly as it once could. The late Lord Leighton undoubtedly used his influence wisely in the direction of widening the portals of the Academy. The election of such men as Messrs. Sargent, Swan, and Clausen to Associateships was sufficiently evident of this. Their work is so vastly different from the style dubbed "academic," so strongly original and modern in execution, that their elections came as surprises to all. The exhibitions, too, of late years have shown that old prejudices are to an extent being broken down, and catholicity of taste and judgment is spreading among the "Immortals."

It is a startling fact that each year sees something over ten thousand works sent in by "outsiders" in competition for space to be filled up by about two thousand. And in spite of this the outcries of the rejected are loud and long each year. Truly, the Council, to whom the works are submitted for judgment, are to be pitied! Many pictures can, of course, at once be marked by the fatal cross, and sent below to the cellars again without further consideration; but many are good enough to retain, to be hung or not as the exigencies of space demand. And what a task is that of the hanging committee! The solution of Chinese puzzles is child's play compared with the difficulties they have to face. After fixing the works by Academicians and Associates—who can each send eight—the accepted "outsiders" are arranged. Not only has size to be considered, but the proper harmonising of

the colours of each picture with its immediate neighbours on the walls. With what satisfaction they must hail the end of their task, tempered, of course, by the knowledge that whatever they have done will draw down upon them the anathemas of most artists whose works they have had to deal

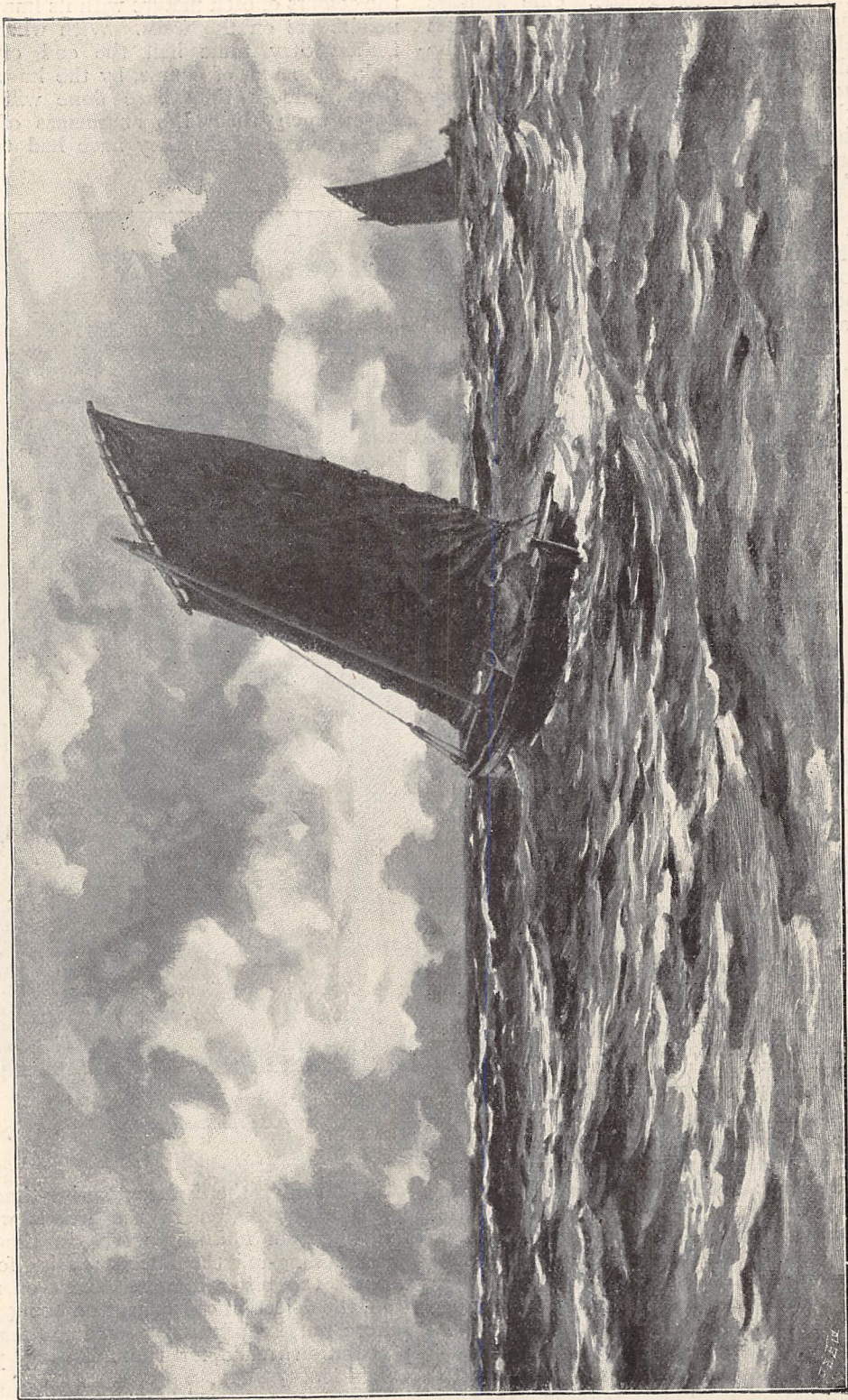


MISS MESSEL

(By Marcus Stone, R.A.)

with! Truly, the "merry spring-time" is not a happy season in the artistic world; the worry of finishing works in time for the "sending-in," the anxious waiting for the verdict, the bitter disappointment on rejection, the dejection consequent on being badly hung; but, happily, it is soon forgotten, and preparation made for the following year's exhibition.

The present exhibition is a good average



HADDOCK BOATS BEATING TO WINDWARD.
(By Col'n Hunter, A.R.A.)



"LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI."
(By G. S. Watson.)



THE STORY TELLER.
(By Ernest Normand.)

one. The "picture of the year" is contributed by the latest associate, Mr. E. A. Abbey. Probably no artist living can illustrate Shakespeare so gracefully as he can, and this scene between the Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne is rendered so skilfully that the artist's reputation will be greatly enhanced, and the judgment of the Academy in electing him to their number universally confirmed.

A melancholy interest attaches to the only work by the late President, "Clytie," which occupies the position regularly allotted in his lifetime to his principal picture in the Central Gallery. His successor is represented by one subject picture, "A Forerunner," and four portraits, the most charming of which we reproduce.

The other pictures we give are all by well-known artists. Mr. MacWhirter, R.A., in his "Golden October," gives us once again his well-loved silver birch—in the painting of which he excels above all others. Mr. Goodall, R.A., has made his name as a painter of Eastern scenes, and we give one of the three that he has this year sent to Burlington House. Mr. W. P. Frith is an old favourite, and, though he some time ago placed himself on the list of Honorary Retired Academicians, still likes to be represented by at least one picture in the annual exhibition. The wild West Coast scenes of the land of his birth delight Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., and three out of the four canvases contributed by him this year deal with it, the other being the one we reproduce. Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., is represented only by the portrait we reproduce.

Mr. Ernest Normand is a well-known artist who generally secures a good place at the Academy, and his picture, "The Story-Teller," is a clever representation of an idealised Eastern scene. His wife, who exhibits under her maiden name, Henrietta Rae, is

in the front rank of lady artists, her work being always marked by its refinement and delicacy of execution.

Mr. G. S. Watson is a rising artist, and the work we reproduce is one of the best he has ever done. The subject is taken from Keats's weird poem, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," and illustrates the verses :—

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

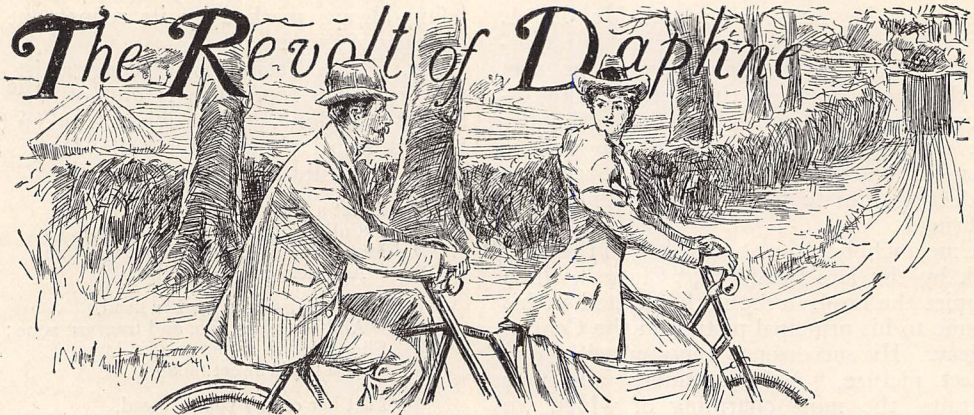
"I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets, too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

"I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song."

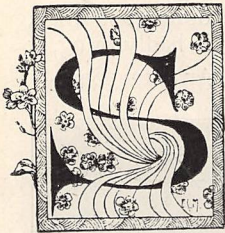
Mr. W. A. Breakspeare has done good work, and although his "Miggles" is badly hung, it is an interesting picture. ARTHUR FISH.



JULIET AND THE NURSE (*Romco and Julist*, Act ii., Sc. 5).
(By W. P. Frith, R.A.)



BY DAYRELL TRELAWNEY, AUTHOR OF "THE BISHOP'S WIFE," ETC.



HE was a new woman, and, what was more important to him, a sweetly pretty one.

They had been married a year.

It was their first quarrel.

She sat with her feet on the fender. Her pug lay unheeded on the sky-

blue maze of her tea-gown draperies, which swept the floor beside her. The large, soft curl on her forehead—always an index to her temper—was ruffled—distinctly ruffled. Her eyes were clouded, and a crimson spot glowed on each cheek.

If she was charming at all times, she was undoubtedly adorable when she was angry.

Just now she was very angry.

"I don't see," she said, as she twisted her dainty lace handkerchief into a minute cord with assiduous care, "I don't see what it can matter to you."

"My dear little woman!" he spoke with the placid consciousness of a strong nature, and to her he appeared aggressively big and immovable as she glanced at the grey eyes and firm pleasant mouth. "My dear little woman, don't be absurd, anything that is said about you affects me."

"That," she remarked, giving the handkerchief an aggressive twist, "that is the maddening part of it." Then after a pause, "But I shall do it all the same."

His face hardened slightly as he stood with his elbow on the mantelpiece looking down at her. He was about to retort forcibly, but a glance at the flushed cheek and pretty childish mouth saved him.

He stooped and laid a hand on her shoulder: she did not move.

"Won't you give it up, dear?"

"No, no, no," forcibly.

"Not to please me?" he said.

She felt herself stirred by his tone and resented it.

"No," shaking herself free, "not even to please you. When you treat me like this," she added excitedly, heedless of her words, "I wish I had never married you. I wish I were free!"

There was a moment's silence, then he drew himself up to his full height and said no more.

That evening a telegram summoned him to his north country estate to quell a difficulty which had arisen in the management of a new and promising mine.

She drove him to the station, the idea of his departure having overshadowed in importance their disagreement. On the platform she shivered anxiously, though the night was warm. And, when he said good-bye, she watched him pass through the crowd, half a head taller himself than any of those around him. At the door of the smoking carriage he paused to light a cigar and give some instruction to his servant about a gun-case. For a moment she could see his figure in his long travelling coat, sharply defined in the light of the railway carriage; in another, a whistle, the waving of a flag, and the train steamed off into the night.

She stepped into the brougham and gave the order home. For the first time in her married life an uncomfortable feeling assailed her—that the liberty she had desired had come with appalling reality.

* * * * *

He went for a night, and was delayed a week. Even then the thing might never

have happened, had she not consulted her dearest friend. That settled it.

"What do *you* think?" she had asked, after recounting her grievance, as they sat at the club together.

"Think!" said the dearest friend, known to the world as Miss Harley-Manvers, "think, my poor child! what can I think, except that marriage is a social anomaly, Daphne? That is what I think," said Miss Manvers twirling her eye-glasses round and round vigorously by the cord that secured them to her manly coat button. "Do you mean to tell *me*," said Miss Manvers sternly, "that

your husband has deliberately ordered you not to ride a bicycle in divided skirts?"

Daphne stirred uneasily.

"He didn't *order* me, dear; he said I was not to do it—for his sake," the last words came very ashamedly and almost in a whisper. "That," added the speaker, with a slight blush, "*that* was what made it so difficult to refuse."

Miss Manvers put on her glasses and regarded Daphne's pretty appealing face with calm unimpassioned criticism. Then she dropped them, and remarked, apparently to herself, that "Anthropopathetical pathology



"NO, NOT EVEN TO PLEASE YOU."

is one of the mysteries of the age." Coming down from this mental flight to the level of her listener, she delivered herself as follows—

"Your course, my dear Daphne, is clear. You must be firm and resist. Tell your husband quietly that you cannot give up your freedom of action nor forfeit the beliefs you hold. Remind him of the equality of the sexes. Buy your cycling dress. Mount your bicycle at your own door. Disguise nothing and yield nothing. You asked my advice, you have it. Let's go to the smoking room to fetch my cigarette case, and then, if you like, I'll drive you on to Maynard's and choose your dress."

At Maynard's, Daphne's last qualms as to her action died in a sigh of delight at the designs of the proposed costume. A deferential assistant attired in a frock coat and white button-hole, suggestive of a bridegroom-elect, showed Daphne a sketch of the latest cycling costume from Paris—as worn in the Bois de Boulogne (he did not add by whom). It consisted of a short lounge coat and accordion-pleated knickerbockers of a decided blue, a white waistcoat, and snuff-coloured felt hat. The original had been designed for Mademoiselle Cri-Cri, of the Folies Variétés.

Even Daphne, with her pretty little head full as it could be of "new" ideas, had some glimmering of reason, as will be seen from the following remark.

"It looks a *little* loud," she said tentatively.

"Not a bit," said Miss Manvers, who ought to have been an authority on the subject, judging by her dress.

"I wonder," said Daphne nervously, "what people will say." She meant "what Jack will say."

"Who cares?" retorted her friend with a sniff. To her, opprobrium and fame were synonymous.

Daphne felt nettled.

"You are not going to wear it," she said, "and my husband——"

"Oh, *husbands*!" said Miss Manvers, who had seen forty years of single blessedness.

Daphne rose to the occasion.

"You don't understand, dear; you see you are still unmarried," she said with dignity.

Miss Manners smiled grimly at the word "still," and suggested that Daphne should have a cycling costume with a skirt: "Like a bathing-gown, you know," she added to the assistant.

Daphne flushed.

"I will decide on this, please," she said, pointing to the "very latest thing"; "you can measure me now."

And she drove home, feeling very guilty and excited. On the hall-table was a letter

in her husband's writing. She read it by the firelight in her boudoir, and when she had finished she sat and cried softly till the butler brought in the lamp and the tea-tray. After tea she wrote a long letter to her husband, and a short note to Maynard's, countermanding the costume.

In the evening she dined out, and went to a new play. Four days after, on going into her bedroom to dress for her afternoon drive, she found her maid unpacking a cardboard box, which bore on the cover "Maynard" in gold letters. She thrust the paper aside herself with an unsteady hand. It was the blue cycling-dress.

"But——" she stammered, heedless of the maid's presence, "I wrote and countermanded it. How *abominable* of them!"

She looked at the bill: twelve guineas. She was about to order the maid to put the dress back in the box, when she caught sight of the accordion-pleated knickerbockers, and pulled them out—just to see the shape. Having seen it, she laughed; so did the maid.

"I'll try them on. I suppose—now they're here, I'd better try the whole thing on,"—then as a salve to her conscience, "it's disgraceful of them to have sent it after my letter."

When she was fully attired, she went to the long cheval-glass to see the effect. With her pretty brown curls escaping from the felt hat, and her slender, girlish figure disguised under the manly cut of the coat and waistcoat, she looked like a boy, and a very nice, jolly-looking boy too.

Whether it is the highest ideal for a young married woman to look like a nice, jolly-looking boy is, of course, a wider and deeper question.

There is no doubt whatever that Daphne made up her mind after one glance at the nether garments that she could not wear the costume in England. This is to her credit. Even Mademoiselle Cri-Cri, of the Folies Variétés, had felt certain qualms before she took her first ride in the Bois. Daphne, of course, did not know that, and came to her decision without the help of a precedent.

Having made up her mind that she could not wear the dress out of doors, she decided with a childish pleasure in her altered appearance to wear it indoors, hat and all, for a few hours to amuse herself. So she ran down to her boudoir, a little nervous of meeting the men-servants, but full of the excitement of her small adventure and enjoying it all immensely.

She threw open the boudoir door and ran into the room with a dance and a bound,

rendered easy by her new attire. In the centre of the room she came to a sudden standstill. The colour died from her cheeks and lips, and the laughter from her eyes. She gave a little cry, half of surprise, half of fear. Her heart stood still a moment and then leapt forward with a sickening thud.

For there, in his travelling dress, stood her husband. She tried to speak, but his look froze the words on her lips. At last the bitter disappointment at having missed the happy hours of preparation for the meeting she had been longing for throughout the week welled up in the words—

"I did not know you would come to-day!"

"So I see," with a glance at the knickerbockers.

Daphne winced. She longed to go straight to him: but the thought of the dress prevented her. She trifled uneasily with a book on the table.

His mouth showed in a hard line under his moustache, and his eyes were cold as steel. Was this his greeting after a week's absence? From the curls under the brown felt hat to the little feet in the tan shoes and gaiters, Daphne was trembling violently. The blue lounge coat felt shorter than ever. She was miserable, frightened, and very much ashamed.

But her husband saw nothing except the waistcoat and the knickerbockers.

Daphne could stand it no longer: she turned and went towards the door, the fatal costume giving her a jaunty, unrepentant look as she walked away.

"Daphne!"

"Yes?"

"I object to your being seen in that disgraceful get-up by the servants. I have some self-respect left."

The tone and the words were too much: she turned and faced him indignantly.

"How dare you speak to me so?" she commenced, and then, unable to trust herself, she gave a little gasp and groped for the handle of the door; as she opened it he strode forward and laid a firm hand on her arm—firmer than he realised.

"Where are you going?" he said sternly.

Daphne wrenched her arm free, and passed quickly out of the room; as she went she said—

"I'm going to the Park on my bicycle."

There arose in him a vision of club-room gossip and newspaper comment.

"If you do this thing," he said passionately, "you shall never return to live in this house again."

Her answer as she went downstairs was a

laugh, with a catch of a sob in it, but still a laugh.

* * * * *

She mounted her bicycle "at her own door," as Miss Manvers had advised. The butler was polite, but impenetrable. A boy-messenger paused to stare at her; a couple of carmen laughed as she passed. Down the square she went, and along the quiet streets, at a pace that startled even the sparrows. On either side were houses with brilliantly massed flowers on porch and in window-boxes, and gay awnings above them; in front of her the bright July sunshine.

Daphne saw nothing. Now people who see nothing should not ride bicycles. Taking a sharp turn into a small thoroughfare, the bicycle struck a barrow of flowers, and its rider came to the ground with a crash which rendered her unconscious.

When she recovered she was sitting in a chemist's shop, with the chemist, a policeman, and several bystanders around her. The policeman looked nonplussed; the chemist, solicitous.

"I am better, thank you," said Daphne, "and I should like to go home."

The policeman here saw his way to action. He pulled out a note-book.

"Will you give me your name and address, miss?"

Daphne's head began to swim again.

"I want to go home," she said feebly.

The policeman walked out of the shop, through the crowd at the door, to the edge of the pavement.

"Four-wheeler!" he called loudly. (Police-men never put people into hansoms.) A cab drove up. The crowd drew closer. "Stand back!" said the constable with authority.

The chemist's wife came forward and offered the loan of her old waterproof. It was not raining, and the inference was obvious. Daphne allowed it to be wrapped round her.

"You can return it when you send for the bicycle, miss," she remarked, with a nod and a frown at her husband.

"Yes," said Daphne.

"Stand back!" said the policeman, as she passed to the cab. "Where to?" he asked, as he closed the door.

Where to? Had he not said she should never live at home again? Where to? She was alone in London it seemed to her; alone in the whole wide world. To gain time she answered, "Victoria Station," and the cab jolted off.

The crowd having waited over half an hour—expecting a stretcher at least—dispersed disgustedly.

That evening Miss Harley-Manvers, on her

return from a lecture, found the following note on her table :—

Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria Station.

DEAREST MARIAN,—Can you come to me here? I have left home *for good*, and so I can't send for any

Within half an hour of the receipt of this note, which had been waiting some time, Miss Manvers strode into her friend's room at the Grosvenor. For the first few moments Daphne could not speak for tears. After



"I DID NOT KNOW YOU WOULD COME TO-DAY!" (p. 639).

clothes or money, and I have nothing except that hideous cycling dress of Maynard's and an old waterproof (lent). I am utterly wretched and untidy. Until you come I can't go down for any food. Bring any dress you can lend me; I am too miserable to care if it fits; and please come the moment you get this note.—Your unhappy

DAPHNE.

P.S.—You might buy a box of curling-pins on your way here.

a while she explained her position to Miss Manvers, and further rallied at the sight of a dress, which promised a change of attire from the hated blue lounge coat and knickerbockers.

"Did you get the curling-pins?" she asked presently.

"Shops were shut," said Miss Manvers, shaking out the skirt vigorously.

Daphne began to cry again.

"Oh, I *am* so miserable, Marian, without a home, or a dressing-bag, or anything! But what I feel most of all is that he doesn't love me, or he would have fetched me home before now."

"Nonsense!" said Miss Manvers, "change is what you want: change and a little freedom. I'm off the day after to-morrow for a cycling tour in the English lake district. You'd better come with me. I'll send for your bicycle from the chemist's, you can pack a small bag, and there we are. Get into that gown, and come and have some dinner. I'm starving."

And so Daphne's future movements were settled.

After a week of intense and ever-growing anxiety, the following letter was received from Daphne by her husband. It bore a Penrith postmark.

DEAR JACK,—After the way you spoke to me, telling me I should never live in your house again, you will, of course, not expect me to trouble you with letters. I only write to say that as I had no money at all, I borrowed £30 from Madame Celeste, and promised that you would repay her. Will you do this out of my next quarter's allowance? I do not trouble you with my address, as I suppose if you had cared you would have tried to find me before I left London. I am enjoying myself *very much indeed*.—Believe me, Yours sincerely,
DAPHNE GRANTCHESTER.

When Lord Grantchester had read this letter he laid his head on the table before him and groaned. It was so transparent, so childish, so pathetic, that he cursed himself for having judged the writer hastily. Presently he looked round him for a Bradshaw. Remembering one on his wife's writing-table, he went in search of it. After looking up a night train to Cumberland, he glanced at the clock, took up a pen, and opened the blotting-book for some paper. Face downwards lay two sealed and stamped letters, one addressed to himself, and the other to Maynard's, the tailors; both were in his wife's handwriting. He tore them open hastily, and saw with disappointment that they were dated several days previous to Daphne's departure. But when he had read them, things became clearer, for he learnt that she had decided to "give up the cycling costume for his sake," of which intention the letter to Maynard's amply testified. Coupled with her maid's evidence, the whole tale of her intended self-sacrifice was clear as daylight, while poor little Daphne herself was enveloped in a cloud of darkness that filled his heart with despair.

That night Lord Grantchester left for Cumberland by the midnight express.

* * * * *

August, with its long still afternoons of simmering heat, had followed July. London

was empty. Window boxes and awnings had given place to shutters. Solitary housemaids tended the shrouded furniture. The papers announced that Lord Grantchester had taken a small shooting-box in Cumberland, but of his wife's movements they made no mention.

For hours had lengthened into days, and days into weeks, and no signs of Daphne's whereabouts had been traced by her husband. And now at the end of August, more than a month had elapsed since the day when she mounted her bicycle and rode away from home.

From one village to another, through all the glories of the English lakeland in summer time, her husband had passed in his anxious search for her. At first he had blessed the hated cycling dress which he now believed might identify her more easily than a less obtrusive costume. But this hope soon died in him. For the advance of woman had proceeded rapidly of late years, and women cycling in knickerbockers were almost as common a sight in the quiet Cumberland roads and villages as girls attired in that national costume of Englishwomen—the blue serge coat and skirt, sailor hat and blouse. It is said that all visitors to the Lakes pass through the little town of Felswater, sooner or later. So Grantchester, having scoured the whole lake district, decided to settle at Felswater and wait. Here he rented the Grange; ostensibly for the grouse shooting (which was bad), but really for the view it commanded of a hill on the main road, up which cyclists toiled in endless numbers all day long.

One evening, towards sunset, he strolled down to the inn in the little market square, to see the landlord about a sailing boat that was for hire. The two men stood on the steps of the front entrance—Grantchester, good to look at in his rough shooting-suit with the evening sunlight full on his pleasant, manly face, and his favourite Gordon setter at his heels; the landlord, civil and deferential, and not at all impervious to the importance of "his lordship's" custom. Groups of inhabitants and visitors were gathered in the little market place. The coaches had come in; the last train from London had arrived. It was an idle hour, and the dusk was advancing apace. Grantchester looked at his watch, whistled to his dog, and turned his steps towards home. At the corner of the square he paused, and retraced his steps to ask the landlord to give him London time.

On such small actions fate permits our future to hinge. Into the square came the figure of a girl wheeling a bicycle. When Grantchester saw her his heart stood still for

joy. For though the hated blue cycling costume had been discarded for a more sober one of dark homespun, the flower-like face in its frame of soft brown curls could belong to no other woman in the world save Daphne.

As the little figure neared the inn, acting on an uncontrollable impulse, he withdrew quickly into the background of the entrance-hall. In another moment he heard his wife speak. The sound of her voice shook him with a sudden emotion.

"Can you find anyone in Felswater to mend my bicycle? I must go on to Moors Cray to-night, before it gets dark. I am alone."

"Certainly, miss; we've a good man across the square. Will you step inside and rest, and I'll send for him?"

"Thank you; and could you get me some tea? I have had to walk five miles, and I am very tired."

Alone and very tired! Her hidden listener thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his shooting-coat, and prayed for patience.

When the landlord came out of the sitting-room where he had shown the new arrival, Grantchester stepped forward and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Where are you going, Graham?"

"Sir?"

"Where are you going?"

"To find a man to mend the lady's bicycle, sir." Graham never said "m'lord," which somehow sounds servile from a north countryman.

"Now look here, Graham; do you want to oblige me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well then, you'll happen *not* to find a man to mend that lady's bicycle; do you see?"

There was a pause, then a slow smile crept into the landlord's eyes—and—well, he saw.

After a few moments' private conference, Graham returned to the sitting-room; and presently a piteous voice was heard bewailing, protesting, and insisting, all to no effect, that the bicycle *must* be mended, as it was absolutely imperative for its rider to reach Moors Cray to-night.

Graham was immovable. There was only one thing he could suggest: a gentleman hearing of her difficulty, offered to lend her one, and her own could follow—would she see him?

There was a pause. Her husband held his breath and nearly choked the setter in his anxiety to hear the answer.

"Would you step this way, sir, please?" said the landlord.

Grantchester paused on the threshold of the room.

"Send up to the Grange for my new bicycle,

and look sharp like a good fellow," he whispered. "Mind," he added, "the *new* one."

Then he entered the room, the door closed, and he was alone with Daphne.

She recovered herself first.

"How do you do?" she said with a calmness that was over-done.

"How do you do?" he responded, crushing a longing to catch her up in his arms and kiss her. "I hear you have come to grief with your bicycle," framing the double truth unconsciously. "They told me you are anxious to get on to Moors Cray to-night."

She was scanning him with quick furtive glances as he spoke—noting the old shooting-suit on which she had sewn a button last season just to show she could sew, and the heather in his buttonhole, her favourite flower—was she anxious to go on? Oh, yes—of course—to meet Miss Harley-Manvers, who had become engaged during their tour, and parted company with Daphne to visit "his" people. Of course she was anxious, but, perhaps, as her bicycle could not be mended—

"I hope you will use my bicycle! It is very comfortable and easy riding. I should be most happy to lend it to you."

He would be most happy! Then he wasn't glad to see her again? It was only *she* who felt that she could not live a day longer without him? Only she who couldn't look at him for the mist of tears in her eyes, and answer him for the break in her voice? She would have to go out into the dark alone, along an unknown road, and he—he would be "most happy." Poor Daphne!

"If you will accept my offer," said Grantchester, coming a little nearer, "you can start in less than ten minutes."

Daphne rose. There was a pathetic dignity in the little figure and the courage of a great despair in her voice as she said quietly—

"Thank you. I will start at once."

After a moment of uneasy silence between them, he spoke.

"There is one thing about my machine——"

"Yes?" she said, and her voice sounded tired and strange.

He crossed the room with a quick stride and took her two little hands in his own.

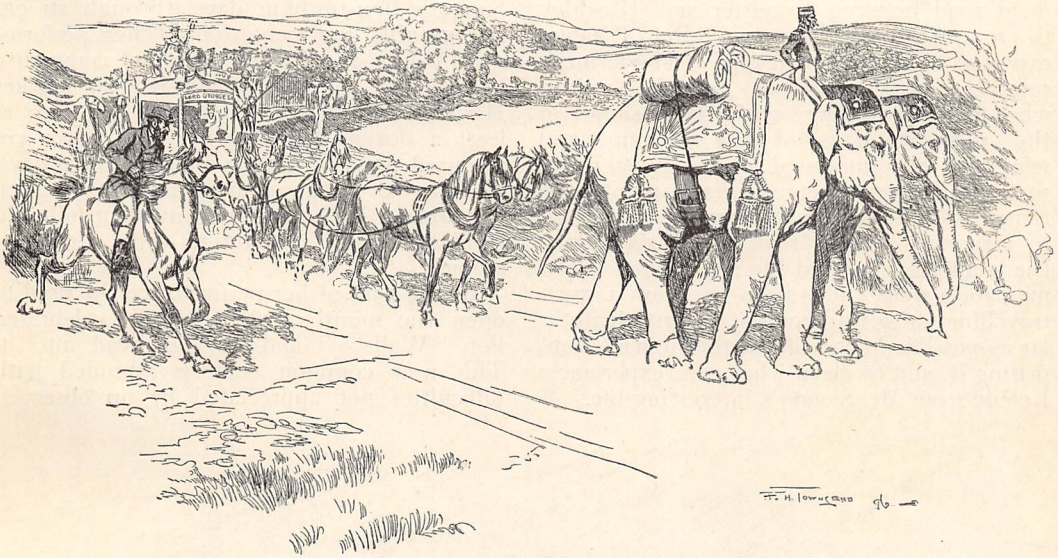
"Daphne, my own dear little girl, *it is a bicycle made for two.*"

She gave a curious, glad little cry, and swayed unsteadily. Grantchester caught her in his arms, and kissed her sweet face again and again.

"And," said Graham, as he told the story, "when they rode off together and took the turning that goes up to the Grange, I know'd it was her ladyship."

LORD GEORGE SANGER'S CIRCUS.

BY ONE WHO HAS TRAVELLED WITH IT.



SANGER'S CIRCUS ON THE MARCH.



ZHE name of Sanger suggests circus as readily as knife suggests fork, or lock key. This is due to their long and close association. Yet that association is still maintained by the original circus Sanger—to wit, George, commonly spoken of as "Lord George Sanger." Now aged sixty-six years, of which fifty-six have been devoted to show business, the founder of the great Sanger's Circus is still alive, and still travels from February to November with his unrivalled display.

These remarks are rendered necessary on account of the widespread misunderstanding that the present Lord George is not himself but his father. Repeatedly he is told by middle-aged men that as boys they remember visiting his circus when it was conducted by his father. True, his father, who served under Nelson at Trafalgar, was a showman; but his establishment never exceeded the dignity of a peep-show that travelled the country fairs.

Curiously enough Mrs. George Sanger, who is her husband's right hand, and goes wherever he goes, is also descended from a peep-show man. Members of the older generation amongst us may easily remember

her as Miss Ellen Chapman *alias* Madame Pauline de Vere, the Lady of the Lions. She was George Wombwell's most celebrated performer with wild animals, and created quite a stir in 1847 when she had the honour of giving her entertainment in the courtyard at Windsor Castle before Her Majesty, Prince Consort, and the Royal Household. The Queen witnessed the performance, which was given by lamplight, from a window of the Castle corridor, and at its conclusion sent for Miss Chapman.

Now let us turn to Lord George Sanger's circus, named here in full to distinguish it from his nephew's—Lord John Sanger's—circus. In the season it comprises 250 people—40 performers, 50 grooms, 50 tent-men, 24 bandsmen, shoeblacks, harness-makers and harness-cleaners, blacksmiths, carriage-washers, tent-makers, mess-caterers, carpenters, wheelwrights, wardrobe-keepers, elephant- and camel-keepers, menagerie-keepers, and a veterinary surgeon.

The salaries of these different grades range from 22s. 6d. to £30 a week. Then there are 200 horses, a varying number of elephants, camels, lions, tigers, and other rare animals—maintained at an average cost of £26 a day. The daily outlay upon the entire show averages £130 a day. When packed up and on the road, the whole is moved in 62

vehicles, and from front to rear extends at least a mile.

"They told me I would see you coming," said a farmer mounted on a bay cob on which he had ridden five miles to the main road between Leceister and Hinckley to see the circus arrive. "But I never expected to see miles of you." The farmer's remarks were addressed to the writer, who was travelling with the show in the pleasant days of last autumn, and who was also mounted on a lively mare, so lively, indeed, that conversation with the farmer was impossible. However, it was not to interview farmers that I had abandoned the comforts of settled life and turned showman for a week; it was to see how a great travelling show was worked, to participate as far as possible in the life of the nomads comprising it, and to glean what rare experiences I could from Mr. Sanger's interesting life.

I joined the show at Leicester, "just in time for a cup of tea," as Mr. Sanger said, shaking me by the hand, and leading me to his living-carriage. Over this cup of tea the conversation happened to turn on Mrs. Sanger's lion-training days, through an old lithographic representation of her performance before the Queen that had come into her hands the previous day, at Market Harboro. Mrs. Sanger, whom I had met at least a dozen times before, had never yet favoured me with any account of these days. Now, however, the picture seemed to awaken her interest in the past, and incident followed incident of her encounters with dangerous animals.

In one part of her performance she used to open the mouth of Wombwell's celebrated lion "Wallace," and put her head into it. This now common trick is attended with difficulties not appreciated by an observer,



DRESSING UP FOR THE CIRCUS PERFORMANCE.

however close. In the first place, the lion's jaws are so slippery with saliva that if any impatient force were used in helping him to open his mouth, up would fly the lifting hand—possibly to be seized by the rapacious brute as an instrument threatening him with a blow. The thrilling part, however, is the insertion of the head—it is thrilling, too, in a way the spectators know nothing of. The temples of the performer pass between the lion's fangs, and in Mrs. Sanger's case the fit was so tight that each temple was grooved by its continual insertion and withdrawal between these dreadful points. This was decidedly creepy.

"Still, I was very fond of Wallace," went on Mrs. Sanger, reassuringly, "and so was he of me. I was never afraid of him." There was one lion in the group, however, that Mrs. Sanger had her suspicions about. In jumping with the others through the hoops and on the pillars it always lurked behind, with head down and eyes turned up at her. One day it seized her by the thighs with both paws, and as she strove to beat it off its savage claws were dug into her head. In a moment she was down, and, happily, unconscious. The keepers rushed in, and beat the brute off with iron bars. Next day the Lady of the Lions went through her performance with her head bandaged! Double prices were, of course, charged, and more people had to be turned away than were accommodated in the house.

These were nice stories over a domestic cup of tea! Mrs. Sanger, however, is still fond of lions, and until recently had one in her caravan. It used to sleep with the cat and the pug dog; and follow her about the show grounds to the consternation of the crowd, who looked on wondering—at a respectful distance.

"I was so fond of that lion," she proceeded. "Whenever it saw me put my bonnet on, it knew I was going out, and would look up at me so pleadingly, just like a dog when it wants its master to take it out. There, I regularly cried when it died."

"Now, I'll tell you what you shall do," broke in Mr. Sanger, "to-morrow, if you like—at any rate, before you leave us. We've got four lions and a tiger in the den here. My niece performs the serpentine dance amongst them. You shall go in amongst them and walk once round, touching them up with your stick."

It was bad enough to listen to Mrs. Sanger's stories. To expect me to fall in with proposals of this kind on the top of them was like expecting a child, after you have made him shudder with tales of ghosts,

to go down into a dark cellar without a light. However, three days later I did go in, and walked once round.

"Round again! Once more!" cried Mr. Sanger, who was standing outside.



LORD GEORGE SANGER.
(PRESENT DAY.)

(From a photograph by Messrs. A. & G. Taylor.)

"No!" I said most distinctly and emphatically; "let me out!" and out I popped very quickly, as soon as the trap-door in the bottom of the cage was raised.

During my walk round, the lions leapt nimbly enough out of my way; but there was a reluctance about the Bengal tiger that I didn't like. It kept its head low, with its eyes turned up at me and hanging about me in a way that recalled the conduct of the lion that attacked Mrs. Sanger. This was enough for me, and when I got outside I could hear my heart beat.

My first appearance as a circus-performer was in the perhaps very natural part of clown. At least, while I was being made up, I heard the remark—

"That chap was cut out for a clown."

It was the day after I joined the show. At twelve a bell was rung—the signal for getting ready for parade—and I proceeded to the dressing-tent, which is divided into three compartments—one for the grooms and black men, one for the clowns and other performers, and one for the ladies. Good-humoured chaff is indulged in while we are transforming

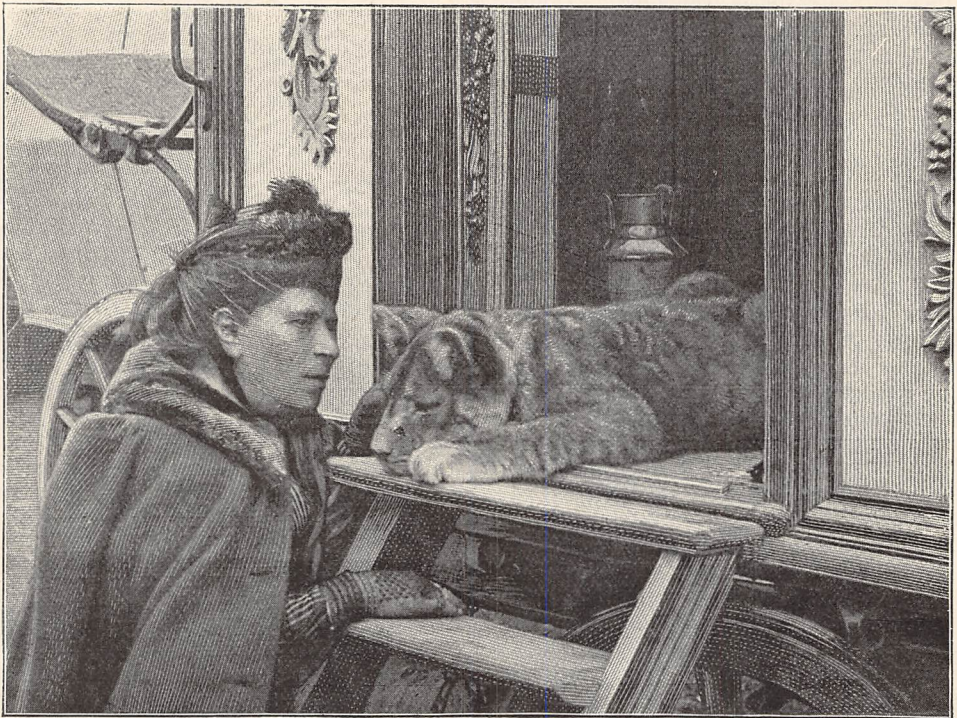
ourselves from ordinary mortals into gay butterflies whose pathway in popular esteem never a care has crossed, or into heroes whose only business it is to prance through life on fiery steeds. Inquisitive boys peep cautiously round the tent hangings to gratify their insatiable longing to see more and ever more of circus matters. They are easily dispersed, however, and rush terrified away whenever a black man, making a rapid stride or two towards them, emits some inarticulate bellow.

Sometimes boys make a closer acquaintance with this tent than they relish. It is impossible to subdue a boy's desire to see a circus performance, as every mother knows and every man who has been a boy. Often, however, the want of a few coppers prevents him from entering by the ordinary portals; so he takes a walk round the tent, and when he thinks no one is looking creeps under the canvas. Circus people know the ways of boys very well though: no class has had so much experience of them. The consequence is these little boyish methods are well provided against, and when a lumpish lad is captured, an example is made of him. He is taken to the dressing-tent, his face is whitened and his nose painted red; dark and lugubrious lines are drawn down from the

corners of his mouth. His jacket is then put on the wrong way so that being buttoned up behind he can't take it off, and so long as it is on in this fashion he can't lift his hands to his face. Then he is turned loose into an unfeeling world. Everybody, except perhaps his mother, laughs at him. His companions enjoy the fun so much that they call other companions to share in it, and so heighten it. There is nothing for him but to go home as he is, and as he goes the jeering crowd about him accumulates. Mud is thrown at him. His comical appearance becomes more and more comical. Reaching home he is unrecognisable; and when recognised, after making the baby cry and his sisters shriek, his father takes him in hand—and a cane as well.

Meanwhile, to return to my preparations for parade, the chief clown, whose place I am to fill, has whitened my face with whiting, and reddened my nose with vermilion, adding other marks to my face in keeping with the character I am to play. He has bedecked me in a cut-away coat of a pronounced pattern, exaggerated stand-up collar and bow, an enormous hat, etc., and I am ready.

"What have I to do?" I ask, somewhat apprehensive that I might break down.



MRS. GEORGE SANGER WITH HER FAVOURITE LION CUB.

(From a photograph by A. M. Bliss & Co., Lewes.)



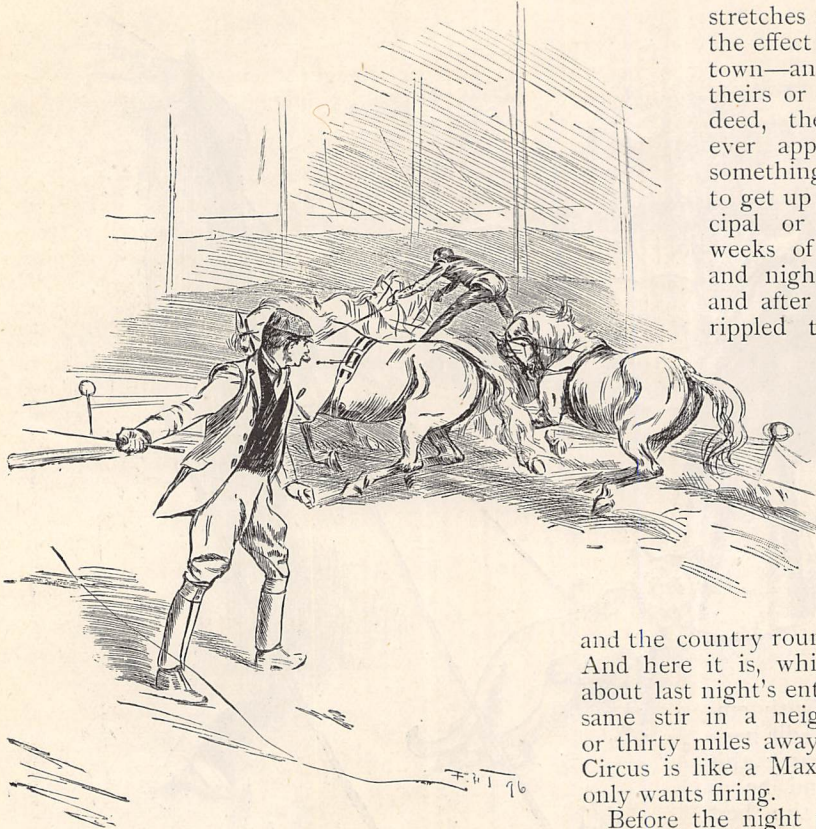
MRS. SANGER TAKES HER PET LION FOR A
STRGIL.

"You," he replied (with emphasis on the "you"), "will have to do nothing. Just carry this brush in your hand, and be as you are. You make the best clown ever I saw."

Immediately behind us in the procession came the elephants, and round them a crowd of boys. It is rare, indeed, that something amusing does not happen with them. In the present case a boy's cap dropped off, and an elephant made no more to do than simply extend his trunk, pick it up, and pass it into his mouth. The boy looked aghast at his disappearing cap, and then at the keeper as though he expected that functionary to go after it and recover it. As is well known, men working on the road usually lay their coats down just where they are working. This is a dangerous practice when a circus is in the town, and often has an elephant made a hasty meal of such stray garments. In another procession I was in later on, an elephant deliberately walked to the side-path and knocked over a box of carrots, helped itself to three or four, and then rushed back to its place in the roadway again.

Attached to the circus are thirty very small ponies. Their only duty is to run loose through the streets behind the procession. All the rest of the day they roam

about the circus grounds, and, as in the case with idle people, having nothing to do they have acquired extraordinary cunning. Ladies and children frequently bring dainties in baskets "for the dear little ponies." One lady, who had brought a basketful of cakes, after feeding them was walking away, when one deliberately planted his fore-foot on her skirt to stop her. He did stop her, for he pulled the skirt right off. Another trick of theirs is to haunt the different messes of the men at meal-times. These messes are held in the open air. Quite silently up will come a pony, thrust his head over some absorbed diner's shoulder, and help himself from the tin platter. At the back and underneath Mr. Sanger's living-carriage is the cupboard; it is fastened when shut by a wire loop put



A CIRCUS REHEARSAL.

on a staple and kept in position by a piece of wood. One morning, after the sausages and bacon had been cooked for breakfast, the servant-girl went to fetch the bread. There was no bread there, though three loaves had been put in the previous evening. The ponies had actually lifted the piece of wood out of the staple, opened the cupboard door, and devoured the bread!

An impressive feature of a great circus is the rapidity of its movements. Townsfolk waken up, and lo! a hitherto deserted waste is covered with canvas, figures are actively bustling about, smoke is curling up from camp-fires and from the chimneys of caravans, gaily-painted and grotesquely-shaped vehicles stud the ground—a spot, in short, noted for nothing but its desolate appearance has suddenly become transformed into a pleasing scene of animation and the most attractive place in the town.

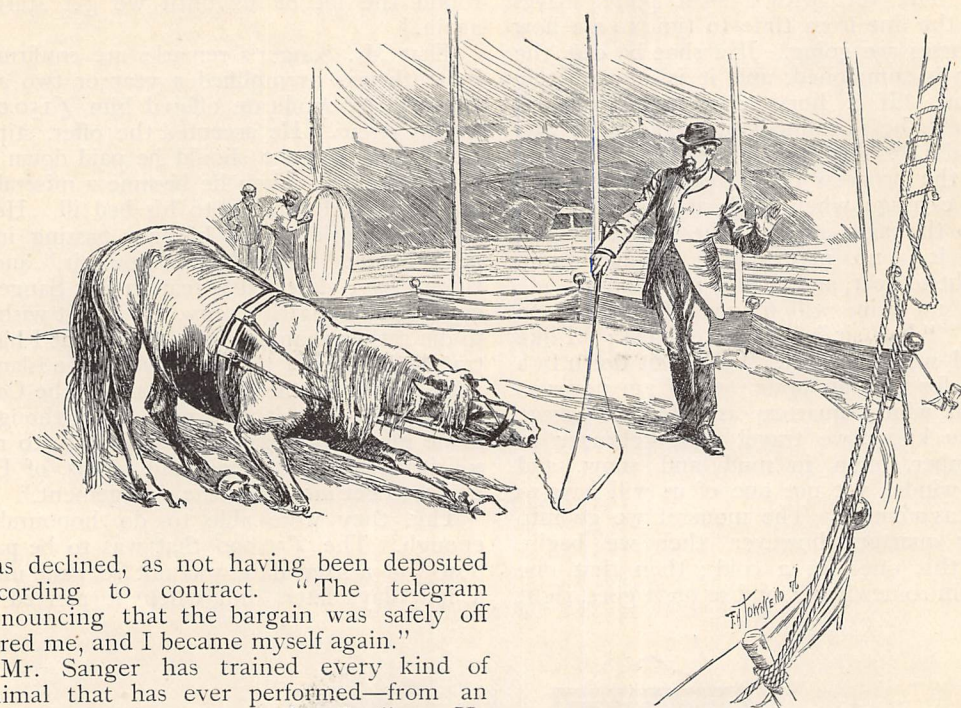
Next morning chaos has come again. The old field has resumed its wonted deserted aspect—the circus has gone. This has given rise to the common notion that circus people never sleep. The townsfolk see the great

stretches of canvas, and they feel the effect of the display upon the town—an effect that no effort of theirs or their neighbours, or, indeed, the combined town, has ever approached. They know something of what it costs them to get up a *fête*, or to rouse municipal or political enthusiasm—weeks of preparation, and days and nights of worry and work, and after all they have not even rippled the ordinary course of events. Here, however, as if dropped from the clouds, a great show appears; men knock off their work early to go to it, country folk drive in from a distance of twelve miles for the same purpose—in short, the whole town

and the country round have paused to look. And here it is, while they are still talking about last night's entertainment, creating the same stir in a neighbouring town twenty or thirty miles away. The fact is, Sanger's Circus is like a Maxim gun, so made that it only wants firing.

Before the night performance is over the labourers have already taken down the front and packed it up; and, while the people are still pouring out, the seats are being taken down, piled up, and loaded. An attack is then made on the tent itself, it is lowered, its thousands of square yards of canvas rolled up and packed into the waggons within an hour of the closing of the show. The day's work is now done, and the night-watchman comes on duty. With a lever of the pump-handle pattern he pulls the 500 tent-stakes out of the ground during his lonely vigil, and for this receives twopence a week from each labourer—an addition, of course, to his ordinary pay as watchman. Meanwhile, the grooms, stretched on "kips" of straw and wrapped in blankets, are asleep, along each side of the stable-tent and within a foot or two of their horses' heels.

The time of starting in the morning may be three and it may be as late as seven, according to the distance to be travelled. An hour's work is sufficient to put everything in readiness for the road. Mr. Sanger's own carriage leads the way and regulates the pace. All the others follow in fixed order—those required early in the operation of erecting the show in the front, while the trusted agent brings up the



A CIRCUS HORSE TRAINED BY "LORD GEORGE."

was declined, as not having been deposited according to contract. "The telegram announcing that the bargain was safely off cured me, and I became myself again."

Mr. Sanger has trained every kind of animal that has ever performed—from an oyster and a hare, to a seal and a lion. He designs and cuts out with his own hand the costumes required for his companies. He designs, too, and has made by his own workmen the circus carriages and caravans. He has even painted the show-front.

Nor is there anything that showmen suffer that Mr. Sanger hasn't suffered. In his early days, when each day's wants consumed each day's takings, he has had his children die in his caravan: yet he has had to strut all the more in front of the booth and "cackle" all the louder so that he might induce the people to "walk up" and so procure the means of burying his offspring. In his early travels he has come to a toll-gate and found himself unable to pay the toll necessary for the passage of his waggon, and has gone back to perform to any group of rustics he might be able to gather on the wayside, and then "nob" them—the show term for passing round the hat.

On one such occasion he offered the toll-keeper a Chinese gong worth £3 for the paltry sum of fifteen pence. The toll-keeper, however, knowing nothing of the instrument, naturally declined it. Mr. Sanger turned his horse round, and let it go as it pleased. He himself didn't know where to go or what to do. He was in despair, for business had been bad.

"On the way," to tell the story in his own words, "we met a clergyman with his lady

and four children. The clergyman, accosting me, said—

"What have you got to exhibit in the caravan?"

"I mentioned the performing hares, but was afraid to say anything about my being a conjurer. So he asked me if I could show them to the children.

"Yes, sir," I said eagerly.

"Come in here," said the clergyman, meaning a public-house close by.

"So I took the hares in, and amused the party for about half an hour upon the tap-room table. At the conclusion of the entertainment, this best of all good parsons put his hand into his pocket and gave me ten shillings.

"Made again!" said I, as I jumped into the caravan; and turning my horse round, went back in triumph to the toll-gate."

Such were the humble beginnings of Lord George Sanger. Yet in the year when Sir David Evans was Lord Mayor of London, a school-boy, on being asked what a peer was, answered—

"A lord, sir."

"Name one or two."

"Lord George Sanger and the Lord Mayor of London!"

W. B. ROBERTSON.

THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT MAIN-NA.

BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE, AUTHOR OF "THE TRANSLATION OF DEAN MORETON," ETC. ETC.



T was in March, 1886, and the thermometer marked 103° in the shade. I was quartered with two fellow-officers in charge of the outpost at Main-na, where our duty consisted in keeping the roads open and looking after the Dacoits who infested the country for miles round. Lower Burma was quiet enough. Prendergast had done his work, and done it well. Theebaw was a prisoner, and the country quiet; but acts of secret reprisal, robbery and murder were of daily occurrence, and it was to check these that I had been sent up-country with a handful of loyal Sikhs.

Our little camp was dull enough; our sole recreation occasional shooting expeditions and more frequent whist. Sometimes we received visits from Wrottesley, the Resident whose bungalow was at the foot of the hill we occupied. At others, we descended and played with him. But on these occasions we were driven to dummy whist, as we could not all three leave camp together.

One night about the middle of March, Martingale and I had gone down to the Residency, leaving Walley in command, and we had received the customary welcome from Wrottesley. He was a good specimen of the type of man who builds up our empire in the East. Herculean in figure, full of character, possessing an indomitable will, and absolutely fearless, he was ready to face any peril, and went through life with a smile upon his face. He was, in short, a typical Englishman, a living example of the triumph of mind over matter.

"I wonder you aren't dead," exclaimed Martingale, as our host mixed a gin and soda. "This country is a perfect Hell."

"Use, my dear chap. Use is second nature. This place is positively healthy compared with Kulema, where I used to be. That's a matter of four hundred miles west of this, and there it was almost a waste of time to order dinner; before you had eaten tiffin you might be buried before it was cooked."

"That sounds rather nice," I said; "it's consoling to know that we might be worse off than we are. But I agree with Freddy that this place is pretty beastly. It isn't the heat only—though that's bad enough—but it's the awful gloom of it. One day like

another: nothing to do. The hideously serene, unexpressionless faces round about; the lack of companionship; and then the eternal being on the *qui vive* for something to happen that never does. It's enough to make one go mad."

"It is if you take on like that," replied the Resident. "But why do you? Take a lesson from me. I never exert myself; I do my routine as it occurs; read my mail when it comes; write my despatches when they are due; and then I reap my reward when the round is done, and go home on furlough."

"But how about when you come back?"

"I'm not coming back; I've done my twelve months; and next year I shall have a berth down river, somewhere out Prome way, where the temperature never goes over 90°. And I'll tell you chaps a secret"—he smiled as he said this, and read our looks of inquiry—"I'm not coming back alone, either!"

Martingale whistled.

"This is real news," he said. "When is it to be?"

"Well, I go home in October, and shall probably be married in February, returning at the end of the year. The Commissioner minuted my appointment last week."

We congratulated him, and resumed our game in better spirits.

We stayed at Wrottesley's till quite late, and had many an awkward collision with brush and bush on our homeward climb through the darkness. But we reached our tents before midnight, and found Walley fast asleep and all serene.

Shortly after breakfast the next morning we were surprised by the appearance of Martingale's servant Tommy, who was evidently the bearer of some bad news.

"If you please, sir, here's that chap with the awful name from the Resident. He's talking a lot of rubbish as I can't make out, and I think there's something wrong with Mr. Wrottesley."

We both sprang up and, regardless of the heat, went out to where the messenger stood. We found the sirdar bearer and confidential servant who had waited on us overnight, who was evidently in a perturbed state. His usually copper-coloured complexion had become ashen; his sarang, till now always carefully swathed and falling in faultless folds, was awry. His story was soon told. Something was wrong with his master. He was

ill, very ill; perhaps dead. Would we come?

Martingale and I glanced at one another.

"Do you stay here, Cranstone," he said, "and I will take Walley with me. He has had more medical experience than you have."

And then he called Tommy and bade him fetch quinine and opium, the small case of instruments, and some mustard-leaves from the chest. In five minutes they were off, and I was left alone with my thoughts.

The incident had thrown a gloom around. What should be ailing with Wrottesley? He was not the man to sicken easily; he was young, strong, and seasoned. I had parted from him but seven hours ago, leaving him fit and well as could be. Then it struck me that there had been foul play. I had often thought that it was, to say the least, rash of Wrottesley to live alone with only five or six natives for a retinue and guard. He had laughed and replied that the headmen of the village were responsible for him; but I pointed out to him at the time that this was but an imaginary security. And now, as likely as not, he was dead—murdered, of course. I felt an irrepressible longing for the return of my companions.

They came sooner than I expected. Barely three hours after leaving me they came back, weary and exhausted with the heat.

"Let's have something to drink," exclaimed Walley, who spoke first. "I'm done up."

I mixed two drinks and watched them disappear.

"Well?" I asked.

"All up," replied Dick. "Dead as a door-nail. Must have died soon after you left."

"What was it?"

"Impossible to say," responded Martingale. "The body was quite cold when we got there. It must have been very sudden, and I hope painless. Features quite composed; nothing suspicious about; no signs of violence. Heart or apoplexy, I should say. Poor devil!"

"Give me another drink," added Dick.

I did as I was bid in silence. I was appalled. Used as I had become to face death in many forms, there was something wistfully sad in the sudden cutting-off of this fine young life. He could not have been more than three or four and thirty; and he had been so full of hope. Counting on going home and getting married. It was shocking.

"I want you to go and look at him," said Martingale. "Go and make a careful examination, quite as if we hadn't seen him. Then you can make a separate report, and I can send yours in along with mine."

I saw the good sense of the captain's orders,

and at once started on my errand. Accompanied by my servant Chuckerbutty, I descended to the village, where I found the Residency guarded by the dead man's retinue, while a little knot of natives hung about and chattered, with frequent glances towards the verandah. I mounted the steps and entered the dead man's room. It was precisely as the others had said. There he lay calmly and naturally, at peace with all the world in death as he had been in life. I surveyed the corpse as it lay, and then, after glancing round to make sure that no one lingered in the room, I stripped the body of its pyjamas and carefully looked it over inch by inch. No; there was no sign of violence; no suggestion of the slightest abnormality. The body was exceptionally free from marks of any kind. A mole on the left shoulder and a scar on the left knee, evidently a very old one. Beyond these there was absolutely nothing—not so much as a pin's prick.

Then I examined the lips—I could not open the mouth—but found no suggestion that could help me. The idea of poison, which I had pondered over on the way down, was untenable. Poisons left their traces in the eyes, the rigour of the muscles, the perfume of the breath. No poison had been used here. It was, after all, as Martingale had said: heart or apoplexy; probably a rush of blood to the head.

So I came away and returned to camp, weary and sad, to discuss the funeral with the others.

We buried him on the hillside that night, and sent a full account of what had happened to the Resident at Bhamo. Then we lit our pipes and smoked and thought—at least I did, and so also did Dick. I rather fancy that Martingale, more hardened to death than were we, and perhaps less imaginative, had dismissed the subject from his mind. Anyway, he appeared to resent our silence, and chaffed us more than once about our troubled looks.

"The poor beggar had a stroke, there's no question about that; and he's gone, poor chap. So may you or I be to-morrow. But what's the good of being glum? It won't help him, and it does you chaps a deal of harm, and bores me. Pull yourselves together and we'll have a game of dummy."

We got the cards and started a game, but it was a dismal failure. The captain took dummy, but his adversaries tried him severely. My thoughts were constantly straying, nor could I recall even the aces that fell; while Martingale's irritability was brought to a crisis when, towards the end of the second round, Walley revoked. Then Martingale rose.

"I enjoy a game," he said, "and I don't mind winning your money; but I'm not a thief, and I don't want presents. Put the cards away, for Heaven's sake. I'll go and play spoof with Tommy."

He did not put his threat into execution, however, but lay back in his chair and puffed hard at his manilla in silence.

Dick broke the spell.

"Look here, Freddy," he said, "I don't mind what you say to me, and I don't suppose Cranstone does either. Of course we have

"Do you agree with Walley?"

"I do and I don't," I replied. "I, of course, see that apoplexy or heart-failure are the only diseases that satisfactorily account for the suddenness and apparent ease of death; but I cannot bring myself to regard poor Wrottesley as having been subject to either."

"It isn't necessary for a man to be subject to apoplexy in order to have it," he retorted; "you ought to know that. The heat will often bring it on. It's ridiculous trying to create a mystery over such a business; of



"HIS MASTER WAS ILL, VERY ILL; PERHAPS DEAD. WOULD WE COME?"

both been playing awfully badly. We know that, and admit it, so you needn't get in a puff about it. Well, I'm going to tell you something, whether you like it or no; and I'm very much mistaken if Cranstone don't agree with me. I don't believe—and I won't believe—that Wrottesley died a natural death. So you can report it as apoplexy or syncope, or hydrophobia if you like, and you can report me for insubordination in the bargain, but I'll be hanged if I'll believe it if you have me court-martialled. So there."

Martingale started to rise from his chair, but changed his mind, and, turning towards me, put the question—

course it was unexpected, but that doesn't make it impossible. For my own part, I think you chaps are a couple of hysterical girls, and I've had about enough of you for one day, so I'm going to turn in," and Martingale emptied his glass and quitted the tent.

I glanced towards Dick.

"Bring him back," he said.

I rose and got outside just in time to see the captain closing the inner flap of his sleeping-tent, which was pitched between Walley's and mine, opposite where I stood.

We sat brooding in silence, broken only by the occasional buzzing of a mosquito. Now and again the whirr of a bat's wing as it careered

over the canvas roof struck our ear, but the rest was as still as death. We sat thus for the best part of an hour, each full of his thoughts. For my part, I was trying to solve the mystery which, in my own mind, I felt certain overhung the death of Wrottesley. I strained every muscle of ingenuity to invent some possible scheme of vengeance or villainy which could have resulted in causing a death such as I had seen. But to no purpose; and I at length gave it up and resolved that, after all, perhaps the captain was right, and it was apoplexy or syncope.

"I'm going to turn in," said Walley suddenly. "I shall be glad when to-morrow comes."

And I echoed the sentiment as we quitted the tent together, and each made for his night's quarters.

Contrary to expectation, I soon fell asleep and slept soundly. Nor was my repose broken by dreams.

I woke with a start, to find Dick shaking me by the shoulder. It was late, and the sun was high in the heavens.

"What's the matter?" I demanded, feeling a sense of impending misfortune. "Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Freddy's gone in the night!"

"Gone! Bolted? Disappeared?"

"Dead!" he replied, "like the other chap."

"Good God!"

We gazed at each other. We felt lost. Neither knew what to do or say.

Walley pulled himself together first.

"Come along," he said, and I went with him towards the captain's quarters. We drew back the flap and entered.

There, on his camp bedstead, lay Frederick Martingale on his back, dead and cold. His eyes were open, but his features were composed. No sign of suffering, no trace of anguish, was to be seen. There was nothing to point to the cause of death. We carefully felt the body; we searched the bed; we stripped the corpse and sought for a wound, a drop of blood, a little puncture: There was nothing there.

"One of us must go to Bharno," I suggested, "and fetch the doctor. This must be inquired into."

Walley nodded.

"Better send," he said. "One of us may be needed here."

I saw his point. Who could tell who would be the next victim?

We left a guard over the tent and, having hastily dressed, we met again in the mess tent. Then we drew up a report of what had happened since dispatching our details

of the Resident's death, and announced our intention of keeping the body above ground until the actual cause of death had been certified by a professional man; and soon after Tommy accompanied by two Sikhs, and mounted on the only three horses we had, started on the road.

Then we busied ourselves with taking steps to preserve the body. We summoned all hands to our aid, and, attached as they were to Martingale, the Sikhs worked with a will. Going to that part of the hill where the slope is steepest, and where the inclination is towards the north, and well shaded from the sun, we dug a burrow like a tunnel running in the hillside. It was heavy work, but by dusk we had got some distance down. The burrow was four feet square, and nearly twelve in length, running horizontally. We then, after covering the body, carried the bed on which it lay and placed it in the burrow, and then we left it with two men on guard, to keep the pariah dogs away.

Then we held a council of war. We were agreed that the occurrences of the past two nights had been due to foul play. Even if one of the deaths had been caused by apoplexy or heart-failure, was it probable that two such cases would occur in the same place to two of the four Englishmen gathered together? The idea was absurd, and we realised that both the dead men had been murdered by some new ingenuity of the Dacoits or Fakirs who had been sent to dismay us. But what were we to do? Who would be the next victim? If either Walley or I were to go, what would become of the men, all of them superstitious to a degree? It was patent that we must not run any risk. And the only means to ensure this was not to separate. Till succour came from Bharno we must stand by each other. It was Wednesday. We could hope, in any case, for the doctor to arrive on Saturday at latest; and if he tried his best, he might get to us on Friday. We decided that we would not go out of each other's sight till then.

It was a dreary vigil. That night we slept in the same tent. At least, Dick slept, and I tried to. Once I did get off, but only to endure a most hideous dream, which culminated in my seeing a man's head peer under the bottom edge of the tent cloth at the foot of my bed. It was but a dream, but the horror of it—for the man's face was very hideous—woke me, and I sprang out of bed to find—nothing. I even went outside, to discover only the sentry at his post and all well.

I got up and dressed, and tried to get interested in a copy of the *Times* three

months old, but to no purpose, and so I smoked and tried to think of pleasant things, until daylight came and Dick awoke to laugh at my confessions.

The day passed grimly enough. We went as far as the burrow once and peered in ; but death was doing its work, and it was a gruesome sight. We covered up the entrance, so as to exclude the air as much as possible, and then went back to camp and found the thermometer registering 105°. That night I took a grain of morphia, without result, and passed a sleepless night, to find myself with a touch of fever in the morning.

Shortly before noon, at the hottest time in the day, Chuckerbutty came to me with the startling announcement that Tommy was returning in company. It was true. Tommy was well in sight on the crest of the hill, and there was a well-mounted stranger alongside him.

In a quarter of an hour they arrived. Tommy with his Sikhs had ridden day and night. They changed horses twice on the outward journey by dint of something more than persuasion, and on hearing how urgent things were with us, the Resident at Bharno had at once asked the station doctor to ride over, promising that he would confer with the Sub-Commissioner as to reinforcements without delay.

Dr. Mitchell, who had started within half an hour of receiving his summons, and had ridden, with only two rests of under an hour each, over a very rough country for twenty-nine hours, proved himself a rare acquisition. Clever, good-natured, and experienced, he proved at once a charming companion and a skilful surgeon. He was, in short, a tower of strength, and as soon as he had dismounted and entered the shade of the mess-tent, he turned to me—

"You had better go to bed," he said. "You've got a fever on you."

I knew that perfectly well, but I could not rest till I had learned something.

"I'm worried and anxious, doctor," I said, "and shall be better when I have heard your report."

"All right," he rejoined. "Have you kept him above ground?"

We explained.

"Um! A sort of half-and-half arrangement, eh? Well, we'll wait till the sun goes down, and then we shall soon know all about it."

The time passed slowly enough; but at last the day had sped, and it became possible to breathe. Then they started, leaving me behind; for I felt weak and ill, and dared not venture in the sun.

They were gone a long while. It seemed

hours to me. And when they returned, I saw that Walley appeared deeply affected, while the doctor was even more cheerful than before.

"You can ease your mind right away," he said, in reply to my look of inquiry. "The cause of our friend's death was cerebral hæmorrhage or apoplexy—call it which you like."

"You are quite satisfied that the death was a natural one?"

"Quite. I opened the cranium and satisfied myself."

"And you found that there was blood on the brain?"

"Enough to fill a pint pot; and when you remember that a single clot the size of a pea is sufficient to cause death in a few minutes, that ought to satisfy you."

"You have no doubt whatever about it?" I asked vaguely.

"Absolutely none."

"Could such a death have been caused by a blow?" queried Walley.

"Certainly, but not in this case; for, as you see, the skull is not damaged."

"Then the mischief was probably automatic?"

"Unquestionably."

Then the doctor smiled.

"Anything else you want to ask?" he added, turning to relight his cigar.

There was not, so we spoke of other things, and my spirits rose, for a ghastly fear was taken off my mind.

That evening I succeeded in pulling myself together. Dick, too, was in high spirits. Our anxieties had all been groundless, and after dinner I felt fit to join in a game of cards, which lasted till midnight. Then we went to bed, after seeing the doctor deposited in a hammock slung in the tent in which Freddy Martingale passed away.

In the morning I rose as usual, early, feeling better than I had done since Wrottesley died. I roused Walley, and then went to the doctor to wake him; but he lay so sound asleep that I thought it kinder to let him rest after his long ride. So I drew back and went with Dick to bathe. We took our time, and returned to find the doctor still abed; whereupon we entered his tent.

As I passed the opening, I noted that he had not altered his position since I had looked in two hours before. I happened to catch Dick's eye as I gazed at the figure in the hammock. We neither spoke, but going to the sleeper, my companion laid his hand on the doctor's brow. Then he uttered one word, without any sign of surprise or comment—

"Dead!"

So it was that the third victim of fate (!) had passed away. The circumstances were an exact repetition of those that had accompanied his predecessors. No mark or sign of violence; no tell-tale weapon. The man had

discover it, would point a very different tale.

How were we to test our theories? How bury mystery 'neath the flood of truth? We drew up the report we knew so well,



"DEAD!" (p. 655).

gone to rest in the prime of life, hale, hearty, and in perfect health. Now he lay dead. And that was all.

It would prolong my story unnecessarily were I to detail all the incidents of that day. We realised that we had beheld a fresh victim to the awful, the inscrutable vengeance which was being hurled at us by some unseen hand. We knew that, as with the others, a medical examination would point but to a natural cause of death. We believed in our hearts that the truth, could we only

and sent it off. And then we held a council of war. It was evident that the murderer—if murderer there were—must be astute, must have a secret means of inflicting death unknown to medical skill, and sought to work his will on white men wherever he found them, so that they were alone. The two nights when nothing had happened had been those when Walley and I had kept together. We agreed that had we separated, then we should have met our fate. The question remained, What means could we

take to remain together while our mysterious enemy should believe us to be apart?

We discussed the problem at length, and at dusk retired to rest, each to his own tent, leaving the patrol outside in ignorance of our intentions. As soon as I had closed the entrance, and fastened it securely, too, I lay down on my stomach, and by dint of much struggling succeeded in forcing my body underneath the double skin of canvas at the back of the tent, and, after having ascertained that I was not being watched, I turned to Walley's quarters and wriggled under his canvas, until I stood by his side. We had already agreed as to our course of action. If I had succeeded in evading the unseen eye that we felt convinced was watching us, it was probable that an attempt would be made on the supposed solitary occupant of one of the tents. If it chanced that Walley's tent was the one visited, one of us was bound to see and deal with the Dacoit, Thug, or whatever he was. We had carefully loaded our revolvers, and had agreed to take it in turns to watch and sleep. We had pledged ourselves not to make a sound during the night, unless it became necessary to rouse the sleeper.

As soon as I joined Walley, he extinguished the lamp. It was a clear night, and it was possible to distinguish the furniture and various objects in the tent distinctly. In consideration of my weakened state I was to have the first rest. I accordingly lay down on the bedstead, while Walley sat on his camp-stool. I was tired out and soon fell into a dreamless sleep. Walley told me subsequently that it took quite five minutes to wake me when my time was up; but I speedily pulled myself together, and rose to allow of his taking his turn of bed. It occurred to me as I moved to the seat he had occupied that his position had been far too prominent for our purpose. It was absolutely necessary, if our vigil was to have any chance of success, that any intruder should not see that he was being watched as soon as he entered the tent. I shifted the stool on one side, and carefully moved the drawers and bath away from the side of the tent, so as to leave sufficient space to conceal myself between them and the canvas. Then, with a spare rug to lay on, and a kit-bag for my back, I stowed myself behind the furniture, fairly concealed, but able to command a view of anything that might transpire.

There is nothing more trying or more exhausting than a solitary vigil. One soon tires of keeping the faculties on the alert, and hears all sorts of imaginary sounds, sees all kinds of non-existent things. As I lay wedged

in that eighteen inches of recess, I fancied I could discern all sorts of hideous outlines, and kept hearing whispered voices and mysterious breathings. But my judgment prevailed, and I restrained my impetuosity. And so the minutes sped on, seeming hours, and nothing happened. Then a new terror struck me: I felt that I was being watched. I could not see anything. No particle of evidence offered to justify the idea, but I could not shake it off. I did not picture a human eye gazing at me, but I felt its impact. A consciousness crept over me that I was being played with. I realised the sensations of the mouse when it is interrupted in its gnawing by the intuition of the cat's eye falling on it—before it has seen the cat. I longed to imitate the ostrich and bury my head in the sand, that I might not see my hunter when he disclosed himself. But I reasoned myself into a healthier state of mind, and overcame the terror which engrossed me. It was absurd to show the white feather. After all, however mysterious the recent happenings might appear, they could not be supernatural. Thus I reasoned with myself, losing count of time, until my state of health, or my fears, or the mental strain, proved too much for me, and I fell asleep.

I was awakened by something touching my foot. I just managed to repress the impulse to cry out, in time to notice something living, something moving, on the ground. There was no mistake. I was wide awake as I saw that the something was a man. He had entered the tent as I had done by creeping under the canvas, and had touched my foot in doing so. His attention had presently been centred on the bedstead and its occupant, and he had not noticed me. I heard a faint bulge in the canvas as the brute dragged his feet in, and then, first rising to his knees, he stood up to his full height. I grasped my revolver tightly and covered him as he stood in the dim light, fumbling about in his girdle. I thought I noticed the dull glint of bright steel as he withdrew his hand and moved towards the bed; but the light was bad and I was not quite sure. Then he paused a moment and turned his head towards the entrance, as though to make sure he was alone. He had not made the slightest sound during the whole proceeding. He stood by the side of the camp bedstead, gazing at Walley, his back to me. I heard him mutter something under his breath which I could not catch, and then he stooped over my sleeping comrade.

Bang!

I fired my revolver through the roof and sprang up. In less than a second I had grappled him round the throat. He was very

wiry and determined ; but I had him at a disadvantage, and, in less time than it takes to tell, I heard a responsive shot outside. The camp was alarmed. Walley was awake and tumbled out of bed as the sentry forced his way into the tent.

It took all I knew to hold the devil. But we had him safe, and Walley having struck a light, I handed my captive over to a couple of our men who had joined us, and we were enabled to take his portrait.

He was a very vulgar specimen of a Shan. Naked as when born, except for a filthy rag he wore round his lean body, well above his waist, he was elaborately tattooed from hip to knee, according to the fashion of his country. His face was dirty, his expression criminal. He was a good type of the pronounced Dacoit by conviction. And this, then, was the personification of the Nemesis that had overtaken three good men and true, that would have enveloped Walley and myself had his errand of to-night not failed. We searched him—it didn't take long—and found nothing. We questioned him as well as we were able, but evoked no satisfactory reply.

We questioned the sentry, a trusted man, but with no result. The Sikh swore that no living thing had, did, or could obtain access to the tent without his having known, and further affirmed that he had never seen the man before.

We finally saw him securely bound and placed under guard. Then I went back with Walley to the tent to discuss recent events.

We were both somewhat disappointed at the turn events had taken. That our prisoner was up to no good we felt satisfied, but we had not a tittle of evidence to connect him with the recent murders. And we knew how hopeless it was to expect him to own up and convict himself.

"I should like to know what he would have done if I hadn't disturbed him," I said.

"Thanks," replied Walley. "I'm sure it's a pity you didn't wait and see."

"What was your sensation when you woke?" I asked, disregarding his sarcasm.

"Well, it's a little difficult to say. I was fast asleep, when I felt something touching my eye. I must have lifted my hand to push it away, when I heard a peal of thunder—this being, of course, your shot—and awoke, feeling that something was pulling my eyelid. It was a most extraordinarily queer sensation ; but immediately I grasped the position of affairs it passed out of my mind."

"Do you think that he really was touching your eye?" I inquired.

"No question about it. It felt just like it

does when you get a fly in, and some other chap is pulling the lids apart to get it out. I felt it distinctly, and one eye feels quite achey now."

"That's curious," I replied, as I moved to the edge of the bed to sit down. "Do you mean——"

But the sentence was interrupted by the sensation that I was wounded in the leg, and I promptly sung out and jumped, to find a piece of bright curved steel, some eight inches in length, sticking into my thigh by the pointed end. The weapon, whatever it was, had gone nearly an inch deep, and the pain was considerable.

"What the deuce is that?" exclaimed Walley, as I abstracted the implement and handed to him.

"That must have been the weapon that black devil meant to take your life with," I replied. "See, it is pointed and curved exactly like a surgical needle, but without an eye, and longer."

"By Jove, I can see it all now!" exclaimed Walley. "Come along ; don't let's lose any time," saying which, he led the way out.

I followed him, at a loss to understand what was passing in his mind, but soon saw where he was bent on going. We went downhill to the burrow that now held its second victim. We had the doctor's body drawn out. Then Walley uncovered the face.

"It ain't exactly a nice job," he said with a shiver. "Will you look, or shall I?"

I instinctively drew back.

He accepted the position, and on dilating the left eye caused the eyeball to leave its socket entirely, except for the nerves ; or whatever they were, that connected it to the head at the back.

"I imagine that you have been out of your place once before," muttered Walley, as he peered into the ghastly crater, which looked like a yawning wound. "Look now," he said, as he managed to work the eyeball to one side ; "that is how the fiend did his hellish work. Do you see?"

And I looked and saw a bloody puncture where an implement of death had been forced up into the brain.

There is little more to add. On the third day after the doctor's death we had visitors in camp. Our despatches had caused a sensation, and the Resident, with the Sub-Commissioner from Bharno, an army surgeon and a doctor, as well as a strong body of police, came over express. The doctors bore out the conclusion we had arrived at. The fanatic had murdered his victims by passing the curved needle from behind the eyeball into the brain. The appearance after death was in



"HE STOOPED OVER MY SLEEPING COMRADE" (p. 657).

full accordance with apoplexy; and while the Dacoit was enabled to effect his purpose with certainty, and with a minimum of risk to himself, he was also able, by importing an appearance of the supernatural into the death of such frequent victims, to flatter his soul with hopes of reward in the next world.

We discovered his hiding-place and solved the reason of his constant escape from detection. He had secreted himself between the double skin of the commander's tent. In this space we subsequently discovered a water-bottle and the remains of some food. He had come and gone in broad daylight, and

remained concealed close to his actual or intended victims in perfect safety. Poor old Martingale and the doctor must have undressed within three feet of their murderer.

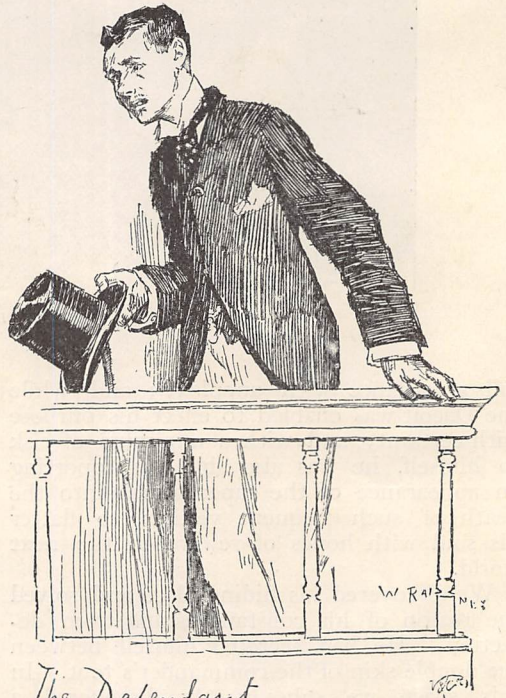
It wasn't a case for us to deal with, much to the disgust of our men. So we handed him over to the Sub-Commissioner, who showed him every attention. He was hanged very satisfactorily, and his body cast into the jungle, where it served a useful purpose in feeding the hyænas. Walley kept the needle as a memento; he used to carry it about with him. Perhaps it is on him now as he lies with a bullet-hole through him on the Randt. Who knows?



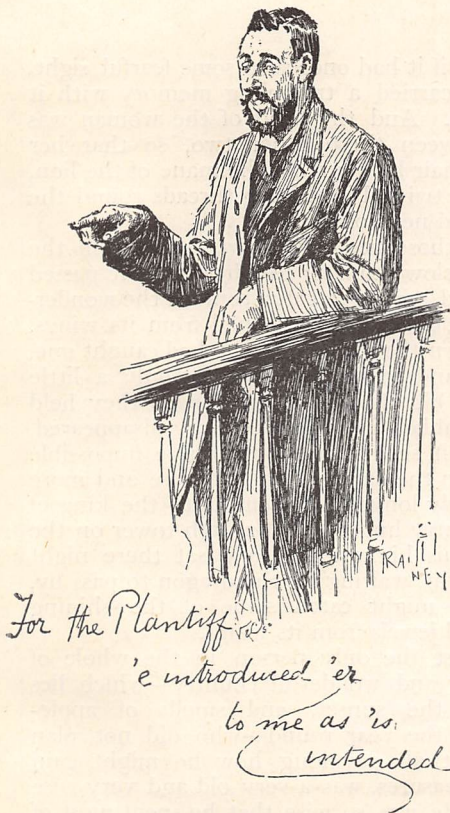
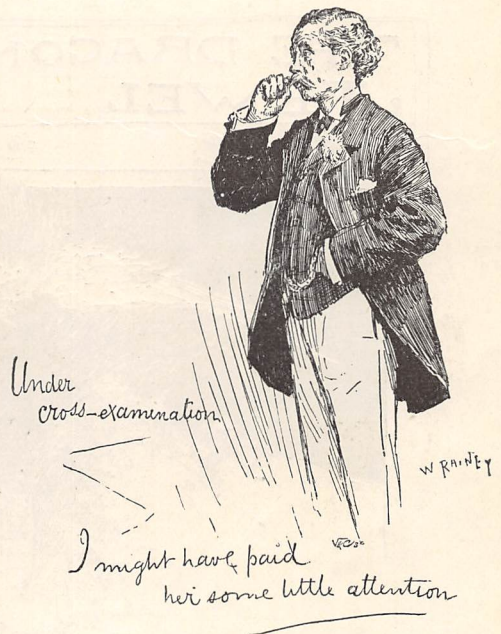
The Jury and The broken heart
A Breach of Promise Case

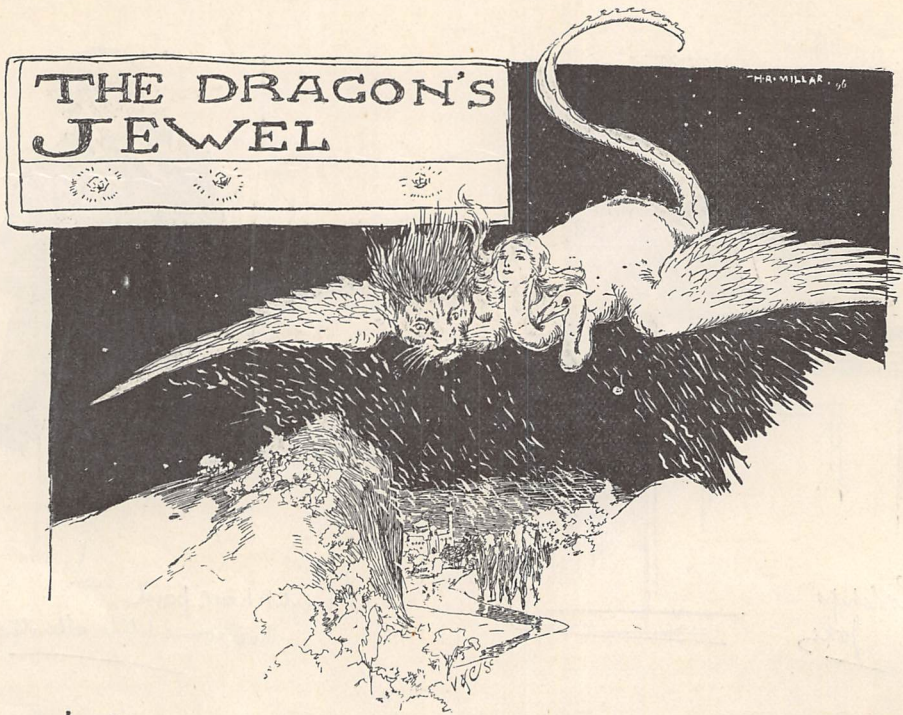


The Plaintiff
"I put up the barms—
— certingly "



The Defendant
"She made me
buy the ring





NCE upon a time a snow-white dragon was flying over a beautiful valley, and the breeze from its wings made a soft lilt and murmur among the trees. The dragon had

three heads, and its gleaming body was transparent as an icicle under the stars; for it was night, and Orion and the Bear glittered in the sky like diamonds on black velvet. And as the dragon flew on, with the strange, sweet stirring of air blowing about it, a stream of fire-flakes fell unceasingly from the shining tips of its wings, so that, in the distance, it seemed to be a great beautiful comet moving, silently and swiftly, over the sleeping world.

Now, as I have said, this white and radiant dragon had three heads. One was the head of a woman, with a lovely face, and eyes as blue and shadowed as the night itself. And they were raised up to the sky, so that the reflection of the stars shone in them, like jewels. The second head was that of a lion, with great, wise, powerful eyes, that were bent upon the forests as the dragon flew on, and that were full of wonderful patience, as if waiting for something that never came. And the third head bore the form of a strange and curious bird; and it looked at nothing, only stretched out its neck with a vacant, terrified

gaze, as if it had once seen some fearful sight, and so carried a trembling memory with it for ever. And the head of the woman was set between these other two, so that her golden hair blew among the mane of the lion, and was twisted in shining threads round the feathered neck of the bird.

And those people who were awake in the world below ran after the dragon as it passed overhead, trying to catch some of the wonderful fiery flakes that streamed from its wings. But, when they thought they had caught one, they found themselves clasping only a little charred bit of stuff, that, even as they held it, crumbled into powder and disappeared. And as it seemed more and more impossible to obtain the flakes of fire, so more and more everybody longed for them, until the king of the country himself built a high tower on the top of his highest hill, and sat there night after night, waiting for the dragon to pass by, that he might catch some of the shining beautiful jewels from its wings.

At last the only person in the whole of that fair and wonderful country—which lies behind the sunset, and smells of apple-blossom the year round—who did not plan and plot all day long how he might gain these treasures, was a very old and very wise man. He was so wise that he spent most of his time in blowing soap-bubbles and making

daisy-chains and cowslip-balls, for he had long ago learnt the secret of Mother Carey, and he knew that, as he could never learn anything more sensible and beautiful, it was quite foolish to seek for further knowledge. And he had one pupil—the king's only daughter. She was nothing in the world but a little girl, in short frocks, and with her hair down; but she was very nearly as wise as the old man. For he had taught her as much of Mother Carey's secret as he could, and he knew that she would find out the rest for herself. Only, as he explained to her, she could never find it out if once she grew up. Because, were she grown-up, she would be quite certain to know how to spell "Bamboozledhippopotamus," and to want some of the jewels from the dragon's wings. And neither of these things could do any good in the world to anybody. But the queen of the country was getting anxious about her daughter; for, as she said, the princess danced and laughed so much in the sunshine, that she had fourteen freckles on the tip of her nose. And that was too large an allowance for royalty!

However, the king and the queen were compelled to leave their daughter to the care of the wise man, for the little princess had come to them from the fairies, and Mother Carey had sent a message with her to say that the wise man, only, was to take charge of her education. And Mother Carey, far away among the mermaids, or lying on the moonbeams telling stories to the sky-fairies, would often smile to herself as she caught the echo of the little princess's laughter, and so knew that the old wise man was teaching her all the very best things in the world.

Well, it happened that one night the princess and the wise man were walking on the side of the hill where the king had built his tower, when the white shining dragon flew, as usual, across the sky. And the princess looked up and saw the stream of fire-flakes flowing from its wings—saw, too, the king hanging out of his highest window, trying to catch some of them in an enormous fishing-net. And the princess was sorry, because she thought that her royal father really looked very undignified. And she spread out her pretty little brown hands and shook her head. And, as she did so, she felt something funny and hard and glowing strike up against her fingers; and, without thinking, she folded her hand tightly over it and held it. And then, looking down, she saw that she was clasping a great glittering jewel in her palm.

She turned it over in her fingers, smiling, and then held it out to the wise man, while the dragon flew onwards, leaving a burning track to mark its flight. And the wise man,

when he saw it, seemed all at once afraid, and bade her fling it from her, as far as it would go, into the pale moonlit lake that lapped the sides of the hill. The little princess lifted her hand to do as he told her, but the jewel shone so beautifully in the moonlight that she was suddenly sorry, and paused.

"Why should I throw it away?" she asked. "It is what my father has wanted for years. I will give it to him instead."

"Throw it away—throw it away," urged the wise man, with a pale face. "It is the one jewel that, every thousand years only, reaches the earth from the dragon's wings. Throw it away! In another minute it will be too late."

But, even as he spoke, his voice, to the little princess, sounded farther and farther away; and the moonbeams that made the night like a transparent palace seemed to knit and gather about her, and grow icy and hard. And, when they had built her round with silver walls, they spun themselves into a stiff-webbed roof, without so much as a single window in it. And the soft, green grass under her feet withered and died; and she stood upon a floor of cold, bright glass. So that, instead of laughing and playing with the wise man upon the hillside, where the breeze was sweet and fresh, and the night full of scents of honey and dew, the poor little princess found herself all alone in a great glittering icy palace,



"EACH OF THESE MAIDENS HELD IN HER HAND
A GLITTERING JEWEL" (p. 664).



"HE BADE THE OLD
MAN GOOD-BYE"
(p. 666).

with no sound near her, except what seemed like an echo of rain-drops upon the roof. And she could not tell that these were the wise man's tears.

He was weeping softly, near at hand, though she was not able to see him. For, while she looked upon what she thought was a vast cold palace, he saw her just as she was. And he knew that she still stood on the blowing turf, with nothing but a moonbeam to cut her off from the world. Only the moonbeam made a great arc above her, like a rainbow, and she was motionless beneath it; and her eyes, while they remained open, yet looked as if she had fallen asleep.

Then a sound of singing came near through the night, and the wise man saw no one, though he knew what it was. But the princess, gazing before her with wide-open eyes, saw a procession of beautiful women stepping slowly towards her between the hard silver walls of the palace, singing as they came. And all their faces were very sad, and their long gorgeous robes fell listlessly about them, and a strange spirit-wind blew through their hair. And each of these maidens held in her hand a glittering jewel, like the one which the princess had caught as it fell from the dragon's wings.

The wise man, when he heard the singing, stooped to the ground and gathered from it a tiny crimson flower; and he rubbed its juices on his eyelids, and whispered an incantation. And then he saw plainly, and knew that these beautiful sad women, with their wonderful song, had surrounded his little princess, who stood charmstruck in the midst of them. And, as if in a dream, she moved away with them; and so passed over the hill-top, fading, like a spirit-maiden, into the embraces of the night. For her footsteps moved like the wind, brushing the dew from the clover, but leaving no print behind. And the wise

man was left alone; while three water-fairies, who rocked among the lilies of the lake, wondered who it was that wept so unceasingly upon the hill.

But the little princess had forgotten all about the old man, and moved on with her new companions, clasping her jewel, and singing with them the plaintive song. And it seemed to her as if they moved down long aisles of gold and silver, between high shining pillars, and through gorgeous arches hung with curtains of gleaming stuff. And so at last they all reached the enchanted land to which the dragon had flown; and when they stepped out of these mysterious corridors into the country which the dragon owned, they found the wonderful, beautiful thing stretched out upon the borders of a lake.

And all the country was flooded with moonlight, and spread with a carpet of shining snow; and the waters of the lake were like crystal, and broke on the shore in glimmering opal waves. And strange fishes, with human eyes, played there; while overhead, white birds, with human voices, flashed to and fro, or rode, like living snowflakes, upon the ripples. And the land was full of music, but it was the music of silver bells and silver trumpets sounding upon a frost-bound world.

The procession of maidens led the little princess up to the quiet resting dragon; and it looked at her with the eyes of the woman, and spoke.

"Poor child," it said. "Poor little human child."

The princess felt a strange thrill pass through her at the sound of the dragon's voice, and she knelt down in the snow before it, and laid her small plump hands on the creature's grisly claws.

The dragon went on looking at her very sadly, for it knew that whatever maiden kept the wonderful fiery jewel which fell every thousand years from its wings was enchanted by the possession of the strange lovely thing,

and was compelled to become a handmaiden in the land of moonlight and snow for ever.

"Listen," went on the dragon, very softly ; "it is not my fault. I have flown over your country every night for thousands and thousands of years, with the fire-flakes streaming behind me ; and for thousands and thousands of years people have tried to catch and keep them. If you had only thrown away the jewel when the wise man told you !"

"I am glad I did not," said the princess. But she was glad only because she was enchanted, and this the dragon knew.

"If you had thrown it away," it went on sadly, speaking from the woman's mouth, "the spell over me and over my frosty moonlit land, and over my sad beautiful handmaidens would have been broken. The sun would have shone in upon us and warmed us. Our trees, which are hung with icicles, would have burst into fragrant buds. And our streams would have ceased to tinkle with ice, and would have bubbled and sung like elves. Each time that the jewel has fallen I have had hope that some maiden would catch it and throw it away. But they have always kept it, and so have come to join us in our sunless country, where everyone is sad, and where, deep among the mountains, the echoes are born."

As the dragon finished speaking it made a sign to the maidens, and they all brought out their harps and sang a melody, sitting round the strange creature, upon the borders of the lake. And, when they had sung, the little princess felt as if she had lost something. For she had forgotten how to laugh.

And so, day after day, she lived in the enchanted country, wandering with the others among the ice-gemmed trees, and watching the strange birds and the strange fishes at play. And when the dragon came through the aisles of the dawn, which was to break in sunshine for the distant world, and stretched itself upon the margin of the glimmering waves, all the maidens gathered round and sang to it—such a sad and wailing song, that sometimes their tears fell upon their harps and, turning to ice, hung there like frozen drops of dew.

Meanwhile, in the country far away, where the little princess had once lived, the apple-blossoms went on blooming ; and the bees went on gathering honey from their shining flowers ; and the world smelt sweet in the sunshine, and sweeter still in the cool of night ; while the years passed on and on, until the king and queen ceased to mourn for their lost daughter, and at last grew so old and feeble that Mother Carey fetched them one night to the Land of Sleep, where the

elves spend all their time in growing poppies and balsam. So that the only person who remembered the little princess was the wise man ; for he had been so very old when she had gone away, that a few thousand years more or less made no difference in the world to him. And he still remembered his pupil, and remembered to weep for her on moonlit nights.

So, in time, quite a new king and a new queen reigned ; and to them also the fairies sent a child. But this time it was a little prince, with eyes as dusky as twilight, and hair as black as the hour before dawn. And the wise man had charge of him, and was told by Mother Carey to teach him all that the fairies knew.

Well, the wise man set about his work, and taught the prince the secrets of the elves. Among other things, too, he told him the story of the little princess. And the prince was never tired of hearing it, but would wander almost every evening with the wise man upon the hill-tops, and watch for the burning flight of the dragon through the night.

As the prince grew older he thought more and more of the little princess, and longed more and more to follow her into the land where the dragon lived. One night he told the wise man so ; and the wise man looked at him gravely, and asked if he were in earnest.

"Yes," said the prince, "I am."

Then the wise man led him to the edge of a cliff hanging over the sea, and pointed down to where the water lapped softly among the rocks below.

"Half way down," he said, "there is a cave, and, deep in its cloistered twilight, there grows a golden flower. Whoever gathers this flower at the stroke of midnight on Midsummer Eve, will feel a great black-winged horse start up between his feet. For the next twelve hours the horse will carry him whither he will."

The prince's great dark eyes were fixed upon the wise man, and they grew full of strange light.

"Will it carry me to the land of the dragon ?"

"That," answered the wise man, "I cannot say ; but it might carry you within reach of the dragon's wings. There, under the feathers on the right-hand side hangs the new jewel, which has been growing for nearly a thousand years, and must be almost ready to fall. Unless it is cut away and destroyed, it will fall, as before, into the hand of a maiden. If she holds it longer than an instant, she, too, will fade from the hillside and go far away into the enchanted land."

"It is worth trying," said the prince; and he went home to wait for Midsummer Eve.

The wise man was upon the cliffs above the cave when the mystic evening fell over the country of the prince. The wise man was very old indeed now; he bent upon a crutch as he walked, and his beard hung down his breast like a fall of snow. The prince knelt on one knee, and kissed his hand.

"If I never come back," he said, "you will always remember that I, too, loved the little princess whom you taught nearly a thousand years ago."

And then he bade the old man good-bye, and climbed down the cliff into the cave; and there, far back against the wet stones, grew the golden flower.

The prince folded his fingers round the stem, and waited for the stroke of midnight. He always knew when this came, for it brought the long sweeping flash of the dragon through the sky. Just as the silver-tongued clocks in the king's palace began to toll the hour, something like a bright star shot into the horizon; and before the dragon looked like anything more than a strange glittering meteor flying onwards upon the night wind, the prince had plucked the golden flower; and, with a rushing of wings and peal of fairy laughter, the black phantom horse sprang up, a dark shadow, between his feet, and flew out of the mouth of the cave into the night.

The prince poised himself between the horse's wings, which beat the air into a breeze, and twisted his hands among the long mane that streamed out from the horse's neck like a cloud. Looking down he saw his own reflection spread dark and flat upon the still sea. Then he looked away to the west, and in the distant pavilions of air saw the dragon glittering like a thousand diamonds set in ice and fire.

Then the prince shouted to his phantom horse, and it shot upwards higher and higher, till the stars grew like yellow globes of light, hanging all about him in a purple dome. And then into the stillness came a strange brightness and rush, and the dragon swept by, looking neither to the right nor the left, with the burning flakes pouring from its wings. And the prince urged his phantom courser right into the shower of fire, which, as it surrounded him, fell on his face and hair, and was first burning-hot and then icy-cold. And it seemed to him as if he were fighting through a glittering nightmare of fear and pain until he reached the dragon's right wing, and then thrusting his hand into a glowing furnace of feathers, he tore out the

jewel and flung it from him far away into the night.

And as he flung it away the dawn broke over the sea, and he followed the dragon right through the gates of the morning, where the clouds floated in a rosy fleece. And as they flew on the dawn followed them, so that their track was all bright with the sunshine; until at last, in a warm golden glory of day, they alighted upon the borders of the enchanted lake.

It was as if they had torn a passage through the frosty moonlit air, down which the glorious sunshine poured. And down the path of sunshine came the fairies, for the fairies love the scents of day. So that, suddenly, in the enchanted land it was noon.

Then down the sides of the hills stepped the procession of maidens with their harps, singing and weeping tears of joy; only this time their tears did not freeze, but fell on the ground and brought forth grass and flowers. And when the prince saw his own little princess—whom he recognised quite well by the wise man's description of her—he knelt down and held out his arms. And she looked in his eyes, and saw there the reflection of the wise man's look. And so, knowing from whom he had come, she went straight into his arms, and stayed there.

By the sides of the lake lay the body of the dragon, very still; and the blue limpid waters played near it, and all along their margin the daffodils had bloomed. And, standing upon the dead body, was the spirit of a woman, with strange eyes and long wonderful hair, who looked at the prince and princess, and smiled.

"They are released," she said, "the souls of my little pale, sad handmaidens. They will come with me to fairyland, for those who loved them on earth have long been dead. But for you two——"

The prince's answer was to set the little princess on the back of the phantom horse, whose eyes shone like glowworms under its dusky mane.

"We shall go back to the wise man," he said, with a smile. And as the shadow-horse flew back through the gates of the dawn, a song followed the prince and princess home to the land where the apple-blossoms grew. And it was no longer the music of a frost-bound country, but a carol of spring sunshine and joy.

So it happened that never again was the glittering dragon seen in its flight across the sky. But what the name of the woman was, and whither she went with her handmaidens, not even the wise man could tell.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

JULY.

BEAUTY and rags always get caught," so runs the old saying, and we have had to acknowledge the truth of it, for our prettiest girl friend is to be married this month. The event is doubly interesting to us, for it is our busy fingers that are making her bridal costume. Of course, we each offered our

ideas as to the prettiest way to have this made, and at last, by the help of our little artist, we planned a sketch. Here it is: the skirt will be made in grey canvas, a cool and semitransparent stuff, and the sleeves will be in grey silk to match the shade of grey that the skirt will look when it is made up over the cream-white silky-looking sateen foundation or, I should rather say, under-slip, as this is to be made up loose from the canvas overskirt, only they will be sewn into the waist-band together, and the body will be of rosy-pink silk covered with grey chiffon. We have a nicely shaped pattern skirt, gored out and pleated in the middle at the back with a widening box-pleat; it will have a three-inch hem sewn up, is quite plain, and just a little shorter at the back than in the front—such a sensible arrangement for a delicate-coloured walking skirt.

As I told you before, buttonhole making and bow tying are my *forte*; but neither is now wanted, so I have turned my attention to cutting out and tacking up the bodices. It certainly takes a lot of thinking out and care, but when successful—which they tell me mine now are—it repays one for any amount of trouble. We were fortunate in getting a pattern exactly to our friend's size, long-waisted and for a slight figure, so that there was no alteration to be thought out. I always make a practice, before cutting, of placing each piece of the pattern out upon the lining, allowing a good half inch everywhere for turnings beyond, then folding the lining double,

with selvedges together, pinning, or, better still, putting a flat-iron on the pattern to keep it in place, and spiking it along the edge of the paper with the point of the scissors, then cut it out; in this way you have the two sides of the bodice exactly alike, as you cut them out at one and the same



A USEFUL BEDROOM-WRAPPER.



OUR BRIDE'S SUMMER COSTUME.

time. Into these marks I put my needle when tacking the lining on to the silk—and I tack all the different pieces on before cutting the silk. Again, when tacking the seams up together stitch it if anything within this thread, but always leave the shoulder seams unstitched, and pin them up with the edges outside until after the bodice has been fitted.

The sleeves will be lined with sateen and the ruffled silk, after the edges have been gathered, pinned in place down the back of the arm to make the tiny folds, and the two edges drawn to the shape of the inside-arm seam and pinned out and fitted on with the body lining; by doing this we get it to fit well into the armhole, and also can fix the little creases in place, finally tacking and stitching into the seam. All this makes a little extra work, but it spares us the disappointment of having a large clumsy sleeve. The top puff is simply a shaped piece of silk, box-pleated and turned up

into the armhole over the round puff of sleeve stiffening.

The next thing to be done is to drape the body with the chiffon. The three little puffings are gathered and sewn down to the silk as marked, and the hook fastenings sewn under the centre one, the edges are cut away close to the stitches and neatened with the long folds of chiffon gathered into neck, shoulder, seam, and waist—a straight silk collar-band with double loops of ribbon to match and a deep frill of chiffon setting out full around the throat. The belt of silk will be made folded tightly on a straight belt, with a draped front piece ending in loops fastened down with four little buttons of paste.

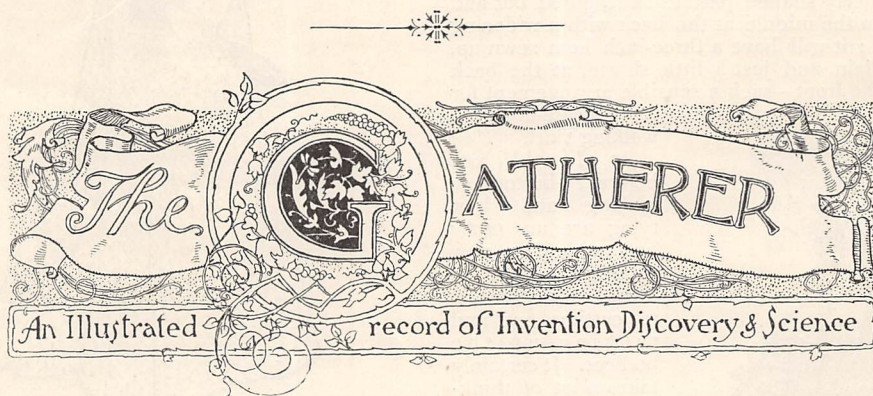
Her hat has a white silk crown, grey chiffon pleated edge, rosy-pink geraniums, and a black and white checked aigrette. The sunshade she has trimmed herself with frills of white gauze inside as they wear them now, and hidden the stitches on the outside by narrow rows of peacock-eye sequin trimming. An artist friend has given her a beautiful knob for the handle, painted in porcelain with a tiny wreath of flowers and dainty little figures. Will not her dress make a lovely summer costume for her to wear all through the season, as future invitations are certain for festive occasions?

I hope you will admire the present of a bedroom-wrapper that my sister and I have made for her. It is in cream-coloured flanelette with a pattern in colours, and is quite thick and warm enough to be made up without a lining. It is loose and easily put on, without looking at all floppy, and has nice large revers that we have lined with blue silk, with a bias fold sewn on and turned over the edge and hemmed on the other side. A high collar becomes her, so we have made one for her to wear when she chooses in black velvet, lined silk, and a pair of cuffs to match, with a scarf of gauze fastened in the neck that she can tie in loops or a large knot.

I have to wear my shot alpaca skirt at the ceremony and a lime-green silk blouse of last summer's, but it will look freshened by a yoke of lace and a neck ruche of mauve ribbon loops. I shall run tucks in the leg-of-mutton sleeves from the elbow to within the depth of a puff from the armhole; this will use up the old-fashioned fulness and make them close fitting, and a shaped cuff turned up of lace will make the wrist look pretty.

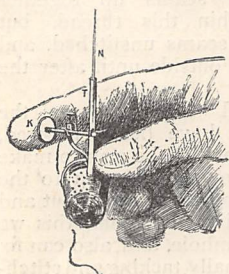
BIZZIE BEE.

Paper patterns in slight and medium size of the summer costume now ready. Price, bodice, 1s. 1½d., skirt 6½d., also of the bedroom-wrapper at 1s. 1½d.—Address, BIZZIE BEE, c/o the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.



Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Needle Threader.

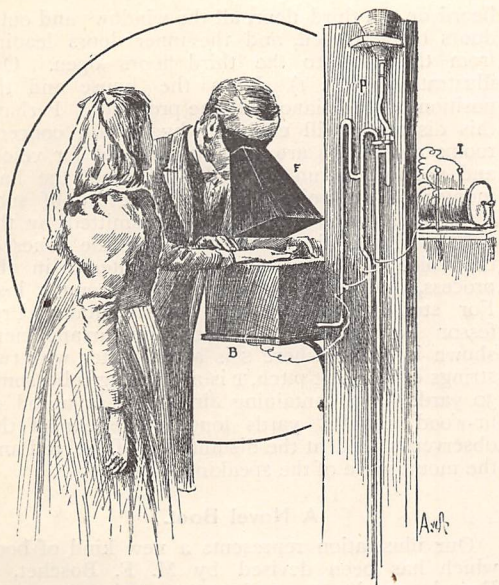


is drawn through the eye by a sliding hook inside the device, which is not shown in the illustration.

The little American device for threading needles which we illustrate will recommend itself to many. It can be fitted to an ordinary thimble by fixing it in a small hole near the bottom of the thimble as shown. The needle, N, is inserted head downwards into the tube, T, and on pressing a spring-knob, K, with the finger, the thread

The Aerodrome.

We have on several occasions referred to the experiments in flying of Professor Langley, Secretary to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, United States, and well known for his researches into the dark radiation of the sun. For some time past he has been engaged in perfecting a flying-machine which he calls an "aerodrome," and, if the reports from America may be credited, has at length succeeded in rising to a height of about half a mile from the ground, at a speed of twenty miles an hour. The "aerodrome" is built on the "aeroplane," that is to say, the "kite," principle, which has also been adopted by Mr. Maxim. It is made of steel, has a great stretch of supporting or gliding surface, and resembles a huge bird soaring and curving in the air. It is, in fact, as we have formerly



MR. EDISON'S LATEST—THE FLUOROSCOPE.

stated, by studying the soaring of birds that the professor has attained to his present success. The motive power which drives the "aerodrome" through the air is steam, the engine being very powerful for its weight. "When the steam gave out," says our authority, "the aerodrome sank gracefully and was picked up undamaged. No passengers were carried on the trial trips," and by that we understand that no persons of any kind were on board, the machine being simply allowed to fly until the steam was exhausted. The experiments, we may add, were watched by Professor Bell, of telephone fame, who is now convinced that the practicability of mechanical flight has been demonstrated. This, however, is no more than Mr. Maxim claims to have done by his experiments, and Professor Bell is not an authority in mechanical engineering, though he did so much for the telephone. Still, Professor Langley's experiments are an advance on those of Maxim, and as such they tend to confirm our belief in the ultimate solution of the great problem of mechanical flight.

The Fluoroscope.

Mr. Edison, the great American inventor, has been working at the "new photography" with a view of finding a substance which would yield a plentiful supply of the famous "X" rays, which produce the mysterious photographs of the living skeleton and hidden objects of metallic or mineral matter. Röntgen himself observed that these invisible "X" rays were produced in the glass of the Crooke's tube, where the electric discharge fell upon it, and several experimenters have since found that various materials become phosphorescent or fluorescent in the rays, and hence that a photograph is not necessary to render them visible. In fact, a piece of cardboard coated with such a material and exposed to the rays enables one to see the Röntgen shadows of the skeleton or

some other hidden object. Barium platino-cyanide was considered the best material for the purpose, until Edison found that tungstate of calcium is several times better. He has therefore devised what he calls a "fluoroscope," by which a surgeon can inspect, as it were, the bones of his patients. Our illustration shows this apparatus and its mode of action, where F is the fluoroscope attached to the eyes of the observer. It is not unlike an ordinary stereoscope in shape, but is very light, and the bottom consists of a cardboard coated inside with crystals of the tungstate of calcium. The box B contains a Crooke's tube, which is excited by an electric induction coil I; and the apparatus P is a Sprengel mercury air-pump for exhausting the tube to the right degree of rarefaction. The "X" rays are understood to be issuing from the Crooke's tube inside the box, and passing through the hand laid upon it to the fluoroscope in which they excite phosphorescence of the tungstate coating, and thus enable the observer to see them. As they are shaded by the bones in the hand, the observer can thus in a manner look at the bones or, at all events, their shadows. In actual practice the air-pump would be disconnected from the box and its tube, so that the essential apparatus would comprise the induction coil, the box, and the fluoroscope proper. Physicians and surgeons have felt the want of a compact and portable apparatus for making their examinations by the Röntgen rays, and Mr. Edison has now provided them with one. It is the neatest and most practicable arrangement that has come within our knowledge.

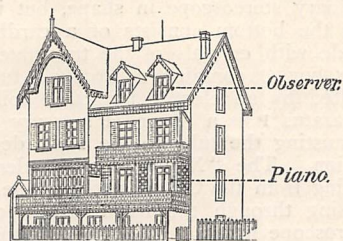
A Silk-bearing Bush.

Now that the French have taken Madagascar, there is little doubt that we shall see a variety of new commodities in Europe, and one of these will be the silk of the "vonimpanoro," a bush which bears a fibre resembling silk as the cotton plant bears cotton. A good idea of the bush will be got from our illustrations, which show the long pointed deep-green leaves, the pretty red flower, the prickly seed cases, and the raw silk adhering



A SILK-BEARING BUSH.

to the seed grains, for the purpose of wafting them on the wind to a distance from the parent plant like thistledown. The fibres are nearly an inch long, and are very fine in quality, having the yellow lustre of yellow silk. It can be collected in September, at the beginning of winter, when the seed-pods break open. Until now the Malagasy have not made much use of the silk, owing, perhaps, to the shortness of the fibres. It has

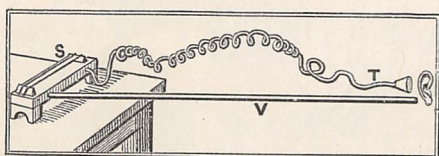


A NEW LAW OF SOUND.—FIG. 1.

been employed to stuff cushions and soften the hardness of the "filanzane," or bamboo palanquin, in which they travel long distances, supported on the shoulders of native carriers. M. George Chapin, a recent French traveller in Madagascar, is, however, of opinion that the mechanical difficulties of weaving the silk are not insuperable, and that through culture of the plant as well as engineering we shall before long be wearing the beautiful cloth of the silk bush. We may add that the process of manufacturing silk from wood, invented by Count Hilaire de Chardonnet and formerly described by us, has been introduced into England, and that a factory is to be built at Manchester. The artificial silk may easily be mistaken for real silk, and it has the advantage of washing better, taking dye better, and not blazing when set on fire. Although not so strong as real silk, it wears as well. Of course it is much cheaper than real silk, and ladies purchasing the latter had better see that they do not get the former.

A New Law of Sound.

M. Albert Lavignac, Professor of Harmony in the Conservatoire de Paris, has discovered what he calls a new law of sound which cannot fail to have an important influence on the acoustics of large halls and houses. It is that solids, such as the walls of a closed building, transmit grave sounds more forcibly than shrill ones, whereas the air in the building transmits shrill sounds more forcibly than grave ones. The consequence is a distortion of music when heard in different parts of the building. He was led to the discovery by noticing the change in a piece of music played on a piano, situated on the first floor of his house, when it was



A NEW LAW OF SOUND.—FIG. 2.

heard on the third floor, all the windows and outer doors being closed, and the inner doors leading from the first to the third floors open. Our illustration (Fig. 1) shows the house and the positions of the piano and the professor. Perhaps this discovery will explain why certain concert-rooms and salons are acoustically good for voices and not for instruments. If it be that the harmonics of the voice or instrument are of such a nature as to be differently transmitted by the walls and the air of the chamber, the tones of the voice or instrument will be altered in the process, and the true *timbre* of the sounds lost. For studying the subject experimentally, Professor Lavignac recommends the arrangement shown in Fig. 2, where S is a sonometer with two strings of different pitch, T is a speaking-tube, some 30 yards long, containing air, and V is a rod of fir-wood about 7 yards long. The ear of the observer is held at the distant end of the rod and the mouthpiece of the speaking-tube.

A Novel Boot.

Our illustration represents a new kind of boot which has been devised by M. F. Boschet, a French gentleman and amateur inventor, but which is not made for sale—at least, up to the present. We have thought the idea sufficiently ingenious to lay before our readers, and no doubt

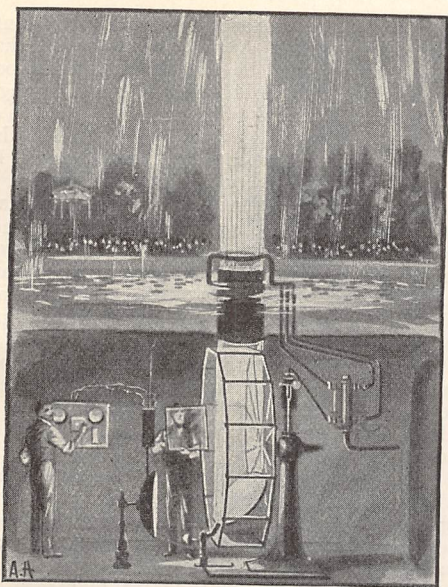


A NOVEL BOOT.

a skilful bootmaker would readily carry it out. As will be gathered from the three figures, the boot is a combination of the "lace up" and "elastic sides" pattern, and partakes of the advantages of both. Fig. 1 shows it when opened out, and Figs. 2 and 3 when laced up. In the former case the foot is simply inserted as into a slipper, and in the latter case as into an "elastic sides," the laces not being undone. This fashion allows of the front of the boot being eased over the instep, and the ankle getting a freer play. The inventor claims that by sparing the foot it diminishes the fatigue of walking to a large extent.

A New Luminous Fountain.

Many of our readers will remember the lovely plumes of coloured spray which Sir Francis Bolton created for our pleasure in the gardens of the



A NEW LUMINOUS FOUNTAIN.

Indian and Colonial Exhibition at South Kensington. His idea has been taken up in most, if not all, civilised countries, and luminous fountains are now a recognised ornament in public exhibitions, hotels, and even private houses. Our engraving shows the inner mechanism of a new and simplified type which has been invented by M. Adamoff, a well-known Russian engineer of Bakou in the Caucasus. It will be seen that the light of an arc electric lamp is reflected from a mirror, at an angle of 45 degrees, up through chimney-hole or tube into the heart of the revolving jets of water, and that the light is tinged with various colours by interposing sheets of tinted glass. In M. Adamoff's invention these coloured panes are disposed round the rim of a wheel, which is kept revolving slowly by means of a hydraulic motor, and the proper panes are inserted or withdrawn as it turns.

Orchids and Ants.

It has been observed that orchids derive some benefit from the numerous ants which overrun them in the tropics, but the precise nature of the service has remained a mystery. According to a naturalist of the Botanic Gardens in Trinidad, the ants appear to foster the growth of a fungus on the roots of the orchid, and this fungus acts as an additional source of nourishment to the plant. Certain South American ants are known to cultivate fungi for their own use, and these may unconsciously sow the seed of the fungi in crawling over the roots of the orchid. Quite recently, we may add, a variety of these fungus-farming ants was found in the neighbourhood of Washington, United States.

The Microbe of the Plague.

The source of that terrible malady, the plague, has been discovered by Dr. Yersin at Hong Kong. It is, as was believed, a micro-organism, which does not appear in the blood of the sick, but in the

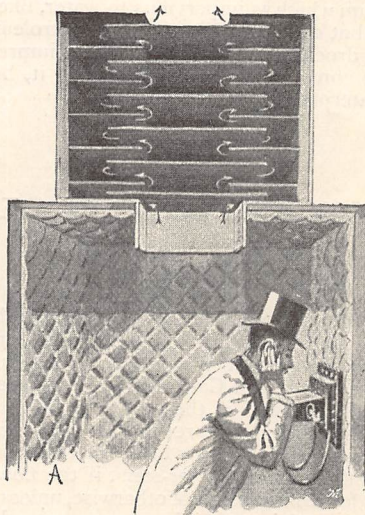
tumour which is characteristic of the disease, and it can enter the system by way of the stomach as well as by inoculation.

A Simple Stethoscope.

The ordinary stethoscope is hampered by the vague sounds produced in the air of the tube, and hence M. Zenger, of Paris, has introduced an "ellipsoidal" stethoscope which is free from that drawback. It is simply a piece of lime-wood of a peculiar ellipsoidal form, which focuses the sonorous vibrations at one end, where the ear is placed. The instrument is useful for detecting low sounds other than the beating of the heart or breathing of the lungs.

A Sound-proof Ventilator.

Telephone cabinets ought to be sound-proof and yet well-ventilated, so inventors have turned their attention to the matter both in England and France. Mr. F. Higgins has introduced a ventilator consisting of winding or zigzag passages lined with velvet for the air to enter by, and M. Menier, a Frenchman, has adopted a similar plan. His ventilator will be understood from the figure representing the interior of a telephone cabinet, with the ventilator above. The latter consists of a series of



A SOUND-PROOF VENTILATOR.

boards covered with velvet, and suspended one over the other like shelves inside a box open at top and bottom, so that the air can circulate while the sound is stopped.

An Accumulator of Light.

It is well known that phosphorescent bodies absorb light by day, or from an artificial source, and afterwards emit it in the dark; and attempts have been made to utilise them as magazines of light—for example, with "Balmain's paint," which was in vogue some years ago. M. Charles Henry has returned to this subject with a view of finding a means of regulating the emission of the light in darkness, and has communicated the results of

his experiments to the Academy of Sciences, Paris. He has discovered that intense cold prevents the emission of the phosphorescent rays. A tube containing phosphorescent sulphide of zinc, after exposure to the light of a magnesium wire, was plunged in a freezing mixture of chloride of methyl, —or of carbonic acid snow and ether—which reduced its temperature to 23 degrees and 79 degrees below zero Centigrade respectively, and the phosphorescent tube became dark. On withdrawing the tube from the mixture, it regained its ordinary temperature and at the same time its phosphorescent lustre. The experiments also showed that the emission of light was only temporarily checked by the cold, and that the full supply of light in the body was ultimately obtained from it. So far, at least, the process would be too costly for practical purposes, except, perhaps, in the polar regions where intense cold is to be had without any trouble and light is a luxury during the winter.

Chone.

This is the Kanaka name for a new rubber-yielding tree (*cerbera manghas*) which flourishes in New Caledonia. It grows to a height of about 40 feet, and puts forth beautiful white blossoms. The milky juice of the tree, when evaporated, yields a black gum which is impervious to water, like gutta-percha, but dissolves in turpentine, petroleum, and other hydrocarbon essences. Leather impregnated with the gum, or cloth varnished with it, becomes quite waterproof.

AMONGST FLOWERS, BEES, AND POULTRY.

JULY.

THE great flower of the present month is the Carnation, a richly scented and coloured perennial, without which no border or bed is complete. A mass of Carnations is a picture we are never tired of; and if the plants at times behave in erratic fashion, the reward is abundant when full blossoming arrives. Early in the month put a neat stick to each flower-stem, if the flowers are wanted for exhibition—not otherwise, unless stormy weather is anticipated. Never grow calyx-bursting Carnations, if possible; even if the colouring is beautiful, the flowers have a bedraggled aspect. A neat tie with raffia is helpful when the bloom seems likely to burst, and one can also obtain cheaply small indiarubber bands made for the purpose of keeping the unruly florets within proper bounds.

Towards the end of the month commence to layer the plants. This is not work that should be left until August. The operation is simple. Scoop away with the hand the soil around the plant, so as to make a shallow basin. Into this put prepared compost—loam with a little leaf-mould and sharp silver sand—and then select the strongest shoots. Make an upward cut through a joint, to form a tongue, so to say, and peg this into the soil. A strong hairpin will suffice if there is any difficulty in procuring small pegs. Place over the

joint some of the prepared soil, and water gently. In the latter part of August the layer will have rooted, and can then be transferred into the position in which it is to bloom. When layering is postponed until the following month, the layers are not rooted in time to get them established in their flowering quarters before sharp frosts occur. Put a strong stake to every tall plant—Dahlias, for example—likely to suffer in a high wind, and carefully watch plants both in the open and under glass to prevent collapse from dryness at the root. Summer-prune fruit-trees, and keep a close watch for birds, which have many hearty meals—from bush-trees especially. Netting is one way of preserving the crop.

POULTRY in confined runs must have ample green food and the ground kept clean. Never give more food than the birds can consume.

BEES.—By the time this MAGAZINE is in our readers' hands, swarming will be in progress. If the bees upon leaving the parent hive cluster near the ground or on a low tree, syringe *very gently* with cold water, to make them cluster more closely. Then spread a cloth directly under the cluster, and at one end of it place the floor-board of the hive to receive the swarm, raising the front, by means of a stone or block of wood, about one inch and a half. If the branch on which the Bees have clustered is small, cut it off and shake the Bees on to the cloth by a sharp movement. The Bees, falling in a heap, will quickly regain their feet and run into the hive.

SNAP-SHOT PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION.

THIS Competition has not been so productive of good work as former Competitions of this character; and the Adj. that not one of the prints sent in. First or the Second Prize, offered for December number. The first Prize has, therefore, withdrawn, under the provisions of clause 6 of the General Regulations governing the Competition and the Second Prize of £3 has been divided between the following two competitors in proportions named:—

TWO POUNDS (£2) to

WALLACE HEATH,
Elmfield, Shrewsbury;

ONE POUND (£1) to

C. F. INSTON,
25, South John Street,
Liverpool.

Unsuccessful competitors are reminded that their work will be returned on receipt of application (accompanied by postage) within one month of the publication of this Award.

The MSS. in the Serial Story Competition (which closed on June 1st) are now under consideration, and we hope to publish the Award in our next issue. Meanwhile, we would remind readers that the "Summary" Competition, which full particulars were given in the December number) closes on July 30th.



SUMMER.

(From a drawing by G. NICOLET.)

THE QUEEN'S SCULPTOR.



SINCE the death of Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A., the post of Sculptor-in-Ordinary to the Queen has remained vacant; but even when that artist held the official position, there was yet another sculptor who was consulted by her Majesty on matters pertaining to his art, and who executed the majority of her private commissions. For more than twenty years, indeed, has Mr. F. J. Williamson been thus honoured, and during that period has executed busts and statuettes of most of the members of the royal family, besides several ideal works which have been secured for the royal collections. It follows then that Mr. Williamson has had an interesting career and exceptional opportunities for meeting interesting personages and experiences.

In a quaint old house—once “The Grapes” inn and coaching-house—in the quiet village of Esher, Mr. Williamson established his home

F. J. Williamson
F. J. Williamson

thirty-eight years ago, and in studios there, some of which formed the outhouses of the aforetime inn, the principal work of his life has been executed. Surrounded by charming landscapes characteristic of Surrey, and out of reach of the noisy bustle and murky atmosphere of the metropolis, it is an ideal spot for an artist to live and work in. At the rear of the garden are the beautiful grounds of Claremont.

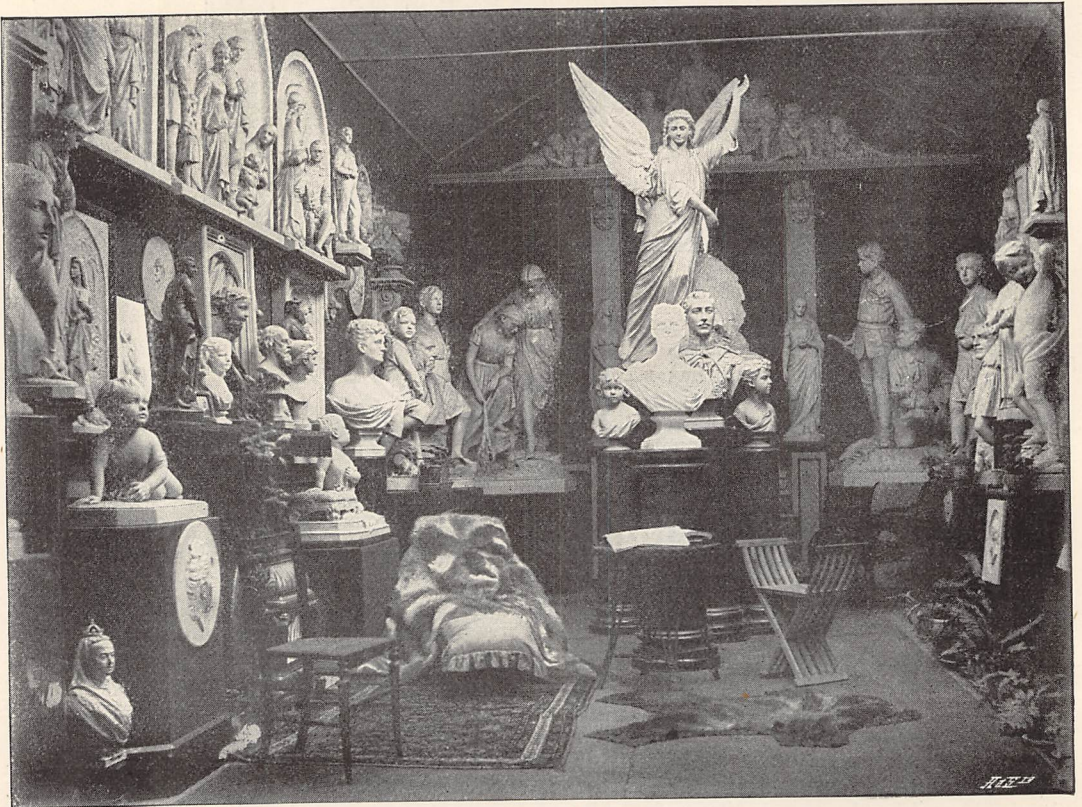
Success in art is only to be attained, as in other vocations, by steady and unremitting application to work. And Mr. Williamson has proved the truism in his own experience;

his life's story can be summarised by "work, work, and again work." The result is a record, which, while free from exciting adventure, is one that can be scanned with pride and satisfaction. Born in 1833 in the heart of London (Camden Town) he attended, as a boy, a private school at Hampstead. Each day he walked the whole distance, and it was during this time that his love for art first declared itself. In a monumental mason's yard in the Euston Road—a most unpromising spot!—he saw a figure in stone representing "Faith." This caught his youthful attention and fascinated him. He sketched the figure over and over again until he had a fair representation of it, and from thenceforward his aspirations tended art-wards, and more especially to sculpture. After a time he was brought under the notice of the late John Bell, the sculptor of the Guards' Memorial in Waterloo Place. When he left school, Mr. Bell gave him permission to work in his studio, but soon after advised him to attend the modelling class at Somerset House—at that time the home of the Royal Academy—of which John Bell was the instructor.

It was while attending this class that he was introduced to J. Foley, R.A., the leading sculptor of the day. Some of his work was shown to this artist, who expressed his pleasure, and invited him to work in his studio. This he did for four months, when he was bound as an articled pupil—the only one Foley ever had—for seven years. Sculpture in those days was looked upon as a very high art indeed, and the classic treatment of subjects insisted upon by its professors; and it was upon these principles that young Williamson's early training was based.

Some amusing incidents occurred at the commencement of his work, and although the laugh is against himself in the following story, Mr. Williamson tells it with a smiling face, and enjoys the joke as well as his hearers. It might be said, by the way, that he is a delightful *raconteur*, and has an apparently inexhaustible store of anecdotes and stories.

One of his first attempts at creative work was a figure of Hamlet, the incident in the Prince of Denmark's career chosen being that in scene v., in the first act, where Hamlet



IN THE LARGE STUDIO.

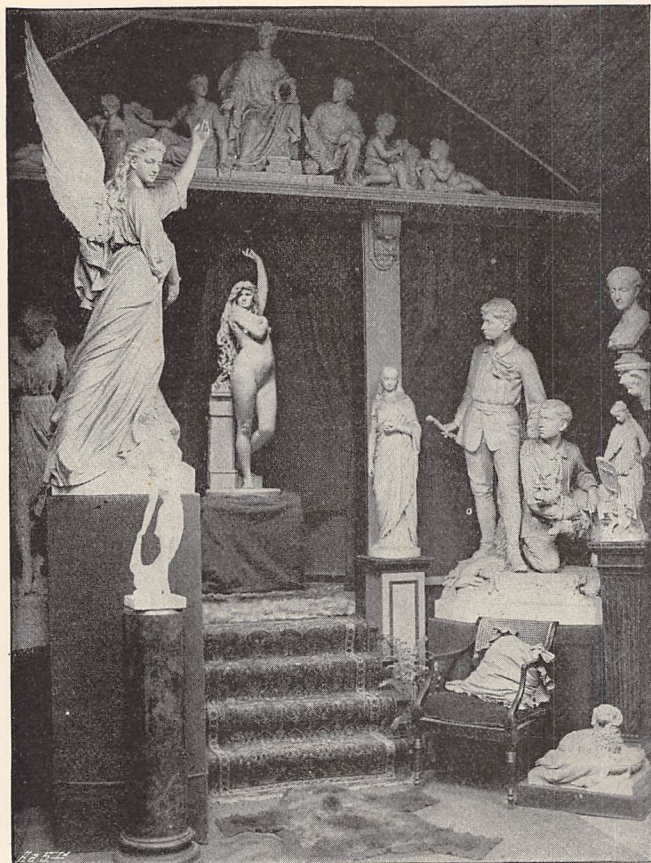


A BIT OF THE STUDIO.

makes Horatio and Marcellus swear upon his sword that they will not divulge the secret of the ghost's appearance. The clay model was completed, and was to be taken to Kensington for the inspection of John Bell. This necessitated a walk right across Hyde Park, and Hamlet was carefully packed in a box for the journey. But alas! the young sculptor's knowledge did not include an acquaintance with the skeleton supports upon which the clay figures are built up, and when prompted by curiosity, when about half the walk had been accomplished, to see how his prince was progressing, what a scene of desolation was revealed! Although the box

had been carefully handled, the shaking had been sufficient to take all the dignity from poor Hamlet, and he was straddling about his box as though intoxicated. Imagine the chagrin of the young artist, the horror, the mortification, at seeing his work thus disfigured. But he was nevertheless undaunted, and taking the box to the nearest seat, he knelt down on the grass and proceeded to make the prince once more presentable.

It was while he was with Foley that Mr. Williamson first met her Majesty. By some unfortunate accident the letter announcing the royal visit was delayed in delivery till a very short time before the Queen was due.



THE STUDIO STEPS.

Foley was out, and his wife was naturally thrown into a high state of excitement—the studio being in a dreadful muddle. Mr. Williamson came to the rescue, and between them they managed to make the place fairly orderly. To him, too, fell the lot of conducting the visitors round, and what an august party it was for the young sculptor to face! The Queen, the Prince Consort, the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, and several ladies of high degree in attendance. The ordeal was, however, gone through successfully, with but one exceptional incident, for on reaching after a figure from a shelf Mr. Williamson trod on the Prince Consort's toe and produced a royal frown. It is characteristic of the Queen that when, some years after, he was formally presented to her Majesty at Claremont, she quite remembered the visit to Foley's studio and the young pupil who acted the part of cicerone.

It was in 1847 that Mr. Williamson was articled to Foley, and when the seven years

were expired, he stayed on as assistant. It was not all plain sailing, for at one time Foley had not a single commission in hand, and his pupil had to purchase material to work upon out of his own pocket! The association was, however, maintained for twenty-one years, by which time Mr. Williamson was receiving and executing commissions on his own account. In the meantime—in 1857, to be exact—he had married, and established his home at Esher, and in 1870 he received his first commission from the Queen. He was introduced at Claremont by H.R.H. the Princess Louise, and was commanded to prepare designs for some memorial sculpture to the Princess Charlotte to be erected in the mausoleum at Claremont. These were so successful that the completed works were placed in Claremont House instead of the mausoleum.

Since then not a single year has passed without a royal commission being placed in his hands. The Prince and Princess of Wales are the only two members of the family who have not sat for him. The Queen has specially honoured him in this respect, for rarely has she given other artists more than two sittings for one portrait,

while Mr. Williamson has had as many as he deemed necessary. His principal representation of her Majesty is that which stands in the examination hall of the Royal College of Physicians, on the Victoria Embankment, which was proclaimed by the Prince of Wales when he unveiled it as "the finest portrait of the Queen ever produced." We are enabled to give an interesting photograph which shows this statue being cut from the marble block (p. 680). Mr. Williamson has produced a statuette of this figure, which is seen in the illustration on page 679. One of his last works is a replica of this statue for Rangoon; but as the Burmese wanted a more regal symbol than a fan, a sceptre takes the place of this appendage in their statue.

The Queen is an interesting sitter, but is most particular about the exact reproduction of the smallest details, and for this statue Mr. Williamson was lent the dress in which her Majesty is represented, so that no mistake might be made. Although she is short in stature, even for a woman—being only five

feet in height—she has a dignified bearing which fully atones for this.

A visit to Mr. Williamson's studio is a delightful experience. As the photographs of parts of it reproduced in this article show, the place is full of the evidences of a busy life. All around are busts, statues, and statuettes, many of them of men and women of note, and all of them of great interest. When it is said that he has executed 230 busts, besides many statues for public places and private collections, some idea of his unremitting toil may be formed.

Mr. Williamson is a portraitist *par excellence*, but he does not merely set himself to reproduce the features of his sitters; he infuses into the marble much of the character of the originals as well.

Near the entrance to the studio is a bust of the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour, executed when he held office some years ago. Innumerable difficulties beset the artist before he could complete the model. The sittings were obtained at the Government office, and although altogether there were fifteen given, the aggregate time only amounted to about an hour and a half. When Mr. Williamson thought he had secured

his subject for a good sitting, an interruption would occur—a deputation would have to be seen, or an important message replied to—and the opportunity was gone; yet the highly sensitive character of the statesman, and the intellectual features, are successfully represented in the bust. Near by is an extraordinary head, which appears perfectly flat at the back. It is that of the late Lord Coleridge. It was designed to stand in his library, in company with busts of Plato and other classicists, and was modelled in the same style.

The group of two boys shown in the illustration on page 677, is a delightful composition. The figures are portraits of the two sons of the late Lord Rosslyn; the lad on the right is the present holder of the title. The two girls represented as paddling in the sea (p. 676), are the daughters of Mr. Combe, the well-known brewer. There, too, are the striking feature of the late Rev. W. Rogers—a magnificent head for portrayal. It is well known that Mr. Rogers met with an accident when riding, by which his spine was injured; this caused him to stoop very much. Mr. Williamson noticed that when he drew himself into an erect position, he used to mutter between

THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY.

A ROYAL GROUP.

THE DUKE OF YORK.



THE CLAY MODEL AND THE MARBLE BLOCK FOR MR. WILLIAMSON'S STATUE OF THE QUEEN.

his teeth "Dogs!" He felt very curious to know the reason why, and once ventured to ask. "Well," said Mr. Rogers, "it does as well as any other expletive, doesn't it?"

The bust of Lord Tennyson, which appeared in the Royal Academy in 1894, was executed after the death of the Laureate, and was a special commission from the Queen. A replica was afterwards done for the Corporation of London. It is a wonderful head, with an extraordinary depth of forehead. The most interesting objects in this gallery of celebrities, however, are the representations of royal personages which are so plentiful. The illustration on page 679 shows the principal of them. A melancholy interest attaches to the figure of the little baby in the front of the group; it is the little Princess Alice—the daughter of the late Duke of

Albany. Mr. Williamson was asked by the Duchess to execute it, as a surprise birthday-present for the Duke. It was a difficult matter to keep the secret, for the Duke used to look in at the studio at all sorts of unexpected times. Before the model was finished he discovered the plot, by recognising the figure of his little daughter. He was surprised, and pleased, and thereafter watched its progress with increasing delight. But—alas!—before it was finished, the grim hand of death was laid upon the father, and he never saw the completion of the work. By command of the Queen, the marble was finished, and exhibited at the Royal Academy. It is now in Claremont House. It may be mentioned that a statuette, similar in design to this, was done of Prince Edward of York, and was executed as a surprise Christmas

present for the Duke, his father. The clay model was being worked upon in the studio when the writer of this paper visited it, and the finished work, which is illustrated below, is in the Royal Academy.

In the studio is the model of the well-known statue of Sister Dora, which stands at Walsall to commemorate the work of that heroine. When it was erected, it had the unique interest of being the only statue of a woman, other than royal personages, in the country. Another interesting statuette is one of Robert Burns—and upon that hangs a tale. Mr. Williamson was invited to compete for a statue of the poet for the town of Ayr. He entered into it with enthusiasm, finished the model, and sent it off. It was adjudged the most successful; but—alas!—to the honour of the Committee, it was discovered that the artist was not a Scotsman! The flaw was fatal, and the design was not accepted—for the competition had been limited to natives of the Land-o'-Cakes. The Committee had jumped to the conclusion that, as Mr. Williamson bore a Scottish name, he must of necessity be an over-Borderman—hence the invitation. The statuette was returned, and the award duly made to a *bonâ-fide* Scot.

Curious are the commissions a sculptor is offered. There is a charming, chubby-faced head of a baby, worked up from another child who bore a likeness to the subject and from the mother's description of her darling, and yet

the portrait was so good as to be recognised by a visitor to the studio who knew the original.

When the Jubilee coinage was issued, Mr. Williamson received a letter from a gentleman—a stranger to him—who said he had watched his work with great interest at the Exhibitions, but after the monstrosities he had perpetrated on the new coins he could no longer honour him. The reply was sent that the writer was labouring under a mistake, Mr. Williamson was altogether guiltless of the crime imputed to him. Apologies followed, and, as a return for the baseless charge made against him, would Mr. Williamson model a bust of the writer's wife?

"Certainly," was the answer; "when could he have sittings?"

"Oh, she is dead!" was the response. And the work had to be done from a photograph. Satisfaction was expressed, and a commission for the writer's bust followed.

But probably the most curious example of Mr. Williamson's work may be seen in Esher Churchyard. There, on an ornate tomb, are the recumbent effigies of a living man and his wife. These are no other than Lord Esher—the genial Master of the Rolls—and Lady Esher. The tomb is really a memorial of their son, who lost his life in the Egyptian Campaign, but this peculiar form of monument was the deliberate choice of Lord Esher. The Master of the Rolls is represented in his official wig and gown.

ARTHUR FISH.



H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.
(Exhibited at the Royal Academy.)

APURILANS WIFE

by Max Pemberton

[The Story of Hugh Peters, the son of Jonathan Peters, of Warboys, in the County of Huntingdon, and the nephew of that Hugh Peters who was Chaplain to the Lord-General Cromwell. On which account, and by reason of the part he was said to have played at the Court of the French King after the coming of Charles Stuart to his own again, many evils befell him, as are hereinafter set out; together with the history of Parson Ford, his tutor; and of my Lady Marjory, the daughter of John, Earl of Quinton, in so far as her story is, in a manner, his own. All of which is duly recorded, and to be read, in the great library at Warboys, as it has been by this present writer, who now for the first time publishes his account thereof.]

CHAPTER XII. (continued).

FOR a truth, it was a horrid sight to see, and many minutes passed and found me lying quite still upon my horse's back, silent for very fear of the face. I knew that the man had heard me call out, and I looked for some stern word of answer from him; but he gave me none, speaking gently, as, indeed, he ever did, and encouraging me rather to think of the peril

from which we fled.

"God's truth, you show little liking for me, Master Peters," cried he; "yet I doubt not you will find me better company than yon hounds. Hark, dost hear them baying? They bark for blood, and blood they will get if my eyes do not lead me to the road again. Lord, that Israel Wolf should lose his way within a mile of Windsor town!"

It is an odd thing to tell, but the words of this man, whose face I could not bear to look upon, were always words of seeming friendship. Weak and sick as I was, I said that I would sooner stand with him than with the enemies I had left in the castle behind me. Yet what he would do, or how turn the peril, I knew no more than the dead; and I lay back upon my saddle, shutting my eyes that I might not see his face; but content already to believe that he meant well to me.

We had drawn rein now at the brink of a burn whose waters I could hear tumbling and splashing upon a pebbly bed. There was a beautiful stillness of the night here; the shadow of the trees so hid us that we looked

out, as from a bower of darkness, upon the groves all lit by the full light of the moon at her zenith. The hounds were still baying from the heart of the distant brake; and anon, they drew so close that foxes ran from the copse, and hinds galloped, all mad together, through the tangle of the thicket. I could hear the winding of horns and the loud shouts of men from the more open meadows of the park. The whole forest awoke, as it were, to the note of this emprise, so that we appeared to be surrounded by them that pursued us; and every moment brought their cries more clearly to us, the ring of voices was drawn the closer at every tick of time.

I have written that we had drawn rein a moment at the burn, and though that looked a mad thing to do, I was yet so willing to trust the men who had carried me thither in safety that I made no complaint; but waited for them while they rode, now up, now down the stream, searching upon the opposite bank for some path which, I made sure, was a way to shelter both from the dogs and those that used them. Once, indeed, I thought to hear the tread of a man quite close to my horse's quarters, but I dared not call to Master Wolf; and before there was another sound, he rode up to me again crying that he had found the path. More he did not say, for the words were still upon his lips when the bushes behind us opened with a great snapping of twigs, and a hound and two men sprang out together. I saw the brute leap up, foam dripping from his jaws, and so quick was he to get at his work that he fell short by a yard of the mark he sprang at, and his teeth shut with a horrid snap upon the throat of Master Wolf's horse.

It was pitiful, I vow, to hear the poor beast snorting with his pain, and so put to it, in fear of the hound, that he went rolling backward into the burn, and the deep waters of the stream splashed upon the three of them. As for the men who had followed the dog, they cared nothing for Master Wolf nor his safety; but directly they clapped eyes upon me bound there upon the horse, they ran forward with a loud halloaing, and called, one to the other, that the quarry surely was taken.

"It is Hugh Peters, by the Lord," exclaimed the first, while he put his hands roughly upon my throat. "Hugh Peters, and no other. I could pick him from a hundred. What! you mind my touch, man? out on you for a pretty spy, with the noose already about your dog's neck!"

His hands were busy now with the ropes which bound me; and while his companion called to him to go gently as the Constable commanded, he made merry with it; and soon had dragged me from the horse and set me on my legs; though I reeled like a man drunk with wine, and the wound in my leg burst again so much that the blood ran down into my boot.

"Now," roared he, thrusting me from the saddle to which I would have clung, "stand up, you psalm-singing devil—do you hear me? God's truth, you shall dance right merrily presently when they swing you from yon tree. Have no fear, Master Peters, I will even read you the burial myself."

With this he thrust me away from him

again, and I thought that I must fall headlong upon the grass of the knoll. All the trees about me were rocking to my sight now; my head swam with horrid giddiness; and only hatred of this man, who stood there and pointed the finger at me, kept me upon my legs.



"I STRUCK HIM WITH MY CLENCHED HAND FULL IN THE FACE" (p. 684).

"God," I cried, "if I might hold a sword in my hand before I die."

"Nay, Hugh Peters," said he, "I will deny you nothing. You have my word for it. No sooner shall you dangle from yonder branch than I will even lend you my own blade. What, to refuse a man with a rope round his neck! That would be a shabby sin."

It was all a fine taunt, and he laughed to see me so helpless before him; my eyes misted and my wound bleeding anew. And this taunt I think it was that saved me then. A great passion and anger against him filled my veins, on a sudden, as with the strength of two men; and I struck him with my clenched hand full in the face—so heavy a blow that he reeled backward from me with all his senses gone. His companion, who had stood silent while we talked, turned upon me savagely when he saw what was done; but before he could put a hand to my throat, I heard him utter a loud cry—and crying still, he sank upon the grass. Master Wolf—come, I know not how, from the burn, had stabbed him as he stood; and the dagger was not drawn from the wound before he who held it bade me get again upon my horse.

"Up, man, up," he cried, helping me with both his lusty arms, "we shall have a whole company out upon us if you show no better haste. Hold to the bridle as best you may. Dost not hear them shouting? Wolves tear their reedy throats! Once across the burn we will draw rein to laugh at them. There was never hound yet to pass blood that Israel Wolf knew. And, God's word, you bleed like a torn stag."

He had forced me into the saddle while he was speaking, and, springing up behind me, he held me firm with his right arm, while with his left he took the rein and put the horse at the water. Already in the brake behind us we heard the tread of men and the music of hounds, deep, sonorous, and threatening. I knew that it was a race for life; yet so did I abhor the touch of Israel Wolf that, had the strength been mine, I believe I had thrown myself to the ground and there have faced them that tracked me. But the more I sought to free myself from his strong embrace, the closer did he grip me; and, muttering to himself strange words I could make nothing of, he forced the jaded horse through the burn, and the bushes closed behind as we passed. We had struck a bridle path that appeared to carry us down to the very pit of the forest.

For ten minutes, perhaps, Master Wolf kept the horse at the top of his speed. Then he let him go at a walk, seeming to think that we had reason for haste no longer.

"The plague burn their bodies!" he cried savagely; "let them follow an it please them. There was never born yet the man who could track Israel Wolf when he had his feet upon the right road. Dost hear them roaring up at the brook yonder? I told you that no hound would pass blood? Nay, bear with my touch a little yet—and you shall see

me no more. I ask nothing of you, Master Peters. God knows I bear my own burden and expect nothing of any man."

There was a world of bitterness in his voice, and yet a great kindness. I could distinguish the distant note of shouting in the wood; but it was plain that the dogs had not passed the burn, and that I owed my life to this very man whose touch was abhorrent to me, and the sight of whose face made me shudder with loathing. Nay, I tried to thank him, but the speech stuck in my throat; and, weaker still from my wound, I sank back close in his arms, and he held me at last like a woman may hold a child.

And so the day came cold and chill through the tangle of the forest; and with the first warming ray of the sun I fell into a deep sleep.

CHAPTER XIII.—WILL MONK HAS A WORD WITH ME.

MY sleep was broken by many dreams, but chiefly by dreams of Master Wolf and of great kindness put upon me by him. I thought that I lay in a woodlander's hut, and that my guide was ever at my bedside, dressing my wounds or pressing cooling drink upon me. Or again I rode with him through meadows and woods, he holding me upon a horse as he had done in the night of the peril at Windsor; and when that vision passed, I sat in a coach at the dark of the moon and Master Wolf watched me, being close to me against my will. Nor did I know that all these things were not of my sleep; but, indeed, true happenings, as I was to learn afterwards.

If these memories be but misted like a sheet of glass upon which a man has breathed, the moment of my ultimate awakening is very plain in my mind. I remember well that there was a ray of the sun's light burning strong upon my eyes when I opened them, and then, after I had raised myself in my bed, I found myself in a room of some size; but so poor a place that I had the thought to be in jail. Walls which dripped with wet seemed to fill the whole chamber with their choking dampness. The floor was rough and broken; the carved oaken chimney all tumbling down from the rottenness of the supports; the glass of the window cracked and half hidden by boards nailed over it. Save one chair of a shabby shape, and the poor thing of a bed upon which I lay, the apartment lacked any sort of ornament; nor was there so much as a cup of water set by my bed for my comfort. As for my clothes, they were partly laid upon me to give me warmth, but my boots stood out in the centre of the great bare floor, and the blood which had run down from my leg

had left a great black stain which was plain to be seen.

I was mighty weak at my first awakening, and sweat broke freely from my body; for the day was one of exceeding heat and the sun burned like fire. Though I had no pain from my wound, I suffered bitterly from thirst, and so little was this to be borne that I got out of my bed at last and limped, as well as might be, to the door; hoping to make some servant hear me. I found that my room was one of a number opening upon the landing of a square hall of noble size; a hall which was once, I make sure, very fine to see. But now it was as ill-kept as the room I had left. Oaken boards, often chipped and stained; panelling which had been pulled from the walls so that, here and there, the bricks thrust themselves upon your view; a few pictures hanging crookedly from a rod beneath the mouldy frieze, all spoke of the past of riches and the present of decay. Even the beautiful window of painted glass, which shed a lustre of pretty lights upon the dingy woodwork, wanted many a figure ere it would tell the legend again. In truth, the sun's rays came flooding through the broken panes of it, drawing a golden circle upon the rotting floor; and searching every nook and cranny in the path of their shining bow. They lit up a scene of loneliness and desolation like to none I have ever beheld. In all that great place, which once, surely, was the house of princes, no sound was to be heard, no human thing to be observed. I opened two of the doors near to mine upon the landing; but the rooms which I entered were as bare as dungeons. Vast and once splendid as they must have been, their painted ceilings were now gone to ugly daubs of running colour; the tapestries hung raggedly upon their walls; their windows were broke; their flooring but so much food for rats. The very air in them was a poisoned odour to the nostrils; and, in my sick state, went near to choking me when I breathed it. Nay, I made haste, as well as I could, to get me out of them; and, fatigued beyond endurance with the paltry effort, I lay again on my own bed, and watched the day waxing to its zenith.

Many thoughts, you may be sure, came to trouble my mind in that hour of thirst and weakness and desertion. Where was Israel Wolf? I asked again and again. Odd to tell, I hungered for the company of that man with the devil's face. Never in all my life had I met with one who inspired me with emotions so contrary—now of abhorrence of his face, now of trust in his friendship. I saw that if he had brought me to this house of ruin, he had done it for my safety's sake. Full well I

knew what a hue and cry would be set up for me about Windsor now. I remembered the two men that had died—and told myself that there, at last, was a long good day to all the fair lands of my promises. Never again could I hope to see her whom I loved—oh, beyond all that was on earth. Henceforth, I must be the quarry of all that knew me and cared for the pastime of the hunt. My lady would marry the man who had professed himself to be my friend. Lord, cried I, what a proud word of my conceit was that when I called her wife. And then I fell to thinking of her prettiness in the garden, and of the strange word she spoke there; a word of friendship and yet not of friendship, a memory of the old time at Warboys—yet a memory choked before her lips could fashion it.

This and much more beside was the plaything of my mind during the long afternoon of that burning day. Though I was devoured by thirst so that my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and I would have cooled it even against the glass of the window, no one answered to my call nor moved in the deserted house. Once, when the sun began to wane, I heard the report of a musket from some place near the window; and the bells of a neighbouring church struck the hours and the quarters so that I had the time and could count the weary minutes until night fell. But it was not until six of the clock that anyone came to me; and I had fallen again to a broken sleep then. So strong, nevertheless, was the thirst upon me that at the first sound of a footfall in the chamber I opened my eyes, and saw that a man stood at my bedside. He was very plainly dressed in a suit of brown stuff, with silver buttons upon his coat and black ribbons at his knees; and his manner was that of a serving-man grown old in the practice of servilities until they had become an abiding habit with him. I observed that he had the flat face and the shaven chin which, I know not why, we find often in them that tend horses. His hair was very dark and cut short, but not after the manner in which the Lord's men wear it. There was a smile ever upon his face; the smile of a man who was born into the world laughing at man's follies, and will go out of it still amused by them; and he never once forgot to laugh when he spoke to me.

"Sir," said he, while I continued to search him with my eyes, "I thought that I heard you call me."

I answered his question with another.

"Where is Master Wolf?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say that he did not know.

"I am not his keeper," said he, "and if I

were, he should not be at the King's house in the village of Hampstead."

I thought upon his answer a little while, and then I said—

"Whose house is this, and why am I here?"

"Sir," said he, very civilly, "you are in the house of Sir Nathaniel Goulding, and I am here to do your bidding. I trust that you will find me in all things a worthy servant."

My hope sank very low when I heard this,

"Ay, surely," said he, with a sneer which was not to be overlooked by me, "friends, Master Peters, as I hope you will say presently. For the matter of that, you may command me in anything. I have Sir Nathaniel's orders, and I know how to obey."

"Well," said I, "if you have any mind to serve me, for God's sake bring me water to drink and a little food."



"I CONTINUED TO SEARCH HIM WITH MY EYES" (p. 685).

and I remained silent while the clock might have ticked ten. It seemed to me that I was trapped as surely as a rabbit in a snare.

"Well," cried I at last, observing that he waited for me to speak, "what thanks I owe to Captain Goulding shall be paid presently. I knew not even that he had a place at Hampstead; much less that it was so fine a place as this."

The meaning of my word was not to be hidden from him, and he continued to smile neither more nor less than he had done when first I saw him.

"Oh," said he, "as for the place, it is a poor sort of place enough, Master Peters; that I will not deny. But it is better, I swear, than the jail at Newgate, as you might think if the King's men had hands upon you. Are you not among friends here?"

"Friends!" cried I.

"That you shall have this very minute," cried he; "my master is sorry enough to have no shelter for you but such as you may find in this old house. It was once a gay place, as you may think, sir; but Sir Nathaniel has been long in France, and wind and weather bide no man's absence. Still, you will make shift with it, I don't doubt, until the road be clear, and a ship found to carry you to France."

"To France!" exclaimed I.

"Ay," said he, "to France or the Low Countries, if you have the mind. England is no place for you now, Master Peters. Why, they tell it everywhere, how you went cloaked into Windsor to lay your hands on the Constable's money, and then stuck Jack Hawkins as though he had been a pig. He would be a bold man who would ask pardon for that night's work."

He looked at me very closely, thinking, I suppose, that this saying would fire me to some heat of speech; but I had begun to judge both him and his master now, and all the devilish net they weaved about me stirred me to new resources. I was ever obstinate under misfortunes, and my misfortunes pressed upon me sorely in that hour. But to the serving-man I made no complaint, asking only for water to quench my burning thirst.

"How do they call you?" I inquired as he turned to leave the room.

"They call me Will Monk," cried he.

"The Lord find me a sword that I may yet quicken your steps," thought I. And so I lay listening to his tread upon the creaking stair.

CHAPTER XIV.—I SEE LONDON FROM AFAR.

THOUGH Will Monk had found for my supper no better fare than a cup of water and a little bread and fruit, he promised that he would do better for me in the morning; and when day came, he kept his word so far as to bring me a draught of milk and a dish of meat—but, Lord, so poor and ill-cooked that only my hunger drove me to eat of it. Nevertheless, I had some return of strength when it was down; and while I was exceeding lame and my wound still very sore, I yet had the will to get up from my bed, and walk to the window that I might look out upon the distant city. As for Monk, he had gone to bed with a laugh upon his cunning face; and with a laugh he stood beside me now when he pointed out to me all that he wished me to see in the prospect.

"Yonder, sir," said he, pointing to a low cloud of mist upon the farther side of the wood which sheltered a few houses in its heart—as I could tell by the loom of the smoke above the trees—"yonder, sir, is London city, as I will show you when the wind has lifted the cloud a little. You can see Paul's as plain as your hand if the day be bright; and we clock by Bow Bells should there be no time in the village.

The air was very sweet at the open window; and I soon discovered in what kind of a situation this King's house lay. It was built upon the east side of the hill at Hampstead; and a great green wood girded it about so that you see nothing of the village in the vale; but only the mighty city which lay in the distant valley as a kernel may lie in a nut. Or, looking out from the back of the house, the spire of Harrow church was plainly to be seen with the long ridge of heights where Barnet is; and beyond Barnet, the town of St. Albans. Nearer to my view

was the squat tower of the church at Hampstead with a line of houses upon either side—very tall and built of brick; but with no prettiness to my mind. Yet had I good words of praise for the old garden which was a part of Sir Nathaniel's place; and so sweet with gillyflowers and wild thyme and bushes of scented roses that the air was ever warmed with its delicious perfumes. A great wall ran round this wooded haven of blossoms; and I was quick to observe that what the French call a *chevaux-de-frise* was set upon the top of it, while the gate was well spiked with iron, and twice barred against any that would pass out. But whether it was so barred against a possible attack from an enemy or as a measure for my better security was not to be learnt.

"You show me a fair view, Master Monk," said I, when we had stood at the window a little while, "yet if I were your master I would know better than to let a house like this come to such a state. He has been long in France, you say?"

"He was many years there, to and fro; but not in the Lord-General's day," he answered, readily. "'Tis time, for a truth, that he looked to his own now—as he will do presently when he has gotten a wife to keep him and the reward of his work. Trust a woman, Master Peters, to hitch the falding to the fee."

He looked full at me when he said this; but I was as good in play now as he; and I made no manner of sign that he angered me.

"Your master is to marry, then?" I asked, as though I cared nothing for his answer.

"He is to marry the sister of my Lord of Quinton so soon as he has settled this present business which he has in his keeping. And that is like to be difficult enough, with the sickness strong in the city and the Court soon to be at Salisbury. They tell me this morning that they have buried twenty-nine of the plague in St. Giles, and the bill grows even to the city's gates. It is no day for a man to go to London who has any place of shelter out of it. Why, they begin to lumber the roads already with their waggons; and the rich are running by like frightened sheep from a pen. A dreadful day, sir, when those that are well at dawn are in the pit before the sun is sunk. God have mercy on us all, I say."

Master Ford had said something to me of the sickness in the city; but not of any overwhelming pestilence such as this; nor could I imagine that things went so ill with us as Will Monk would have it. For the matter of that, the silly laugh ever upon his face, and his quiet way of speaking gave no truth to his report, and when we had talked a little while

longer upon it—though not with seriousness—I asked him if I might be helped into the garden there to breathe the air. But this he refused me, and he spoke no more as one who obeys, but as the master.

"What," said he, "you would walk where the first gossip may cry upon you? For shame, Master Peters! Is that the way you thank those who risk their life in harbouring you? Out on you for a silly fellow. You shall not leave your room while I have the say on it. 'Twould be a fine story to carry to Sir Nathaniel—that the second day of my charge saw you upon the road to Newgate. Let us speak of it no more."

It was very fine to make such a pretence of planning my safety; but I knew, so soon as he had done, that I was a prisoner in the King's house at Hampstead, and when he left me and locked my door behind him—to save me, as he declared, from my follies—no jail-bird could have been caged more surely. For my part, I would the sooner have been in the gigger at Newgate than where I was, wanting friends and even decent food, and I began to learn how clever were the wits that now opposed themselves to mine.

"They fear," said I, "to let me fall into the hands of the King's men lest perchance I should tell some tale of that which I heard in France. And now they have brought me here—for what?"

Nay, I could give but one answer, that they had brought me to my death.

I spent the greater part of that day in my bed—very ill and lonesome as one whom all the world has left. A great gulf seemed to have opened again between me and the living. I heard, ever and anon, the sound of voices in the woods about the house, the ring of hoofs upon a hard road spoke of men riding in or out of London, to places where they should find good words and company; but for me they had no message. All that was done with where Hugh Peters was concerned. "They will persuade little Marjory it is for my well-being," I said, "and she will believe. Parson Ford will never know that I am not still at Windsor. If it be their intent to make an end of my life, here in this ruin of a house, they can do it without so much as a whisper of talk." Such, indeed, seemed the whole secret of my journey. Yet I could not forget that if Captain Goulding had desired my life, he might well have left me to the night birds of Epping when he had ridden to carry me out of the forest. The apprehension fitted ill with the fact, and set a new train of doubt busy in my head so that I feared some greater mystery—I knew not what—but one which was enshrouding my life and

shutting me from all that I would well have lived for.

It was sunset when Will Monk returned to me again. I was then famished with hunger, and so gone in thirst that, God knows, I could have lapped water from a gutter very willingly; but when I began to speak of my condition, he made a shifty way for himself, declaring that he was the one who suffered.

"Lord," said he, "that you should complain to me who have spent the day walking into London for your better comfort. Think you that such things as you need will be dropped down from heaven upon your bed? I tell you, Master Peters, that he will be a lucky man soon who can find bread for his mouth, let alone a dish of meat and a jug of ale. The whole city talks of nothing but the sickness; and will talk of it the more presently. Men fall dead in the streets, and few stay to ask what shall I eat or what shall I drink. But such things as were to be had, those I have bought for you; and others will come to-morrow to make a change in your room here. Until that be done, be content with it, sir, and remember that it is, after all, a place of friendship."

This was very fair to hear; but when, after so much talk, he set upon my table only a small cup of a very poor ale and a piece of coarse bread with a little meat and some mouldy cheese, I hated him the more for the very excuses he made. And it seemed to me that there was no longer any mystery in my condition.

"As God lives," said I to myself, "their weapon is hunger."

CHAPTER XV.—SIR NATHANIEL MAKES AN OFFER.

FOR the best part of a month, as my reckoning goes, I lay a prisoner in the King's house at Hampstead. Twice every day Will Monk came to me with the bread and ale which, he declared, was all that the village could offer him; but he smiled ever when he brought it; and he promised always, as I have heard the Spaniards do, that to-morrow he would have it better for me. Yet to-morrow came, and nothing was done; and each day found me the weaker in my health. Nay, God knows if there be a man that was ever so miserable as Hugh Peters during those days of his captivity within the sound of Bow Bells.

Often in the morning would I get up from my bed and wish that the sickness, which was raging now so terribly without, might strike me dead before the night came again. Hunger and wounds had so worked upon me that the tears would start to my eyes



"MASTER HUGH, HE CRIED LOUDLY, GOD BE PRAISED THAT I SEE YOU AGAIN" (p. 690).

when I thought upon all that I had suffered and must suffer in that house of cruelties. Had one then come to speak a kind word to me, I know well that I must have wept outright like a silly woman with her sentiment. And this, I vow, is the punishment of captivity—that it eats the manhood from the heart and strikes at that within which is the best of God's gifts. Night and day, sun or cloud, the heat of summer or the cold of winter, the hour of youth and love, the harvest time of age and of the soul's uplifting—what has the captive to do with these? The very walls build themselves about his heart; his ears are closed to all words but those of freedom; he will worship only the god of his liberty, but that god must first be found.

I say that I had come to believe that they wished to starve me in the King's house; but when the month was past, I knew that such

was not their intention, but only to put upon me what poverty they could, and to bring me to great lowness of will and to servility. This I proved for myself upon the very first day of the second month of my imprisonment, when I awoke in the early morning to hear some clamour in the courtyard below; and, going to my window, whom should I see in the stable-yard but Captain Goulding and two men with him—all very finely dressed, and their horses white with dust as though new from some long spell upon the road. Hardly were my eyes fixed upon them, when in came Will Monk, who smiled unctuously while he told me that my breakfast was set in the dining-room below.

"Oh," cried I, "this is a change, indeed—so I am to be freed, Master Monk."

He raised his hands with the air of one very much astonished.

"Are you not among friends?" exclaimed

he. "How can you be otherwise than free? Surely that is a very odd saying, Master Peters."

"You know well what I mean," answered I; "you should have shame to play at this surprise."

He shook his head slowly as though he did not understand.

"You must speak to my master," said he. "I am the servant, and do as they bid me. You will find Sir Nathaniel below, sir. I am sure that he will hear you readily."

Excusing himself thus, he led the way to the great room, whither I followed him with legs that would scarce bend at the stairs. Sir Nathaniel, very prettily dressed in a suit of blue velvet with boots drawn near up to his hips, was resting his elbow upon the mantel of the carved chimney; but when he saw me he advanced quickly putting out both hands to hold mine; and Lord! meeting me with such a face that he might have been my own brother come home again from the perils of the seas.

"Master Hugh," he cried loudly, "God be praised that I see you again—even though it be in this cockpit of a house. Nay, my lad, give me no thanks. What I have done has been done as much for love of you as for her who made me your friend. And she is well, let me tell you, and would be remembered in affection of you. *Dame*, that I should return to give her such a poor account of your present condition. Hast seen a surgeon yet? No, then you shall see one this very day. Never did I look upon a face so white."

His tongue ran away with him in this manner for whole minutes together until he would have persuaded me that no other in the world meant so well to me as he.

"Captain Goulding," cried I, "your intention may be what you say; but I can judge of it only by your acts and the acts of your servants; and I would have you know that what I suffer is neither my misfortune nor my hurts, but the unkindness they have put upon me here in your house. As God is my witness, no prisoner in Newgate was ever treated so ill—no, nor to food so poor and a bed so beggarly. Let us speak of this first and of our friendship after."

He heard me out, feigning to be so astonished that he could scarce find words to answer me.

"How!" he cried; "you have been treated as you say. God's word, my lad, somebody shall pay for this! Where is Will Monk—name of the devil; the rogue's back shall smart. To serve a guest of mine as though he were a prisoner!—St. Denis, I want breath for my anger."

His flurry was very pretty; he walking up

and down the great room with his cloak flying and his face in a flush-and-the-manner of him all put about as one in a mighty passion. But when Will Monk came—Lord! to hear the comedy they played was as good as one of Killigrew's, though God forgive me for speaking of such a rogue.

"Here, you Monk—a plague upon your laughing face!—listen to what Master Peters has to lay against you. Is it true, man? Be quick lest I lay my stick upon your back before your tale is told. That a guest of mine should speak so of my friendship!"

Will Monk looked up at this, and answered him very humbly.

"Sir Nathaniel," said he, "when Master Peters shall be pleased to charge me, then will I answer him."

"Oh," said I, "what need to charge you when for a month or more I have been fed like a jail-bird, and have not known an hour in all those days when I might breathe God's air in your garden. You know well that this is the whole truth of it—the Lord be my judge."

"Sir," he answered, looking down upon the floor of the room very meekly, "if I have given you poor food, there have been days when I have fasted that you might not go wanting. And how shall I make bread, or find it in the village where men fall dead of the sickness every hour, and each thinks of his own need and not of others. As for that which you charge against me, that I kept you to your room, would you have thanked me to let you walk where the first passer-by might have seen you and gone with his gossip to the Spanish inn yonder? Nay, I am only a poor man, and one who tries to obey them that be set above me. And, in all, I have sought to act as my master would have wished had he, happily, been here to welcome you."

It was a cunning tale, I swear, and little pleasant for me; seeming, as it did, to give me the wrong of it, and make me out an ungrateful fellow. Sir Nathaniel, moreover, was swift to have the advantage of it.

"You hear, Master Peters," said he, "it is as I thought. Yon good fellow has gone fasting that you might eat, and now you turn upon him. He speaks well when he tells of men falling dead from the plague, like dried leaves from a tree. The whole city is full of the story. It is nothing but death, turn where you will. Every second man asks himself if he have the spots upon him. What can we do for you in times like these? *Dame*, it is a day to thank God for life and to think nothing of our bellies."

Though I knew that I had the right of it, I could make no answer to such a plain tale,

and when he had offered many apologies for the state of his house—called the King's house, as he showed me, because the Spanish King Philip had passed one night there—we sat down to a good enough breakfast. This dining-room was not gone to seed like many of the other rooms in the house, but had oaken furniture, prettily carved, while the floor of it was matted, and many big pictures hung upon its walls. I found the captain mighty pleasant over a cup of canary wine, which warmed my body like a cordial water, and when I had sat with him long listening to his good sayings and his jests, I was almost of the mind to think that I judged him ill when I doubted of his honour, and that, after all, he might prove my friend. And it was then that he broached his plan to me.

"Master Peters," he cried of a sudden, as though it were a notion just come to him, "have you any fancy to go to France again?"

"Sir," said I quickly, for I divined his purpose instantly, "you do not blame me because I love my own country?"

"Not at all, not at all," he exclaimed with a friendly touch of his hand upon my shoulder; "the misfortune is that your country loves you so little. Nay, if she could but discover you, there would be a hanging upon the day. It is not to be hidden from you, friend, that they make more talk about this prying rogue which honest Israel Wolf greeted at Windsor than a company of guardsmen slain in a brawl."

"Israel Wolf is known to you, then?" I asked.

"*Sang bleu!* known to me? He is my *alter ego*—my servant of servants. And he should be very well known to you also, since he, and he alone, brought you out of Windsor at my bidding. That, however, is neither here nor there. The question you have to ask yourself is, whether you would the sooner play the gentleman in France with guineas in your pocket, or remain here in England where the first greedy rogue, who learns of your resting-place, may sell you to the Constable. I will not disguise it from you that there was a time when I, and those who have your interests at heart, looked to get the King's pardon for you. That hope has passed now when this new charge is on every tongue, and a thousand guineas are offered for you, dead or alive——"

"They offer that!" cried I. "Then God help me."

"Ay," said he, "it is a thing which might bring a stronger man than you to his knees. Happily, Master Peters, your friends are likely to have more last in them than your tempers. They now come to you with this fair word,

that you shall be carried out of England to Madame de Pontac's house in Paris, where a home and a hundred guineas for your pocket await you. There is a condition, of course——"

"Which is——?" I asked.

"That you pledge your honour not to set foot out of France until I give you leave."

He leant across the table when he made his offer; and betrayed a little, I thought, of his earnest wish that I should make the bond good upon the spot. On my part a great suspicion of him came rushing upon my mind to delay the word. One saying, and one alone, guided me: "They would put the sea between me and my little wife," I thought. And this it was which drove the answer at last from my lips.

"Captain Goulding," said I, "for the offer of your help, I thank you; but I will stay in England, though my life be the forfeit."

I said the thing hotly and with a burning face, and for a moment we two looked, the one at the other, as though to read the mind to the end. Then he rose from his chair, and with no sign given of anger or of regret, he took his farewell.

"Master Peters," said he, laughing pleasantly, "you will be of another mood presently. I will return when ten days are gone to have your answer. The offer is new to you; and you need to weigh it well. In the meantime, count me your friend."

He held out his hand, and I took it, though, God knows, in my heart I could have wished nothing so much as to see him fall dead at my feet.

CHAPTER XVI.—MY LADY MARJORY COMES TO HAMPSTEAD.

OF the ten days which Captain Goulding had given me in which to consider his proposition, nine were passed before anything happened in the King's house new enough to remain in my memory. I had thought to be a prisoner no more after that which passed between us at the breakfast table. But what a game of trickery and cunning they played upon me then! No sooner was I awake next day than I found the door of my room to be locked as before; and when Will Monk came to me, he had the same shabby dole of bread and bacon for my breakfast, and the same excuse upon his lying lips. Nor did I argue with him at all, for my affair appeared to be at its head now; and I could well suffer for ten days that which I had suffered for a month and more already.

Nine days came and went, I say, and found me ever busy with the offer which had been

made to me. Often I would lie the whole night through, listening to the strange cries and groans which came up from the wood about the house—for many lay dying in the fields now with the dreadful sickness I had been told of—and I would ask myself what kept me in England when I might be a free man in Paris and jingle guineas in my pocket with the best of them? I knew well that she whom I had, in folly, called my wife, cared no longer what course I took. I said that all she had done had been done because my father gave her shelter in the old time. It was flung to me as one would fling bread to a beggar. Did I go to France at the bidding of her friend, she would boast to all the world, "I saved his life." And that she would account payment. Or, if I braved Captain Goulding's threats, she would cry, "He gave himself up for the folly's sake." But being rid of me, she would marry to her greater content, and, it might be, would lay in his arms before the grass had grown upon my grave.

The perplexity which raged in my mind when I set these alternatives clear before me is one which no pen may tell. Often my prayers turned to oaths upon my lips when I flung myself against the door of my prison; or remembered what little strength I had, either of mind or body, to pit against my enemies. One day, indeed, I stood at my window, and, looking down fifty feet to the court below, a voice cried in my ear, "Throw thyself and make an end." And I believe that I had done so but for a sudden vision of her I loved, standing between me and the hell which opened at my feet.

This was upon the morning of the tenth day, a day when, looking out of my window towards the hill where is Finchley Common, I saw a great number of tents, and of people camping by the roadside—all, I did not doubt, fled out of the city for fear of the sickness. It was very early in the morning then, but the bells of Hampstead church had not struck six of the clock before Will Monk came in to tell me that breakfast would be set in the great dining-room, and that his master was to ride over from Whitehall at the top of the morning.

"He goes to Salisbury to-day," said he, "and would settle your affair before he leaves. It's no business of mine, Master Peters, but I am friend enough to you to be glad that all this is coming to an end. I am sure you do very well to go to Paris, as my lady will tell you presently."

"How," cried I, "others come in with your master?"

"Ay, surely," said he, "my lady Marjory rides with him on her way toward the town of Hatfield. You have heard nothing, sir——"

I turned round swiftly upon my heels, and looked very hard at him. He was holding a silver cup in his hand then, and his eyes were fixed upon it cunningly, but this did not hide the pleasure that he had in provoking me.

"You know that I have heard nothing," answered I.

"Not that my lady is to be married from her brother's house at Potter's Bar—it's the talk of all the town a week or more. Surely my master spoke of that, sir."

I drummed upon the window with my fingers, and then stood a while to breathe the sweetness of the morning air. Though the sun shone already with the heat of a mid-summer day, it seemed to me that a shadow lay upon the beauty of the garden.

"At what time does your mistress come?" I asked.

"I look for her within the hour," he replied; "it might even be that you would care to wait for her in the garden, sir. Yon village is too busy with its dead nowadays to think of men that have a price upon their heads——"

"Oh," said I, "this is news indeed. Strange that you should remember it for the first time now?"

"Well," cried he, mighty impudently, "I was never a man to be first in things; and if you will lead now, I will even make haste to follow you."

With this he held the door open for me, and I went with a strangely light step down the broad oaken stairs and so through the hall—which the sunlight lit up as with the smiles of forgotten friends—into the garden beyond. And Lord, what an exquisite delight to stand there where a fountain splashed, and the white water-lilies lifted their heads, and the pink blossom hid the trees, and the very air was the breath of the spirit of roses. Nay, it was a garden of delights, and though a great wall girded it about and seemed to tell me again that here was the place of my captivity, there were long minutes when I stood to breathe the morning air, and, thanking God because I lived, forgot all else in this joy of flowers and sweet grasses and the music of the trees. And I was still so standing when I heard voices from the open door behind me, and, turning round, beheld my Lady Marjory and Sir Nathaniel at her side. She was prettily gowned in a riding-dress of green velvet, and she had one hand holding the skirt of it while the other was busy with her whip; she beating her foot impatiently when she hesitated a moment at the open window of the dining-room. She was paler than when I had seen her last; and black rings beneath her eyes spoke of trouble of the mind, if not of the body—but the sun, striking



"MY LADY, SAID I, COMING FORWARD NOW WITH A QUICK STEP" (p. 694).

upon her pretty hair, seemed to cap her little head with golden curls; and I thought that her very beauty was a thing which might compel the strongest man to some awe of her. Nor could I bring myself to believe that this was the little Marjory I had played with at Warboys—so much she seemed above my state; and so cold was the stately air she ever wore. Indeed, I remained stuck to the ground like a silly fellow who could make no compliment, and even when she spoke to me—calling me “Hugh” to my great content—still there was that in her voice which forbade me to answer her with any familiarity or to forget who I was and what my condition had come to. Yet Lord! thought I, did I but cry it out here in this garden that she was my wife—who should gainsay me? I knew that none could, and my great secret lay rustling close to my heart like a dove may flutter in the arms of a woman who holds it lovingly.

“Well, Hugh,” she said, resting still by the window, “do you not give me good-morning?”

“My lady,” said I, coming forward now with a quick step, “that would be the easier did your face speak of better health. Never saw I one so changed since we last met.”

She laughed at this, and turned to Sir Nathaniel with a gesture of her hand—a gesture which, had she made it for me, would have been the prettiest that ever was.

“You hear, Sir Nathaniel, what tricks a month in the matted gallery has played with me. Master Hugh says that I am changed—ay, surely, I must be for him to speak of it.”

“*Dame*,” said he, “you are as much changed as a flower that has been abroad a week with the tapers. You cannot stand friends to the night and look for the morning’s favour, my lady. And, if I may say it, there was never one that loved the night as you.”

Her eyes met mine and she flushed a little; showing some temper that he reminded her of her follies.

“Oh,” she cried, “the child that was bred in the dark may well clap its hands when it sees a little light—”

“If thereby its fingers be not burned,” said I, with some heat.

“True, Master Peters,” answered the captain, “you speak wise words—though they would be the better from a pulpit than in this sunny garden. I trust that they have done well with you since I was here?”

“Sir,” said I, “they have given me bread for my food and a bed for my body—if that be well—then it is for you to praise them. I have now been a prisoner five weeks in your house—”

“A prisoner!” exclaimed my lady, casting a quick glance at the other.

“Exactly,” answered Sir Nathaniel, with a sneer, “that is Master Hugh’s opinion on it. My man watches night and day to save him from his follies, and he shows his gratitude by prating ever of his prison. Do you open your ears wide enough, he will rack your nerves with a finer tale of woe than old John Foxe put into his Acts and Monuments.”

Marjory shook her head, her pale face more troubled than when she was come first into the garden.

“Oh, Hugh, Hugh,” cried she, “when will you have done with your obstinacy and your ingratitude?”

“My lady,” said I, “they will last longer than the friendship which some seek to put upon me.”

It would have grown to a quarrel there upon the spot, I swear, but for the sudden coming of Will Monk, who told us that the breakfast was set in the dining-room; and, all going in, we found a table bright with many flowers and much plate—come I know not whence. Nor was there any talk of bread and simple meats when Captain Goulding ate at Hampstead. The King himself might have been content with the great pasties and the French clarets and the rare old sack they now offered us; while for serving-men we had six of the captain’s attendants; all in fine liveries of brown and gold; and so grown in conceit that, Lord, they might have been the gentlemen and we the grooms. Nor could I hide it from myself that all this was done for little Marjory’s sake, that she might know what sort of a man was to be husband to her. Scarce a minute passed but Sir Nathaniel amused her with some jest or quip which would never have come into my head had I thought upon it the year long. And there I must sit like a dumb booby, while they spoke of this jade and of that; of the things which the King had said—ay, silly enough for the most part—and Lord! of adventures which should have put any honest woman to the blush. But, I said ever, that had I sword in my hand I would make as pretty a show as my lady’s man; and it was good to tell myself that at the leaping or the riding or the chase I was a better man than this pip of Paris, who should by right have been gowned in a fardingale, with his hair in a comb.

Through all this talk nothing had been said of the bond which the captain had required of me when last he was at the King’s house. I began to think that all recollection of it had escaped him; but when we were again in the shade of the garden after our breakfast, he, of a sudden, turned to me and said:—

“Well, Master Hugh, so we go to Paris together at the fall of the month?”

"Sir," said I, taken all aback, "I have given no word——"

"Exactly, and the better reason to give it now. I must be a week there before July is done, and will be, very willingly, your companion in the journey. You have convinced yourself by this time, I am sure, that your own country is no longer a home for you. But in Paris you will be a free man, with guineas in your pocket—and, who knows, a pretty French maid to nurse you to your old health. *Ventre bleu*, lad, if I had your years, I would know well what to do with them. And your choice is between this journey and the scaffold, let me tell you. Oh, I have no doubt of your answer."

He spoke as one who can command and persuade in the same voice, and I, stammering like a silly boy, seemed to give him my consent. Yet, God knows, my brain was all giddy with the things I would have said, and could not—so strong did he compel me. As for my lady, when I raised my eyes to hers, I saw that her face was flushed scarlet, while her lips were close shut together, as the lips of one who has the impulse but not the wish to speak.

"Sir Nathaniel," cried I at last, "if it be my Lady Marjory's wish that I go to Paris, then you shall find me a willing companion."

"You hear that," said he, turning his searching eyes full upon her; "you hear that, my lady?—if it be your wish, he is my willing companion. What say you, then?"

I could see her breast rise and fall with the effort she had to speak. Then, looking away from us both, she answered—

"It is my wish."

Before the next hour was struck upon the bell at Hampstead I heard them ride together from the house. But, God, I lay upon my bed with my tears choking me, and all the sunshine could not lift the darkness from my eyes.

CHAPTER XVII.—I SEE ISRAEL WOLF AGAIN.

FOR more than a week after my lady rode away from the King's house I lived like a man in a dream. Do what I would, my mind had no activity. A strange lethargy possessed my body, so that I lay whole days upon my bed, caring not that the sun shone or that summer was now with us. Nor did I heed Will Monk when he told me that I might go into the garden if I pleased. The house was my prison no longer—yet had I no liberty, no, nor will to wish it. Only a great longing, a longing for my little wife, which ate up my very heart, consumed me. I went near to a fever of the brain, and hours passed with all

my limbs burning and only a sweet cold upon my lips, because I thought, in my dream, that she whom I loved bent to kiss me while I slept.

This fever had passed somewhat at the eighth day; and, when the evening was come, I made bold to go out to the garden and sit awhile in the shade of a cypress tree which grew very fine there. No one moved in the house when I let myself out, nor was there any sound save that which came from the woods where all the dying sent up their horrid cries, and the living prayed for the forgiveness of their sins. I found the air of the night very sweet to breathe; and stayed long listening to the splash of the brook which was at the garden's end. In truth, it fell full dark, and I believe I had sat there half the night but for a step upon the path near to me; and a knowledge, very sudden, that a stranger came toward the house. This waked me well enough; and I waited, with my heart in my mouth, to learn who came to the King's house at such an hour. Nor was it until the man walked almost to the fountain's edge that I knew him, and with a glad word of welcome put out both my hands to touch his.

"Israel Wolf," cried I; "oh, God be praised for this hour! It is, indeed, thou."

For a spell he stood quite silent, his eyes shining bright above the black cloak with which his face was veiled. But when he had looked at me long, he of a sudden set down the unlighted lantern upon the grass at his side and gripped my hands as I had wished him to do.

"Master Hugh," he said in a low voice, "there was never one so spoke to me since my mother died. God, that I, who am hated of men, should find a friend in thee."

"Oh," exclaimed I, "thou art, indeed, a friend, and so I will account thee always. Do not I owe my life to thee? It was well when thou wast with me; but now I am alone, and, God knows, there is none that cares. They have done ill to me in this house, Master Wolf, and I am sunk very low."

"Nay, master," said he, drawing me out of the shade so that the moon fell full upon my face, "there is no need of words to tell me that. But I am come with better news for thee; and since thy jailor is like to be returned while we are yet warm in the talk, I will even make haste to do the bidding. Let us go up to the house, that thou mayst read what is written. It is a letter from Master Ford which I carry."

"From Master Ford," cried I; going hot and cold with the joy of it.

"From no other," he replied, beginning to

walk toward the house ; " he heard but yesterday that thou wert here, and he has a strange tale upon his lips—you shall answer it presently, ay or no. He is much concerned about thee. His own people die like leaves in autumn, or he would have been at thy side to-day."

" Well," said I, " he might have knocked long upon this door without one answering him.

beheld again that strange writing which I had seen, and feared, so often in my childhood. But now I feared it no longer ; every word was a precious message to me—the message of the living friend to one that is shut out from the world ; a message of hope new come and of friendship restored. And my hope was very high when Master Wolf, holding the lantern, and the mists clearing presently from my eyes, I read the letter.

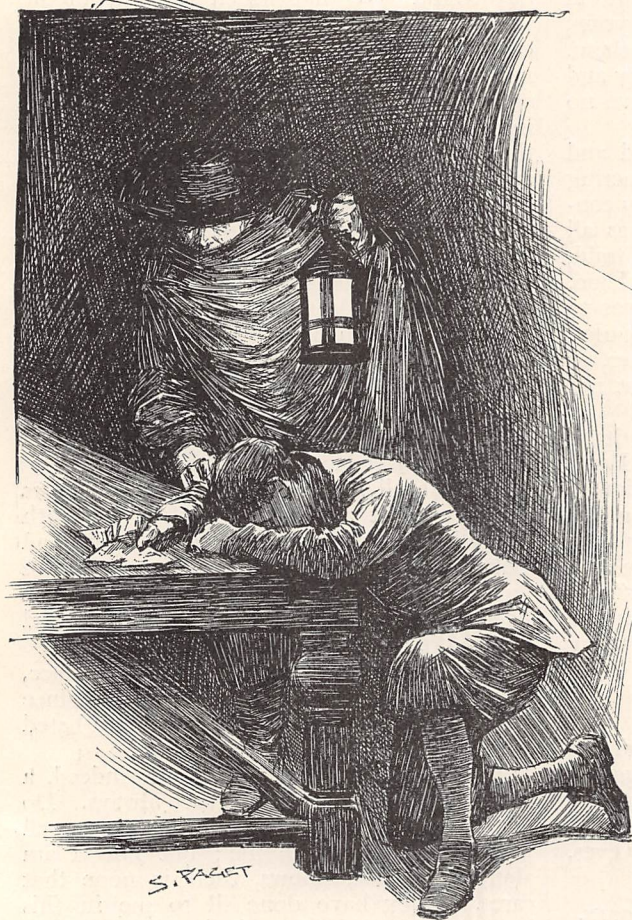
Its first lines spoke of the parson's love for me, and asked me of my condition at the King's house ; he giving me great news of the plague in the city and of his own sorrows at the sufferings of his people. From that he passed to gossip of my lady ; but quite suddenly he broke off his thread to write a thing which set my heart dancing and seemed like a word whispered by an angel in my ear.

" And this reminds me, Hugh," he wrote, after a great dash to cut the gossip short, " there was one visited me yesterday whom you knew well at Warboys—Tom Honeydew ; him they called the 'tipsy parson.' He tells me a strange tale of my lady and of thee, a tale of the years when she was thy father's guest. I will not plague thee with the whole, but the end of it is this, that one day, when he passed through the park and found thee playing lover to the child, he married thee to her for the jest's sake. He was ever a prating fellow ; and this, I doubt not, is one of his tipsy humours. I conjure thee tell the bearer if it be so or no—for were it as he has told us, then, surely, she is thy wife, though the King himself deny thee. But Hugh, it cannot be, for, as God lives, if thou wert her husband—yet let me hold my pen from such follies. The jest is that I should mention so silly a thing in my letter to thee."

I put down the writing, but my head was so light with joy that I fell to laughing very drolly ; nor, upon my life, could I say a word to Master Wolf, but must titter away like a girl grown hysterical. He, however, was quick to bring me to reason.

" Well," said he, watching me closely, " do I carry 'ay' or 'no' to Parson Ford ?"

" Oh, Master Israel," cried I, breaking down upon it altogether, " you shall carry 'ay'—a hundred times, 'ay,' 'ay.' She is my wife, God knows ; she is my wife, though all the world deny me."



"TEARS OF WEAKNESS AND OF GLADNESS TRICKLED UPON MY FINGERS."

Yet, since you are here, there must be another way. How came you in, Master Wolf ?"

He laughed his deep, short laugh.

" It would be a strong house that would keep out Israel Wolf had he the mind to enter," he answered, and so saying we passed to the hall ; and he lit his lantern that I might read the parson's letter.

There are moments in all our lives which remain vivid memories to us, even when the years have passed. Such a moment was the one when, taking the paper in my hand, I

I sank down upon the oaken seat now, and, fending the letter as if it were a treasure of gold, I buried my face in my hands, and the tears of weakness and of gladness trickled upon my fingers. Long had my secret lain like a heavy burden upon my mind. But now the burden was lifted suddenly from me, and the joy was a joy hardly to be borne. Nor was there ever one so gentle to another in trouble as Israel Wolf to me in that hour.

"Master Hugh," said he, laying his hand upon my arm to comfort me, "if it be indeed as thou sayest, then is this a great day for thee. God witness that midnight shall not be struck twice and find us in the King's house. My time is spent now, and to delay here longer would be to imperil thee; but to-morrow at this hour you shall hear me in the garden; and if I am the bearer of ill news then, why say that another and not old Israel

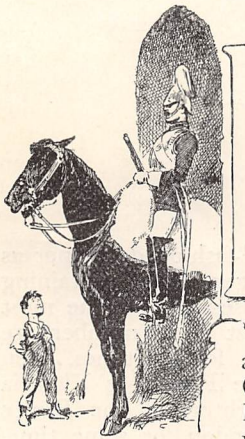
comes to thee! Meanwhile, should Will Monk trouble thee, here is that which may hold him to obedience. He means ill to thee, and there is that abroad which may make this the night of thy greatest danger. I say no more—watch him well, and do not forget that a man heavy in sleep is death's neighbour. Count me friend always, for the words which thou hast spoken to him with the devil's face."

He drew his cloak the closer about his bright eyes, and, snatching up the lantern, he passed into the dark of the garden. Long I listened to the fall of his foot upon the gravel walk; and only when a great stillness fell upon the house, did a moonbeam show me what it was he had left behind him upon the table.

But when the ray fell there, I saw a dagger, such as the French use, and all the hilt of it was sparkling with shining gems.

(To be continued.)

ROUND THE ROYAL MEWS.



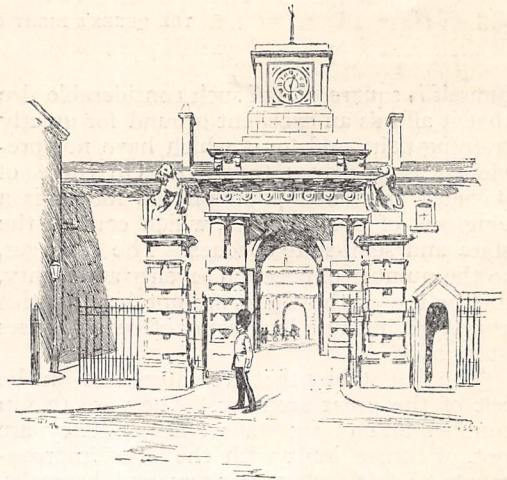
I can hardly be said that, from the outside, the appearance of the Royal Mews is peculiarly interesting. A long, dark-coloured wall, surmounted by a row of funereal-looking urns, runs from Buckingham Palace

to the house of the Crown equerry, and behind it the great courtyard with its stables and

coach-houses lies hid. Above the wall the roof of the riding school is all that can be seen by the pedestrian, until he comes to the great iron gates, where the red tunic of the perambulating sentry lends a much-needed splash of colour to the scene. Through the bars he has a glimpse of the great archway which leads into the interior, with possibly a knot of the royal grooms in their smart liveries standing beneath it. Nothing more, however, for on his left watches a porter in the gatehouse to check his further inquisitiveness. But, after he has shown his necessary permit to this functionary and signed his name as a guarantee of good faith, he may pass within and, with a groom for his guide, go the rounds.

The Royal Mews was built in the year 1824,

at the time when George IV., with John Nash for his architect, was arranging for the rebuilding of the "Queen's House," as Buckingham Palace was then generally called. In

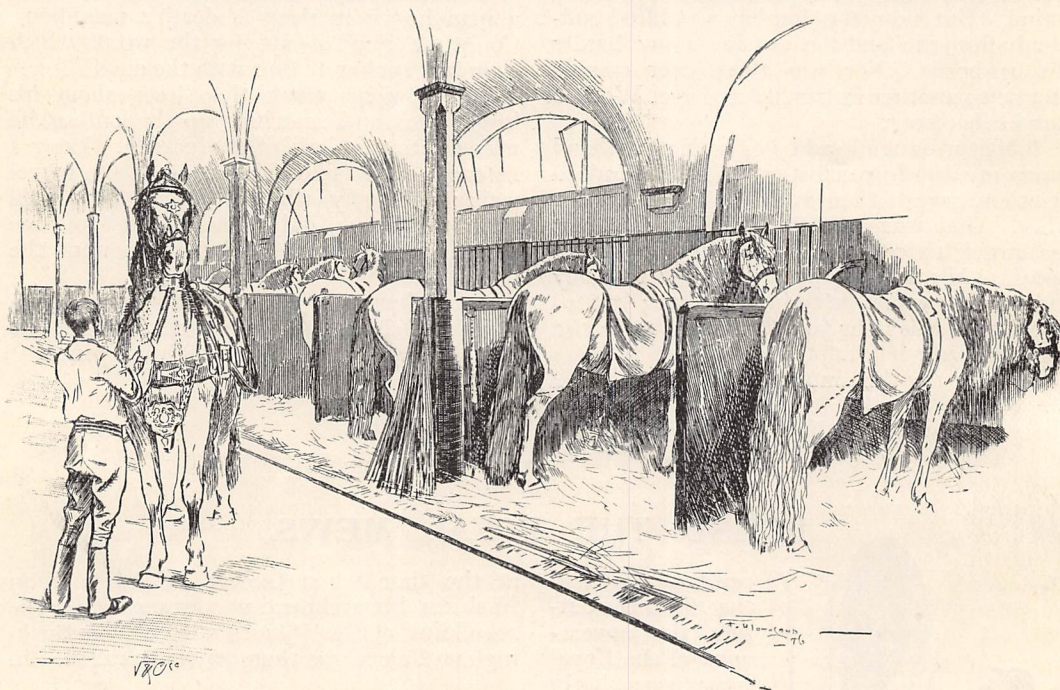


THE ENTRANCE.

1846, when the Palace was enlarged to its present size, the Mews was also partially rebuilt, but the ground plan remained the same. To hide it from the windows of the Palace, trees and shrubs were planted and a large artificial mound raised, on the side of which a summer-house was erected. To enter the

Mews the visitor must pass under a heavy Doric archway surmounted by a clock-tower, which is of some interest as the clock which it contains is by Vulliamy and is faced by stone dials which are over six feet in diameter. The courtyard in which he now finds

straw forms a neat border to the straw beds, and everything is scrupulously neat and tidy, as is the case all through the royal stables. Coming to the second side of the square, we find two stables running at right angles to the wall of the building. They are fitted in



THE QUEEN'S EIGHT CREAMS IN THE STABLE.

himself is square, and of such considerable size that it affords an excellent ground for quietly training pairs and fours which have not previously been driven together. On three of its sides are stables, and on the fourth is a long row of coach-houses, which contain the state and semi-state coaches. The carriages, to the number of between seventy and eighty, for the use of the Court are not kept in this courtyard but in a long array of coach-houses at its back.

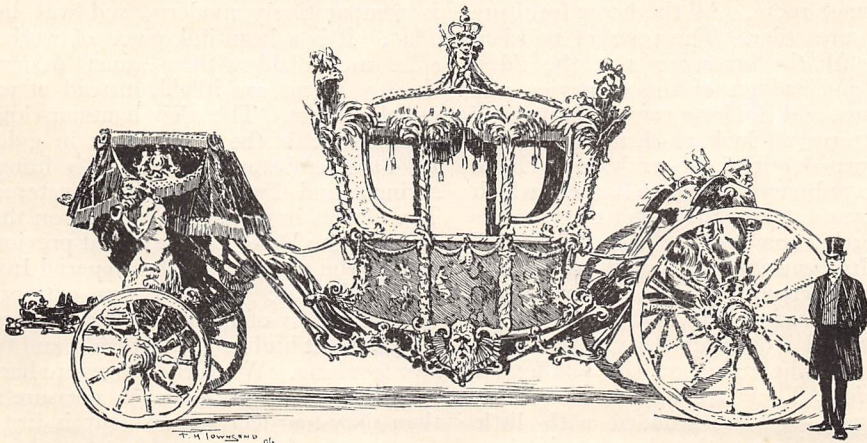
The first stables that are entered lie on the left of the great archway. They are two in number and of six stalls apiece. They are not, of course, built with the latest improvements as to flooring, mangers, and hayracks, but they are lofty, and allow plenty of air to circulate through them—a matter of the first importance if horses are to be kept healthy. Bay is the predominant colour, and there are several well-bred animals amongst the twelve. They are principally hacks used by the equerries and royal attendants when escorting the Queen. Above each stall is painted the name of the horse that stands there. Plaited

the same simple and old-fashioned manner as the first, but are larger, each containing twelve stalls. The horses are for the most part bays, and amongst their number are several which have, in former times, been regularly ridden by the Princesses Victoria and Maud. The daughters of the Prince have not ridden in London for some time, although they take horse exercise at Sandringham and elsewhere in the country. Some two years ago the late Prince Henry of Battenberg and Princess Beatrice rode together in the Park, but that Princess was the last of the ladies of the Royal Family that have availed themselves of these riding horses. In the second stable stands a tall bay charger "Swordsman," the favourite horse of the late Prince Henry and one he often used at reviews and military functions. He is a quiet, well-tempered animal, but with plenty of good looks and a fine action. Next to him stands "Sultan," a horse which has frequently carried the Duke of Connaught. Sprinkled throughout these two stables are several well-bred animals of considerable value.

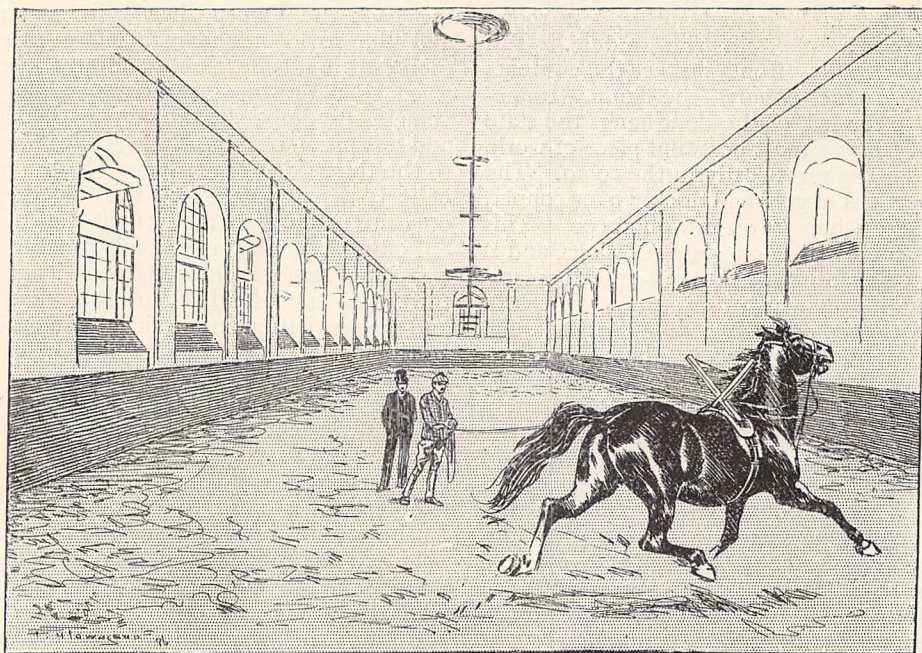
We now come to the first of the harness rooms. It is a long and rather low room, heated by a stove in the middle. Tall cabinets with glass fronts protect the contents from their chief enemy—the damp. Immediately to the left of the door hangs the state harness. It is a most beautiful piece of work, and by far the most costly in the room. The metal work is of gold laid thickly over copper, and the leather is of red morocco. This harness is only used on state occasions, and is shown to advantage by the well-known cream-coloured horses which draw the state coach. It was last used at the wedding of the Duke of York and the Princess May. It is exceedingly heavy, and each horse when fully caparisoned carries a burden of considerably over a hundredweight. Opposite to it hangs the harness used by the Prince of Wales on semi-state occasions. The Prince has his own horses at Marlborough House and at Sandringham, but at such functions as drawing-rooms and levées he uses a semi-state carriage and a pair of black Flemish horses provided from the Royal Mews. The metal portion of this harness is of brass, and the richly-wrought arms are well shown off by the patent leather foundation into which they are fastened. Besides these two sets, there is in this room a quantity of beautiful harness for teams of two, four, or six horses. It is set aside for the use of Princes of the blood on semi-state occasions and for royal visitors. Conspicuous amongst it is a set of four-horse harness, which was carried by the four bays which drew the Shahzada to the Guildhall banquet last year.

On leaving this room we come to two stables, each containing twelve stalls, which are in all points exactly similar to those already described. Here stand the horses which are used for ordinary carriage work,

such as meeting the royal train and conveying back the Queen, her ladies-in-waiting, and the royal attendants. Two carriages, each drawn by four horses, always meet the royal train on these occasions, while other vehicles are despatched to convey the luggage and servants. Leaving these stables, we come to the third side of the square. In the middle of it is a gateway, which is situated exactly opposite to the great archway at the entrance. On either side of this second gateway stand two long stables, each capable of containing thirty-two horses. They are broad and high, and the ventilation and drainage are excellent. In the first of these are a number of carriage horses, which are, like those already mentioned, used for ordinary carriage work. Several of them are remarkably fine animals, standing fully seventeen hands high. In this stable there are no less than five matched "fours," accustomed to be driven together. In the second stable are the most celebrated horses in the Royal Mews. To the left of the door stand the eight cream-coloured horses, which draw the state coach. George III. and the kings that followed him invariably preferred white, but at the accession of the Queen a number of cream-coloured horses were presented to her by the King of Hanover. Those now in the royal stables are, of course, descendants of the horses that came over in 1837. They were bred at Hampton Court, and at that palace there is now a number of others of the same breed and colour ready to take the place of any animal that is injured or dies. Beautiful creatures they certainly look with their glossy coats, silken manes, and well-kept tails that sweep the ground. Special grooms are detailed to keep them in the pink of condition, and in this the men seem perfectly successful. These are the horses that carry the state harness of gold and red,



THE OLD STATE CARRIAGE.



THE RIDING SCHOOL IN THE ROYAL MEWS.

to which we have already referred. Opposite to them stand the blacks. They are of Flemish breed, and were imported from Holland. They are taller and appear stronger than the creams, and look just as well cared for in coat and mane and tail. A pair of them is placed at the disposal of the Prince of Wales on semi-state occasions. The remaining horses in the stable are bays. They are also fine animals, and two of them stand fully eighteen hands high. They are used by the Queen for semi-state functions.

Close to these large stables is a second and smaller harness room. All the horse furniture is kept in rare order. The rows of polished steel bits with the brass crests at the sides, the spurs and saddles of the equerries and royal grooms, and the long row of harness of various patterns all look as clean and bright as if just turned out of the workshop. Here is hung the ordinary four-horse harness which is carried by the teams that meet the Queen's train. Further on we see the "Council" harness. Its beautifully-executed brass-work, set off by red rosettes, gives a very smart effect. It is used when the Queen opens Parliament, and from this derives its name. At the end of the room are the saddles for the equerries. They are of a military cut, with cruppers, and are studded with little brass crowns. Nearer the door again is a quantity of harness for teams of four or six

horses. These sets were frequently in use during the visit of the Shahzada for the benefit of that prince and his suite.

There now remains the fourth side of the square, which is devoted to the state and semi-state carriages. The semi-state carriages, eleven in number, are chiefly of modern make. They are hung by straps on **C** springs, and yield to the slightest motion. On the hammer-cloths are blazoned the royal arms, and the arms also appear painted on the panels. The interior is lined with blue watered silk. The state carriages are two in number. One is comparatively modern, and was built in 1847. It is a beautiful piece of work. The sides are inlaid with a quiet design, and the royal arms are inlaid, instead of painted, on the doors. The rich hammer-cloths are blazoned with the royal arms in gold lace. Like the semi-state carriages, it is hung on **C** springs and lined with blue watered silk. The Queen has used it recently, on the marriage of the Duke of York, and previously to that at the opening of the Imperial Institute. The old state coach is an extraordinary vehicle. It is of immense size, being some fourteen feet high, eight feet wide, and twenty-four feet long. When the horses are harnessed to it, the team and the coach measure no less than sixty-four feet. Its weight is just under four tons, and it cost £7,661 16s. 5d. It was designed by Sir W. Chambers in 1762, and

the large panels at the back and sides were painted with emblematic figures by Cipriani. The frame itself is of oak, as are the four huge figures of Tritons blowing horns, two in front and two behind. Despite the lapse of time and the assaults of the London fogs, the frame is as good to-day as it was a hundred and thirty years ago. The gold on the hammer-cloths is faded, and the gilt has worn away in some places, but this could quickly be renewed should the old coach ever be wanted to appear in public again. George III. frequently used it, as did his successors, and the Queen rode in it at her Coronation. On the death of the Prince Consort, however, her Majesty abandoned the lumbering old coach with its memories, and has ever since used the smaller and less pretentious state coach that we have already described. It is certainly a relic of times gone by, for in its huge size and florid ornamentation one would expect to see the chariot of the fairy prince in a Christmas pantomime rather than the state carriage of modern England.

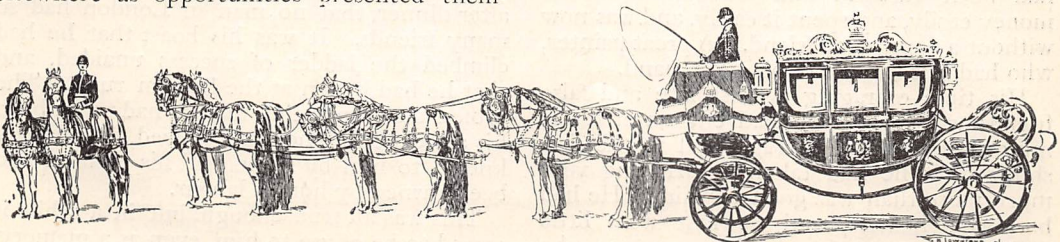
At the end of the Mews nearest to Buckingham Palace is the Riding School. It is a large building, over ninety feet long and about forty wide. The floor is thickly covered with tan. Hurdles and bars are provided to teach jumping to young horses or young riders. It is here that many members of the Royal Family learnt to ride. At the further end is a window looking into the Riding School, and in the room behind it the Queen has often sat watching the first equestrian performances of children or grandchildren. It is some years now since the Riding School has been used by anyone but grooms training the young horses. Two other buildings are included in the Royal Mews. One on the left of the entrance gates is the house of the Crown Equerry; the second on the right is the office of the Master of the Horse. Sir Henry Ewart, the Crown Equerry, has done much to improve the Royal Mews. During his reign of office, old and useless animals have been gradually weeded out, and better stock introduced. The size of the breeding establishment at Hampton Court has been reduced, and carefully-selected horses secured elsewhere as opportunities presented them-

selves. His right-hand man is Mr. Nicholas, the superintendent. To his care and good management is due the excellent working order in which the Royal Mews is at present to be found.

Some eighty men are employed in the stables, and there is plenty of work for them. There are over one hundred and twenty horses to be fed, groomed, and exercised every day, while during the season many of the eighty carriages are in constant use. The cleaning of the semi-state harness with its intricate brass-work is by no means an easy affair. A long wait in the rain during a Court ball or some such function means many an hour of steady rubbing and polishing on the next day. The servants are treated well as regards their pay, and when invalided through age or accident they are allowed a pension. The younger grooms live outside the mews, but some fifteen or twenty men live above the stables, where excellent accommodation is provided. These are, of course, the older servants, for the rooms are granted according to the seniority of the applicant. From six-thirty the work begins, and from that hour to eight the horses that are not wanted during the day are exercised in Battersea or Hyde Park. In the afternoon a certain number of the grooms are detailed to conduct visitors round the stables. The number of those who apply for cards of admission naturally varies, but in August and September, when the Americans pour into England, the applications have risen to nearly a thousand a week. The subjects of the Republic appear to take a keener interest in anything royal than is manifested by the ordinary Londoner.

The horses in the Royal Mews do not usually follow the Queen to either Osborne or Balmoral. At Osborne the Queen has some fine greys, a colour of which her Majesty is especially fond. At Balmoral horses are used which are better suited to the Scotch hills than those whose knowledge of roads is limited to the London pavements. When, however, the Queen attends some function near London—at Aldershot or, perhaps, Ascot—her carriages are horsed from the Royal Mews.

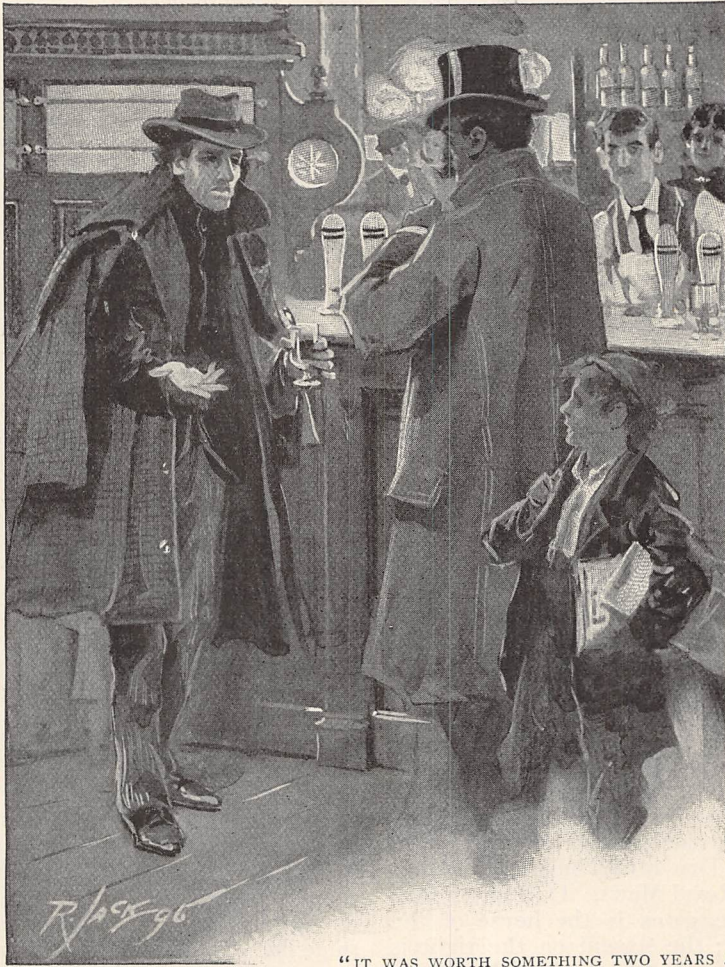
B. FLETCHER ROBINSON.



THE STATE CARRIAGE AND EIGHT CREAMS.

THE CASE OF MICHAEL SANFORD.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.



"IT WAS WORTH SOMETHING TWO YEARS AGO.
IT ISN'T WORTH MUCH NOW."

SANFORD was ruined, and his case, as he looked at it, seemed altogether beyond remedy. He had been a man of genius once upon a time, or, at least, the world had told him so. He had been caressed and lauded, had made money easily, and spent it easily, and was now without a penny or a friend. A great painter, who had lost the use of his right hand.

His time of raging against fate and false friends was over. He had encountered his misfortune without courage, and in the first shock of it he had taken to drinking very much more than was good for him. He had borrowed heavily, and at first with little difficulty, because the eminent surgeons who

had charge of his case had been confident. As their doubts grew, he had begun to be a little base and to deceive people. He borrowed on pretences which, if not wholly false, were coloured.

He had said once, when his heart was warm after dinner, that no man in London had so many friends. It was his boast that he had climbed the ladder of success unaided, and that he had begun at the bottom rung. The professional reputation-makers had never been his associates. They had, indeed, been barely known to him by name, and his position had been earned by honest labour.

This was all true enough, but in a while it ceased to be of use to him, even as a memory.

People began to be tired of his distresses and his borrowings, and the more he grew to be in need, the less help he got. That is, of course, and always has been, the world's way, and everybody knows it—in theory. There are heaps of things which are known in theory, and are accepted with a light heart, which become suddenly odious and horrible when translated into one's own experience. That is because we are all so different from other people, and because what is excellent sauce for the goose is absurdly nauseous when served with the gander.

Sanford was seen to have been intoxicated two or three nights running, but on the night on which he slipped upon a piece of banana peel in Regent Street he was as sober as a judge. That made no difference. It was natural to think that the fall which injured his hand anew, and made his case quite hopeless, was the result of the vice which had taken hold upon him. Very few people cared to remember that until misfortune overtook him he had been a sober man. It was the general opinion that he had himself to thank for all that had befallen him.

Little by little, and yet with a rapidity frightful to contemplate, the few sticks which had kept him afloat in the whirlpool of poverty were drawn from his grasp. He grew shabbier and more shabby in aspect. His face, which had once been handsome and full of fine spiritual quality, deteriorated.

Sitting by himself one miserable evening, he had turned out all his pockets, and had found a few pinches of tobacco dust, mixed with dottings of tinfoil, small splinters of wooden matches, rolled crumbs of cloth fibre, and other foreign matter. He spread the dust upon an unclothed table, and with the broken point of a pen drew out the worthless particles. The voice of his landlady had been heard incessantly for half an hour. She had no interlocutor—she and Sanford were alone in the house—but she pretended to be addressing somebody as she sat on the stairs in the dark, and complained passionately of her lodger's indebtedness.

The lodger cleaned his pinches of tobacco dust to this accompaniment, packed his pipe and began to smoke, with his elbows resting on the table and his chin on his clenched hands. The voice outside rose to a shriek, denouncing him, but he did not seem to listen; and when he had smoked his pipe to its last whiff, he slipped it into his pocket, stuck his hat on, turned out the gas, and went downstairs.

"You're not a-takin' anythin' else out o' my 'ouse, are you?" asked the landlady. "You pawned the empty portmanty last

Toosday, didn't you? You're a-goin' to cheat me of the seven weeks' rent you owe me, ain't you?"

He went by without a word, brushing her slightly in the darkness. The woman broke into a storm of screams and sobs.

He left the house in silence, the screams pursuing him through the open door, and falling suddenly in the noises of the traffic and the rain. It was a night of storm, and every now and again a street lamp was extinguished by the wind. A chimney-pot fell a yard behind him, and went to pieces with a crash. He paused and looked back enviously, and then took his way through the wind and rain again.

A corner house was aflame in the dismal night with gas and polished brasswork. Sanford stood before it with the rain pouring from a gutter in the rim of his shabby old wideawake, and groped in his pockets to assure himself of his last threepence. He shouldered the swinging door aside, and entered.

"Two of gin and a screw of shag," he said, throwing the coppers on the pewter of the counter.

A man turned at the sound of his voice and stared, until Sanford felt the glance and turned also. He started, and the blood flowed to his sallow face like a wave.

"Sanford?" said the man, and the ejaculation bespoke a horror of surprise.

Sanford answered with a gasp of laughter.

"You hadn't heard?"

The bald reply acknowledged everything. The inquiry and response held a volume.

"Heard what, man?" cried the other. "For God's sake don't tell me this isn't a masquerade!"

"Real enough," Sanford answered, holding out his right hand. "Do you see that? It was worth something two years ago. It isn't worth much now."

The rain dripped from his shining coat and trousers, and made a pool about his feet in the sawdust of the floor. The barman served him, swept up the half-dozen halfpence, threw them into the till, and went back to the further end of the bar. The two men were alone.

"Tell me all about it."

"There isn't much to tell," said Sanford. "I had outrun the constable. Not much—not more than usual. Then this happened." He held out the atrophied, distorted hand. "It was a gun accident, to begin with. My creditors sold me up, of course, and—here I am. What surprises me is that you didn't know it. It's been trumpeted abroad enough."

"I got back last week," the other answered. "Been dacoit-hunting—out of the way of

news. Drink up, and we'll take a cab to my place. I can rig you out," he whispered, with a sidelong eye on the barman. "We're pretty much of a size."

"I'm past help, Yardley," said Sanford. "Don't meddle with me."

"No man's past help till he's dead," said his companion. "Come along."

They went into the street together, found a hansom, and were driven away. They came to a fashionable quarter of the town, and Yardley, having dismissed the driver, opened with his latchkey the door at which he had alighted.

"Nip upstairs," he said. "First door on the right's my bedroom. I'll be with you in a minute."

Sanford obeyed him, and waited. He heard Yardley's voice calling—

"Jackson! Jackson! Oh! here you are. Turn on a hot bath, and lay out clean towels in the bath-room. Look sharp!"

Footsteps ran hastily upstairs, a match spluttered, and there was a noise of plunging water. Then the footsteps ran downstairs, and Yardley appeared carrying a decanter and a tumbler.

"Have a drop of this," he said. "Get out of those wet togs and into a hot bath. I'll find a change for you. Nothing like a hot bath to take a chill out of you. You're wet through and shivering, old man. Now, don't stand here to jaw, or you'll catch your death."

With a friendliness purposely roughened, he pushed his guest from the room and busied himself in seeking an outfit for him. He carried this to the bath-room.

"Here you are, old chap. Find me downstairs when you're ready."

In twenty minutes Sanford descended, clothed and like himself once more. Yardley's whiskey had braced him. His cheeks had taken colour, and his slouch had changed to a walk.

"There's a spare bedroom in the house," said Yardley, "and I've taken it. I'm beastly hungry, for I haven't dined to-night, and I've ordered supper. Everything's cold, you know, but it's late. I've got some clinking good beer and some decent Burgundy. You don't get beer in Burmah. Good creature, beer, eh?"

"Look here," said Sanford, stooping to the fire; "you mean well, Yardley, but I oughtn't to have come with you. You'll have to drop me."

"Why shall I?"

"I'm beyond mending. I never was good for anything outside my work. I *could* paint—once."

"Oh, well," said Yardley, "I ain't a

millionaire, but I've got enough, and what's enough for one's enough for two. You can't go about as you were doing to-night, you know. Upon my word, I don't understand what people were thinking of to let you do it. It's the wretchedest sort of nonsense, really!"

Sanford moved from the fire and sat down, shading the lower half of his face with his injured hand and staring over it at the glowing coals.

"I never thought——" he said, and stopped there.

"Never thought what?" his host asked him.

"I never thought you cared particularly about me, Yardley. I never reckoned you a special friend of mine."

"Well, for the matter of that, old chap," said Yardley, "I don't know that I did either. But we've been pals in a way. Don't make a fuss about it. Now, do hold your tongue, there's a good chap. I've got something I particularly want to talk about. Now sit down and hold your jaw like a Christian."

Sanford had broken upon him with incoherent thanks and protest, but he dropped back into the chair from which he had risen and stared at the fire again.

"Didn't you know Lovedale?" asked his host in a commonplace voice.

"Your Lovedale? Oh, yes, I knew him."

"If the tone means anything, you don't like him."

"I haven't cause to like him," said Sanford.

"Owed you money, didn't he?"

"Six hundred pounds, the scoundrel!"

"Exactly. Well, he's back again—you've asked him for the money?"

"I've begged for it. I've humiliated myself to him. I've written till I'm tired."

"Ah! I didn't know that, of course; but he was very tipsy after mess one night, and—in *vino veritas*, you know—he told me in his own dirty way (I needn't describe it to a man who knows him) that you'd been fool enough not to ask him for any sort of acknowledgment, and he was chuckling over it. He doesn't mean to pay."

"Back again, is he?" Sanford asked.

He felt a wild-beast instinct stirring in his breast. For many months now he had known nothing but a stupid acquiescence in his own fate, but this news awoke him to the old agony of hatred and revolt.

"He's living a dozen doors off," said Yardley. "We came back together. I don't suppose he's got six hundred pounds, but he can find a bit now and then, and I don't see why we shouldn't make him. I'm game to prove his verbal admission of the debt. You write and tell him what I say, and threaten

him with the county court. You can make him shell out a tenner from time to time, and that will be something."

"Something!" cried Sanford passionately. "If he repays me it will keep me for twelve years better than I have been kept for the last six months."

"Poor old chap!" said Yardley, with a hand upon his shoulder.

Sanford looked up, his eyes shining wet, and his heart registered a vague, tumultuous vow of fealty and affection.

"Thirty-two is the beggar's number," said Yardley. "Look him up, and tell him what I've told you."

"Can you send a note to him?" Sanford asked, and by way of answer Yardley laid writing materials before him. "Write for me," Sanford said. "It's a slow and clumsy business with the left hand. I should get into it if I practised, I dare say, but I've never found the heart."

"All right," Yardley answered, seating himself at the table and squaring his elbows. "Let him have it hot. 'November twenty-fifth.' Go ahead."

"Sir," Sanford dictated, rising and striding up and down the room; "'you have acted like a hound.'"

"Good," said Yardley. "'Like a hound.' Rip it into him, old man."

"When I straitened myself to lend you money which I could ill afford to part with, I trusted to your honour, and took no acknowledgment of the transaction. If you had been gifted with one grain of self-respect, that trustful negligence of mine would have made the debt more binding."

"Certainly," said Yardley; "'debt more binding.' Go ahead."

"Major Yardley, who is so kind as to write this letter, informs me that in his presence you have made a drunken brag about the foolish confidence I reposed in you."

"Hold on!" cried Yardley. "Let me add a bit."

He wrote at a great pace, and read with a splutter of angry laughter—

"And Major Yardley takes this opportunity of expressing his personal opinion, which is that you are the rottenest rogue of his acquaintance, and, if arrangements are not made within a week, will make a regimental business of it.' I'll put that in brackets," he said, "so that he'll know it's a personal interruption, don't you see?"

The letter was finished by a demand for an interview, and Yardley's man took it immediately to Number Thirty-two, returning to say that Captain Lovedale was out of town, but was expected back to-morrow. The two

men took supper, and in due time went to bed. Sanford lay long awake, luxuriating in the sense of personal cleanliness, and freedom from the pains of hunger. He had warmed his blood with half a bottle of good wine, and his mind began to grope towards the light again. If but the merest kind of bare living were afforded him he would teach his left hand something of what had been his right hand's cunning. He would live to paint again. And—this he vowed again and again before he fell asleep—he would pay Yardley's kindness with such an affection of gratitude as the world had not often seen. He would live for Yardley. He would become famous anew, if it were only that Yardley might glory in him, and be able to congratulate himself, saying: "This new man is of my making, and he remembers it, and loves me like a brother."

But Sanford in all this had reckoned without himself. He had forgotten the shameful weakness which had grown upon him. Lovedale, of Number Thirty-two, late of Burmah, was a man of exquisite meanness, but the threat of exposure to his colonel shook him so that he dropped a tremulous cheque at intervals. He thought himself hideously ill-used, for he was not well off, and he had reckoned on escaping payment altogether. His state was the less endurable because he could not complain about it, for even Lovedale could appreciate another man's view of the point of honour. The miserable worst of the whole business was, that whenever Lovedale yielded to pressure and shed a ten pound note, Sanford yielded to drink. He was found out by Yardley, who expostulated at first like a friend, and then with increasing bitterness and anger.

At last they parted, and Sanford went into new shabby lodgings, and grew terribly disreputable to look at again, and there was a fresh scandal about him, for he had begun to show up at his old clubs and calling places, and had been taken back to the affections of some of his old comrades. He haunted Lovedale, who loathed him as only a mean debtor can hate a creditor, and he would hang at his door, shabby, and semi-drunken, and dirty, and unshaven, and unashamed, and bully him for the money which rightly was his due. Lovedale once or twice grew so desperate as to give him twenty pounds at a time in the hope that he would drink himself to death, and so cease to trouble him; but on each of these occasions the wretched man made a half-hearted effort to retrieve himself, and blossomed into comparative decency of aspect for a time. So Lovedale took to doling out half-sovereigns and doctored his receipts. "Received on account, 10s.," in his own

handwriting, was easily changed into: "Received on account, £10 10s.," and with Sanford's signature beneath it, looked natural and deceptive enough.

But it happened one day that he told his shabby dun that he had paid him over two hundred and fifty pounds within the year, and was tired of him. He was surprised and hurt when the doleful man produced a dirty memorandum book in which he had kept strict reckoning of every sum received. Sanford exposed the trick which had been played upon him, and used strong language. He insisted for the future in writing out his receipts in full in his own sprawling left-handed fist, and on making it impossible to add a word or figure, and Lovedale felt more ill-used than ever, and changed his address at much trouble to himself. But Sanford found him out again, and went on haunting him.

The pessimists are never tired of telling us that when a man has done another an ill turn, he is willing to hate him for it, and ready in distorted self-justification to do him another. This is true in some cases, but it is fortunately just as true that the having done a man a good turn disposes another sort of man to future kindness. Yardley had befriended this wreck and ruin of a Sanford, and could not forget him. He called at his bankrupt room, and lent him half-crowns, and was the sole person in his old world who was not ashamed to greet him in the street.

It was a wailing spring night, some sixteen months after his discovery of Sanford's poverty, that he met him again, as he was making across from the Strand to Oxford Street.

"Hillo, Sanford, old chap! How goes it?" he asked in his cheery voice.

"It's prirry bad," said Sanford. "Look these boots. Look this hat—look me all over. Prif' figger, eh?"

"M'm," said Yardley, "how's Lovedale behaving?"

"Lovedale's thief," said the seedy Sanford. "I'm no good. I'm thoroughly alcoholised."

He made so ludicrous a struggle with the words that Yardley had a ghastly impulse towards laughter.

"That's wass matter with me. But I never tole a lie in my life—never robbed anyborry of farthing. There's lill 'count book. Put down every shilling in it."

And then he told the story of Lovedale's swindle, and Yardley having heard it, took the book and slipped it into his own pocket.

"Leave this with me for a day or two. I'll see the scoundrel. I suppose you're pretty hard up, old chap? Here's half a crown to go on with, any way, and I'll see Lovedale, and do what I can with him, and drop you a line about it. Old address will find you? All right; good-night."

He went his way, and Sanford found the nearest public house, and ate and



"YOU BLOATED COWARD! . . . WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?"

drank enough to steady him, and make him as sober as he often got to be in those dark and woeful days. Then he bethought him that he would go and see Lovedale, for he owed a pound at home, and his landlady was sometimes terrible.

Inspired by dread to action, he made his way to Lovedale's rooms, and would have been denied as usual and have made his usual disturbance, but for the fact that he found Lovedale in the very act of pulling out his latchkey at his own door.

"For God's sake," said Lovedale, "come inside, and don't let anybody see you."

He unlocked the door and led the way, and Sanford entered the house unseen.

"I want a fiver," he said. "And I'm not going away without it."

"My dear fellow," cried Lovedale in a lamentable voice; "I haven't got it. Upon my word, you're a perfect bloodsucker. Hush! There's somebody coming up the stairs." The sounds of the steps went by. "I can't let you have more than half a sovereign. I can't, upon my word of honour as a gentleman."

"Well," said Sanford, "upon your word of honour as a gentleman, which is a tremendous sort of oath to swear by, I won't go without a fiver. Give me a glass of whiskey."

He had found his speech again, but he had only entered on a new stage of his old condition.

Lovedale haggled, and got out his cash box. He turned away from Sanford whilst he made a pretence of looking in it, and held the box sideways to hide its contents.

"You've got it there," said Sanford, with an ugly laugh. "You've forgotten the looking-glass. There it is reflected. Hand it over."

"I can't spare that, really I can't," said Lovedale. "It's for my rent. Honour bright, Sanford. I'm keeping it for my rent. I've hardly got a shilling in the world. And it's no use to give you money—you'll only drink with it. It's throwing it away to give it to you."

"Give me a glass of whiskey," said Sanford.

"You won't be any the better for that," returned Lovedale. "You ought to begin to think about yourself, you know. What's going to become of you when you've bled me dry?"

"That's my affair," Sanford answered savagely. "Give me a glass of whiskey and a fiver, or I'll stay here all night and raise the devil."

Lovedale, nursing his cash box, unlocked a buffet, and took out a decanter. A rolling knock sounded at the front door of the house, and Lovedale stood to listen with the box cuddled in one arm, and the free hand on the

neck of the decanter. The door was opened and a voice sounded in the little hall—

"Captain Lovedale in? Thank you. All right; I know the way."

Lovedale pushed Sanford towards the portière which hung at his bedroom doorway.

"Go in there a minute. You can't be seen here. Well, take the whiskey."

Lovedale opened the door and faced Yardley. Sanford had recognised the voice, and stood behind the portière laughing silently, as he drew the stopper of the decanter. There was a faint jet of gaslight burning in the room, and moving silently he sat down in an armchair and drank. Then he rested the decanter on his knees and listened.

"Look here, Lovedale," said Yardley's voice, "I've come to have a bit of a serious talk with you. I've just met poor Sanford, and he has told me how you are trying to cheat him. Now you can hold your tongue so far as I'm concerned, for I'm going to believe Sanford against an army like you. I've got his memorandum book, with dates and amounts, and all that, and I want to see your receipts. Come along. Let's have no nonsense. I've only to tell what I know already to have you kicked out of the Service, and if you try to humbug me I'll do it."

Captain Lovedale made a protest against this, but Yardley bore him down and had his way. The listener chuckled quietly, and sipped from time to time. He heard a hand brought down heavily on the table.

"Now there!" cried Yardley's voice. "Do you mean to tell me that this '£10' was written at the same time as this '10s.'? Why, confound it, it wouldn't deceive a child. The one has been blotted, and the other has been allowed to dry. I'll keep that anyway. And now, mark me, I'll take this to the colonel and I'll lay the whole affair before him."

"Guard yourself, Major Yardley," cried Lovedale, with a cowardly blustering quaver in his voice. "I shall make you justify your words."

"For two pins," said Yardley, "I'd run this through your villainous body."

There was the noise of a stumbling run, and a bell rang loudly downstairs.

"You bloated coward!" Yardley cried, in a great heat of passion. "What are you afraid of?"

"I—I am not afraid," said Lovedale. "But you shall repeat your charges, if you dare, in the presence of a witness, and your threats also, if you have the courage."

Then a knock sounded at the outer door of the room, and Lovedale called to the knocker to come in. The listener recognised the voice of the captain's servant.

"You rang, sir?"

"Yes, I desire your presence here. Major Yardley has brought an accusation against me which he shall find reason to repent. I have asked him to repeat it in the hearing of a witness."

"In plain English, Field," said Yardley, "I've told your master that he's a swindler. I've charged him with doctoring a lot of receipts in order to rob a poor devil of a gentleman who lent him money years ago, when he was well-to-do."

"You threatened my life," said Lovedale.

"Threatened your life," shouted Yardley. "Your life! What's *your* life worth? I'd as lief run you through as look at you so far as that goes. That'll do Field, you can go."

The door closed and the listener sipped again with a keen relish. Yardley thundered for a good five minutes, and then sat down in silence to the receipts. After the noise the stillness seemed phenomenal, and it lasted till Sanford began to nod, and sipped once more to keep himself awake.

"I'll take these," he heard Yardley say, "and you'll soon know whether I have courage enough to carry out my charge. Good-night, sir."

Then Yardley walked downstairs and out of the house, and Lovedale came into the bedroom to call out his hidden guest. Sanford arose and entered the sitting-room, blinking at the brighter light there.

"You can go," said Lovedale, quietly.

"All right," Sanford answered. "Hand over that fiver."

"You'll get no more fivers out of me," said Lovedale. "I'd never have paid you a cent except to keep Yardley quiet. You can go now, and go to the devil. You're well on the way and the sooner you reach him the better."

"I'm not going without the money," Sanford said. "Hand it over."

"Not I," answered Lovedale. "Go and starve. Go and die on your native dunghill. Go and do what you like, but don't come here again, or I'll give you in charge."

He was down with the last word on his lips. He was lying amongst a heap of cushions on a couch beneath the curtained window. Sanford had an Eastern dagger in his hand—the maimed right hand, with which he had not grasped anything for three years or more. He remembered that the weapon had been lying on the table before him, and that he had pushed it with his fingers, but he did not remember having taken it up. Lovedale's face was of a chalky white, and awful to look at. He gasped once or twice, and a tide of blood welled up over his shaven chin, and his

broad white shirt front. His head fell like the disjointed head of a toy Mandarin. Sanford took hold of his hand and lifted it. It dropped back a dead-weight on the cushions.

The main thing in Sanford's mind was a stupid wonder that he was not deeply moved by this disaster. He thought that unexpectedly and accidentally to have killed a man ought to have been a shocking thing to him. He looked back for the impulse which had prompted the blow, and he could not find it.

The cash-box lay still where Lovedale had set it down, and Sanford took five sovereigns from it, neither more nor less. He had a little difficulty in counting them. When he was satisfied that he had the sum he had demanded, he slipped the money loosely into his waistcoat pocket and went downstairs. The street door was open, and he left the house unseen.

He had not walked far when he began to feel sick and giddy. He knew he had been drinking heavily, but he was persuaded that he had never been more sober in his life. People stared at him when he got into the well-lit quarters of the town, and a horror began to settle down upon him. With each beat of the pulse which rioted in his temples, surrounding objects became black and bright alternately. Passers-by sprang out of thick darkness, and flashed back into nothing. Their faces writhed at him.

A stream of strenuous eyes and faces flowed against him, and amongst them Lovedale came with a red stream gulping from his lips. Sanford paused in a tremor of anguish, and the dead man went by. Then he came again. Then again—then again. Always the face Sanford had seen as he lay huddled on the sofa. When he had gone by hundreds of times Sanford steeled himself, and flung out a disdainful hand against him.

"You're a phantom!" he said aloud, "a beastly delusion. There's no reality about you."

People began to hustle him, and he moved into a by-street to escape them. A few boys followed for a while, but soon left him. He knew perfectly well what he was doing and where he was going. He was making for an underground railway station on his way home, and he had a house in view where he was going to supply himself with tobacco, and where, perhaps, he would take one more whiskey before turning in to sleep-off this feeling of discomfort. He would give it no graver name, for he was able to keep it at arm's length, and to look at it with quite a scientific understanding.

He called at the house he knew, and

passed the time of night with the barman, who was a familiar acquaintance. It was Lovedale, however, who brought the drink he ordered. He accepted it with a steady hand, and it was the barman who took the money.

"H a d y o u there!" said Sanford, triumphing in this victory.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the barman.

"Nothing! Nothing!" Sanford answered composedly. "I was thinking."

He looked towards the door, for no particular reason; and there was Lovedale beckoning to him. He noticed the gesture, noticed with his painter's instinct the pose and colouring of the figure, and looked with a sane and balanced mind at the illusion.

"If I believed in you," he muttered, "I should be mad."

Lovedale beckoned him again with imperative impatience.

"No," said Sanford, "if I took you in earnest there's no knowing what might happen."

"I say, governor," said the barman, "if I was you I should toddle to my little bed."

"Why?" asked Sanford, secure in his own sober sanity. "Is there anything odd about me?"

"You're a-talkin' pretty queer," the man responded.

"Habit," said Sanford; "I live a good deal alone."

"I don't know," said the man. "You seem to have got more company than I should care about."

Sanford was quite sober and quite sane. Lovedale was a mere illusion of the nerves and would fade away in time. But to yield to him would be to go mad at once, and that

was not a thing to be thought of for a moment. He walked firmly to the door. Lovedale stood there, and Sanford walked *through* him with a chill that seemed to turn his blood to ice. A moment later, he felt

that this effort of the will had saved him, and his stroll to the railway station was a calm. He took his ticket, surrendered it to be nipped, went down the stairs and paced the platform. The tunnel gaped at the far end, and as he neared it Lovedale stood there beckoning in the middle of it. For a little while there were two Sanfords who discussed a question between them. There was a third Sanford who seemed to stand and listen. That one, he said to himself, was the real one.

"You don't want to go mad," said one.

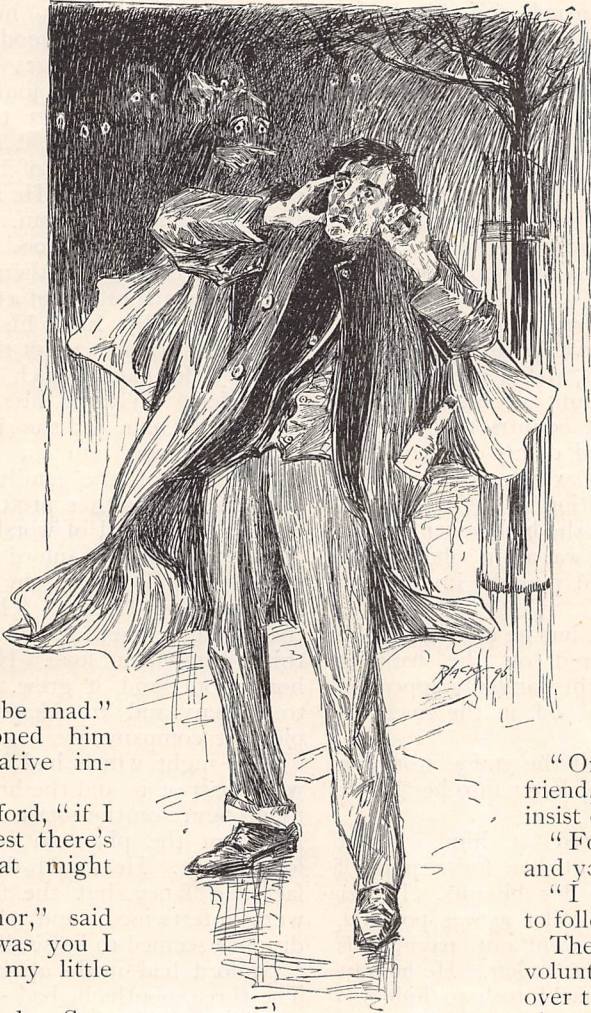
"On the contrary, my friend," said the other, "I insist on going mad."

"Follow that phantom and you are gone."

"I know it, and I mean to follow him."

Then the real Sanford voluntarily elected to go over the edge of sanity, and plunged into the tunnel with a cry. No man saw or heard, for the platform was deserted.

How many hundreds of desolating years he seemed to live there, there is no telling. What the lunatic fancy made of the fiery red eyes of passing trains, and what it heard in the thunders with which they rushed by him, there is no telling. There is no telling either how he escaped the death which threatened every five minutes throughout the day, from early morning until after midnight. These things Sanford never told, or had the power truly to remember. But after



"A HORROR BEGAN TO SETTLE DOWN UPON HIM."

four days and nights by common human counting, he came out of hell, and knew what had happened.

At the far end of the tunnel there was a slope of smoky grass, and a low hoarding. He came upon the world again, ragged and grimed, in the shelter of the night; shaking with sickness, and burned and bitten by thirst and a nauseating hunger which loathed the thought of food. He let himself into his lodgings, and crawled up the foul uncarpeted stair in the darkness and slept. He awoke at high noon, and the first thing that met his eye was a business-looking letter which was stuck into the frame of his cracked and faded mirror.

Who should care to write to him?

His duns had dropped away long and long ago.

He opened the letter, and stared at it, scarcely daring to believe his eyes. It came from a firm of solicitors, and it brought news of fortune. An old aunt of his, who had lived so secluded in the country that she had never so much as heard of his disasters, had left him everything of which she had died possessed, "in recognition of his noble services to art," for which she had never cared a farthing. The bequest was all in solid money, roughly, sixty thousand pounds, invested in the Three per cents.

He was deadly weak, but he crawled to the stairhead and hammered on the banister with a boot-heel until his landlady appeared.

"Come upstairs," he said, in the voice his delirium had left him.

The woman mounted the stairs, storming at him. He thrust the letter into her hand: "Read that."

She read, and stared at him without another word. He sent her for a pint of champagne and a few dry biscuits. In her absence he made such toilet as was possible, and on her return he went out, paying his debt to her in full before he left. He bought a cheap ready-made mackintosh to hide his squalor, and took a cab to the address given in the letter.

The news was confirmed; an eminent banker hard by, who had bought his pictures and known him well, identified the famous painter in the shabby scarecrow who had sent for him; and Sanford was immediately supplied with money. Before he left the lawyer's office he was allowed to use a private room, and a messenger was despatched to a tailor, a hosier, a hatter, and a boot-maker. He drove in a four-wheeler to an hotel, and there bathed and was shaved and had his hair trimmed. He lunched and slept, and dined and slept again. Next day he went

to his old tailor and ordered an outfit, and drove about shopping. This fatigued him agreeably, and he had a second quiet night.

Lovedale had done with him, and he was not tormented by any accusation of conscience. That eternity of ninety-six hours had purged him. He felt free of further suffering. In a week he started for the Continent, saying no good-byes to anybody. He made by easy stages for Brindisi, contemplating a lengthy sojourn in the East.

Now that he was free to indulge his one vice as far as he chose, it left him. Perhaps it had been the sense of hopelessness which had driven him to it. He felt the wholesome current of his blood again, and his mirror told him of returning manhood.

He had touched at Vienna, and there had made the acquaintance of a family of American travellers. They knew his fame, but nothing of his misfortunes, except that of the accident to his right hand, which was too patent to be hidden. His fame, his disaster, the sparse silver of his hair, and the signs of suffering in his face, made him an interesting figure. The father of the family was genial and cultured, the mother pretty and refined—the two girls were full of worship and sympathy. They parted with Sanford with many expressions of goodwill, and by chance they met him again at Trieste. They steamed down the Adriatic together, and Sanford began to think himself in love. He gave the fancy houseroom, and it grew. He travelled on to Athens and to Alexandria in the same pleasant company.

The night which had begun his madness was a part of it, and the horror of Lovedale's dying figure on the sofa was neither more nor less than the phantom horrors which had followed it. He could distinguish between fact and fancy, but the fancy and the fact were intertwined, and the same mist of distance seemed to be swallowing both.

Sanford had made up his mind to speak. The three months he had spent in the society of his new friends seemed almost like the whole of life to him. He knew that the girl was ready to take him at his word, and he saw years of prosperous peace before him.

He sat at her side on an hotel verandah. There was subdued music near at hand, and the moon was shining, and the sea rippled fifty yards away. Sanford had laid a hand upon her arm, the merest timid touch, but she knew what was in his mind, and had known it for a long time. He had spoken her name only, when, with a little cry of "Laura!" her sister ran out upon the balcony.

"Laura!" she cried again, and Sanford's hand drew back,



"THE SENTENCE HAS BEEN COMMUTED."

"Yes?" the girl asked, with an uncertain voice.

"Oh, I am so glad. That poor English major is not to be executed after all. The *Times* has just arrived, and the sentence has been commuted."

"What major, dear?" asked the sister.

"Why, the Victoria Cross man, Major Yardley, whom the Standishs knew."

Sanford's heart stood still. It seemed a long time before he heard his own voice saying—

"What is the case? Who was this Major Yardley? I knew a man of that name."

"An Englishman who was found guilty of the murder of Captain Lovedale."

Sanford rose, and steadied himself by the back of his chair.

"Excuse me for a moment," he said drily, and then moved away.

Fact and dream disentangled in a flash. He remembered everything—the threat, the witness, his own entry of the house unseen, the open door, his unseen quitting—everything.

By what a miracle he had escaped!

Escaped? He sat in his room with his clasped hands gripped between his knees. Life was pleasant, and freedom was pleasant.

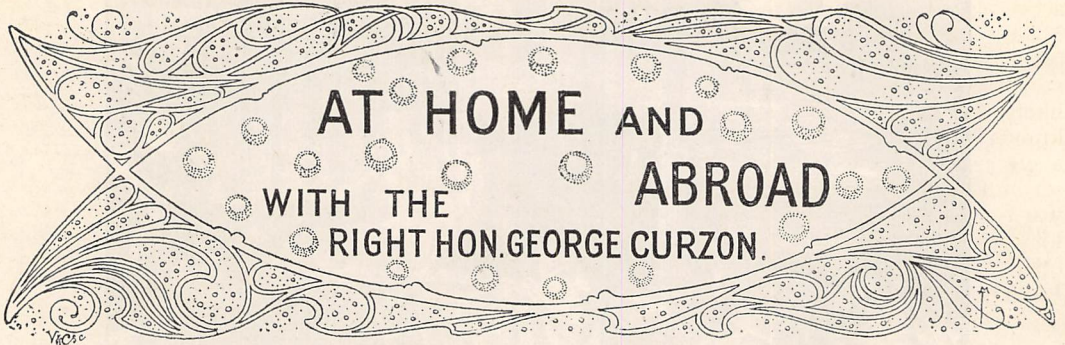
"Come, old enemy!" he said, after an hour of silence. "Come and turn friend!"

He rang his bell, and ordered brandy, and drank in the old fashion. Then he took his hat and walked to the British Consulate.

He told his story to the Consul.

"My good sir," said that official, "you are intoxicated."

"I know I am," said Michael Sanford thickly. "I am intoxicated on purpose. I shouldn't have found the pluck to tell the tale without it."



HERE is no more interesting figure in the present House of Commons than Mr. George Curzon, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. His post alone would give him importance. His chief,

Lord Salisbury, is in the Lords, and it devolves on Mr. Curzon to satisfy the thousand and one questions which are put by Her Majesty's faithful Commons on all matters relating to our multitudinous foreign interests. Lord Salisbury, in the retirement of the House of Lords, has not this experience to undergo. The Peers do not ask questions unless they are convenient to the minister questioned. In the Commons they have no such scruples, and indeed would on both sides prefer rather to ask their opponents awkward questions than not. Mr. Curzon, in the short time he has faced the Opposition from the Treasury Bench since the present Government came into power, has done his work well. It is not by any means easy, even if it obviously consists in saying what he is told and imparting no knowledge with a vast air of conveying great stores of information.

Mr. Curzon has other relations with the House of Lords than those due to the presence of his chief in the Upper Chamber. His father is a Peer, and in due course he must himself enter the House of Lords. That it may be a long time before he succeeds his father all who know him must sincerely hope. His career lies in the Lower House, and perhaps before long he will have produced those reforms in the Upper House in which he has long been interested, and secured for the eldest sons of Peers a right to choose their fate. His father, Lord Scarsdale, is in Holy Orders, and is Rector of Kedleston, in Derby-

shire—a county in which Mr. Curzon takes the deepest interest, but which refused by a huge majority to return him to Parliament when he contested the division in which his home lies.

Born in 1859, Mr. Curzon went to Eton in 1872, where he stayed until 1878, when he matriculated as a commoner of Balliol College, Oxford. His 'Varsity career lasted from 1878—he wasted no time between school and college as so many other young men do—to 1882. As at Eton so at Oxford he was essentially a reading man. He took a first-class in "Mods" in 1880, was *proxime accessit* for the Chancellor's Latin verse prize in 1882, won the Lothian essay prize and the Arnold essay prize in 1882 and 1883 respectively, took a second in his final school, and in 1883 achieved his crowning Oxford success by his election to a fellowship at no less a college than All Souls. But he was no mere reading man. He led the Conservative party at the Union—of which he became President—and resuscitated the Canning Club, at the dinner of which he annually delivered an address, naturally considered by his friends as superior to that of the Cabinet Minister who made the speech of the evening. Long before leaving Oxford the name of George Curzon had become a household word in London society; but the best of his heart has been given to politics, and to the best sort of politics—that which concerns our vast Imperial domain and is of neither party.

His liking for travel dates from his school-days, and was continued through his vacations at Oxford. He travelled in those brief holidays all over the Continent; but it was a tour round the world after leaving the University which led to most of his later journeys. People have said Mr. Curzon has been lucky: he has gone to places just at the right time and very shortly before public attention has been directed to those very

places. But that is in no way the result of accident. In his journey round the world Mr. Curzon began to perceive that there were great and important regions of the globe, the very places about which complications were likely to arise, which were practically unknown. In a word, he noted the blanks in a great deal of our political geography, and set himself for his own information, but afterwards greatly to the benefit of the public, to fill up these blanks. It is a secret which is open to everyone. Both the Near and Far Eastern questions are at his finger-ends, and his knowledge must be of enormous value to the Marquess of Salisbury in dealing with these matters, which have been and are growing in importance year by year. There is the question of our Indian Empire, and on this Empire Mr. Curzon has very strong and noteworthy views. In his own words: "The true fulcrum of Asiatic dominion seems to

me increasingly to lie in the Empire of Hindustan. The secret of the mastery of the world is, if they only knew it, in the possession of the British people." That is a very striking statement, coming from one who has studied Russia on our Indian frontiers and has no fear of her there; Persia, that once great power; has been over the Pamirs, stayed with the Ameer of Afghanistan, and still corresponds with him; and has made himself master of the problems of the Far East which are involved in the relations between Japan, China, Korea, and Russia. I have mentioned the Indian frontier. Mr. Curzon has done a service to every Englishman engaged on that frontier by calling public attention to the magnificent work they do. Many men have spent their lives in strengthening our borders there, and till Mr. Curzon went to India they had hardly been known at all. There were, of course,



MR. CURZON'S ROOM AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

exceptions—wonderful men who had made themselves a name so great on the borders that we actually heard of it in England. But very few of these men have been heard of in this country, though they have done



THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CURZON, M.P.

(From a photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.)

so much to preserve for us our great Indian Empire. Kipling speaks of them shepherding the tribes up and down, both officers and men with lives as hard as their saddles, and ready for an expedition at a moment's notice. Doubtless we will find the value of them in our next great war. His second journey was a more notable one. When the Transcaspian Railway was finished to Bokhara and Samarkand, its projectors were uncommonly proud of it, and caused it to be made known that travellers who would write of it would not be unwelcome. Mr. Curzon at once proceeded to make arrangements for the trip. He posted to St. Petersburg, and succeeded in getting permits there which greatly helped him. He had a most interesting journey, which furnished material for one of the best books we have on the subject—which he entitled "Russia in Central Asia." That was in 1888.

That book, and much that he has since written, shows that Mr. Curzon is no Russophobe, but regards the Russian advance towards India as one that is fully guarded against by our frontiers there. He is in accord with those

who think that with Chitral in our possession we have little to fear. Many military men are of opinion that India can only be attacked from the sea. A land attack by Russia would mean such a long chain of bases that, vast as are the resources of Russia, they would not be equal to the task. Following the plan he had laid down for himself of filling up the blanks in our knowledge of the East, he turned his attention to Persia. To his surprise he found that all our knowledge of the internal politics of that country was some thirty years old. He went to Persia, and rode no fewer than 2,000 miles within its borders. His experiences he sent from time to time in the form of a series of letters to the *Times*, and they also furnished another valuable volume, which is the very latest information we have on the territory of "the King of Kings." He has also seen "the roof of the world," the Pamirs, of which we have heard so much and are not unlikely to hear more. There he had the satisfaction of shooting two of those mountain sheep first described by Marco Polo and named after that traveller *ovis poli*. The heads adorn his hall, and are among the most cherished of his possessions—for he is a thorough sportsman. Curious-looking heads they are, with huge ramlike horns curving splendidly over true ovine features, but with the fell of a deer, quite dissimilar to the wool we always associate with sheep. He had to climb 17,000 feet to get them, but they were worth the trouble.

There is this not to be forgotten, that all this time Mr. Curzon was a Member of Parliament. Defeated in his native division of Derbyshire, he was taken up by the Conservatives of Southport—the pretty and lively Lancashire watering-place which should be called Liverpool-cum-Manchester-by-the-Sea—and was returned for that constituency in 1886. The seat he has twice since retained by increased majorities. All his journeys have therefore been made in the recess: he never has had more than six months at his disposal. When this will be published, it will be nearly two years since he was among the hills of our Indian frontier. He went there because he considered that he had still much to learn about it, and that soon public attention would be directed to it. He met there a great many men whose names have since become familiar, such as Captain Younghusband, Dr. Robertson, and others. He tells of travelling, in October, 1894, down to the lower country from among the mountains of Chitral, where he had been spending a few weeks. Riding by his side was the young Mehtar of Chitral, who very shortly afterwards was treacherously murdered.

He makes no secret of the fact that the

opening-up of the Dir route was then discussed, and that he gave five years in which to see the work accomplished. He confessed to a feeling of surprise when he looked back in October, 1895, to October, 1894, and found that within the twelve months so much had happened. The young Mehtar, his comrade of that day, had been murdered, our Resident besieged and relieved—relieved, too, by an expedition which won by its dash and bravery and success the admiration of the best Continental soldiers—a new Mehtar appointed in place of the usurper, and the country a British protectorate. With another mountainous country on our Indian frontier he is thoroughly familiar—that is Afghanistan. He has lived in Cabul for a fortnight on end, and has had interviews with the Ameer every other day during his stay.

Mr. Curzon has always spoken of the Ameer with the greatest regard. I believe they correspond with some regularity, and among the treasures of Kedleston are no doubt some of the gorgeous envelopes in which the Ameer conveys his missives. These covers are of a cloth woven of silver wire and light purple, and are further protected by a netlike material spangled with polished facets of steel. The letters themselves are beautiful. They are on parchment with an illuminated heading, and remind one of a monkish chronicle. The writing below is in the fine flowing native characters, and is the work of a secretary to whom the letter has been dictated. But frequently in a dashing hand in a corner of the missive is a special message from the Ameer himself. No one who knows envies the great Afghan—one of the greatest princes of our time. He is out of his age; he, best of all men, knows that. Had he lived in other days he would have founded a great dynasty; at least, he would have tried. Now he is hemmed in by Russia and British India, a ruler of tribes who are dangerous because they have no one to fight with. Could the ages be rolled back, Abdul Rahmann would find them occupation in plenty.

There is one point of our Indian policy on which Mr. Curzon can, if he will, talk most interestingly. That has regard to the curious way in which, when we have conquered an Indian province, we immediately proceed to make soldiers of our one-time enemies. There are no better soldiers in India than the men of the hill tribes along our borders, and none fight with more success against their own neighbours. A great deal is due to the name we have won for keeping our word. The recruit comes as a free man to join the Queen's service. His pay is certain, and he can save—strange as it seems to say so

—out of the few coins he earns a day. He is well clothed, well fed, and when he passes out of the service in due season his pension makes him a man of mark in his community, where he returns to spend the remainder of his days. Mr. Curzon has not the least doubt that the Chitralese will be serving in the Indian army—some of them almost as soon as the wounds our rifle bullets caused have healed—and loyal to the backbone.

The great and growing importance of the Far Eastern question gives Mr. Curzon an exceptional interest to all who watch events in Japan and China. One can imagine the Marquess of Salisbury as uncommonly grateful that he has in his own department an Under-Secretary whose knowledge of the Far East is extensive and peculiar. Mr. Curzon has been over most of the ground covered by the recent hostilities between Japan and China. He has traversed Korea—the Hermit Kingdom about which nominally the row was, and he has dealt with the whole question lucidly and in vigorous English in his latest book, "Problems of the Far East." He has relegated to the background in this volume the



MRS. CURZON.

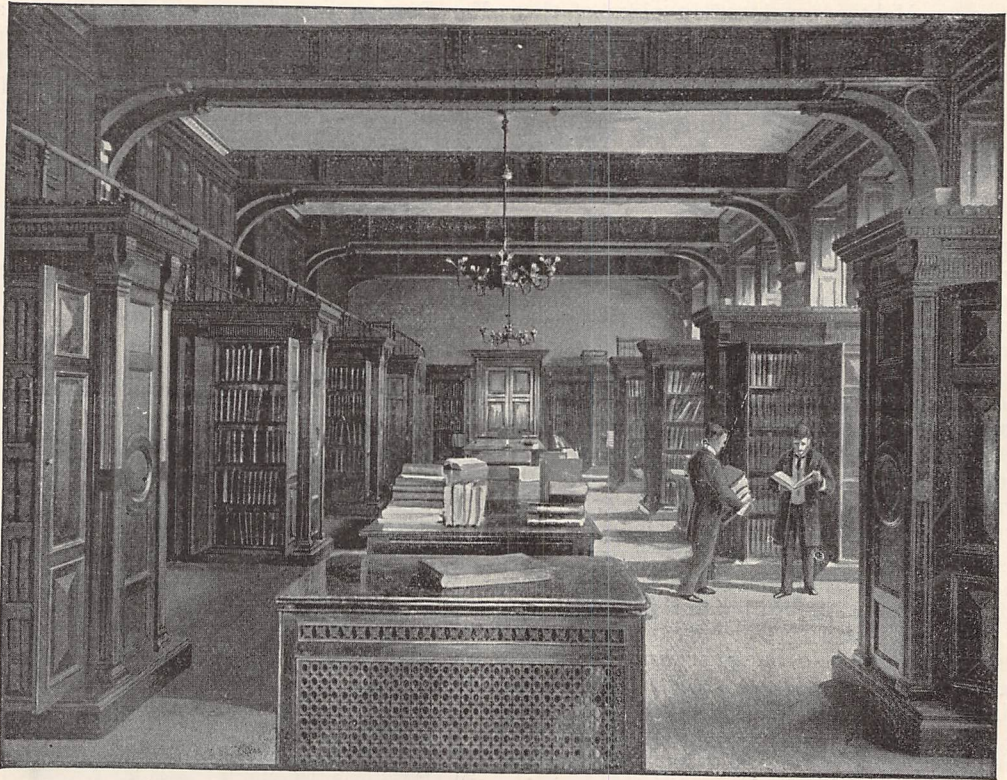
(From a photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.)

merely picturesque; instead, he has preferred to discuss the problems, perhaps less superficially interesting but incomparably more important and vastly more abstruse, which

are suggested by the national character, resources, and organisation of those countries as affected by their intercourse with foreign or western powers. In the case of Japan he confesses to having departed widely from the accepted mode of treatment. He makes no mention of the tea-houses and the like which are the stock subjects of writers on Japan. He has been more interested in the efforts of

an enormous trade with both the late belligerents.

When Mr. Curzon was in Korea—in the days before Japan had overrun it—he visited the president of the Korean Foreign Office. He writes:—"Hearing that I had been a Minister of the Crown in England, he inquired what had been my salary, and added, 'I suppose you found *that* by far the most



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a nation, still in its pupillage, to assume the manners of the full-grown man, in the constitutional struggles through which Japan is passing, in her relations with foreign powers, and in the future that awaits her immense ambitions. That he has no faith in China's resurrection is an open secret; and if anything can be done to improve our relations with Japan, Mr. Curzon is not likely to hang back. He saw well into the heart of China during his last visit there, and he has no doubts that the position of England throughout the East will be more and more influential—if care is taken. For one thing, English is almost wholly the language of the East, and we are doing year by year

agreeable feature of office. But no doubt the perquisites were larger still.' Finally, conscious that in his own country it is not easy for anyone to become a member of the government unless he is related to the family of the king or queen, he said to me: 'I presume you are a near relative of Her Majesty the Queen of England?' 'No; I am not.' But observing the look of disgust that passed over his countenance, I was fain to add: 'I am, however, as yet an unmarried man,' with which unscrupulous suggestion I completely regained the old gentleman's favour."

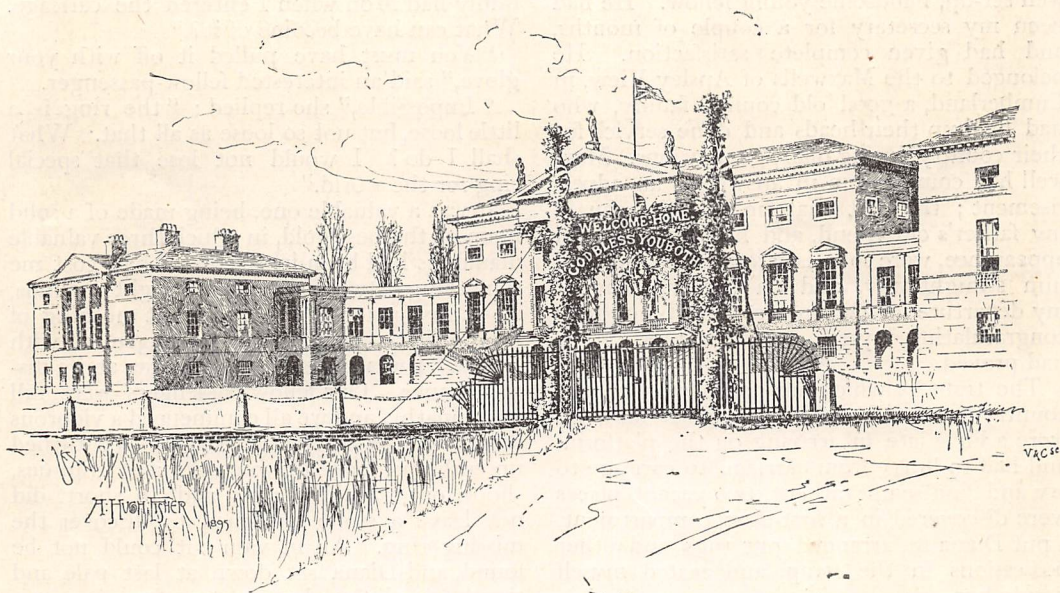
Since he exchanged views with the Korean Foreign Minister, Mr. Curzon has

gained three years, and he can no longer declare himself unmarried. He went for his bride to the United States, marrying Miss Mary Leiter there in 1894. Mrs. Curzon is a charming lady in every respect, and she has found little to learn in our constitutional methods, for she threw herself heartily into the work of assisting her husband to retain his seat at Southport, and won not only the votes but the hearts of the electors of the Lancashire watering-place. Mr. and Mrs. Curzon spent some time after their marriage at Reigate Priory, a handsome, comfortable residence belonging to Lady Henry Somerset. Their town house is in Carlton Gardens. Both are favourites in society, though Mr. Curzon sticks too steadily to his desk to be seen about much.

With his party colour we have here

nothing to do. The understanding is that men on both sides are doing their best for their common country. Mr. Curzon deserves every praise in that he has trained himself to what promises to be his chief vocation—statesmanship. The Empire is before all things, and they have the best chance of advancing its interests who know the Empire itself and the questions which affect it thoroughly. This knowledge Mr. Curzon has tried to acquire, and there is no doubt that on both sides of the House of Commons he is regarded as a coming man. He has a knack, as has been said, of being successful, his energy is boundless, he is eloquent, and has youth on his side—all advantages which may carry the present Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs a long way.

W. E. GREY.



KEDLESTON, WHERE MR. CURZON BROUGHT HOME HIS WIFE.

IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT.

BY L. T. MEADE.

STORY III.—THE DIAMOND CRESCENT.

TOLD BY MATTHEW GRAY.



THE following is a strange story—I should like to tell it in as few words as possible. On a certain morning early in the month of August my wife and I, accompanied by my private secretary,

Rudolph Maxwell, started for Clonfield Abbey, in Devonshire. We were going to spend a month with some old friends, and looked forward to our holiday with feelings of delight which only Londoners can understand.

Maxwell was a particularly good-looking, well set-up, handsome young fellow. He had been my secretary for a couple of months, and had given complete satisfaction. He belonged to the Maxwells of Apsley View, in Cumberland, a good old county family, who had held up their heads and done service for their country during many generations. Maxwell had come to me in answer to an advertisement; the fact that he was the son of my father's old friend, and his own personal appearance, were so satisfactory that I engaged him straightaway, and on the morning of my departure for Devonshire could not help congratulating myself on the acquisition he had proved.

The train by which we travelled into the country happened to be particularly full; we were a little late in arriving on the platform, and had to hurry from carriage to carriage to try and find seats; at last, two vacant places were discovered in a first-class compartment. I put Diana in, arranged our rugs and other possessions in the strap, and seated myself beside her.

"I will find room in the smoking compartment close by," said Maxwell. "Excuse me for a moment," he added, "I see they have put my rug strap in here. I think I'll take it with me into my own carriage." He lifted it down as he spoke, and somewhat awkwardly—for he was, as a rule, full of grace even in his smallest actions—contrived to knock Diana's hand with the rugs; he apologised with much contrition, and the next moment vanished into his own compartment. The train proceeded

on its way; I read my *Times* with the soothed sensation which a man must feel who is leaving his cares farther and farther behind him; Diana dipped into one of the monthly periodicals of the day; suddenly, she looked up and uttered a little cry of astonishment and distress.

I bent towards her.

"What is the matter? Are you hurt?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "but I cannot find my ring." She held up her left hand as she spoke; her wedding ring alone adorned her third finger; the very beautiful engagement ring which I had given her, and which she always wore as a guard, had vanished; her face looked pale and startled.

"It has gone," she said, "and yet I certainly had it on when I entered the carriage. What can have become of it?"

"You must have pulled it off with your glove," said an interested fellow-passenger.

"Impossible," she replied; "the ring is a little loose, but not so loose as all that. What shall I do? I would not lose that special ring for the world."

It was a valuable one, being made of a solid hoop of the best gold, in which three valuable diamonds had been inserted. It had cost me something between seventy and eighty pounds, an extravagance which I thought nothing of in the first rapture of my engagement with Diana. I was as vexed as she was at its disappearance. Our fellow-passengers were full of sympathy, and we all commenced a vigorous search in the railway carriage. We turned up cushions, looked into cracks and crannies, shook out travelling rugs, and, in short, did not leave a stone unturned to discover the missing ring. All in vain; it could not be found, and Diana sat down at last pale and trembling, all the pleasure gone from her face, her eyes dark with unshed tears.

"Never mind," I whispered to her; "you may not have had the ring on your finger, after all, and no ring is worth bringing that look to your face."

"This ring is," she answered with a sort of passion; "I know I had it on." She winked her eyes to keep back the tears, and, turning her head aside, looked out of the window.

We reached our destination in the cool of



"I CANNOT FIND MY RING."

a delightful evening. A wagonette with a spirited pair of horses was waiting for us, and an omnibus had also arrived for our luggage. Our host, Sylvestre, had come himself to meet us; he was a capital fellow, and a great friend of mine. He gave us all a hearty greeting, and then hurriedly took us to our carriage.

"Now, this is delightful," he said; "I have a particularly pleasant house party to meet you. I do hope you'll have a right good time."

"I am sure we shall," I answered. "You don't know what a treat this country air is after London."

"You look as if you wanted change," said Sylvestre, "you in particular, Mrs. Gray. Is anything the matter? I am afraid your journey has quite knocked you up."

Diana made an effort to recover her spirits when our host spoke to her in his kind voice.

"I certainly had no intention of worrying you," she said, "but the fact is, I am really in great trouble. A strange thing happened on our way down here. I lost a very valuable ring."

As she spoke she pulled off her glove, and showed the third finger of her left hand, which was now only ornamented by her wedding ring.

Sylvestre began to make inquiries. In the midst of them he was suddenly interrupted

by my secretary. Maxwell bent forward, and spoke in an eager voice.

"You don't mean to say you have lost your beautiful diamond ring?" he said. There was surprise in his tone.

"Yes, I certainly have."

"But when? I happened to see it on your finger when I was removing the rugs from the carriage."

"There, Matthew," said Diana, turning to me, "did not I say I had it on? Mr. Maxwell also saw it. My last hope has gone." The tears started to her eyes; she made a great effort to recover herself; Maxwell and Sylvestre glanced pityingly at her.

"Yes, the ring was on your finger," repeated Maxwell. "Are you certain that you thoroughly searched the railway carriage?"

"We certainly incommoded all our fellow-passengers," I said. "But now, Diana, my dear, cheer up; it is unfair to Sylvestre to show him such a dismal face."

"I'll be all right in a minute," she answered. "If it had not been my engagement ring I should not mind, but——" she broke off, making a violent effort to recover her spirits.

We took nearly an hour driving to Clonfield Abbey, my friend's beautiful place, and when we did arrive there the colour had returned to Diana's cheeks and much of the brightness to her eyes.

At dinner that evening the subject of the lost ring was mentioned by Sylvestre. It was immediately taken up with interest by almost everyone at the table, and I heard Maxwell talking over the loss with his neighbour, a remarkably pretty girl—a Miss Gifford, a cousin of the Sylvestres.

"There can be only one solution of the mystery," I heard him say.

"And what is that?" she asked.

"Mrs. Gray must have pulled the ring off with her glove. It must have fallen on the ground, and when the door was opened at one of the stations have tumbled on to the rails."

As he spoke silence fell upon the party, and his words were heard by everyone in the room. Miss Gifford, who was seated not far from me, turned her sparkling eyes on my face.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"That may be the possible solution," I replied; "but now let us say nothing more about the ring. It is unfair to worry others with a loss which only concerns my wife and myself."

In our bedroom that evening, Diana reverted to Maxwell's solution of the mystery.

"I really think he may be right," she said.

"It is just possible that the ring may have fallen between the lines, and may still be there. Would it not be well to send telegrams to the different railway stations? Of course, we would offer a reward; then, if one of the navvies should have picked it up, we have a chance of getting it back again."

I acted on my wife's suggestion the next morning.

A reward of five pounds was offered for the lost ring, and steps were taken to ensure an advertisement to this effect being posted up at every station on the line.

Diana and I now watched anxiously for the result, but days passed and there were no tidings of the ring. We were at last reluctantly obliged to make up our minds that it was quite lost, and I at least resolved to do my best to forget a very unpleasant episode.

"When I can, I'll give you another," I said to her.

"You can never give me my engagement ring back," she answered—tears springing to her pretty eyes.

She turned away as she spoke, and, walking to the window of our beautiful bedroom, looked out across the summer country. The window in question was a French one—it stood wide open. There was a balcony outside which was now protected from the hot rays of the afternoon sun by cool green blinds. Diana stepped on to the balcony;

she remained there for about a minute, and then beckoned to me to follow her.

"Look at that couple under the trees to your left," she said.

I followed the direction of her hand and saw my handsome secretary, Rudolph Maxwell, and Lucy Gifford pacing slowly up and down a shady path at some little distance from the house.

"They have been friends from the very first evening," said Diana.

"More than friends, it seems to me," I interrupted.

"I agree with you," she cried. "How charming! What a handsome couple they would make! He is so dark, so distinguished looking, and she so dazzlingly fair. Then their characters, too——"

"My dear, what do we know about either of their characters?" I exclaimed.

"Well, are you not thoroughly pleased with Rudolph Maxwell?" she asked in her impetuous fashion.

"I am; he is a capital fellow."

"And I am sure Miss Gifford is about the most delightful girl I ever came across," said Diana. "Oh! this flirtation quite reconciles me to the loss of my ring," she continued.

"Well, dear, I am glad it pleases you. Of course, Maxwell is without fortune, but he has plenty of brains, and belongs to one of the best families in Cumberland. Lucy Gifford is rich, but not so highly born. Yes, perhaps it will do—that is, if her people approve. But now may I give you a bit of advice, Di?"

"Yes, anything," she answered.

"Don't interfere in the matter. Allow the young people to discover their secret for themselves."

She promised me, and we went downstairs.

Our house party was a particularly cheerful one, and each day passed in a whirl of excitement and innocent gaiety. Day by day Maxwell and Lucy Gifford became better friends. Lucy's beautiful face assumed that sort of expression which a girl will wear when she is stepping, as she thinks, into Paradise. When Maxwell appeared on the scene a softer light came into her eyes, and a more tender radiance visited her lovely face.

One day about a fortnight after our arrival, as I entered the drawing-room before dinner I saw two or three ladies and several men surrounding pretty Lucy Gifford. She had just removed an old-fashioned pearl necklace from her slender throat, and was passing it round to be examined by the party. Amongst those who criticised and looked on was Rudolph Maxwell. He stood nearest to Lucy, and suddenly taking the necklace out

of the hands of one of the ladies, examined it with critical and yet eager eyes. I noticed a covetous gleam in his face ; his eyes narrowed themselves ; an expression crept round his handsome mouth which gave his face an

in the town hall at Wickton, five miles away. Lucy was all in white of diaphanous texture. Her golden-brown hair, her soft and yet bright grey eyes, the cloudy effect of her pretty dress, only needed the radiance of the



"MORE THAN FRIENDS, IT SEEMS TO ME."

altogether foreign aspect. For a moment it looked sinister—only for a flashing moment, however. The next instant, with a smile full of the sweetest radiance, he gave back the necklace to Miss Gifford, who clasped it once again round her throat.

She was going after dinner with the other girls and young men of our party to a county ball which was taking place

pearls to complete the perfect picture. She stood straight and slim before us all, and talked eagerly about her necklace.

"It is an heirloom in our family," she said. "I don't often wear it, for I believe it is valuable. Mother says that it cost quite eight hundred pounds. But I am very naughty," she continued, "to have it at all. The fact is, I stole it."

"Stole it!" cried Diana.

"Yes; am not I wicked? I stole it from mother's jewel case the night before I came here with—with some other jewels of value. I wrote to mother explaining what I had done. I have had such a letter from her with counsel and warning. I think it would kill her if anything happened to the necklace and to—to the other jewels." She glanced up at Maxwell as she spoke. He smiled back into her eyes, and the next moment he and she had stepped out of the open drawing-room window to continue the very marked flirtation which was now patent to everyone.

Immediately after dinner the young members of the party started in a large covered wagonette for the ball. That evening I played billiards with Sylvestre, and he talked for a moment about Lucy and Maxwell.

"You are quite sure you know all about that young fellow, Gray?" said Sylvestre.

"Of course," I replied. "He brought me unexceptionable references; and, to crown all, is the son of my father's old friend, Maxwell of Apsley View, in Cumberland."

"Oh, if he belongs to those Maxwells, he is as right as rain," said Sylvestre with a laugh. "You'll forgive my questioning you, won't you?—but Lucy is in our charge, and as she is an heiress to a considerable extent, we have to be a little careful."

The conversation then turned into ordinary channels, and soon afterwards we both retired for the night.

I was late for breakfast the following morning, and when I entered the room was somewhat astonished to see the whole party in a state of alarm and agitation. Maxwell, who was standing in the midst of an eager group, was evidently the centre of attraction—he was telling something which was undoubtedly raising a storm in a teacup. His extraordinary news was as follows: he had just met Lucy Gifford, who told him that some person or persons unknown had broken into her sitting-room, where she had placed the pearl necklace the previous night, and had, she feared, absconded with it.

"She is in terrible distress," said Maxwell, whose face looked white and full of agitation. "She burst into tears when she was telling me her story. Ah! here she comes; she will doubtless explain matters better than I can."

"I am in such trouble, Dora," said Lucy, running up to her hostess as she spoke.

"I have just heard about your loss," said her friend. "I never was more astonished in my life. The necklace cannot possibly have been stolen: burglars did not break into this house last night; you must have just forgotten, Lucy, where you really put it."

"I wish I could think so," replied Lucy; "but I remember all the circumstances too well. When we were coming home from the ball last night, Mr. Maxwell and I talked about burglars, and one or two stories he told me rather frightened me. I felt afraid to sleep in the room with the pearls, and put them into the writing-desk in my little sitting-room. When I entered the room this morning, the writing-case was open and the necklace gone. Someone must certainly have stolen it. I shall never be able to face mother again."

Lucy's story caused consternation amongst all our party; and as soon as ever breakfast was over we went up to her room, intending to have a right good search for the missing treasure.

Miss Gifford occupied a pretty little suite of rooms in the west wing. This wing was one of the oldest parts of Clonfield Abbey, and was said to be haunted. The ghost was supposed to walk when the moon was at the full—it made strange noises when it moved about: some nervous people went to the length of saying that it rattled chains; one or two servants had even seen it, and said that the face was of a peculiarly ghastly character. Neither Lucy nor the Sylvestres believed in the ghost, and Lucy gladly occupied the room which was supposed to be the most haunted. On this very account she was always given that special bedroom, with its accompanying sitting-room and dressing-room, when she stayed at Clonfield Abbey. The sitting-room was diagonal in shape, with pretty lattice windows; the bedroom beyond was small, and to increase its size a dressing-room had been thrown out, evidently as an after-thought, and made almost entirely of glass. The only light in the bedroom came from the dressing-room, which formed a sort of bay just outside the real window of the room. Sylvestre often talked of altering this queer arrangement; but it was unique, and Lucy enjoyed it so much that he had never yet done so.

We went to the old-fashioned rooms and began our search; no sign of the necklace could be found in any nook or cranny, and Sylvestre went downstairs presently to examine the servants. He returned in a short time to say that, as far as he could tell, they were all innocent. When he uttered these words Lucy burst into tears.

"Mother will never forgive me," she cried. "I feel absolutely full of terror. I have the strangest premonition, too, that there is more to follow."

"You must really not allow your nerves to get affected in that sort of way," said

Sylvestre. "Rest assured that I will do my utmost to get the necklace back for you ; and, if no news comes of it during the next few hours, will telegraph to Scotland Yard for the assistance of an able member of the detective staff."

No news being received of the necklace, this step was taken, and a grave-looking, gentlemanly man of the name of Markham arrived on the following day. The servants were told that he was an accountant ; he was of middle height, slender in build, with watchful eyes, a keen mouth, and a very grave and unemotional manner. He quite looked his part, which he also filled ably, spending the greater part of his day in Sylvestre's study, looking over the different accounts of the large estate, and to all appearance setting them in complete order. He had several interviews with the steward, with the bailiff, and other members of Sylvestre's staff ; the servants suspected nothing, and had little idea that they, as well as all the other people in the house, were really under strict surveillance.

Several days passed without anything special occurring. Miss Gifford recovered her equanimity ; she ceased to speak about the necklace, except when in private with my wife or myself.

One day I surprised Diana and Lucy Gifford in earnest conversation.

"I have put it into such an unlikely place, that no burglar would think of finding it," said Lucy. "Mr. Maxwell gave me the idea."

"Are you talking secrets?" I asked. "Must I go away?"

"No ; you are quite welcome to hear what I am saying to your wife, Mr. Gray, for I know you won't mention it to anybody else. The fact is this, valuable as the necklace is, I possess a treasure of much greater value."

"What is that?" I asked.

"A diamond pendant, made in the form of a crescent ; it is really a magnificent thing, and was given to mother by an aunt who is immensely rich. Mother had it valued, and I believe it is worth quite three thousand pounds. When I stole the necklace, I also took the pendant. I felt quite nervous about it for a short time ; but now—oh, it is too funny !—but I must on no account tell you where I have hidden it."

"I should much like to see it," said Diana.

"Some day," replied Lucy. "I may perhaps have the courage to wear it at dinner."

"Why not to-night?" I asked. "They are going to have a large party ; I wish you would."

"Very well, I will!" she replied.

Sylvestre called me at that moment, and I

went to join him. I saw Lucy looking anxiously in our direction, and was not surprised when Maxwell soon strode into view.

"Well?" he asked, as he passed my host and myself. "Any news yet from our friend the accountant?"

"Not yet," answered Sylvestre. Then he turned to me.

"I am more anxious than I can tell you, Gray. I should consider it a blot on our honour if Lucy Gifford were to leave here without her necklace ; and yet what further steps I am to take I cannot imagine."

"Has Markham really nothing to say?" I asked.

"Well, he looked a bit mysterious this morning, but when I questioned him he would admit nothing the least satisfactory ; of course, the only thing we can now do is to wait events, but I don't like the position of affairs."

"Nor do I," I answered.

"I wonder how your wife really lost her ring," continued Sylvestre abruptly.

"It must have been in the way Mr. Maxwell suggested," I answered. "After all, if it did slip from her finger, nothing was more likely than that it should roll out of the carriage when the door was flung suddenly open ; Diana was sitting next the door, too."

Sylvestre made no reply. Our conversation drifted into ordinary channels, and we soon afterwards started on a fishing expedition which occupied the whole afternoon.

I returned sooner than the other men, and, walking through the shrubberies, saw Markham, his hat well slouched over his eyes, a pipe in his mouth, pacing slowly up and down under the shade of some elm trees. As I walked forward I suddenly stepped on a rotten branch, which gave a loud crack ; the detective turning, saw me and deliberately stood still under the shade of one of the trees. As I approached he took his pipe out of his mouth.

"What a beautiful afternoon!" I said, as I passed him.

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and put it into his pocket.

"The afternoon is all right," he said in an abrupt voice. "Can I have a word with you, Mr. Gray?"

"As many as you like," I replied.

"I want to ask you a question." He turned with me, and we walked slowly together in the direction of the house.

"I hope," I said, seeing that he was in no hurry to deliver himself, "that you have some definite news with regard to Miss Gifford's necklace."

"The thread is in my hand," he said then.

"Indeed, I am delighted to hear it."

"But I can say nothing definite at present."

"You have something to tell me," I said.

"No, sir, I have nothing to tell you; but I have something to ask you."

"Well, ask away," I answered.

"I have," continued the detective, "made since I entered these premises a complete investigation of all the circumstances of this mysterious loss. There is not a servant here, not a groom, not a stable boy, who has not been subjected by me, quite unknown to himself, to a complete cross-examination. I find, as I suspected from the first, that no servant in the house or outside the house is responsible for this loss; the theft has either been committed by a complete outsider, to

whom at present I have no clue whatever, or——" He paused, and looked abruptly at me.

"Well, continue," I said.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sylvestre are themselves above suspicion," he continued. "The search, therefore, narrows itself down; one of the guests is the guilty party!"

"Impossible," I said, angrily. "I don't think Mr. Sylvestre would thank you for making an observation of that kind."

"My dear sir, Mr. Sylvestre will thank me when I discover the real thief. Now, there is one man here whose antecedents I should like to know something about."

"And who is he?"

"Your secretary—Mr. Rudolph Maxwell."

I laughed.

"Come, this is too much," I said. "You don't mean to tell me that you suspect that young man?"

"I say nothing, sir. I must search into the history of every guest at present staying in the house, and I choose to begin with Mr. Rudolph Maxwell. Will you kindly answer some questions about him?"

"Of course I will; but let me tell you at once that you are on a wild-goose chase."

"That remains to be proved," said Markham. "Now may I question you?"

"Yes."

"How did you first hear of this young man?"

"In answer to an advertisement."

"In what paper did you advertise?"

"The *Times*."

"Will you oblige me by giving the date, or the approximate date?"

"As near as I can remember," I answered, "I advertised for a private secretary on the 5th of May of this year."

Markham took a small memorandum book out of his pocket, and entered the date I had mentioned in it.



"NEXT MOMENT HE HAD FALLEN OVER THE CLIFF" (p. 726).

"Had you many answers to your advertisement?" he asked then.

"Something like fifty."

"Did this young man come to see you personally, or did he apply by letter?"

"He came to see me."

"Did he bring references?"

"Naturally. Not that they were necessary, for the fact that he belongs to the Maxwells of Apsley View, in Cumberland, was in itself a guarantee of his respectability. The man whom you suspect is the son of one of my oldest friends. He is a Cambridge man of striking ability; in short, his career has been without reproach from the first."

The detective took down some further notes in his memorandum book.

"Thank you, sir," he said; "I don't think I have anything further to ask. I will now request you to be altogether silent with regard to this interview."

I promised, and the man left me. I returned to the house, feeling more uncomfortable than I cared to own. A mixture of indignation and irritability possessed me.

Diana took care to make herself very beautiful that evening. She wore her wedding dress, which had been slightly altered to fit the required fashion; round her neck she placed a string of seed pearls, to which was attached a lovely little pendant, also of pearls; in her hair she wore a large pearl pin.

"I wonder you care to wear those," I said. "They will remind poor Lucy of her loss."

"I would not wear them," she replied with spirit, "if Lucy had her own necklace, for these would lose so terribly in comparison; but Lucy is to wear her diamond pendant to-night, and you must allow me to try and look as well as I can by her side."

I said nothing more, and we went downstairs. As soon as ever we entered the largest of the drawing-rooms I observed that Lucy wore her pendant; it flashed on her neck, taking many strange and fantastic hues. She was dressed in a cream-coloured silk dress, made in an old-fashioned manner; it had a long stomacher, and the dress opened below to give a peep of a petticoat of a deeper shade of the same satin, and also to show the little embroidered high-heeled shoes. Lucy's hair was piled high on her head; she looked striking and very beautiful. I observed that Maxwell scarcely took his eyes from her face—she seemed to mesmerise him; wherever she went, whenever she moved, her jewels flashed, and Maxwell's eyes followed her and them. I noticed once again a peculiar expression in his dark, well-formed eyes; there was that slight but somewhat disagreeable

narrowing of the eyelids—a covetous look mingled with the tenderness which sat so well upon his handsome face. I could not help recalling the words Markham had spoken not two hours ago: "I must search into the history of every guest staying in the house, and I choose to begin with Rudolph Maxwell."

I turned impatiently from the memory. Dinner was announced, and we all went into the great dining hall, which was separated from the drawing-rooms by a long passage, and belonged to an older part of the house. After dinner many fresh guests arrived; the ball-room was thrown open, and dancing became the order of the hour. Diana was not strong enough to dance, and I did not intend to spend much time in the ball-room—I went there, however, for a few minutes, and sat down in the enclosure of a deep old window to watch the gay and animated scene. Presently, without noticing me, Maxwell and Lucy Gifford waltzed slowly by in my vicinity. They paused almost opposite my window.

"At last I have seen your diamonds," said Maxwell. "They are even more beautiful than you gave me to understand; no wonder you take care of them, their price is above rubies."

"Yes," she replied, "I know that. I wish with all my heart I had never brought them from home. I have fearful dreams at night about them. I fancy that the burglar has come—the same dreadful burglar who took away my necklace—and that he is murdering me for the sake of the diamonds."

"If you keep the pendant where I tell you, it is quite safe," said Maxwell. "On no account go to bed with it round your neck. Did you place it—?" Here his voice dropped; they waltzed a few steps away, and I could not hear anything further. I was just about to leave the room when they came back again.

"Well, you astonish me," said Lucy; "I always thought you were full of pluck."

"It is you who have pluck," he replied. "I would not sleep in that room of yours for all you could give me."

"What? Do you mean to say you are afraid of ghosts?"

"I must confess to it!" he answered. A flush of colour came into his dark face; he bit his lips. "Early impressions are deep ones," he continued. "I got a fright when I was a child; I also come of a superstitious race. I inherit superstitious terrors. My mother had the gift of second sight."

"I wish I had," said Lucy; "there's nothing in the world I should like more than to see the poor lady who is supposed to haunt my room."

"Do not say so, I beg of you. You don't know what you are talking about!"

"Yes, I do; I simply have no terrors of the unseen. Material things frighten me—a burglar would send me into fits; but my poor ghost—if she came I should coax her to tell me her story."

"God grant you may not be tempted," said Maxwell.

"You look queer, Mr. Maxwell," said the young girl, glancing up into his face; "are you faint?"

"No; but I tremble at your bold words. If I were to see an apparition, I believe I should die on the spot."

"Why so? Surely you are too manly to give way to ungovernable terror at what cannot hurt you?"

"It is in my race," he replied. "Shall I take you to the supper room?"

She put her slender hand on his arm, and they moved out of sight and hearing. The evening passed without any further event of special interest occurring, and we all retired to rest in the early hours of the morning.

The next day at breakfast all was bustle and excitement—a picnic had been arranged to take place on Wallington Plain. This famous place was ten miles from Clonfield Abbey; it boasted of a magnificent view, woods in the background, a river which many fishermen had made famous—in short, it had all the elements necessary to make up a day of complete enjoyment. The arrangement was that friends of the name of Harrington were to meet the Sylvestres and their party, and after a long day on the Plain we were all to go to the Harringtons' for supper and a dance. If the weather was fine enough, we were to dance out of doors; and Lucy looked forward to all the fun with a glow of health on her cheeks, and a sparkle of the sweetest hope in her eyes. She looked so bright, that I could not help bending forward to her and whispering—

"I am glad you are getting over your loss."

"I have not got over it at all," she replied; "but I have just made up my mind to enjoy the present. The fact is," she continued, bending towards me, "I am hopeless about ever getting back the pearls. Are you aware, Mr. Gray, that the detective left here early this morning?"

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Mr. Markham has gone. I conclude that he considers the search quite useless. I heard the sound of wheels as I lay in bed, and jumped up to look from my window. He left Clonfield Abbey between six and seven this morning."

"I don't believe for a moment he has given up the search," I said.

Lucy sighed, and shook her pretty head.

Soon afterwards we rose from the breakfast table, and between ten and eleven o'clock were driving in two large wagonettes and a pony carriage to Wallington Plain. We arrived at our destination in excellent time. The Harringtons with their party appeared on the scene soon afterwards, and the pleasures of one of the happiest days I have ever spent began. No premonition told me of the catastrophe which was so quickly approaching. I felt well; Diana had nearly regained her normal health. The sight of so many young and happy faces was enough to put me in the best of humours—amongst them all, Lucy's charming figure, her gay laugh, the bright and yet tender light in her eyes, were the most conspicuous. Maxwell was unremitting in his attentions all day, and Diana and I quite expected that before they returned to Clonfield Abbey they would be an affianced pair. By tacit consent we each and all left these lovers to themselves—they wandered about together, exploring the beauties of the lovely neighbourhood. At last the evening set in, and the time came when we were to re-enter our carriages and go to the Harringtons' place, a distance of about five miles away. I had just been asked by Sylvestre to accompany a lady in the pony trap when someone exclaimed that Maxwell and Lucy had not yet put in an appearance.

"How tiresome!" I heard Mrs. Sylvestre say; "we shall be late for supper. Mr. Harrington is very particular with regard to punctuality, and eight o'clock is the hour named for the meal."

"I'll go and look for them," I answered. "I saw them about an hour ago going in the direction of the Hillside Woods." I set off running as I spoke, and calling Miss Gifford's name aloud.

Suddenly I heard an answering voice, and Lucy, looking pale and startled, rushed up to me.

"Come at once," she cried; "Mr. Maxwell has hurt himself badly."

"What can have happened?" I asked.

"We were standing on the edge of Denver's Peak, and I was showing him the view," she answered, "he had turned round to speak to me when his face grew pale, he tottered, and the next moment had fallen over the cliff."

"Has he fallen from a height?" I asked.

"Fortunately not," she replied—she was trembling excessively—"he managed by a miracle to catch hold of a ledge of rock; I saw him writhe and then lie still. Oh, I had a moment of agony; then I managed to get at him by climbing down a little side path. I think just for an instant he must have been

unconscious, but when I reached him he had come to himself; he was unable to move, however, and I ran off to find you all."

"Fortunately, I have a brandy flask in my pocket," I said; "I have no doubt that after I have given him a dose he will be better."

She hurried on in front of me without speaking; her face was as pale as it had been bright and rosy; her eyes were full of trouble.

We reached the Peak, and found that Maxwell had already sufficiently recovered to climb to the top; he was half-sitting, half-lying on the grass; his face was ghastly, and when he saw us approaching he put his hand to his head.

"Here's a nice state of things," he said, trying hard to smile; "I fell with some force on my back and hurt my head. Oh, I am much better already." Here he glanced at Lucy with a sort of queer pathos which I could scarcely understand. "I shall be all right after a little rest. There is nothing serious; only the fall has made me dizzy."

"How did you lose your balance?" I asked.

"I had a fit of giddiness. From a child I have had, at intervals, similar attacks; I am afraid I shall be good for nothing for the rest of the evening. I must go back to Clonfield Abbey, and get to bed at once. I shall be quite myself to-morrow, Miss Gifford."

"Yes," she answered. Her lips trembled; she tried to keep the tears back from her eyes.

"Let us go back," she continued; "I, for one, have no heart to dance."

"That will not do," I said. "I am afraid you must go with the others to the Harringtons'. I am very sorry, but it cannot be helped. The pony carriage only holds two, and I must take Maxwell back to the Abbey."

She looked distressed, but a little reflection showed her that there was no alternative. She went up to Maxwell, who held out his hand; they looked into each other's eyes. The expression in his I could not fathom; his face was quite haggard.

After administering brandy, my patient was sufficiently recovered to stagger to his feet. I led him to the pony chaise, and a few minutes later we were driving rapidly back to the Abbey. During the drive Maxwell scarcely spoke.

When we got into the house, I turned to ring the bell to get some refreshment; he came up to me at once, and put his hand on my arm.

"Do not order anything for me," he said. "I could not eat. I want to lie down and shut my eyes. A few hours in the dark will quite restore me."

"Ought you not to see a doctor?" I said, for his looks alarmed me.

"No, this is no case for a doctor," he answered. His lips trembled.

"You look fearfully depressed," I said. "Have you any reason?"

"None—none," he cried in agitation.

"Then you have not put your fortune to the test?"

"Good God, no! I can't talk of this to-night. Let me get off to my room. I am only fit for solitude and my own thoughts."

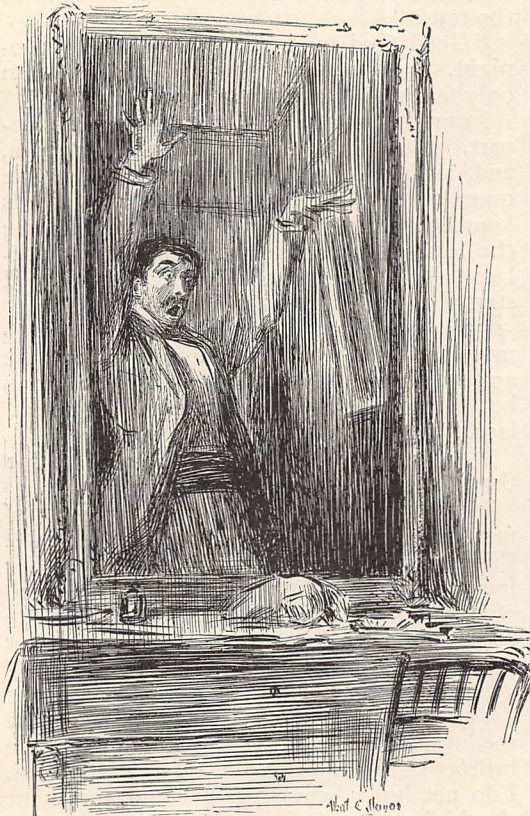
I saw this was so, and allowed him to depart. I then went into the smoking-room, and, sitting down, began to think over the queer aspect of affairs; the detective's words kept coming back to me again and again; the loss of Diana's ring and the pearl necklace would haunt my brain. Suddenly I started to my feet.

"An opportunity has occurred," I said to myself; "I will go straight away this minute and search Miss Gifford's rooms. Who knows but I may, after all, discover the missing necklace."

No sooner had this thought come to me than I resolved to act upon it.

Having secured a candle and a box of matches, I went at once to the west wing. I think I have already described the peculiar build of Lucy's bedroom; the window, instead of boasting of a through light, looked into the dressing-room, which, having been built out as an afterthought, was mostly composed of glass; in consequence, except on very bright days, Lucy's bedroom was considerably in shadow. Exactly facing the window of the bedroom, a large looking-glass was placed. I do not know why this queer arrangement should flash now before my memory. At this hour the west wing would, of course, be empty; I had no fear of the ghost, and would take the opportunity to have a good search for the necklace. Perhaps Miss Gifford had never placed it in her writing-desk; it is well known that people often completely forget where they have put their greatest treasures. I entered through the sitting-room, which was now quite dark, and went straight into the little bedroom. The moon was shining outside, and the first thing I saw was that the housemaid had forgotten to draw down the window blind, and that in consequence the looking-glass, placed just behind the window in the dressing-room, made queer reflections. A ray of moonlight had struck across the glass, and the first thing I perceived was my own figure dimly outlined in it and, as it were, coming to meet me into the room. Had I not been possessed of really strong nerves I might have been startled; and, as it was, the thought of the ghost flashed across my brain. But I quickly guessed the true nature

of the apparition, and lighting my candle set it down on the window sill. When I did so I discovered that I had heightened the power of reflection in the looking-glass; all its surroundings were lost in indistinctness, but my



"HIS HANDS WERE RAISED, AS IF TO MOTION BACK SOME GHOSTLY VISITANT."

own figure stood boldly out in perfectly clear and startling outline. I went backwards and forwards between the door of the bedroom and the window, and saw myself many times coming to meet myself.

"This would really be ghostly," I murmured under my breath, "if I did not know what it meant. But I have no time now to think of this; I must get on with my search."

I was just about to take the candle to go into the sitting-room, when I heard footsteps soft and yet hurried coming along the passage outside. Was it possible that the maid was coming back to conclude her half-done work? My first instinct was not to show myself. I stepped behind the door. The footsteps came nearer—they were too heavy for a woman's; my heart jumped into my mouth. All of a sudden, I recollected that of course Lucy Gifford must have left her diamonds behind her. Was it possible that the person who

had secured the necklace was now coming to possess himself of the valuable pendant? Who could the thief be? I stood motionless, scarcely daring to breathe. The footsteps went quickly through the sitting-room and entered the bedroom. All of a sudden there was a cry—a cry of the greatest horror I have ever listened to; my blood curdled at the sound. I looked up; I could distinctly see Maxwell's figure reflected in the looking-glass. His hands were raised, as if to motion back some ghostly visitant; his eyes seemed to start from his head; his face was the colour of death itself. The next moment, with a crashing sound, he had fallen on the floor.

This was no moment for reflection. I rushed forward, lifted him up, unconscious as he was, and took him into the sitting-room. There I laid him on a sofa, and began to apply remedies. He looked as if he were stone dead. At last, with a long shivering sigh, he opened his eyes.

The moment he did so, he seemed to be aroused to the most full and terrible consciousness.

"I will confess! I will make amends!" he cried. "Merciful God in Heaven, have pity on my soul! Don't cut me off in the midst of my sin." He sat up; I stood near him, but he did not recognise me. "I have just had a token for death," he gasped. "I saw my own apparition when I entered that accursed room." He covered his face with his hands.

"For God's sake, pull yourself together, Maxwell," I said then. "Tell me at once what you were doing in Miss Gifford's room."

He turned and clutched me with both hands.

"Were you there? Did you see it?" he whispered, his face the colour of chalk. "It wore my face; it came to meet me, to warn me. My doom is sealed. I shall die immediately; that token has never yet failed."

"Doomed or not, speak out now," I said. "Tell me what all this means. What were you doing in Miss Gifford's room?"

"I will tell you the truth, Mr. Gray; I will hide nothing." He dragged himself from the sofa, and dropped on his knees. "I deceived you. I am not what I said I was; my name is—"

At this steps were heard approaching. They were quick and hurried, and evidently belonged to persons who had not the slightest desire for concealment. The flash of approaching lights came through the open door of the octagon room. I heard Markham's quiet and self-contained voice.

"This way, if you please, Mr. Maxwell."

"Maxwell!" I murmured.

"This is the room, sir; the fellow must have come here at night. There is a bedroom beyond, and a dressing-room; but the pearls——" Here Markham's voice dropped; he had entered the room and seen the extraordinary spectacle which there awaited him.

"Good Heavens! what has happened?" he cried; he looked from me to my secretary, then his brow cleared.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Gray," he said; "I have good news for you. Everything has been discovered. That scoundrel on his knees there is no more Maxwell of Apsley View than I am. Allow me to introduce you, sir, to the real Rudolph Maxwell, the son of your old friend."

A gentlemanly, handsome man between twenty and thirty years of age had followed Markham into the room. He came up and held out his hand to me.

"Forgive me for intruding in this fashion," he said, "but there really was no other way. I could not have my name and personality played with. Markham has told me everything. Ah, I guessed at once that we should trace the crime home to Lawson. So you are there, Lawson. Well, your game is up!"

The miserable scoundrel, who was still kneeling, made an effort now to stagger to his feet.

"You can all say what you like to me," he exclaimed. "I care nothing. God has struck me down Himself. My doom is fixed."

"Hold your tongue, man, and let others speak," said Markham. "When I had a word with you yesterday, Mr. Gray, my suspicions were almost certainties. I knew I could not establish my case, however, until I found the real Mr. Maxwell."

"Yes, Lawson, you were a clever scoundrel," continued the real Maxwell, "but Markham here was too much for you. You stole my letters and cards when you also stole my watch and diamond studs."

"As the game is up, you may as well tell me the meaning of all this," I said, turning with a white face to my unfortunate secretary.

"I am quite willing to explain," he answered. "I took you in, Mr. Gray. You were good to me, and so was your wife, and if I could be sorry at having deceived you, I would. The fact is, I belong to a gang of burglars, called the Apollo gang. In our profession we live altogether on our wits, and no subterfuge which attains our object is below our adoption. Two years ago I was valet to that gentleman." He nodded as he spoke in the direction of Maxwell. "While with him it occurred to me that some of his cards and a few letters might

prove useful later on. I stole them, and found, as I had anticipated, that they would serve me. I saw your advertisement, and it occurred to me that as I had been well educated in my youth I might apply for your post and do something to aid my confederates while with you. I showed you one or two of Mr. Maxwell's letters, and sent in his card on the day of my first interview. I found that you were easy to impose upon. I think you know the rest. I abstracted Mrs. Gray's diamond ring during our journey here—I obtained it by a trick common enough to myself and confederates. The ring has been melted down long ago, and I fear the diamonds are sold. I quickly won Miss Gifford's confidence, and having advised her where to place her necklace it was no difficult task to gain possession of it. I worked on her fears for my own purposes, and advised her where to place the diamond pendant in her room. You will find it, if you go to look, in an old chimney ornament which has been pushed out of sight, as if by accident. I meant to secure the diamonds to-night, and for that reason I threw myself over the cliff in order to be able to feign illness so as to get back to the Abbey while the rest of you were away. Had you, Mr. Gray, not returned with me, I might have succeeded in obtaining my booty—but no, I forgot," he added, turning white once more to his very lips, "the awful sight I saw in that room would have upset nerves stronger than mine. My doom is fixed. I go to a higher Tribunal than any earthly to answer for my crimes."

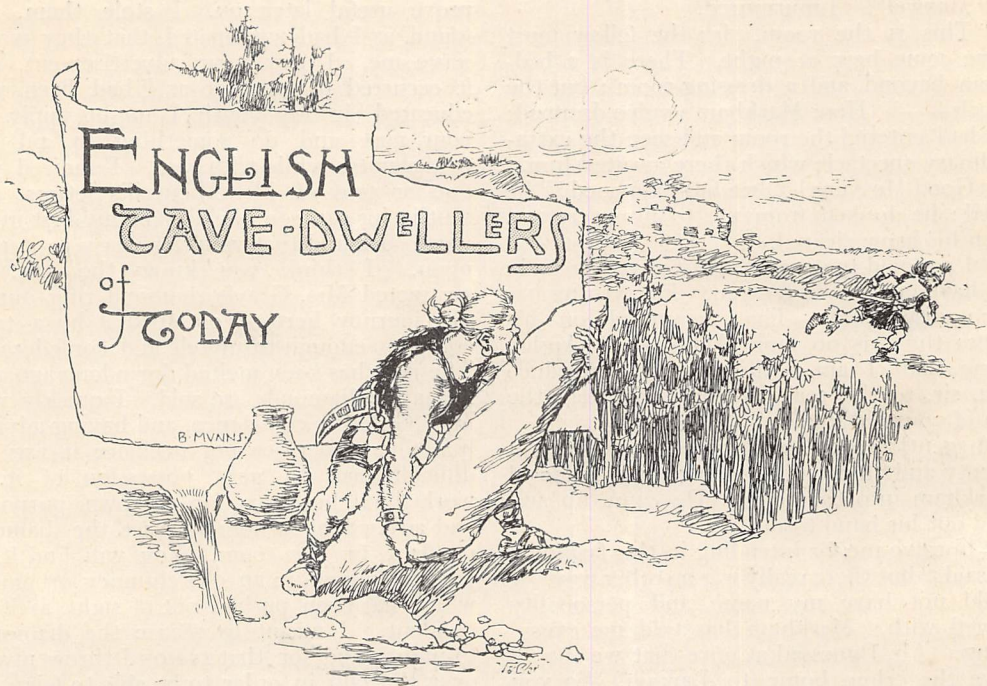
"You have said quite enough now," said Markham, coming forward; "and as I hold a warrant for your arrest, you will allow me to slip these on you, for greater safety."

As he spoke he produced a pair of handcuffs, which he fastened round the prisoner's wrists.

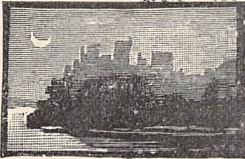
When last I heard of Lawson it was to learn that he had received a sentence of seven years' penal servitude. He had got over the shock which the supposed apparition had caused, and is now working out the punishment he so richly deserved, not in another world, but in this.

As to Lucy Gifford, the shock of this extraordinary *dénouement* affected her health for a long time. Her nerves were shaken. She refused to occupy the haunted room; and having been once told the real story of the supposed Maxwell, begged that his name should never be mentioned to her again.

There are whispers now with regard to this young lady and the real man of the name—but, perhaps, I ought not to divulge anything further.



BY S. BARING-GOULD, AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," ETC.



HOW little one knows of one's own country! For the last four years I have been engaged in exploring the rock castles and cave dwellings of the South and West of France, where to this day whole colonies of people live contentedly in habitations scooped out of the chalk and limestone and sandstone cliffs—just as thousands of years ago the first settlers on the Gallic soil sought themselves caverns, which they contested with the bear and the hyæna, and in which they lived, ate and drank, wept, laughed and died. But that we had similar—identical dwellings in England, and people living in them as happily as do those in France—that never entered my head till the other day, when, on visiting a friend in Staffordshire, on the confines of Worcestershire, he said to me after breakfast—

"What shall we do to-day? Whither shall we go? The weather is fine, will you come and see our Troglodites?"

"Troglodites!" I echoed.

"Well, yes—cave-dwellers. There are a

good number of families, hereabouts, live in the rocks."

"Live in the rocks!" I repeated.

"Yes, they have houses, if I may so call them, scooped out in the New-Red-Sandstone cliffs. You see, this long ridge of hill, Kinver Edge it is called, was a sea-cliff to the great Severn Strait at that time when, somewhere between the second and third glacial epoch, the Principality was an island, and the waves rolled from the Mersey to the Bristol Channel one long strip of twinkling blue sea, beyond which the Welsh mountains stood up and 'Took the morning.' Well, here are the cliffs, old sea-cliffs; here are sandstone rocks once reefs and islets in the Severn Strait. Sandstone, mind you, is comparatively soft and workable: what wonder, if from time immemorial, the rocks have been utilised as habitations for man? First, doubtless, there were the sea-worn and sea-scooped caverns in which the first men of the rude stone-weapon age lived; but these have long ago disappeared or been widened; and now we have very worthy, respectable nineteenth-century people living in these burrows in the rock."

"Let us go at once," said I.

Kinver Edge, a ridge of new red sandstone, terminates abruptly above the River Stour, above Sturton Castle, once a royal dwelling much affected by King John. The extreme

headland, 542 feet above the sea, steep on all sides but one, was fortified by King Wulfhere, who reigned in Mercia from 657 to 675, and the church of Kinver was dedicated to two of his sons, who were accounted Saints. The mighty embankment thrown up by Wulfhere remains, and the place was, no doubt, a stronghold against the incursions of the Welsh. This point of rock has between it and the old seabed a remarkable mass of isolated crag, that goes by the name of Holy Austin Rock, and this is literally honeycombed with habitations in three storeys or stages, with families still occupying the rock at each level, though all the dwellings are not now tenanted. The topmost has a bench and table before the door, and the inhabitants of the cave keep by them a store of ginger-beer and lemonade, wherewith to refresh visitors from Stourbridge or Kidderminster.

In far-away distance of time, so runs the tale, a giant occupied this rock, and he had a

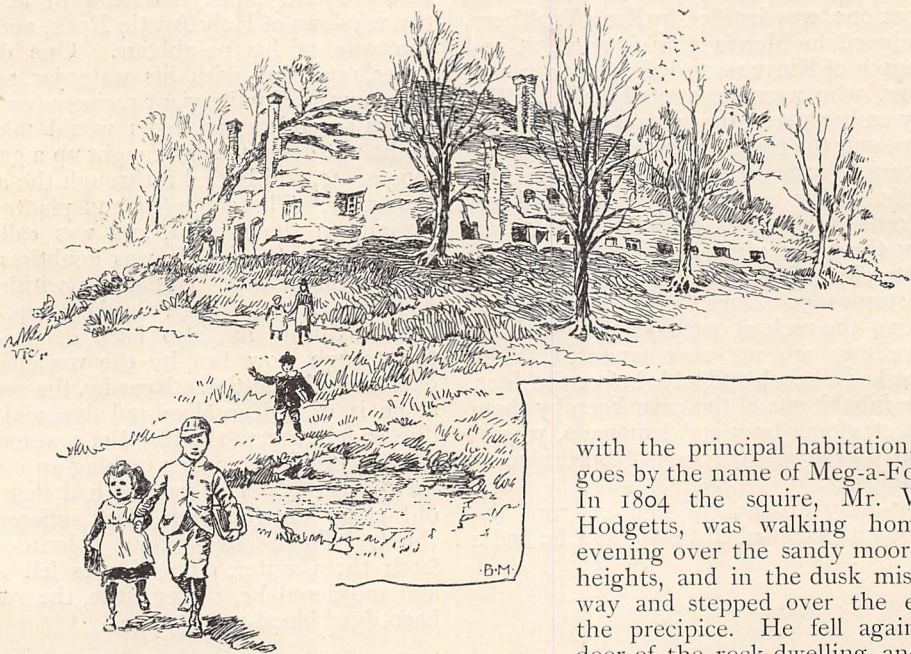
across country, put his head in at one of the windows of Holy Austin Rock, and kissed the wife of his neighbour. One day the latter, returning with his water-jar, saw this, and saw the Enville giant racing away as hard as his seven-leagued boots would take him. So he put down the jar, caught up a great and long stone, and hurled it through the air after the other. The stone fell and planted itself upright in the ground, and was called the Bolt or Bass Stone. It was doubtless a fine prehistoric menhir. Unhappily, within man's memory, it has been broken up. The Giant's Spring has also been diverted, and the trough now lies by the wayside much overgrown by nettles. Near by, the red sandstone is of a deep blood-red dye, and this is due, so folk say, to the blood of a woman here slain by the Danes, when making an incursion up the Stour. The natives had fled to the old camp on the edge, but suffered from thirst. Then one woman volunteered to fetch them water. The Danes fell on her and murdered her; ever since, the rock has been dyed blood-red.



HOLY AUSTIN ROCK.

comely wife. There lived another giant at Enville, in another rock dwelling. Now it happened that water was scarce at Holy Austin, and the giant had to stride away to a slope round the shoulder of Kinver Edge to a trickling stream, the drops of which were collected in a stone trough, still extant, called The Giants' Water Trough. When the Holy Austin giant was collecting water from the dribbling spring, the Enville giant strode

The cave-dwellings are either entirely scooped out in the heart of the rock, windows and doors being cut in the stone, and the front being a mere screen of living rock, or else, as is the case with the topmost storey of dwellings, a brick front has been erected before the caves, and this has been done on account of the original face of rock having been so cut about that it has given way. Usually the only brick structure connected with the cave-



ROCK COTTAGES AT DRAKE'S LOWE.

dwelling is the chimney. One house on the middle stage has this feature in very extraordinary fashion, curled like a worm to avoid the projections of rock.

One of the inhabitants of Holy Austin Rock, not content with scooping out for himself many chambers in the rock, has dug his way through it, and can look out on the face of the precipice on the further side.

These cave-dwellings are warm in winter, and cool in summer; they are very dry, indeed, as one of the inmates assured me—drier in winter than in summer—as in the hot weather the coolness of the stone has an effect of condensing on it any moisture there may be in the air.

Other rock houses are not, however, so salubrious, and some have been condemned by the sanitary inspector, and the occupants, to their great indignation, forced to leave, though they have never suffered inconvenience from lodging in the caves.

Why the rock is called after Holy Austin, neither history nor tradition can tell. Possibly there may have been a recluse of that name who lived in one of the caves in ancient days, possibly the cliff may have belonged to the Augustinian Friars.

About a mile further along the cliff is another group of rock dwellings, now no longer tenanted; the occupants were ejected a few years ago. A melancholy event is connected

with the principal habitation, which goes by the name of Meg-a-Fox-hole. In 1804 the squire, Mr. William Hodgetts, was walking home one evening over the sandy moor on the heights, and in the dusk missed his way and stepped over the edge of the precipice. He fell against the door of the rock dwelling, and when

the man who lived in Meg-a-Fox-hole came to open his door next morning, he had much difficulty in doing so, because it was blocked by the corpse of his landlord.

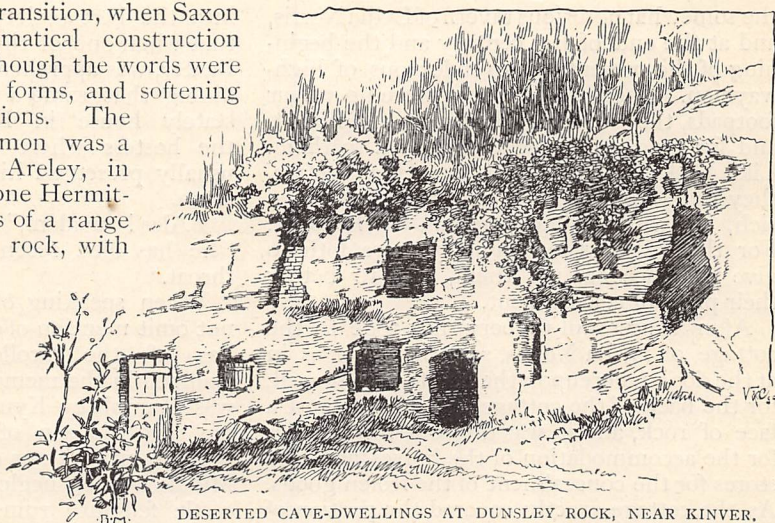
In the rock here are numerous names cut. The earliest is that of H. Kindar, Scriptor, Londini, 1700; the next in antiquity is that of R. Knight, 1749; ancestor of the present Sir F. Knight, of Wolverley.

Another mile takes one to Drake's Lowe, where is a cove or *cirque* in the old sea-cliff, and here are numerous dwellings dug out of the rock, all provided with brand-new chimneys of glazed black bricks.

A smart Board school occupies the bottom of the cove, and an extraordinary spectacle may be witnessed when the school bell rings. From the rock holes issue the children like rabbits from their burrows, and descend the steep and in some places precipitous sides by zigzag paths.

In Worcestershire at Areley Kings is a rock-hewn hermitage in a bluff, called the Red Stone. It was in this parish, and, if tradition may be trusted, in this hermitage that Layamon wrote his poem, the *Brut*, one of the earliest monuments of the English language that we possess. It is a metrical history of Britain, based on the fabulous work of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and he wrote either at the end of the reign of Henry II., or not long after his death. Layamon tells us that he was a priest, and that he was a native of Ernley on the Severn, and his language

belongs to the period of transition, when Saxon phraseology and grammatical construction were still preserved, although the words were rapidly changing their forms, and softening down their terminations. The Ernley of which Layamon was a native is the modern Areley, in which parish the Red Stone Hermitage exists. This consists of a range of chambers cut in the rock, with doorways and windows, and do not at all belong to a single habitation. When the church was rebuilt in 1885-86 the early font was discovered, broken up, but bearing on it an inscription commemorative of the poet-priest Layamon.



DESERTED CAVE-DWELLINGS AT DUNSLEY ROCK, NEAR KINVER.

Another very odd rock dwelling is in "The Devil's Spittleful." This is a conical mass of sandstone, some forty feet high, that rises abruptly out of the surrounding heath, between Kidderminster and Bewdley. A thick-set grove of firs covers the steep sides, but in the rock may be seen an opening leading into a hewn chamber, furnished with hearth and chimney. There are traces of other dwellings in the same rock.

"The Devil's Spittleful" takes its name from an odd legend told about it.

A cobbler who had been to Bewdley to fetch some boots to mend, found himself belated among the hills a mile or so from Wribbenhall. He encountered the Evil One with a mighty spade in his hand—termed locally a spittle, charged with sand.

"How far to Bewdley?" asked the spirit.

The cobbler shook his head.

"A long way," he answered. "But why do you ask?"

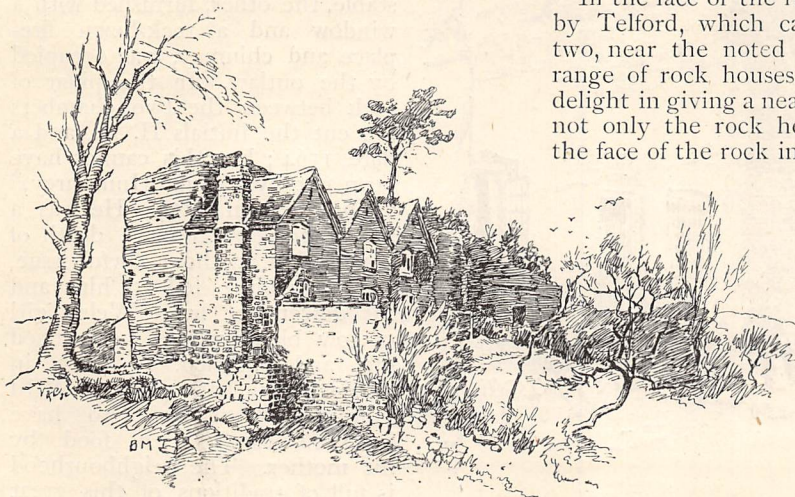
"Because," said the Evil One, "those Bewdley folk are so pious and good, that I am going to block the Severn with this spittleful of earth, so as to turn it, that the river may wash them clean away."

"Ah, master!" said the crafty cobbler, and emptied his sack of old shoes. "Look at all these—I have worn them out walking from Bewdley. You won't get there to-night, nor for a week after."

With an oath the Prince of Darkness cast down his spadeful of soil, and returned on his way—and that is why this conical mass of sandstone bears the name of "The Devil's Spittleful."

In the face of the rock above the canal cut by Telford, which canal cuts England into two, near the noted inn "Stewponey," is a range of rock houses, which the inhabitants delight in giving a neat look by whitewashing, not only the rock hewn chambers, but also the face of the rock in which they are cut.

Near Stourton Castle is an old cottage of brick, with dormer windows, overhung by stately sycamore trees, and with a pleasant sloping garden in front, nothing more innocent in appearance; no indication whatever of subterranean chambers. Yet this cottage is



TOP OF HOLY AUSTIN ROCK,

the somewhat notorious tavern of Lydia Norris, and at the end of last century and the beginning of the present was a rendezvous of highwaymen. These highwaymen were no vulgar footpads, they were gentlemen of the district, and for long no suspicion attached to them. Like Dick Turpin and Robin Hood before, they were credited with only plundering the rich, and with being generous to the poor. For this reason the peasantry were loth to give evidence against them, and to betray their place of concealment.

After a successful robbery they rode to the cottage of Lydia Norris, sent their horses in at the door, whereupon the beasts disappeared, for the back of the cottage was built against a face of rock, and it was dug out into stables for the accommodation of the horses, and into stores for the concealment of the stolen goods. As the cottage exactly covered the portion of rock that was exposed, no one from without could entertain a suspicion that it contained rock chambers and was extensive in the accommodation it afforded "to man and beast."

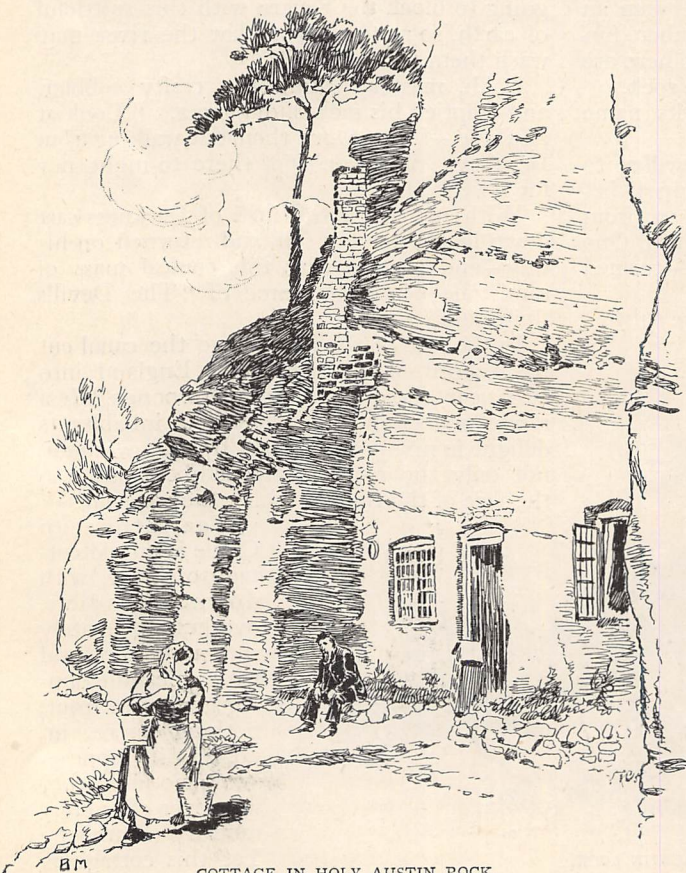
The highwaymen in question were received

into the best society around. It is related that when one of them named Poulter, *alias* Baxter, was apprehended and hung, the rest, dining that same evening at the Hyde, a stately house in Kinver, were asked by the hostess where their friend was, who usually presented himself at her table with them.

"Alas! madam," was the ready reply; "he has died recently of a quinsy of the throat."

When speaking of highwaymen, we must not omit mention of one at an earlier age, who has left the recollection of his misdeeds stamped in the memory of the people. This was Humphrey Kynaston, of Middle Castle. He was the son of Sir Roger Kynaston, Knight, and he was constituted Constable of Middle, but so neglected his duties that the castle fell into ruins. He maintained himself by depredations on travellers, and for his misdeeds was outlawed in 1490, but he was pardoned by King Henry VII. two years later.

During the period of his outlawry he lived in a cave dug out of the face of a cliff at Great Ness, in Shropshire, some 16 feet above the foot of the precipice, which is 70 feet high. His cave was reached by a narrow flight of steps hewn out of the rock, and it is said that his horse was wont to pasture in a field below, but that when danger approached, Humphrey from his eyrie saw it and whistled to his horse, whereupon the beast ran like a cat up the steps and took refuge in his master's cave. This is double—one portion is the stable, the other, furnished with a window and a rock-hewn fireplace and chimney, was occupied by the outlaw. In the pillar of rock between the two chambers are cut the initials H. K., and a date, 1564; but this cannot have been cut by "Wild Humphrey," as he died in 1534. He was a second son, but on the death of his brother, without lawful issue, the inheritance fell to him and his descendant by a Welsh girl of low birth, whom he carried off and married. Whilst in hiding in his cave "Wild Humphrey" is said to have been furnished with food by his mother. The neighbourhood is full of traditions of this great outlaw.



COTTAGE IN HOLY AUSTIN ROCK.

QUICK DECISION IN SUDDEN DANGER.



It has long been known to scientists that all animals, including man, require a longer or shorter lapse of time between the recognition of impending danger or pain, and the execution of such movements as

are necessary to avoid or lessen its effect. A whale, for example, 100 feet long, harpooned in the tail, has first to telegraph the fact of the wound along the sensory nerves lying between the tail and the brain, and then to telegraph back over the same line the decision to flap violently. It is calculated that this triple process consumes not less than one second and one-eighth of a second of time.

If ten men with pistols are placed in line and told to fire at the word of command, it is found in practice that not one of them will succeed in pressing the trigger during the lapse of the first twelve-hundredths of a second of time. It is a very smart man who succeeds in discharging his pistol within seventeen-hundredths of a second; while the average man will require rather over the fifth of a second, or, to be exact, twenty-two-hundredths, before the muscles of the trigger finger have obeyed the order to act that they have received from the brain.

The power of rapid action differs enormously in different individuals—more especially in sudden danger. With some men, imminent peril seems to brighten the intellect, quicken the power of decision, and increase the obedience of hand or limb to eye and ear. In others, the sharp shock of sudden danger relaxes the will power, stupefies rather than stimulates, and changes a capable and energetic man into a monument of incapacity and surprise.

In the Red Sea, one burning-hot morning, I was reading quietly on the taffrail of an outward-bound P. and O. boat. One of the smart young cavalry officers on the way out to join his regiment was playing with a little girl of six. She was running away from him, shouting with merriment and heedless of consequences so long as she escaped from her pursuer. The sloping bulwark surrounding the taffrail is not two feet high, but a railing of iron stanchions, with two horizontal chains, forms a protection against ordinary danger. Little Sunbeam, as she was called, rushed past me, laughing loudly, leaped through the lower chain of the stanchion

railing, and was in the boiling wake of the steamer before anyone could apprehend danger. I rose suddenly as I saw the child gain the bulwark, and two curious things happened. A form rushed past me, and before the child had struck the water the



"THE TWO BODIES STRUCK THE WATER WITHIN A SECOND OF EACH OTHER."

young cavalry sub. had flung himself over the railing and was in the air. The two bodies struck the water within a second of each other, and when both rose they were not three yards apart. The nearest life-buoy that hung on the bulwark was thrown overboard so quickly by the quartermaster that it floated not thirty yards from where the two bodies were floating, and the order to stop the ship was given within four seconds of the occurrence, the whole scene being observed by the officer on watch; and the rapidity with which he stopped the ship and gave orders for the boat to be lowered was happily rewarded by a rescue.

Another instance in which great rapidity of decision was necessary in order to save life shortly happened to myself. I was cantering along a narrow jungle path in Ceylon. Above me on my left hand was a steep precipice. Below, for some hundreds of feet, the precipice falls away to an oya or stream, that brawled its way hidden among the ferns and jungle far below. The precipice was not sheer. Here and there a large plant or small tree afforded hand-hold for a capable climber; but nowhere



"I HEARD MY NAG ROLLING OVER."

between the path and the stream could a man stand without a firm grip.

As I was cantering along, a large rock partially jutted out across the path, leaving only sufficient room to pass between the rock and the edge. Just as I was tightening the rein to hold my Arab well in hand, an eagle flew out from behind the rock. The sudden apparition and loud flapping of the wings startled the gee so completely that he shied over the precipice with me on his back, and thus gave me the experience I am now describing. The instant I saw the eagle and felt the horseswerve I threw myself violently to the left, removing both feet from the stirrups, and passing my right leg over the saddle in front, with a view of falling clear of my horse. As luck would have it, I was just quick enough. I clutched hold of the edge of the path, felt a violent pain in my left foot, and held on like grim death. I heard my nag rolling over and over below me, the sound dwindling as he fell. I was speedily extricated from my disagreeable plight by coolies who were running behind me; and, with the exception of a crushed foot, I was none the worse for my fright. Ropes were obtained and the animal was hauled up with his back broken, but not

dead. I shot him myself. Since then, I often wake at night with a start, dreaming that the horse is shying over the cliff and that I have not flung myself clear in time.

One more instance of the sort of quality necessary in sudden danger and I have done. The scene is in the high Alps. To cross a specially dangerous *coulair*, dangerously swept by loose stones, a party of climbers unroped, since if one were struck, the others could escape, which might not be the case if they had remained roped. In the middle of the *coulair* was a sort of island on either side of which the stream of stones divided, except when they were unusually large and numerous. Immediately below the place of crossing was a *crevasse* which was out of the line of fire. All the party had crossed in safety but one. He had reached the island, when suddenly, one thousand feet above, each man saw a detached rock the size of a cottage begin its descent. It leapt from point to point. Everyone shouted to their companion to jump into the *crevasse*. He hesitated, and, as his features revealed horror and indecision, the rock reached him and struck the back of his head as though it were cut with a knife. The body was swept into the *crevasse* from which it was recovered. He could have saved himself with ease.

On the whole, it is better to decide on action ten times, and to be wrong three times out of ten, than to postpone action in all the ten cases. The chances in the latter case are that you will be wrong ten times.

ARNOLD WHITE.



"HE HESITATED."



BY GRANT ALLEN.



ELL, yes, sir, the young lady *was* a beautiful swimmer. Never seen a young lady as could swim out like she could. "Cap'n Tom 'Oolley," she'd used to say to me, "I just love the water."

She come here every year. She said she never could take to anywheres like the coast of Cornwall. But after that last year, she never come again. Seems as if Bill-o'-my-soul must have give her a distaste o' the Cornish folk like.

Well, that's true what you say, 'sir : there ain't no sea anywheres like the sea here in Cornwall. It breaks, as you may put it, all so green as an emerald, round the stacks and skerries off Land's End and the Lizard. See it breaking yonder, sometimes, in fine white foam, most as high as a lighthouse, round they granite peaks, and you wouldn't find nothing more beautiful, not if it was painted in oils by they artist gents at Newlyn. The Channel?—well, what's the Channel, come to think o' it, but a muddy river, in the manner o' speaking, with the Seine and the Avon flooding it all with dirt and refuse? The North Sea?—no, nor the North Sea ain't much better neither, through being filled with yellow clay by the mouths o' Thames and Rhine and Humber. I know 'em all, bless your 'eart, as have sailed in coasting craft, man an' boy, this fifty year an' more, an' being bred myself at Lyme Regis in Dorset—an' a muddier sea you wouldn't want nowheres than that, though it's me that says it as oughtn't to say it, belying my own home, if I may make bold to put it so, which is as tidy a little town as any in the country. But the open Atlantic where it rolls right in, all blue

and green, and clear as crystal, on they Cornish rocks—why, there ain't no water like it, for pleasure of swimming, in the British Isles, not till a man comes round again to Caithness and Sutherland.

Our Joe—him as they calls the fisherman poet—he says it reminds him of a good woman's heart, it does. You look right down into the depths, as far as you can see; and it's all transparent, and it's all pure an' innocent. That's the sea, in Cornwall.

The young lady's name I was speakin' of was Noe. She was a Miss Pryce o' London; but through knowing of her so intimate like, we always called her by her given name, Miss Noe. She was at home with the children, you see; and my missus was fonder of her than of any other folks as ever took our lodgings, same as she might be with your good lady, sir, begging your pardon. She was a fine-built young woman, too, was Miss Noe. See her clamber up the rocks, you'd say she was a goat; see her swim agin the waves, you'd say she was a seal; see her tell the little ones stories by the rocks at nights, you'd say she was one o' these book-writers, as it might be yourself, sir. Fine upstanding young lady too, with a colour in her cheek and a spring in her step, walking free across Mullyon moors the same as if they belonged to her.

Well, it wasn't long before we perceived Miss Noe was pretty good friends with a gentleman up to Brown's—Mr. Moore from Exeter. He was a nice young doctor, come to Kynance for his holiday; and when them two went out walking together, with her father and mother hanging about like for company, as is the way with parients, a finer young couple you'd never set eyes on. At the end of a fortnight my wife says to

me, "Tom," says she, "it ain't 'Mr. Moore' no more with our young lady : it's plain Alex this morning." His name being Alexander, it was Alex for short, as is the new fashion now, though when I was young 'twas all Alick or else Sandy.

"An' a good thing too," says I. "For a young lady like Miss Noe had ought to marry one as is her natural equal," says I ; not meaning in birth alone, as is a thing I don't hold with ; nor yet in money, as there ain't no counting upon : but a fine upstanding young lady, to my mind, deserves to be married to a fine upstanding young fellow. Or where'd the country get its soldiers and sailors from ?

"And a handsome couple they'll make," says my missus, being fond of Miss Noe.

Well, one of they days, Mr. Moore—that's Alex—he went out swimming off the rocks

breathless. I could see in a minute her heart was in her mouth. "Oh, Cap'n Tom," she says, "Cap'n Tom, do look out at Alex. He's swimming over there, an' it seems to me he's in some sort o' trouble"—Love having eyes as can see better'n a binocular.

Well, I gets down my telescope, an' I fixes it upon him. He was a mile out to sea—a black speck on the water. I gets him well fixed. Sure enough, there he was, throwing his arms up wild, and trying to make signs to the shore for help.

"Is it cramp ?" says the young lady.

"Don't *you* believe it," says I ; "there's a deal more nonsense talked about cramp in swimming nor there need be. A man can't swim for ever," says I, "let him be so strong as you like," says I. "Tired out ; that's what I calls it," says I. And tired out Mr. Alex was, sure enough, by the look of him.



"AND HELPS HER ABOARD INTO THE BOAT."

by the Cove ; and Miss Noe, she was ashore, sitting high on the cliff, reading a book or something. But every now and again my wife sees her raise her head and look out to sea anxious like, after the heads bobbing about like buoys in the water. At last up she jumps and runs down to the cottage, all

"Oh, Cap'n Tom," says the young lady, "will you save him ?" wringing her hands in a way that might melt a stone—let alone a Christian.

I was half-way down to my boat by that time.

"Save him ?" says I ; "is it saving of

him? Bless your heart, if he warn't no friend of yours at all—as man to man—I'd save him. Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, seeing Bill on the shore, "come and help me," says I. "There's a gentleman drowning."

"Drowning?" says Bill, running down and putting out. "Come on!" says Bill; "I'm with you!" His name being Bill-o'-my-soul, along of his having been such a favourite when he was young with all the young women.

Well, we putt off and rowed, Bill taking one of the sweeps—as is our name for they long oars—and me the other. After a while it struck me we wasn't heading outward. I looked up, and saw, and we was most turned toward shore again. I'd pulled the boat round on Bill—which I didn't understand, he being then a stronger man nor me to pull—not but what, when I was in my best days, I'd have pulled a boat against any man in England.

"Bill," says I, sharp, "you're not a-pulling."

He looks up at me rather odd. "Mate," says he, quiet-like, "I'm no fool. Now, what are you a-rowing for?—the young fellow, or the money?"

"Pull, pull, man!" I shouts out. "Pull, pull, I tell you! The gentleman's drowning—Miss Noe's young gentleman!"

He pulls a stroke or two, quite feeble. His heart wasn't in it. Then I loses my temper.

"Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, "am I cap'n of this here craft, or are you? For unless you pull harder—I don't want no strong language here; but as sure as my name is Cap'n Tom 'Oolley, I'll wring your ugly neck for you!"

He holds up his sweep, and says he, "Oh, is that your game?" says he. "An' do you propose to compensate me?"

It flashed right across me what he meant. "Bill, you blackguard," says I, "do you mean to tell me—and a man there a-drowning? Have you no common humanity," says I, bristling up, "that you'd think of five pound afore a fellow-creature?"

"Five pound is a good bit better nor thirty bob," says Bill, looking up at me, sullen-like.

Well, sir, I'll say it to your face, though your own father, as a County Councillor, I always thought that one as bad a law as the county could make. But law it is, all the same; and there ain't no helping it. It's five pound reward for bringing in a dead corpse; an' it's only thirty bob for bringing in a man alive as you save from drowning.

"Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, raising my sweep, being that angry with the man that I'd have knocked him over the head as soon as I would a rat, "will you row, or shall I brain you?"

Just at that minute my eyes went towards the shore: and if *there* wasn't Miss Noe, not

wringing her hands now, but plunging into the sea, clothes and all—though a lady with skirts—an' swimming for dear life out to the boat to help me.

I up with my voice, an' I shouts, "Come along, Miss Noe! You putts the men to shame! Blessings on you for a brave girl!" She was swimming that splendid!

Well, I rows towards her, and helps her aboard into the boat; and in she jumps, all dripping, but taking no more notice of it, bless you, than if water was a feather bed to her. And she seizes the oar Bill-o'-my-soul wouldn't work; and she cries out to me, agonised like, "Row on, Cap'n 'Oolley, for Heaven's sake, row on; Alex is a-drownding!"

Well, I wasn't going to carry a supercargo, as you may say, to weight the boat, nor yet a passenger for nothing. So, to lighten the burden, I just ups with Bill-o'-my-soul and I clasps un round the waist, being a older man nor him, but, Heaven be praised, a strong one. He was took by surprise, too much to struggle. An' I heaves un over afore he knowed where he was, and makes a Jonah of him. He come up spluttering, being the worst swimmer for a seafaring man as ever I met with. "There," says I, hitting out at him with the blade o' my sweep; "see how you likes it yourself," says I. "There's five pound a-goin' beggin' for whoever pulls out *your* ugly corpse, for nobody ain't going to trouble about you living." And off we two rows, Miss Noe in her dripping clothes, and leaves Bill there, to sink or swim, accordin' as he was minded.

A quarter o' a mile 'out we comes up to a sailing-boat. Wind was nor'-east, or might a been a p'int nearer east, mayhap; and a sail before the wind could bear straight down upon where Mr. Alex was drowning. Miss Noe, she stood up and calls out to the men: "Over yonder!" she cries, showing the way with her hand. "Quick, quick; he's drowning!"

In a second they sees, and without one word off they goes, luffing that sudden I wouldn't 'a believed it if I hadn't seen it; and they flies before half a gale over in the direction of the gentleman. Well, he was done up for swimming, through not having another kick left in him, as you may say; but he was able to float on his back, and might have floated an hour more, mayhap, if so be as the chill o' the water didn't numb him and send him to the bottom. They come up to him, and pulled un in. I could see them a-pulling of him; but whether it was thirty bob or five pounds' worth, I couldn't rightly make out for certain.



"AND THEN HE FALLS BACK, NUMB LIKE AND AS WHITE AS DEATH."

"Is it alive or dead?" says the young lady.

"Well," says I, "he *do* look rather limp," says I, "as is natural when you've been lying so long in the water. But I think it's alive. Anyhow, we'd better row back and get your things dried, miss."

"Oh, no," says she, crying. "I *can't* go back till I know. Cap'n 'Oolley," says she, "we must row on and meet them."

Well, I didn't quite like it, owing to the gentleman perhaps having nothin' on, which Miss Noe hadn't thought of; still, this being a matter o' life and death, where such things can't be allowed to count, I rows on to meet them.

About a hundred yards off, I stands up and shouts, so as she shouldn't understand, "Is it a five-pound job, mate, or a thirty-bobber?"

And the young gentleman himself lifts himself up in reply, with one of the fishermen's jerseys on, an' a sail wrapped round

un,' and he shouts at the top of his voice, waving his hand, "Alive, alive, Noe!"

I wanted to turn then; but, bless you, there wasn't no keeping back that young lady. Afore I knowed where I was, at the sound of his voice, she'd stood up in the boat and jumped off the seat, and was swimming for dear life again to the sailing-boat where her young gentleman was a-sitting.

He was most dead when she got there. He'd just had strength o' mind to hold up till he could shout to her; and then he falls back, numb like and as white as death, till they gets him ashore again. There Bill-o'-my-soul was standing, spluttering and shivering, looking blue with cold, and saying as how I'd done him out o' five pounds, or, anyways, thirty shillings, through throwing of him overboard. They took the young gentleman up to his lodgings, and gave him the regular thing—hot blankets an' such, an'

brandy; an' by the end o' the day he was pretty-well right again. But the young lady, she didn't so much as ketch a cold with it; and afore they left this place, him and her was married. An' when Bill-o'-my-soul come to

hear that her father and mother wanted to give ten pound apiece to the men in the boat an' me, he was just that mad you could 'a heard his language five houses off, and not choice language neither.



A HOLIDAY OCCUPATION FOR LADIES.

THE NEWEST TATTING AND CROCHET.



CROCHET is always more or less in favour, but the same can scarcely be claimed for tatting. It appears, however, that the latter is likely, in its most recent form, to have a new sphere of usefulness before it. It is now employed as a passementerie trimming for dresses and mantles, and is prettily combined with beads. Black silk was chosen for the handsome Vandyck design shown in Fig. 1. The whole or sections of the points can be easily arranged to fit revers, vests, or cuffs. Before the silk is wound on the shuttle small cut jet beads are threaded upon it. Beaded tatting is worked in the usual stitch, but beads take the place of the picots made in the circles of ordinary tatting. In this way any of the designs usually carried out with cotton can be adapted for other purposes, and many a handsome trimming may be thus arranged. In Fig. 2 is given a narrow beaded

trimming also made with black silk, which is often useful upon those portions of a dress which cannot appropriately be ornamented with any wider pattern of passementerie.

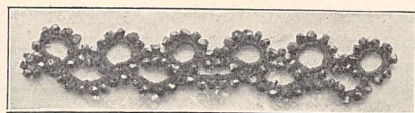


FIG. 2.—NARROW TRIMMING IN BEADED TATTING.

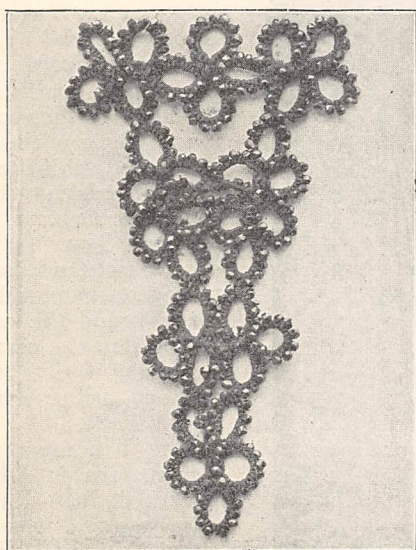


FIG. 1.—VANDYCK IN BEADED TATTING.

Thus much for the newest form of tatting; the crochet is not so easily dismissed. It is worked with a very slender steel crochet hook and extremely fine *écru* or cream-coloured silk. This gives an effect very unlike that of the ordinary twisted silks that are employed for crochet, and which are apt to blur the distinctness of the design. These fine silks make a web that is literally as fine as many laces, Maltese lace in particular being easily reproduced by their aid. The beaded tatting and the materials for the work are special introductions of Mrs. Reilly, 51, Endlesham Road, Balham, from whom alone the necessary materials for this dainty kind of work can be procured, and by whom all the specimens which are illustrated here were both worked and designed. The finer silk is so extremely slender that only such designs can be executed as do not require the hook to pierce the stitches of the preceding row, but can be carried directly over the chain loops.

The little dessert doyley given in Fig. 3 is exceedingly dainty, and has all the appearance of antiquity to recommend it—no slight matter in these days of relic-hunting. A four-inch square of the most delicate white lawn is needed, the embroidery being carried out with a single thread of rich gold-coloured *filoselle*. In the middle is an inserted medallion of crochet, which is a novel feature in this kind of work. Begin in the centre with a tiny ring of silk and work into it as follows: 5 chain (the first four of these serve as a long treble, which is made like the

ordinary treble or long, but with the silk turned twice instead of once round the hook), then 1 long treble, * 1 chain, 1 long treble; repeat from * thirteen times, complete the round with a slip stitch into the loop of 5 chain. *Second round:* make sixteen loops of 7 chain and one double crochet alternately. The double should be worked between two treble of the preceding round. Finish with 3 chain fastened to the first loop with a slip-stitch. The stitch named a "Maltese spot" is now begun, and is worked as follows: Having a loop on the hook, * put the silk over the hook, insert it in a loop, draw the thread through, thread over hook, draw it through two loops; repeat from * six times, when there will be eight loops on the hook, put the thread over hook, draw it through seven loops, thread over hook, draw it through two loops, take out the hook, insert it under the chain stitches that were worked immediately before the spot, put the loop on the hook again and draw the thread under these chain stitches. Pull up the thread tightly. This completes one spot. *Third round:* 1 Maltese spot into each of the sixteen loops of the last round and 7 chain between each spot. *Fourth round:* 9 chain and 1 double crochet alternately sixteen times. *Fifth*

round: 11 chain and 1 double crochet alternately sixteen times. *Sixth round:* 12 treble into each loop of the preceding round. Fasten off.

Place the crochet medallion thus made exactly in the middle of the right side of the doyley and stitch it securely all round through the treble stitches of the last round. Turn the doyley on the wrong side and cut out the lawn under the crochet centre, then, with one thread of gold filoselle work a row of close buttonhole stitches all round the edge of the medallion. These stitches must be carried over the last round, and will, on the wrong side, entirely cover the cut edges of the lawn. The remainder of the gold silk embroidery can be easily understood from the illustration. It is executed mainly with small outline and satin stitches.

For the edging of the doyley, begin by making 1 chain very loosely, then 26 chain in the ordinary way. *First row:* miss 11 chain, 1 double crochet over the next chain (remember that the silk is too fine to allow the hook to be passed through any previously made stitch), 7 chain, miss 4, 1 double crochet over the next chain, 7 chain, miss 4, 1 double crochet over the next chain, 7 chain, miss 4, 1 double crochet into the loose chain, then draw up the chain tightly. *Second row:* 7 chain, 1 double into the first loop (place this double over the first chain of the loop), 7 chain, 1 Maltese spot in the same loop, * 7 chain, 1 double into the next loop, repeat from * twice. *Third row:* work four loops of 7 chain and 1 double into the loops of the second row. Repeat the second and third rows until the edging is long enough to fit round the doyley. Sew the lace on the right side so as to cover a narrow hem made round the edge, fulling it at the corners so that it sets well without being drawn out of shape.

The handsome and lacy pattern in Fig. 4 is named the "Wheat-sheaf," and may be worked in any width and length required.



FIG. 3.—A DAINTY DOYLEY.

The original was made with coarse écreu crochet silk in rows backwards and forwards. Begin, say, with 75 chain. *First row:* * 7 chain, miss 4, 1 double crochet into the next chain; repeat from * to the end, making fifteen loops in all. *Second row:* * 7 chain, 1 double crochet into the first loop of preceding row; repeat from * to the end of row. *Third row:* 7 chain, 1 double into the first loop of the preceding row, 7 chain, 1 double crochet into the next loop, * 7 chain, 1 wheatsheaf into the next loop, working thus: put the thread over the hook and insert it in the loop, draw the thread through, thus making three loops on the hook, silk over hook, draw it through one loop, ** insert the hook in the loop, draw the thread through, silk over hook, draw it through one loop; repeat from ** five times, then draw the silk through all the nine loops on the hook at once, 1 chain, *** put the thread over hook, and insert it in the little hole at the top of the wheatsheaf, draw the thread through, silk over hook, draw it through two loops; repeat from *** five times, then put the thread over the hook, draw it through two loops, thus working off all the loops at the top of the wheatsheaf. Then take the hook out of the last loop, insert it under the loop of chain worked before the wheatsheaf, take the loop again on the hook, draw the thread through, 7 chain, 1 slip-stitch through two threads of the last stitch at the left-hand top corner of the wheatsheaf, 7 chain and one double three times into the next three loops; repeat from * twice, then 7 chain, 1 double crochet. *Fourth row:* * 7 chain and 1 double crochet; repeat from * all along, putting 1 double into each loop with the exception of the loop before the wheatsheaf, which is to be missed, in the loop at the top, work 7 chain and 1 double twice, miss the loop after the wheatsheaf, making fifteen loops altogether. *Fifth row:* * 7 chain, 1 double in the next loop three times, then 7 chain, 1 wheatsheaf in the following loop, make a loop of 7 chain over the wheat-

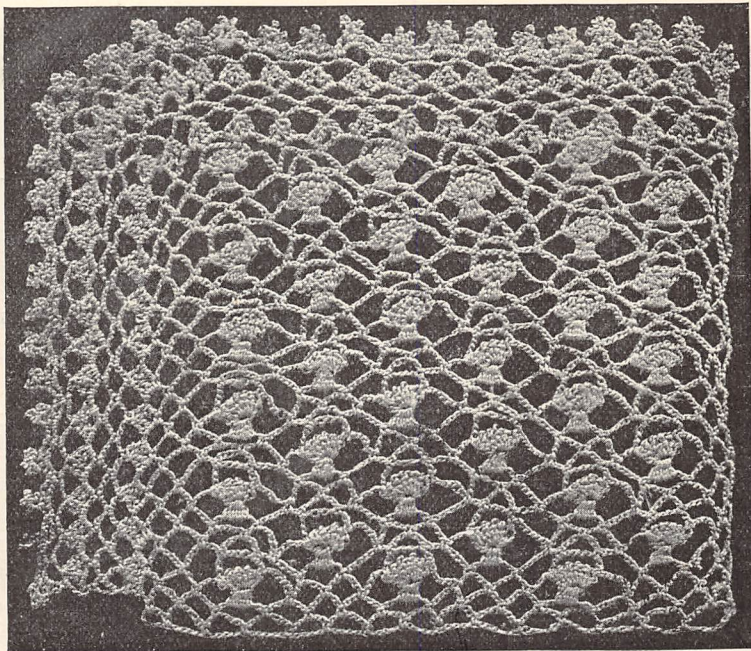


FIG. 4.—THE WHEATSHEAF PATTERN

sheaf as before; repeat from * twice, finishing the row with two loops of 7 chain. The sixth, and every following alternate row, are like the fourth row. *Seventh row:* Like the third. *Ninth row:* Like the fifth. Repeat these four rows until the lace is of the required depth.

For the edging begin in the first loop of chain, work 4 chain, 1 long treble, * 7 chain, ** silk twice over hook, insert hook in the next loop, draw the thread through, silk over hook, draw through two loops, silk over hook, draw through two loops; repeat once from ** into same loop, work two more of these half-trebles into the next loop, thread over hook, draw it through all the five loops; repeat from * to the end of row. *Second and third rows:* 7 chain and 1 double crochet into each loop of the preceding row. *Fourth row:* Like the first. *Fifth row:* Like the third. *Sixth row:* 1 double crochet into the top of one of the double of last row, taking up both loops, * 3 chain, 1 treble into the next loop * * 5 chain, 1 slip-stitch in the two side threads of the preceding treble; repeat twice from * *, 1 treble into the same loop, 3 chain, 1 double into the top of the next double, taking up both threads; repeat from * to the end of row.

Mrs. Reilly is willing to render personal assistance with both knitting and crochet if desired.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

Fair is Morning's Rosy Light.

Words and Music by S. H. HAMER.

VOICE.

FAIR is morn-ing's ro - sy light When the sun shines o'er the

PIANO.

lea ;.... Fair is ev-'ning's rud-dy glow As he sinks to rest in the sea ;....

Fair is the cher-ry's rip-'ning red, Swinging on the bough of the tree— But see my Chlo-e blush,

See my Chlo-e blush— Fair-er than all is she !

Bright are the streamlet's crys - tal drops, Flow - ing a - way to the sea,..... But

bright - er far are my Chlo-e's tears Than the streamlet pure and free.

Sweet is the song of the night - in - gale, Sweet is the hum of the bee,.....

Sweet is the song that the mo-ther sings, Hushing the babe on her knee ; Sweet are the songs the

fair - ies sing As the elves dance on the lea— But hear my Chlo-e laugh,

Hear my Chlo-e laugh— Sweet-er than all is she!

HOME DRESSMAKING.

AUGUST.



HAT OF STRAW AND ROSES.



If you admire pretty things you will rejoice with me that instead of a downpour of rain the sun is shining to-day and I can wear my new hat, which is a beauty, to the garden party of a local magnate without fear of spoiling its dainty freshness on the very first occasion. Girl-like, my friend and I have been looking forward with keen pleasure

to this party, as everyone in our little world will be there; and the grounds are so lovely with flowers and velvety lawns shaded with great trees. We are both wearing white muslin dresses quite simply made, with skirts plain with the exception of three rows of narrow lace inserted above the hem; full bodies drawn into wide belts four inches deep of folded silk, and ruffles at the neck edged with tiny lace and fastened with ribbons and pink roses; full sleeves drawn into a wrist-band with cuffs cut on the round, edged with lace, and turned back. A large Leghorn hat will adorn my friend's dark tresses, in one of the new shapes with a high crown and wide brim; a jetted band of black lace net mounted on a wide white satin ribbon is sewn around the crown and stands up a little higher than it, with bows of the white ribbon at the right side and three black tips drooping on the left side of the brim. At the back across her hair, as though they raised the brim, are the roses in a half-wreath, a most becoming style to her. My hat is like this sketch, in rough green straw, about the same colour as dark ivy, with the brim curving downwards, something like a mushroom shape, than which nothing

suits me better. A wisp of pale green tulle and white tulle over it lightly rests on the brim, and at the left side is a knot of green shot ribbon bows and two black quills, with a wreath of roses without foliage, shaded from crimson to pale pink, placed at the top edge of the crown as they wear them now, and two pretty bunches on my hair at the back. This charming hat was bought and given to me by Auntie, who is staying with me whilst Mother and the children are at the seaside; she is such a sweet creature, and has taken up sick-nursing by choice. She is my great admiration dressed in her cool grey Chudda cashmere costume or her fresh Galatea stripe, which looks so easy to make that we thought we could accomplish one for her in grey alpaca—a material she particularly likes for summer wear.

The white linen and lace collar and cuffs she wears are made by her own cool and dainty fingers; they are sewn on to narrow bands that tuck into the sleeves and wide neckband. I am hoping to win a word of commendation from her for my neat button-hole-making, as a dozen or more will be required to fasten the front of the bodice, which is to have plenty of fulness from neck and shoulder-seam in front, with a plain back stretched over the lining



OUR NURSE'S COSTUME.

and drawn down into the waist-belt ; the skirt will be quite plain with a deep hem, and all the fulness at the back put into close gathers.

Needless to tell you that our dressmaking parties are a source of pleasure and interest to her, substantial proof of which she has shown by bringing us some remnants of silk picked up at sales : one length of creamy white and one of pink silk are sufficient to make my friend and me slip-skirts to wear under our muslin dresses ; and we live in hopes of the winter fashions providing us with a similar style—that is, a thin material over silk—to that which everyone is now wearing. It has been the unspoken wish of my heart for many a day to possess a silk underskirt or slip ; so imagine how delighted I was ! We at once set about making them : bought a pattern of the new shaped skirt, cut out the silk and also a stiff hem-lining twelve inches deep, seamed this up and faced it on to the silk, and trimmed it on the inside with two frills cut on the bias and gathered ; mine I hemmed, but her frills are pinked out at the edge.

Have you noticed how severely plain most of the skirts are apparently ? But they have two, three, and sometimes more, frills like ours sewn inside either invisible to the lining only, or stitched right through to the front. When I first saw the sketch that had been made to show you I thought it represented an evening dress with chiné silk body and sleeves, with a velvet frill at the armhole ; instead of it being so, it is drawn to show you the silk slip and the tight-fitting linen body which I have made as a model to cut the linings of my future dresses from ; the sleeve also with a fibre chamois frill to set out the puff of the material or silk that I may wear over it. A great help this pattern has proved, as, the alterations once made, I mark the correct seam on the linen with a blue pencil and make up the new linings to these marks. No doubt when the other girls return from their holidays they will each want me to do the same good turn for them. I shall have a bodice to show them that I have made out of two and a half yards of black and white striped silk. In this way I made it : having my linen pattern ready marked at each seam where the line of stitching should be and turnings beyond, I spread each piece *flat* on the white linenette lining folded double, pinned it, and put a heavy paper-weight to keep it in place ; then pricked through with the scissors' point along the stitching mark, and with a lead pencil dotted the cut edge. When the linings were all cut out I folded the silk on the bias, and placed the fronts and under-arm pieces so as to bring the stripes all one way, arranging folds instead of seams in front. After joining up the back and sides—four pieces—I placed it on the silk with the centre seam to a bias fold and stretched the silk over to the shoulder and under-arm pieces ; then, tacking it all up, stitched it, boned the seams, and fastened the front with hooks and eyes sewn in between the silk and the lining. The collar is folded with short double-frilled ends at the back. My desire was for black chiffon sleeves, but I contented myself with black merv made with a short puff at the top, and tight down to the wrist.

Our cycling is another subject of interest to Auntie—she considers it so healthy and invigorating ; and

by her advice we are now wearing divided skirts or knickers beneath our cycling skirts whilst riding ; one or two have them made in alpaca with linen lining, but my preference was for ready-shrunk grey "Viyella" flannel. We have made them with



SILK SLIP.

fulness at the knee to give free play to the movement, and finished them with a casing and elastic, although I prefer a good ribbon drawn through and tied on the outer side. We find them a great improvement on the old-fashioned under-skirts, and very comely to wear.

BIZZIE BEE.

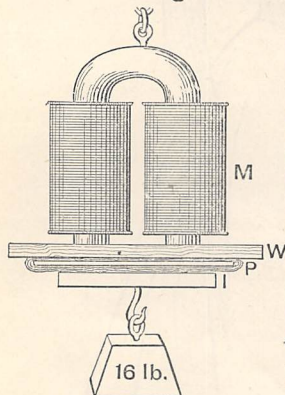
Paper patterns are now ready of the nurse's costume in three sizes, price 1s. 1½d., and also of the slip skirt, at 6½d. ; knickers, 6½d. ; bodice patterns cut in brown holland, 1s. 6d. each, including lelee.—Address, BIZZIE BEE, c/o the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

The GATHERER

An Illustrated record of Invention Discovery & Science

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

Magnetic Photographs.

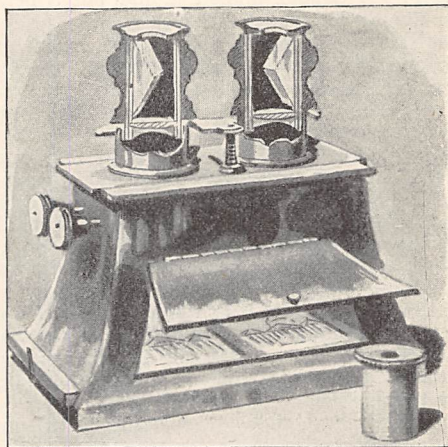


of light at all, but simply with a strong magnet. His arrangement will be understood from our engraving, where M is an electromagnet, capable of lifting 100 lbs., having a sheet of wood, W, over its poles, and beneath the board a sensitive photographic plate folded in black paper. If now an iron armature or "keeper"—that is to say, a bar of iron—be placed under the sensitive plate, next the film, and across the poles of the magnet, and the whole arrangement left for a period ranging from several minutes to several hours, a dark image or "shadow photograph" of the iron keeper I will be found on the plate when it is developed. In the particular case illustrated the armature sustained a weight of 16 lb. in its position below the sensitive plate. Professor McKay used Cranmer plates and eikonogen developer, and made his experiments in a dark room. The time of exposure could be shortened by rapidly interrupting the current with an automatic key. Keys, pliers, wire gauges, or any other paramagnetic object, can be substituted for the armature I and silhouettes obtained. Moreover, if the sensitive film be put next the poles of the magnet, and a sheet of iron nearly as large as the plate be used for the armature I, non-magnetic or diamagnetic objects placed on the film will yield silhouettes. In this way the Professor has taken

photographs of wire, foil, and gauze of copper, brass, platinum, magnesium, and other metals, which bear so close a resemblance to the hackneyed Röntgen pictures that it is needless to reproduce them. Professor McKay does not offer any elaborate theory of his remarkable result, but he seems to think that the poles of the magnet emit radiations capable of affecting a photographic plate, and he throws out the suggestion that shadow pictures obtained from long exposure of a hidden object to sunlight may be due to magnetic radiations from the sun. What is wanted at this stage is more experimental results rather than hypothesis.

An Inverting Stereoscope.

The accompanying figure shows a stereoscope which will save amateur photographers some trouble. When positive photographs are made for the ordinary stereoscope, the right image has to go on the left hand and the left image on the right hand; but this new instrument of MM. Charpentier and Gramont, by a simple arrangement



AN INVERTING STEREOSCOPE.

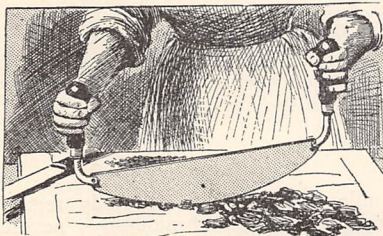
of prisms and lenses in the eye-piece, permits the effect of relief to be seen without making this inversion.

Nets and Insects.

It is well known that insects experience much difficulty in passing through nets, even those having meshes three or four times their size. Some have supposed their fear of nets due to a resemblance between the net and a spider's web; but M. Felix Plateau has recently shown that the difficulty lies in their eyes, which are more adapted to distinguish motions than form. An insect is evidently apt to mistake a net for a continuous transparent surface. To pass through the net it must alight on the meshes, or strike them, then crawl through the aperture.

New Knives.

Fig. 1 shows a new mincing-knife, which works without noise and with less labour than the older patterns. The operator grasps both handles and gives a see-saw or rocking motion to the blade,



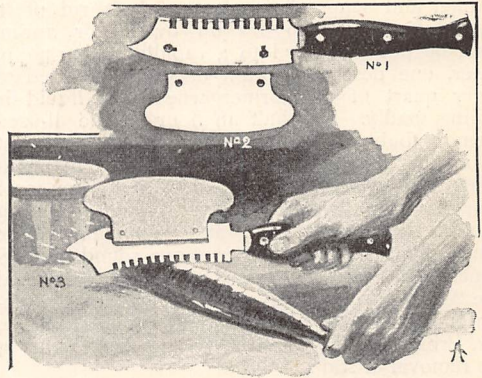
NEW KNIVES.—FIG. 1.

thereby mincing the meat. Fig. 2 represents a French fish-knife, where No. 1 is the knife proper, having a serrated back for scaling the fish, and No. 2 is a scale guard which can be fixed to the knife as in No. 3, or removed and used as a kitchen knife for various purposes.

The Art of Taking Out Stains.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR HOME LAUNDRY."

There is one branch of laundry work of which the genus washerwoman is woefully ignorant. It is also one of which the house-mother should be perfect mistress. I mean the taking-out of stains. Mrs. Jones rubs a cake of soap over a brown tea-stain, or into a black ink-spot, with misplaced zeal. The alkali in her tablet turns the blot into a fixed stain at once. Now all stains should, if possible, be dealt with whilst wet. Without fail they should be removed *before* being sent to the wash. That is why a lady's delicate finger-tips and nicety of touch are more requisite at this stage of the art than in any other. Tommy has spilt a cup of tea; Mary has swamped a patch of coffee; the master has overturned a wineglass; baby has smeared the raspberry stew. What is usually done? The soiled tablecloth is rolled up at once to contract mildew, consigned to the clothes-basket, and sent, when perfectly dry (these accidents always happen at the beginning of a week!), to Mrs. Jones. Now



NEW KNIVES.—FIG. 2.

take the first misfortune. Wait only till breakfast is over, then put a bowl under the stain while the cloth is on the table. The brass kettle is, of course, boiling on its stand. Pour the water *through* the stain into the basin. You will be surprised to see how little damp will spread beyond the strained cloth. Still more astonishing is the magical way in which those tea or coffee stains disappear. A touch of the heater or flat iron, and, without removing your cloth from the table, it is as good as ever. We all know how easily port wine-glasses topple over. Their very thin stems are made for the purpose, I think! There is nothing more aggravating than to see a stream of purply-pink fluid suddenly meandering over one's best lotus or lily pattern damask. Rub some salt in at once. After dinner manipulate as advised for tea-stains, or dip in boiling milk. I will not advise oxalic acid or powdered lime. If your cloth is left to dry and sent to the wash, Mrs. Jones will burn holes in it soon enough, and without my help. The above process removes fruit as well as wine stains. I am personally very fond of "slioging" ink. However, I do not *generally* do so over a table-cloth. My writing-table is covered with red American leather, in order to preserve its Morocco top and brass shield with inscription. All people are not so careful. If some ink has got on to a white material, rub it with salt while still wet. Cut a lemon in half (or even a squeezed rind will sometimes answer the purpose), rub it in well, and pour boiling water through to remove acid. Wash as soon as possible.

If a drawing-room table-cover of coloured wool is the recipient of a black stain, soak quickly and thoroughly in *warm buttermilk*. As the inky fluid tinges the milk, replace it with more until the liquid is left white. Much perseverance is needed, and patience; two "P's" without which no would-be-remover of stains can succeed. When all the ink is gone, pour hot water through the cloth, to eradicate an odour of sour milk; and, before it is quite dry, iron with a moderate heater. To remove a scorch, soak the linen in clear, soft, cold water for some hours. The mark will then easily rub off. Iron-mould is treated in the same way. Of all stains, perhaps that of mildew is the most difficult to deal with. It takes nights of exposure on a bleaching green or hedge, much

boiling, and some elbow-grease to get rid of it. Paint, if allowed to dry on overall or apron, must be put *bone dry* into a rapidly-boiling pot of water, one dessert-spoonful of paraffin added to every quart of the former when that liquid is boiling madly. For half an hour let the ill-used garment bubble and fizzle and squeak. Lift out by means of a wooden stick (iron will mould if used) into a basin of cold suds, and when cool enough rub well, rinse in several waters—the oil is of so tenacious a breed—and your stain will be gone. Some of these prescriptions sound troublesome. They are not really so. They only need one “P” added to the bouquet of two already presented—“PROMPTNESS” (use capitals, please, Mr. Printer) is the most necessary ingredient in the removal of stains.

An Auto-Tricycle.

The tandem tricycle which we illustrate is the best automatic or self-moving tricycle-carriage we have yet seen. It contains a comfortable seat for a lady and a back seat for a gentleman, who steers. The power is derived from a small petroleum motor, of the kind used in horseless carriages. It gives $2\frac{1}{2}$ horse power, and the tricycle runs at several different speeds varying from five to thirty miles an hour. The vehicle only weighs 400 lb., with a supply of petroleum sufficient for a journey of seventy-two miles. The Bollée tricycle has been a success in Paris, and will be very useful to those who have no need for a larger auto-car or horseless carriage.

Sub-irrigation.

A new method of gardening by irrigation beneath the surface of the soil has come into operation in the United States, and gives very good results. It originated in a desire to avoid the rotting of lettuce produced by watering the surface of the ground in which they are growing,

and it is found to yield lettuces of double the ordinary size. It is particularly applicable to greenhouses, and is carried out by a system of perforated pipes underground, which not only water the soil, but permit the air to pass freely through it and reach the roots of the plants.

Time by Telephone.

In America the telephone is now employed to give the correct time to subscribers, and even to wake them up in the morning! The operator at the exchange “rings up” the subscribers who desire to be waked at a certain hour. For this purpose it is, of course, necessary that the telephone apparatus and call bell should be placed in the sleeper's bedroom.

A Tell-tale for Boilers.

Boilers are apt to explode when there is an insufficient supply of water in them, owing to frost or some other cause stopping the supply pipe, and the “tell-tale” will be useful to householders. The contrivance is simply fixed in a vertical position in the top of the boiler, apart from the flow or other pipes. Before lighting the boiler fire the cock of the tell-tale is turned on, and if water flows from it the boiler is filled; but if not, there is some stoppage in the pipe and the fire must not be lighted.

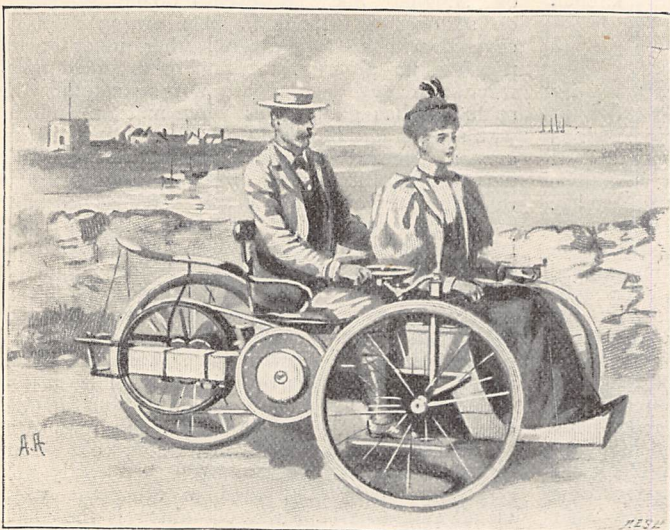
Can Dogs Laugh?

To smile and laugh is generally regarded as characteristic of man, and man only; nevertheless it has been observed that certain animals, more especially the dog, show an expression of the face distinctly resembling a smile, if not even a laugh. Gratiolet, a celebrated French physiognomist, admits that dogs have what he calls “the smile of the eyes,” which is produced by a slight elevation of

the external corners of the eyes.

The smile of the mouth—that is, a movement which raises the corners of the mouth—he regards as peculiar to mankind.

“Maida,” the famous deerhound of Sir Walter Scott, had a habit of showing her joy by what might easily be described as a smile or a laugh. In fact, this grimace or smile is common enough amongst dogs, but it rarely manifests itself in a striking manner. When it does, the upper lip is drawn back, exposing the canine teeth, as though the dog were going to growl, the ears are thrown back, and the expression of the face, far from being one of irritation, is, on the contrary, one of joy or pleasure. Scotch collies are rather given to smile at comical sights new to them, as well as at their masters now and then. It certainly does not require a surgical operation to get a joke



AN AUTO-TRICYCLE.



THE PUFFING HOLE OF IONA.—FIG. 1.

into a collie's head. The present writer had a very intelligent little collie which used to smile and look up to his master with a knowing air every time he saw a travelling bear, or even a goat, or at almost any odd and unfamiliar creature. The expression of his face can only be rendered by the word "smile," the lips being drawn up at the corners and the eyes betraying conscious amusement—if not even an arch or roguish look. The Vicomte d'Aiglun relates that one of his friends has a dog which, at the end of several months, learned to laugh with a spaniel, his companion; and as a further proof of the force of imitation, he mentions the case of a small Havanna dog which has acquired the habit of licking his paws and washing his face like a cat of his acquaintance.

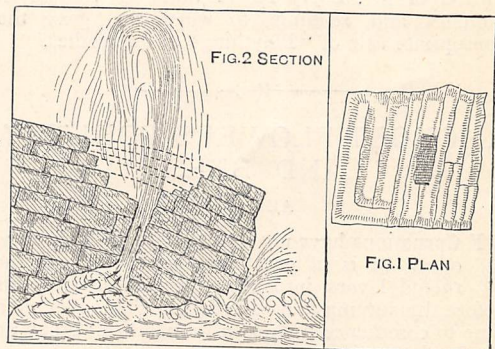
Puffing-holes.

"Puffing-holes" or "spouting-caves" are found on several coasts, notably on the island of Iona, on the west coast of Scotland; at Kilkee, near the mouth of the Shannon, and elsewhere in Ireland; at Flamborough Head and Whitby in Yorkshire, and in the Mauritius. Fig. 1 represents that of Iona in full blast, and Fig. 2 is a section through that of Kilkee, which explains the action of the water. When the sea is rough the waves force the water upward through the vent-hole in a column of spray resembling a geyser, and with a boom like the firing of artillery. Obviously these puffing-holes are gradually tending to destruction. The falling water hollows out the rocks above, and thus widens the vent-hole, thereby abolishing the jet and producing a kind of bowl like the "boilers" of Auchmithie, a hollow in a field, communicating with the sea by an underground channel near Arbroath.

Luminous Clouds.

Clouds which are self-luminous may be seen high up in the sky, especially during the summer months, in all parts of the world. Their origin is rather a mystery, but it appears from recent observations that their height varies very little

from 51 miles, and it seems probable that their luminosity has an electrical origin. Perhaps it is due to a fluorescence of the vapour, or rather crystals of ice produced by electrical waves in the higher atmosphere, or by what we now call Röntgen rays. During a recent thunderstorm near London, a cloud was seen by Mr. J. Munro, C.E., to become luminous all of a sudden. At first the



THE PUFFING HOLE OF KILKEE.—FIG. 2.

colour was a bright red, which faded to a brownish-red, and remained so for a long time whilst the storm went on. The effect is unusual in thunderstorms, and partakes more of the nature of an auroral display.

A Useful Music Manual.

Nowadays the piano is a much-used, and, alas! much-abused instrument, and manuals of instruction in the art of pianoforte playing are being poured forth from the musical press in bewildering profusion. Amongst them all, works of practical value are comparatively rare, and this fact justifies us in calling attention to Dr. Gordon Saunders' practical treatment of "The Art of Phrasing" (Hammond & Co.), which is far and away the best exposition of the subject for the ordinary student

that we have seen. Even the qualified teacher of music will find in its pages many profitable hints and much valuable information.

"Royal Academy Pictures," 1896.

By the time this number of the MAGAZINE reaches the bulk of its readers the galleries at Burlington House will be closed for the season. But the best pictures of the exhibition are still to be seen in the handsome volume of "Royal Academy Pictures" published by Messrs. Cassell. In its pages you may see the pictures at your leisure, without any crowding, and with no fear of "Academy headache."

Some More New Books.

We are all becoming specialists, even in our pastimes, nowadays. The old-fashioned garden where one grew "a little bit of everything" is quite out of date, and each gardener devotes his attention to some one plant or flower. So many of our readers will be glad to welcome a handy little manual on "Carnation Culture for Amateurs," written in a practical style, by Mr. B. C. Ravenscroft, and published by Mr. Upcott Gill.—Our old contributor, Mr. F. M. Holmes, has written an interesting and informing work on "Miners and their Work Underground" (Partridge), which deals with the life of the workers in mines, both at home and abroad, for the homely coal and the precious diamond.—Messrs. Cassell have just issued a new edition of Mr. Barry Pain's amusing volume of sketches and readings to which he gave the appropriate title of "Playthings and Parodies."

AMONGST FLOWERS, POULTRY, AND BEES.

AUGUST.

IF Carnations have not yet been layered, do so at once. It is of great importance to get the rooted layers into their permanent quarters before the autumn is far advanced. This is a good time to commence making a lawn. Well break up the land, and if necessary manure it, then secure a firm surface by well rolling the ground. This done sow the seed, which should only be purchased from a thoroughly good house. Many lawns are unsatisfactory, not from indifferent preparation of the ground, but from bad seed. A word of advice may be given, too, about picking off weeds from the ground before making the surface firm. A little attention at that time will save much after labour. Bud Roses if not already done, and if we have a severe winter, these late buds will probably suffer less than the earlier ones. As soon as possible in the month increase the stock of tufted Pansies (Violas). In the majority of cases plenty of short stubby shoots will be found in the centre of the plant. These may be either dibbled in a frame of light, leafy soil, placed in a cool shady spot, or if the garden be without such a luxury, a little patch of ground may be prepared, but shade is essential. Beware, too, of slugs, which are fond of pansy shoots.

Early Apples, Plums, and Pears must be gathered as they ripen, and handled with care. Watch for Jargonelle Pears, which go quickly past their best. This delicious fruit should be, so to say, eaten off the tree.

Sow seeds of Cauliflowers, Tripoli Onions, Spinach, Lettuce, and Mustard and Cress. Thin out freely autumn-sown crops. Thick sowing means weakly growth. Earth-up Celery, and remove all surplus growths from Tomatoes, which require all the sun possible.

POULTRY.—Give the birds a good run. The bulk of next winter's eggs must come from the March pullets. They must not be forced on, otherwise they lay before wanted to, but this does not mean neglect them. We do not want backward birds when a full egg-basket is required. If the birds are out of condition, give a feed early in the day, then one of hard grain in the afternoon. Remove all cockerels, as they harass the hens.

RIPENING HONEY.—Before the honey is stored in the cells, and sealed over with wax cappings, a ripening process takes place. Superfluous moisture is evaporated in a large measure in the hive, and when this is finished the cells are closed. The honey is permanently stored in the upper cells, and if more honey has been collected through the day than can be evaporated during the night, it is not stored in these compartments. When all the cells are in use, the bees return and find no place to put their store. It is then converted into wax, added to the cells, and swarming considered. If the unripe honey be extracted, this undesirable swarming is prevented and the work of the bees unhindered.

SERIAL STORY COMPETITION.

AWARD.

A LARGE number of MSS. came in for this Competition, which closed on June 1st. The Adjudicators report that, although the average was good, only one story stands out from all the others as being worthy of a prize. Consequently, the Second Prize has been withdrawn (under Rule 6), but

The FIRST PRIZE OF FIFTY POUNDS has been awarded to

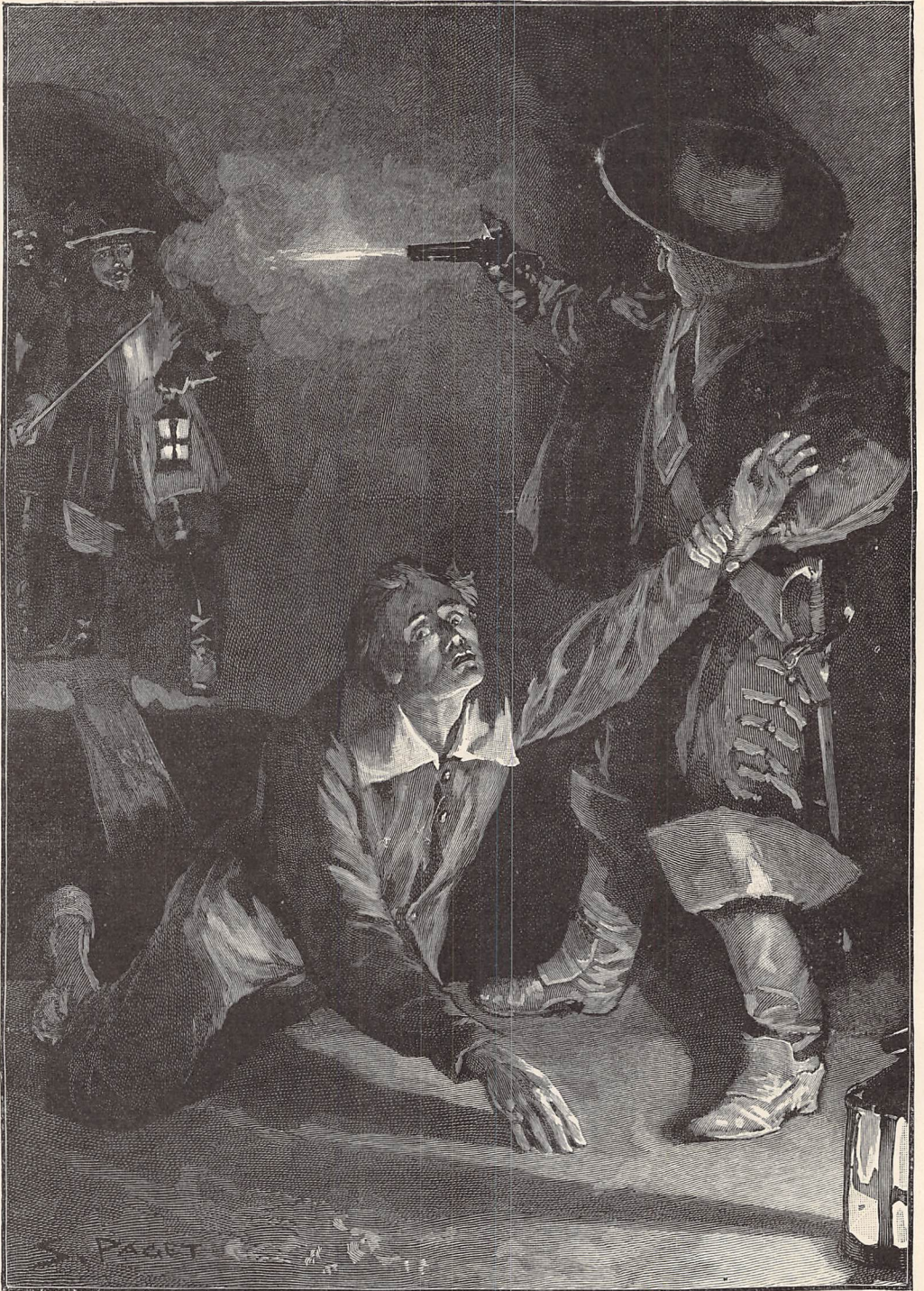
CATHERINE M. RAMSAY,
Wylfordby Rectory,
Melton Mowbray,

to whom a cheque for this amount has been forwarded.

FAVOURABLE MENTION is accorded to the following (given in alphabetical order):—

H. CUTHBERT, Hopedale;
A. K. FORBES, Ladybank, N.B.;
M. HOPPER, Holland Park, W.;
H. E. W. MILLS, Falmouth;
W. SEYMOUR, Chesham;
C. A. SMITH, Southsea.

Unsuccessful competitors are reminded that their MSS. will be returned to them on receipt of application (accompanied by postage) within one month of the publication of this Award.



"OLD ISRAEL ANSWERED WITH A BULLET."

See "A PURITAN'S WIFE" (p. 795).



BY M. P. SHIEL.

I.



DIN sends out his Valkyrs to choose the slain," said the Viking Sigurd to his nephew, Gurth; "I go, and may not return; you know my will—see, Gurth, that you do it."

His hands were on the heads of two children of nine. He kissed them, and leapt to his *yolle*, in which two champions rowed him to his dragon-ship lying near. As the lug-sail bulged hugely to the breeze, and the long galley stepped, gay with gilt spar and purple flag, down the *fjord*, Sigurd, on the poop, turned from his steering-oar and waved a hand. The setting sun glittered on his rich war-gear. He stood looming big, a towering bulk, with the long tile-beard of old Assyrian kings, a silver wire showing here and there in the russet flow. He waved his hand—his eighty rovers commenced the chaunt of a sea-song—and a bluff hid them from the bay.

The bay was at the inner end of the long, winding *fjord*. A greensward sloped gently up from the beach, crowned at the top with an edge of forest; and midway stood the low, widespread burg, or manor-house, of the Viking's domain. To this turned Gurth, holding a hand of each of the children. So fast he walked that he dragged them; his grasp hurt them. Exultation was dancing in his heart and gloomy eye. He was master at last—perhaps for good—for Odin sends out

his Valkyrs, and Sigurd the Viking was but mortal man.

Gurth, at a time when most men were warriors, was not a warrior; one saw that in his face—a puffy face, dark as a Norman's, seamed with deep lines, and hairless; with shifty dark eyes, and a broken nose. His back stooped deeply. Standing by Sigurd, his head just reached the Viking's shoulder.

He sat late that night in the low, wide hall; around, on benches, lolled the residue of Sigurd's retainers, drinking mead from horns. From the long hearths by the table sprang the fire-smoke to the open louvres in the roof. Gurth, brooding, sat at the table-head, fingering his embossed cup. Presently he sprang up, somewhat fuddled, and there was silence. "Men," he said, "I am your overman now; if there be thrall, or churl, or champion here disputes that, let him say it. By the belt of Thor——"; he glared cunningly round, but no one stirred. "Sigurd," he continued, "is gone a-Viking in Britland. When he may return, who knows? Meanwhile we have scarcity of much—of corn, fabrics, gold. Sigurd was a free-hand, a feaster, winking at sloth, so it were brave and bloody. I am for gathering together and husbanding. No idleness on the lands while I lord it here! Let every thrall do his sweating: everyone bring his share from land or sea. He who fails will know me better. I call a cheer!"

Silence reigned. Malignity and a painful anxiousness contorted the face of Gurth. But, slowly, the men stood up and drank.

When a snore or two began to sound, he rose and glided across the courtyard. Frigga's

lamp, westering low, burned dim in the heavens. After passing three corridors, he tapped at a door, and was admitted into a chamber by old Gunhild, the *vala* of the burg. He sat near, peering into her face.

"Well, now," he said, "have you wrought the spells for me?"

The old dame nodded meaningly far within her wimple. She was dressed in white. From its cloudy pomp the setting moon shone through the window upon them.

"And is the good hap of Frey, *vala*, or the mischief of Loki to rule this life of mine?"

Gurth's soft hands were writhing clammily together. An agony of interest gazed from his eyes upon the wrinkled, grave old face.

"Loki or Frey?" she said, looking far away; "both, if you must know."

"Ah . . . ! tell me."

"You will conquer the living."

His eyes glowed.

"But beware of the dead."

"How! the *dead* you say?"

The *vala* pointed a bent finger. In a corner, on two beds, lay the children. The hair of the girl, Gerda, spread rich over the coverlet like a mat of gold. The arm of young Hrolf, the son of Sigurd, lay under his head, the fist clenched.

"If harm come to *them*," said Gunhild, "All-father will see to it, I tell you."

Little Gerda was an orphan, the daughter of a neighbouring Jarl, a close comrade of Sigurd. The Jarl, dying, had committed her to Sigurd, together with his lands and burg. The last injunction of the Viking to Gurth had reference to the marriage of the children, as soon as they attained something like maturity. It was a project near to his heart, and a foreboding that this his expedition might be one of those unending voyages that brave men take at the call of Odin had lent stern emphasis to his command.

"If harm come to *them* . . ." said Gunhild.

"But look here, *vala*," coaxed Gurth, spreading his hands, "I *mean* no harm to them! Harm, do you think? As for the boy, if his father comes not back, in a few Yules we send him Viking, where let him bide the chances of the sea-fight; and glorious, we all say, is death in the fight. As for the girl, seven, eight, passing summers will find her fit and marriageable. Harm, *vala*? Why should not I, myself——"

"What?"

"Well—*vala*—marry her."

Gunhild looked calmly sidelong at the cunning, oily face.

"And so make quite sure of the wealth of the dead Jarl, Gurth?"

He chuckled low. "A wish to get, and increase in store, is but natural to us all."

"Yet do *you*, Gurth," she answered, shaking a warning finger, "curb well your lust for wealth! for if I read right the signs . . . but fie! Gerda is for none of your marrying. There is whiteness already in your hair."

"When—when will Sigurd return?"

"You mean to ask," she said bitingly, "whether he will return at all."

"Well, put it so."

"But I may not tell you. All, even to the *vala*, is not revealed. But I know this, that he is of those high and great warriors who *do* return, though the world oppose them. And I say to you, Gurth, do your will and prosper; but beware of wrong to *those*."

Gurth rose. A greyness of morning mingled now with the dark. He bent his knee, and walked away.

II.

IN nine years no one any longer expected Sigurd. The cruises of the Vikings were annual; and the bones of a hero absent nine years were well known to whiten on some shore, or roll with the tides of the ocean-flood.

Gurth, meanwhile, had "conquered the living." The rovers disliked him, but the trophies of their excursions they laid at his feet. That slight, dark man acquired an iron power over them. They feared him. Ditlew, the Berserk, the jötun-furious, and least erect of all the spirits of the burg-guard, returning from a voyage on the Throndeim coast, and deeming himself ill-rewarded with his share of booty, deserted at dead of night, and sped fugitive, his horse burdened with stolen things. Ditlew, a huge body ending in a tiny, broad-bearded head, had reached a point where fear of pursuit no longer troubled him; and at this point, springing from the dark of the forest, stood before him—Gurth. Ditlew did not suspect that Gurth was trembling with even chillier fears than he himself, although six thralls lurked near to protect him. The sword-arm of the brutish Berserk hung limp in the presence of this alert eye and all-divining brain. He returned submissively with Gurth, and from that night was a mere cringing cur, waiting upon the glance of his master. So, one by one, by force, by fraud, Gurth "conquered" them.

One, however, no device could tame. Young Hrolf, at seventeen, had been ordered to sail a-Viking. Dying to go, he had refused. Ditlew, at a glance from Gurth, dragged him to the bay. Not till the Norway coast was low on the horizon did they release him. At once Hrolf sprang from the poop. His return

he announced by firing a shed on the crags, which was the watch-tower for the signalmen placed to flash approach of enemies by means of beacons on the heights. Gurth believed himself invaded, while Hrolf dried his scarlet-and-yellow Viking-clothes at the burning shed.

At eighteen no love of opposition could longer keep him from the sea-joy. Gerda, sprung gracious now like a young larch from the hill-side, did the clasp of his ring mail-coat, and with a little mock curtesy put "Tyrting," his grandfather's falchion, into his hand. Hrolf stooped, and brushed with his lips the full pink bloom of her cheek. She hardly noticed the caress; but three days later, folding his clothes, he being then far away, she remembered, and faintly blushed.

So Hrolf had drunk delight of battle, and returned brown; and the brine had whipped him out a short, reddish beard. Gerda, at the signal, went fluttering down the *fjord*, and he, seeing her white dress, put off from his "ship," and met her without the usual kiss; and they walked to the burg together.

Gurth, seeing them come, said: "Not too hasty, my young birds! You make a hand-

some pairing, and your wings grow fast, but I have a grave thought to clip them—and the time seems come."

Half a mile off, in the forest-depth, spread a lakelet, on which swam a high-prowed shallop. Through many an autumn afternoon Gerda had drifted here among the sedge of the shallows, noting the cry of kittiwakes or the poise of tern, or gull, or osprey. And here, from behind a tree, two days after his coming back, Hrolf stood watching her. *Why* from behind a tree, he could not for the world have said. The lake was flooded with the after-*gluth* of the set sun, and in the midst Gerda, all glorified, unreal, her head sunk, her chest now and then heaving the ghost of a sigh, in the sort of gentle trouble with which the ducks heaved on the soft swell of the lake. Presently, by a glance almost intuitive, she saw the red sleeve peep, and turned pale—starting so, that the paddle slipped into the red water. Hrolf, as if something momentous had happened, said to his tree: "Odin! she's dropped her oar!"

He ran out then, shouting, to the shore.

"Wait a bit, I am coming."

"No, no," she cried from far.



"BUT BEWARE OF THE DEAD."

"What do you say?"

"Do not trouble."

"But what will you do?"

"It is all right."

"What is?"

"You will wet yourself."

"I? Not a bit."

"You will. Oh why——"

"I am coming."

He plunged into the reedy slime, frightening

"And *you* are not the same, either."

"Who, I? why not?"

"I can't make out. You seem so different since I have come back."

"I am very sorry for that, Hrolf. We were always such friends. Why different?"

"You look to me so much taller, and your eyes—how wonderfully blue your eyes are, Gerda!"

She cast them down, muttering something, looking upon the ebb and flow of her own



"STARTING SO THAT THE PADDLE SLIPPED INTO THE RED WATER" (p. 757).

routes of scarts and whimbrels to shrill synods in the air. Swimming, he reached the oar, then, like a water-dog, towed it to the shallop. With strange commotion, apprehension, she saw him come, and half stood, turning red and pale.

"There, I said you would!"

"Would what?"

"Wet yourself."

"Well, of course——"

"You said you wouldn't."

"Ha! ha! but I am quite used to all that now."

"You are such a very old—Viking."

"I have killed my man."

"And you have a beard."

travailing bosom. For the keen pang at her heart she could have cried aloud with joy.

"And, look here"—he was close to her, his hand on the gunwale—"you did not—you know—kiss me—when I came back."

"Who didn't?"

"You didn't."

"Why, Hrolf, are you sure? I thought——"

"No, you didn't, really. Don't you suppose I would be certain to remember?"

"You never asked, Hrolf."

"Well—but can I come in?"

"No—don't! Hrolf, don't! you will upset——"

"Let me!"

"But you couldn't, don't you see——"

"If you sit heavily over yonder, perhaps I could."

She went. He made an effort, but his long-legged mass was ponderous. The skiff cranked steeply. He gave it up.

"Stupid shell!" he said; "you will find yourself in the water in no time, if I bear upon her."

Gerda leant more heavily upon the other side.

"Now, once more—try," she said.

He tried again, and the next moment Gerda was in his arm in the water, his other hand clinging to the shallop's keel.

"Well, now——!" was all he could gasp.

Her hair, wrapped thick about her head in the very manner of Eve, was hardly wet. She could swim like a fish. But her eyes were closed. The woman in her was, or pretended to be, a-faint.

"Darling! Gerda!"—he was kissing her on her lifted lips—"What a clumsy bear—you will be ill, Gerda——"

She tightened her arms about him. Her eyes opened and smiled, and closed shudderingly again at the renewed storm of his lips. It was the great moment of her life, for which she had unconsciously lived, backward to which she would not cease to look.

Gerth, at the burg-door, seeing them approach bedraggled, walked to meet them. He noticed their faces, the new meaning in their eyes, the sweet complicity, and joy.

"How now?" he cried.

"Oh, nothing—go away," said Hrolf; "fell into the water."

Gerth said to himself: "To-night."

Then, close by Gerda, he whispered:—

"To-night I want to speak to you—privately. You must come to the water-butt outside the burg, about nine—you hear?"

The world swam in vague dream to her. She hardly heard, but answered—

"Yes."

At the burg she snatched her hand free, and ran to change. Then, in headlong haste, rushed into the sanctum of Gunhild, and fell prone at the *vala's* knees, burying away her burning face, trembling, trembling. Gunhild, rich-gifted in heart-insight understood, and stroked the gold, and bent her cheek to the hot ear, droning the rhythm:—

"Now may All-father,
Odin, the work-skilled,
Tunefulest song-smith,
Joyous sea-rover,
Faultless true-guesser,
Cunning entangler,
Odin wind-whispering,
Grant that it end well!"

III.

"MARRY me?" said Gerda.

"Ay, that," said Gurth.

It was nine, near the water-butt.

She meant to laugh, and a sob burst from her lips. Oh, where was Hrolf? She longed to whisper it all to him, and watch the flush of his contempt.

Gerth held her wrist, his dark eyes alight.

"No tremblings! no faintings and flutterings! You are mine. I have nurtured you for this. Not a word! If you rebel—if you tremble—I will cut off your hair, I will pinch and nip your pretty graces, and grind you to my will like corn beneath the quern—you hear?"

"But who are you that you dare——"

"Silence! and him, too, remember—your young strutting cockerel—I'll grind him if you resist me——"

"Him!" flushing up into noble scorn; "why, he can protect himself and me from a thousand such as you, Gurth Hermodsson!"

"Go!" he flung her from him; "say a month from now, a whole month to ready yourself within. And, meanwhile, you will be watched, be sure. Now run and tell your *vala*, if you will, that it is I who swear it by the thunder of Thor!"

And to the *vala* Gerda did run, and sobbed the tale into the sibyl's ears. At midnight Gunhild stood alone, mumbling spells over a fire in a platter, and before morning a plan had matured in the world-wise old brain.

She had Hrolf into her room. At the news "Tyrfing" leapt out, and Hrolf was all for open war. But the *vala*, threatening and entreating, won him to a calmer mood.

"The will of Loki is set strongly against your ever having Gerda at all," she said; "everything is against you. Unless you have the manhood to curb that hot blood, you may give up hope and be done."

He sat and listened. Her plan was flight. It seemed to her the only way of warding tragedy from the house of the Sigurdssons. The craft of Gurth she knew, his luck and knack of gaining an end; and she roused all her old dormant acuteness to a combat of wits with him. She was very feeble now—it would be her last fight, and she would fight it well.

So Hrolf and Gerda should be seen no more together, and on the third day Hrolf should pretend a journey to a neighbouring burg, and in the night the two should wait at appointed spots on the crags, Hrolf having secretly returned. She knew that Gurth's spies watched them; but that night she would summon Gurth, and while they talked, Frid, one of her women, would bolt the door

outside, so that Gurth would be her prisoner. Frid would then run and light a peat fire at the back of the burg wall, a signal for the children to meet and ride away; for his spies not finding Gurth, would not dare or care to follow. Without danger the two could then fare away to Jarl Svegdir's burg on the Ivan Fjord, who would not be slow to grant them asylum. Once wedded, their battle was more than half fought and won.

On that third night, then—a chilly wind blustering through the drizzly darkness—Gerda stood muffled, but wet, on the crags north of the fjord, while Hrolf watched from the southern cliffs. The hour appointed was about nine. But at ten no fire had shot up.

Gurth was walking up and down the hall, his hands behind his back. Every time he came to the door, he opened it slightly and looked out into the squall. Men lolled silent about the room. The long fires burned bright. The eye of Ditlew, the Berserk, with the sleepy fidelity of a watch-dog, followed every step of Gurth in his ceaseless, feline walk.

Toward eleven Hrolf said to himself: "Beard of Thor! but will it never come?" and Gerda, shivering, all haggard with fright, wept aloud: "Oh, some dreadful chance must surely have happened!"

Gurth, stopping before Ditlew, said—

"You are sure young Hrolf is back?"

"Yes," answered Ditlew, "I saw him."

"And the girl?"

"Hæng, the house-churl, has had an eye upon her to-day."

"And where is Hæng?"

"I thought the lout was here."

"No—you see; he is not," Gurth said, with a fiend's smile. "Get up now, and have the six horses I spoke of this morning ready at the door. And just take red brand from the fire, and kindle me a flame at the back of the burg-wall yonder."

Ditlew stared.

"Do it," said Gurth, and continued his walk.

The hand-woman, Frid, knew nothing of the scheme by which she was to imprison Gurth, and now sat weaving in the woman's-quarter, amid a crowd of chat.

Hrolf was saying: "Has Gunhild, then, played us false—ah, no—and yet . . ." when he saw the flare at the appointed spot, and crying, "good!—at last," galloped through the forest to the other side. Near the cliff-edge, he leapt off, and found Gerda.

"Quick now," he panted—"ah, but how cold, my love!—the way through the forest—"

"Dear Hrolf," she whispered, "I have such

a strange fear—why was the signal so late?—if harm should come to you . . ."

She began to weep. He took her in his arms to the horse, lifted her to the pillion, sprang up, and cantered down the hill-side.

A man, meanwhile, had crept from a cleft behind them and run to the burg. It was the house-churl Hæng. He rushed in, and whispered to Gurth: "They are off—through the forest!"

"To horse! to horse, you six!" cried Gurth, stamping, his eye flashing—"young Hrolf and my ward, Gerda—the way through the forest!"

Six fellows ran to the waiting horses, a couple snatching flambeaux from the sconces. As they entered the wood, they heard the tramp of Hrolf's horse before them. But it was doubly-weighted, and not the fleetest of the burg; nor was the chase long. Presently Hrolf was lying on his back in the foot-way, bound. But "Tyrfing" had passed through Hæng, the house-churl, and had chasmed deep the shoulder of Ditlew, the Berserk.

The thought that rankled bitter as the gangrene of a knife-wound in the heart of Hrolf was this: "The *vala* has betrayed us—us, her own—her children!" Gerda stood near, guarded, numb as marble.

Gurth, as soon as the men had galloped from the door, sped across the courtyard. His manner of going was singular; he ran, then for a moment stopped, hesitating, full of doubts; and ran, and stopped, and ran again. At last, when near the *vala's* chamber, he drew off his soft *riivlins* from his feet, and crept, on tip-toe, to her door. The door was fastened on the outside. With utter stealthiness Gurth undid the bolts. Fright and the triumph of his cunning fought for mastery in his working face. But fright was uppermost; he had dared to do an awful thing! The *vala* had thought to imprison him, and he had imprisoned her. But she was the holy of the gods, and the weight of the act he had taken upon himself was tremendous. Having noiselessly undone the bolt, he crept backward, took his slippers, and pelted across the courtyard.

At the door, listening, he had heard the *vala* detail her whole scheme to Hrolf. Several plans had then passed through his brain; he might arrest the children at once; he might have men posted at the appointed spots to seize them separately. But the lust to emphasise his triumph, and make it striking, overmastered him. The lad, moreover, must be caught in the act of snatching his ward from his control, in order that the subsequent cruelties which he intended might find full justification in the eyes of the burg-men.

His delay of hours in kindling the fire for their meeting had been prompted by the mere wantonness of the tiger toying with its prey.

In the morning a woman, entering the *vala's* chamber, found her sitting, both hands stiffly clenched, a look of awful surprise and pride in her staring eyes. She, the long-honoured, the venerable, in her extreme old age, had been slain by an indignity. And Gurth had walked on tip-toe lest ears already dead should mark him—as the wicked flee when no man pursueth.

IV.

Success made of Gurth Hermodsson something very like a fiend—success and the death of the *vala* Gunhild. He had never dreamed of such a thing, and the incident upset and perverted him. A man believing himself under the curse of heaven, as Gurth now, tends to become deeply *wicked*, no longer sticking at trifles. For three weeks Gerda and Hrolf, each wondering where the other was, were

prisoners near each other in rooms of the burg. Ditlew, nursing his cleft arm, watched the ceaseless paces and grinding teeth of Hrolf. Gerda, dishevelled, woe-begone, sat staring before her, refusing food. Twice, since the *vala's* burial, Gurth had visited her. She had sprung to a corner, a young roe at bay, hopeless, but ready to tear, if touched. To his talk of marriage, threats of force, the slight downward curve of her upper lip gave silent answer.

"If the boy were dead!" thought Gurth. But he did not see his way, as yet, to cold murder. The exigency was not pressing enough for that; and the burg-men, though subdued, were yet men, brave, some of them generous, and might find murder intolerable. But the thought put into his head a triumphant idea, and the next day Ditlew, by instruction, slipped into Gerda's room.

He spoke kindly; told of Hrolf; that he was close to her, confined like her. She drew near to him, drinking in his words. He was close to her, then!

"But I come as a friend to warn you," said Ditlew; "I come secretly—no one knows. There's near danger a-hanging over the youth's head."

"Danger!"

"Well, you know Gurth Hermodsson. He

is a man must have his way. He does not *say* anything, but I know well enough what he will *do*, if you hold out against him."

"Do?—to Hrolf, you mean?"

"Ay. If the lad's in the way, he will be removed, I tell you. Every moment the danger is near him. Perhaps this very night—in his sleep—"

"Oh!" she leapt to him, caught him by his two sleeves, fell to her knees—"Ditlew! you are a man! save him for me! Have you a tiger's heart,

good Ditlew? Have I ever done you harm? He is all I have, Ditlew—my life—save him, Ditlew—"

"Ah, now you rave," he said, "what can I do?"

He undid her grasp and went away, leaving her faint on the floor.

In an hour she sent a message to Gurth, saying that she was prepared to marry him on the morrow.

* * * * *

And on the morrow an altar on the green-sward ran red with oxen blood, and the new *vala* chanted before it, and Gurth at last was master, beyond the tricks of chance, of the old Jarl's lands.

As if half-ashamed of the mummery, he had performed his part stammeringly, shyly awkward, but afterwards walked blithely to



"HIS HAND RESTED ON GURTH'S SHOULDER" (p. 762).

the burg, shrilling high a summoning horn. For Gerda he had taken a silken robe from the storehouse, which she wore. To everything she had acquiesced with spiritless abandonment, stipulating only that Hrolf should not be released that day, and on the next that she should be conveyed away to her father's burg, and be set free, unharmed.

And beside Gurth, at the table-head, she sat through the afternoon. And freer and freer flowed the mead, and higher swelled the tumult of good cheer and forgetfulness of sorrow, till Gurth, mollified by his cup, turned for the first time to his marble bride, and said—

"Take heart, fair face! No mischief is meant you. There breathes no more harmless a rascal than thy old Gurth to them who let him go his way in quietness."

And, as if in answer, a faint cheer came wafted from the bay. In a momentary lull of the festal noise it came, and everyone seemed to hear. A silence fell. Gurth looked, questioning, round.

At the moment a churl came running to him, and whispered—

"Sigurd Sigurdsson is come back, and half his champions with him. He is but now landed on the bay."

The drinking-horn dropped, and Gurth fell, collapsed, head-prone upon the table, shot in the breast by fate. It might be said that he swooned—the solid world rushed from him. But only for a minute. Then his subtle nature regained itself. This wound was not mortal.

He sprang, straight, sober. He beckoned to Ditlew. He whispered to Gerda, his eyes rolling round the room: "Go now with Ditlew; later I will come to you." He whispered to Ditlew: "Lock her fast in the same place, and look well to the lad, too, and keep the keys. Sigurd is come. Later, keep close to me. I may want you." Then, the Berserk and his charge having passed out, he lifted his voice: "Men! good news for you. Sigurd Sigurdsson is *here*. Let us bid him hearty welcome, say I. But as to this marriage of mine, I would myself first tell of it to Sigurd. See, then, that *ye* say nothing. Remember!"

He turned, followed by the men. Half way on the sward he met Sigurd. The Viking in ten years had grown old. His beard was white, his hair was white. But that heroic frame stood still erect. His eye was calm, and the majesty of the world-warrior victorious over chance, and life, and death, crowned the man, and ennobled the glance of his brow to something akin with god-likeness.

"Ah, Gurth Hermodsson!" he said, blithely calm; "good sight to see."

His hand rested on Gurth's shoulder.

"And good sight, you, to see," said Gurth—"and strange."

"Well, Gurth, the world is the field of battle for us poor godsons, and a man must even fight his best in it, and die. I have been away in Britland, joined to a host of Saxon men, fighting with Scot, fighting with Pict, fighting here, fighting there. I saw the work was worth doing, and in the gods' name I went and did it. But, man, the children!"

"The children?" said Gurth.

"Ay, man."

For thirty long seconds Gurth hesitated. When his lips next moved, he was a lost soul.

"The children? They are but lately married. Are gone away together to the old Jarl's burg."

He knew that in a day, at most, that lie must be detected—if Sigurd lived a day.

"Well said!" cried Sigurd, and patted the shoulder beneath his hand. They entered the burg. The other men, interchanging greetings, trooped in. Sigurd and Gurth sat apart, deep in colloquy.

"But this is a merry day with you," said Sigurd, nodding at the table.

"Yes; a holiday for the cullions here. But as to treasure, now. Have you come back full?"

"Full, Gurth, and over-full. And a cargo, over and above, is in keeping for me at Lerwick in Hjaltland, where I last year left it."

Gurth's eyes kindled.

"Who keeps it?"

"Old Ragnar, who Jarls it now at Lerwick."

"But it should be sent for."

"Let it lie, man. I am weary, Gurth, of spoil and treasure, of sea-flash and sword-flash. Let it lie."

"I will go and get it."

"As you will."

"This very day."

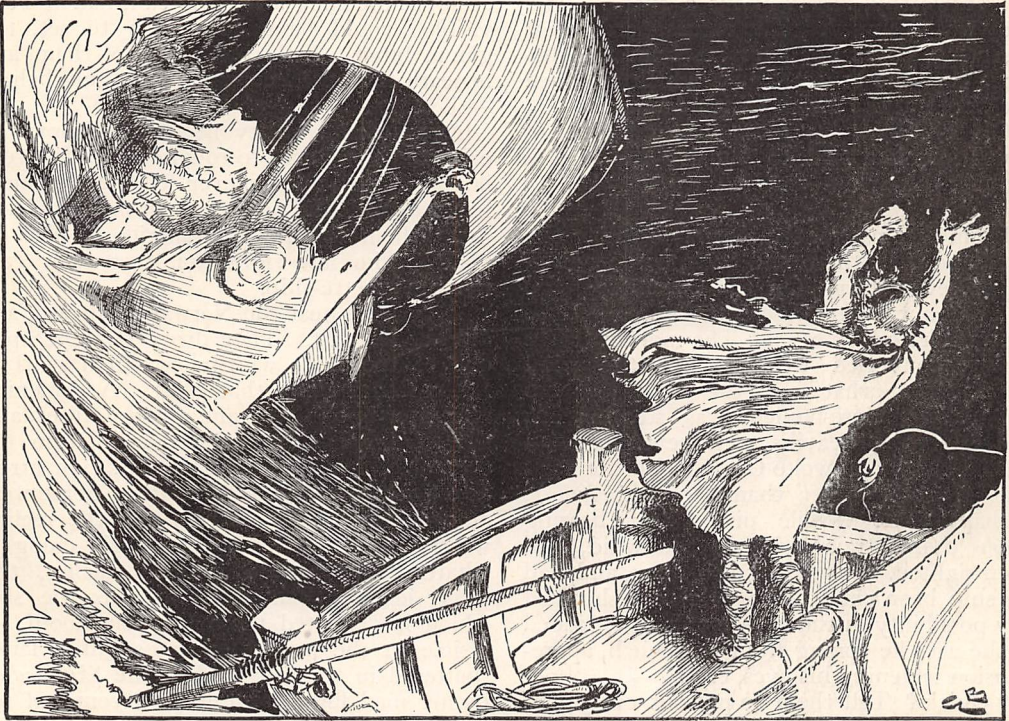
"As you will, man."

Sigurd's eyes were looking far away, as men, after a long night of storm, watch for morning. The goad which was urging Gurth was the necessity to be far—at once—far from the burg! and to be known by all men to be far.

Before nightfall he had forty of the men on board the *Skidblednir*, a swift dragon. Below decks, alone with Ditlew, he smuggled a phial containing a green liquid in the Berserk's hand.

"There is enough for two," he said; "if you fail, you had better drink the rest."

Ditlew and others rowed to shore, and the *Skidblednir* moved down the fjord.



"HERMODSSON SENT UP TO HEAVEN A SHRIEK DISTINCT ABOVE THE ROARING OF THE GULF" (p. 764).

Sigurd, at supper that night, felt a stomach-gripe, and broke into the sweat of death. He was supported to his old chamber. Through the hours, from those lips which never uttered groan, burst groan on groan. Toward morning a shriek went piercing through the burg, like the strong hinny of a horse in pain. But the dawn brought mercy.

Men knew not what to think. It was so sudden. None dreamed of foul play. Gurth, who might have had motive, was away. His chosen champions lingered round the bed, full of low-spoken anecdotes of his worth, his kingly rage, and social heart. He was the greatest of the Vikings, they said; the type of a good man.

On the third morning, Hrolf and Gerda stood with the rest over him, for the new-returned champions had insisted upon their release. On a bier they bore him, and laid him out on a pyre of wood raised high on the poop of his long old dragon-ship, placing beside him his gold helmet, shield, and sword. His great bulk, thus lifted up, lay conspicuous in its tunic of purple silk. The grey morning dribbled a cold rain, which trickled steadily from the closed eyes and long beard, and flowed in streams from the vast lug-sail.

Down the length of the *fjord* they towed her, and moored her to a pile on the beach of an open bay near by. Here, all day, the long, shallow surfs came crowding it, roaring monotonous dirges; and with every heave of the bow to meet their frothy swarming, the dragon with her stern-end struck the sand, and gently shook her freight. Toward night-fall the shore was thronged with rovers; and just as the sun's vanishing rim burst, in a final glory, through the dun day and set the whole sea-breadth ablaze, some applied torches to the under-curve of the stern; others undid the moorings; others, pushing, launched her forth. Her red sail bellied to the wind, and she went flaming down the sunset track. From the shore, with spiritless hand-wave, they called him, in chorus, a last farewell.

Such, as we know, was the manner in which the Norsemen were accustomed to commit to the sea the bodies of their kings.

But, in the flurry of the moment, the dragon had somehow been pushed off before the hold of the flames was complete. She had hardly burst into the region of rough green swell, when the wash of the billows began to tell upon the fire. It burned low, smoulderingly. Farther out she butted into

a surging wave, and came out of it scorched, but seaworthy, and without a spark. The body was unsinged. The rovers, hardly now observing, could not perceive from the distance that the sunset flames which wrapped her were not the flames which destroy.

Old Gunhild, by some lucky stroke of divination, had said to Gurth: "You will conquer the living—but beware of the dead."

From that part of the Norway coast to the Hjalmland Isles, there and back, was a run of six or seven days. On the morning of the fifth day out Gurth was returning loaded, the centre of a horizon of sea. The morning came darkly, convulsed with squalls, the wind blowing somewhat from the W. of S.; the *Skidblednir*, close-hauled, was steering E., and labouring heavily. At seven a man rushed below and woke Gurth, with the news that a ship, larger than the *Skidblednir*, perhaps some hostile pirate keel, bearing upon them straight before the wind, had been sighted. Gurth was a poltroon, and, had his ship been empty, he would have shunned any possibility in the nature of blows; loaded as she was, he sprang from the couch, apprehension widening his eyes, crying—

"Quick! Tell them to put out every oar, and run before the wind."

In three minutes the *Skidblednir* was flying N.E. from the foam of her own wide wake. In an hour the other ship, from which no oars were put out, had disappeared, and Gurth consented to resume his course. They breathed from the oars, and drew her again to the wind. But they had somewhat lost count of their position.

At noon, through the murk of the sunless day, they sighted that ship again, bearing down upon them.

Away, then! northward, northward. Once more let the oars march regimental over the broad sea-room, and the blast load the loosened lug! With every swoop of the thirty blades, Gurth poised his body forward, as if to help her flight. His heart whispered to the knave strange fears. His hands were as cold as the hands of Sigurd.

At three they breathed afresh. But a terrific storm was then raging. No one on the *Skidblednir* had now any notion where they were, whither they went. A half-dark-

ness, bleak as doom, encompassed them. But at about the time when the sun, had it been visible, would have been seen to set, the gloom lifted a little just south of them, and beneath the raised curtain they dimly beheld—the ship!

Away, then! They needed not now the exhortings of Gurth to row for life. In every bosom thrilled a fear never felt before, nameless, vague. And now, down rushed suddenly upon them the raven draperies of blackest night. The last sight that met their gaze was the spectre-ship.

They were near the Norway sea-board, and did not know it. They drove straight upon one of the huge whirlpools which swirl in frothy frenzy along that coast. A deafening roar grew upon them, and a few minutes later the *Skidblednir* twisted suddenly from the control of her oars, and shot like an arrow into a vastly-wide circular flight. Some were at once tossed like feathers into the reeling water; most, hurled to the deck, clung to whatever they could grasp. Racing, two cable lengths behind them, was the ship which had hunted them to their doom, invisible in the perfect darkness, till a lamp, shattered in the fore-hold of the *Skidblednir* by her mad flight, sent forth a vomit of red reek and flame. The light revealed high above them a twisting and reeling horizon; below a monstrous pit, toward which, in ever-narrowing whorls, they were flying round and round a vast inclined plane of boiling surge. And now, masses of flying flame streaming aft from the *Skidblednir* having settled upon the other ship, she, too, bloomed up into red blossom; and to Gurth Hermodsson, looking abroad half-raised on his poop, was revealed the form of Sigurd lying grand and calm on his pyre. At this sight, Hermodsson sent up to heaven a shriek distinct above the roaring of the gulf—and dropped. When the *Skidblednir* rushed bow downward in the abyss he was already a corpse.

"But," said Hrolf, a year afterwards, "what if Gurth Hermodsson some day turn up. He may be alive all the time, you know. Then I should no longer be your husband."

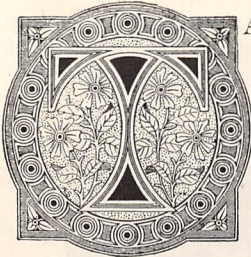
"That is true," answered Gerda demurely; "we must talk the matter over together—when he comes."





EAST END OF TAPLOW COURT.

BY FRANK BANFIELD.



TAPLOW COURT, the Buckinghamshire seat of Mr. W. H. Grenfell, stands on the summit of the end of the range of hills which runs along the River Thames from Maidenhead to Henley. The site of the present

house has been inhabited from the earliest times. As guarding the old ford over the river, it was a place of strategic importance; and the remains of the vallum in the meadow below the house witness to the presence of the Romans in times past, while the tumulus in the old churchyard adjoining the house, raised over the dead body of an ancient Viking, and composed as it is chiefly of chipped flints, supplies plain proof that, previously to the Romans and the Norsemen, the place had for some time been occupied by a primitive flint-age population. The house itself, though portions of it are of great age, has been frequently altered, and only assumed its present aspect when it was to a great extent rebuilt by Mr. Grenfell's grandfather in 1855. The parish church of Taplow used to adjoin the house, but, on its being condemned some years ago, provision was made for the erection of the present church on a more convenient site. The churchyard, however, still remains, and here, within view of the windows of the dining-room, repose Mr. Grenfell's great-grandfather, and father.

"And will you be buried here with them?" I asked Mr. Grenfell.

"With any luck," he replied, a grimly humorous smile mantling his features.

And then I wandered off to some observations about ghosts and doubles; but my host scarcely showed himself sympathetic. The two horseshoes, the greater and the smaller, which I had noticed in the right-hand recess of the entrance-porch, had been fallacious in suggestion.

The Grenfells came originally from Cornwall, and claim among their ancestors men who made great names among the people of the West, to whom the late Charles Kingsley, who married a Miss Grenfell, used to love to trace their pedigree; and the foundations of the family fortune were laid by a small squire, one Pascoe Grenfell, who at the end of the last century started works at Swansea to smelt the Cornish copper ores, and finally fixed upon Taplow as his country place of residence, and erected the tomb to be seen in the old Taplow churchyard. On this I saw it recorded that Mr. Pascoe Grenfell represented Great Marlow in five successive Parliaments—from 1802 to 1820—and as his son, Mr. Charles Pascoe Grenfell, represented Preston, and his son and Mr. Grenfell's father was member for Windsor and Deal and Sandwich, Mr. Grenfell may be said to come of an old Parliamentary family, whose tradition he has himself kept up by representing Salisbury and Hereford in the House of Commons. His mother, too, the daughter of the Right Hon.

W. Sebright and Lady Caroline Lascelles, is a member of a family which has taken no small part in public affairs.

So much then for ancestry. As to Mr. W. H. Grenfell himself, he has attained distinction in more than one walk of life. Athlete, sportsman, war-correspondent, legislator, country gentleman, publicist, and an expert on the currency question, his personality is as attractive and as striking as any to be found in the ranks of our country gentlemen.

The present owner of Taplow Court was born rather more than forty years ago on October 30th, 1855. His preparatory schooling he received at Malvern Wells. In his thirteenth year he not only was *proxime accessit* for a scholarship at Harrow, but, by the death of his father, succeeded to his ancestral estate.

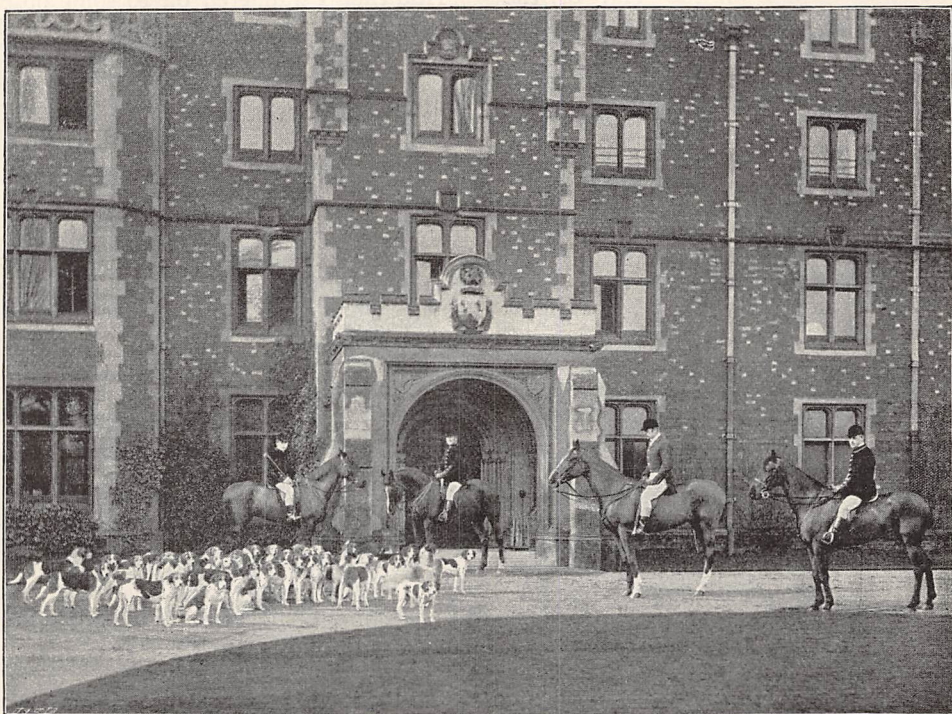
At Harrow he soon became of note, both as an athlete and a cricketer. At the age of eighteen he was the bowler *par excellence* of the school eleven, while his high status as a runner was firmly established. And he was at the same time by no means a laggard with his books.

He entered Balliol in 1874, where his cricketing and athletic reputation had pre-

ceded him. Here he added to his distinction on the track by his prowess on the river. In 1876 he ran against Cambridge in the three miles at the Inter-Varsity sports, beating the Cambridge men, but coming in second to Goodwin, who won the long distance amateur championship of that year. He rowed four in the University Boat Race in 1877, the year of the "dead heat," and in 1878 had the same seat in the boat, when Oxford won. In 1878-79 he was president both of the Oxford University Athletic Club and of the Oxford University Boat Club. It was in the latter year he took his degree, having previously in 1876 obtained a second in Honour Mods.

It was during his Oxford career, in fact just after his success at "Mods," that he prepared a surprise for Alpine guides and established a record in Alpine climbing. In eight days he "did" the Little Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, Rothhorn, the Matterhorn, and the Weisshorn. It is almost needless to observe that this was very smart work indeed.

On the walls of Mr. Grenfell's own "den"—on the left of the entrance hall of Taplow Court—are plentiful photographic portraits of the eights and elevens in which he figured so prominently, as well as pictures of Alpine



MEET OF HOUNDS AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF TAPLOW COURT (MR. GRENFELL AS MASTER OF THE PACK IN THE CENTRE OF THE FOREGROUND).

(From a photograph by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.)

heights; while in his great central glass-roofed hall, round which the house is built, may be seen oars and tankards, and other mementoes of his physical prowess on the river and the running-path.

And now we come to the period of travel and adventure which succeeded the years on the Thames and Isis. In the earlier portion of it Mr. Grenfell thoroughly familiarised himself with Switzerland and Canada. Three times he stood on the summit of the Matterhorn, and once *pour passer le temps* stroked an Oxford eight across the English Channel.

"Of course," said Mr. Grenfell in reply to a question of mine, "there's no difficulty in getting across the Channel in a broad-beamed boat, but you want an uncommonly calm day to take a sixty-foot long, sliding-seat, out-rigged clinker-built eight to the French shore. Our boat would keep filling, and we had to 'easy' over and over again in order to bale her out. I brought eight jam-pots as balers, and with them we managed to keep her fairly empty. She was so long, you see, that she wouldn't rise over the waves."

Another achievement of Mr. Grenfell's is the swimming twice across Niagara from the American to the Canadian shore, quite close to where the fall strikes the water below and fills the air with spray. According to my host it was mainly a matter of keeping the legs up during the swim so as to avoid the eddies locally known as "flams."

"The second time I did it," said he, "I was for a while in a terrible funk, I can tell you, for I got in the backwash, and could feel it carrying me in under the falls."

On two occasions Mr. Grenfell went on hunting expeditions into the Rocky Mountains. On the first of these, in 1884, he was accompanied by his friend the Hon. Gilbert Leigh. In the Bighorn Mountains, Wyoming, wandering out of camp in pursuit of game, he got lost. Here is his own description of his second night of solitude, as written out by himself. Read amid the luxurious surroundings of Taplow Court, the narrative had its special piquancy:—

"The sun is getting low again! There is no help for it, there must be another night spent in the dark and cold. However, I cannot spend it here on this top exposed to the wind and without water. At the bottom of the next cañon there is the sparkle of a clear cool stream, and wood in plenty for the fire. Better there than here, where the sun has baked the earth as hard as a stone. So I climb and slip down the steep side of the great cañon, and at last reach the bottom and prepare for the night. On my way

down, I passed several thick bushes of wild raspberries, which were better than nothing, but were not very satisfying.

"What a place for a bear! But no bear appears. A bear would provide aldermanic banquets for some time to come; but the only signs of animal life to be seen are



MR. W. H. GRENFELL, OF TAPLOW COURT, IN 1891.
(From a photograph by Wiele & Klein, Madras.)

gigantic elk horns, white and glistening, lying where they had been cast in the spring. How clear and cold the stream is! I lie across it and take long gulps at the water; if there is not too much to eat, there is at all events plenty to drink—and then bathe my feet in its clear depths; after that collect the wood, and prepare for the dreary night.

"The fire is soon set going, and the grouse produced out of my pocket. The next thing is—not being well-versed in the culinary art—how to cook it? After one or two attempts with a long stick, with one end firmly fixed in the ground, and a pocket-handkerchief, a good substitute for a spit is arranged, and the bird dangles over the wood-embers, while I sit by with my hands round my knees, and now and then give the handkerchief a twirl; but although I have had no food for some forty hours, I feel too dispirited to care for so scanty a meal, and a very small portion suffices, and the remains are carefully wrapped up in the handkerchief and put by for breakfast next morning.

"And now begins the second night, a night infinitely more dreadful than the first—more dreadful because more hopeless. The first was bad enough; it is not exhilarating

to pass any night without shelter, food, or companion, but the first night there was always hope : there was the hope of reaching the valley and of finding human beings. But now it had been reached, and denied all help ; and here I am a second night at the bottom of a gloomy cañon, not knowing which way to go—one way being no better than another—and apparently in a country absolutely devoid of human beings. Through the long dark hours there is time for many thoughts. The cold becomes intense, sleep is impossible as before, for the wood burns out so quickly that one has to be constantly piling it on ; if one dozes for a minute or two the sharp frost soon reminds one of one's duty to the fire.

"The sides of the cañon are perpendicular and narrow. The moon rises over them, and again seems set in the sky, so slowly do the moments pass. The same thoughts occur over and over again. What a fool, I own, to die here slowly of starvation when I might have been comfortable in camp, or, better still, at home in bed ! Why did I go out alone to die here like a rat in a trap, when I felt so strong and well ? Why did I come out at all to die three thousand miles away from home with impotent rage at my heart ? How do men die here of starvation ? Wandering on, tumbling over rocks and into streams, till reason vanishes, and then strength fails them ? But what a prospect ! To feel one's self getting weaker and weaker, but so slowly !—and those endless lonesome nights ! How many of them could one pass through, while the cruel moon stands still above one's head ?

"Then would come fits of anger and bitterness, and my hand would instinctively feel my pocket to find if the two precious cartridges were still safe, which I had put by in case the worst should come to the worst—anything is better than to die inch by inch like this."

"Seven days later," said Mr. Grenfell sadly, "we were hunting for my companion as he had been hunting for me, and for a week searched for that which we dreaded to find, and which, when we did find it, was all that remained of one of the truest and bravest Englishmen who have ever been taken by the love of adventure to the far-off Rocky Mountains."

The Honourable Gilbert Leigh was found dead at the foot of a precipice, down which he had fallen when out hunting alone.

But it was not only in the Bighorn Mountains, amid the cañons of the Rockies, that Mr. Grenfell came near the loss of his life. The next time it was amid confused crowds

and a fearful hubbub that his career ran a risk of reaching an untimely close ; a dramatic contrast to the solitudes and silences of the American adventure.

It was in January, 1885, when the world was anxiously awaiting news of Gordon from the Desert Column that Mr. Grenfell was minded to try his fate in the Soudan. Failing in an attempt to get a berth in the mounted infantry, he determined to go out as a civilian. Happily bethinking him of the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, with whom he was acquainted, he called on Sir Edward Lawson, and that brilliant and distinguished journalist secured him an appointment as war-correspondent of the great Fleet Street journal. Six weeks later Mr. Grenfell was at Suakim just in time for the battle of Hasheen. Two days afterwards, on March 22nd, 1885, occurred the affair of M'Neill's zareba, where he had another narrow squeak for his life. I will avail myself of Mr. Grenfell's kind permission, and make a tolerably copious extract from the private diary in which he recorded his impressions at the time.

"March 22nd, Sunday.—Early in the morning General M'Neill, commanding the second brigade, and General Hudson, commanding the Native (Indian) contingent, started with orders to advance in the direction of Tamaai, and to build two zarebas in preparation for a general advance of the army on Tamaai. The force which went out was composed of the Berkshire under Colonel Huysshe, a most gallant regiment commanded by a most gallant officer, the Marines with four Gardners, the Sikhs, the 23rd Bombay Native Infantry, the 17th Native Infantry, with a small and insufficient cavalry escort, and 860 camels, 100 mules, carrying water and provisions, doolie bearers and a mixed lot of native drivers and syces, etc., who were under little control. Phil Robinson, Fripp of the *Graphic*, and Paget of the *Illustrated* started with me about two hours afterwards. After clearing the left water-fort and getting into the bush, we met the General and his staff returning after giving final directions to the convoy. General Greaves, the Chief of the Staff, rode up to us, and informed us of the direction which the convoy had taken, and at the same time said that he would not answer for our reaching it in safety. We determined to push on, and after going a couple of miles saw the dust raised by the advancing force. We went along the field wire, which they laid as they proceeded, and soon sighted the heads of some mounted men. 'Friends or foes' was now the question, and we rode on, stopping now and then to reconnoitre with our glasses. Coming to the conclusion that

the men seen were friends, we rode on and soon came upon the Native Infantry, who were marching in squares with the camels, etc., in the middle. Passing through them, we joined the British square, which soon halted. Proceeding to the telegraph cart, we found General M'Neill on the eve of sending off a message to headquarters, which he said he did not object to our hearing. It was to

and were cutting bushes and dragging them in to form the square. Two sandbag redoubts to hold two Gardners each were being constructed by the Naval Brigade. The work grew apace, and there was no sign of an attack of the enemy. Inside the rapidly-rising zareba water was being served out to the men, camels were being unloaded, and the water tents filled. This went on for two hours.



THE DINING ROOM AT TAPLOW COURT.

(From a photograph by Gillman & Co., Oxford.)

the effect that as the camels were so badly packed during the night and kept falling out and losing their loads, he and General Hudson had come to the conclusion that it was impossible to construct two zarebas and send the empty convoy home before dark. The answer returned from headquarters was that the General hoped that his instructions would be carried out. General M'Neill replied that it was impossible to make two zarebas before nightfall, and determined as the ground was suitable to build a zareba where he was and send the convoy home. What cavalry there was, was sent out as vedettes, and the work of building the zareba commenced. Half the men had their coats off and their arms piled,

Not a sound betrayed the close proximity of the enemy, who were meanwhile creeping up from bush to bush in thousands to make ready for a final rush. The camels were brought up to be loaded preparatory to starting. At three o'clock the convoy was going back guarded by the Sikhs and Native Infantry. Phil Robinson and myself intended to go back with it. I had just watered my pony Beelzebub, and was leading him towards where the convoy were assembling, when with fiendish yells the enemy were upon us. The vedettes, who escaped, galloped in among them. There was no square, and two sides of the zareba were not finished. Many of the men had their arms piled, and were cutting



MRS. GRENFELL'S BOUDOIR.

(From a photograph by Marsh Bros., Henley.)

bushes in their shirt sleeves. Two of the Gardner guns were not mounted, but those of the *Sphinx* and *Carysfoot* were in working order. The men rushed to their arms, and a tremendous fire was opened on all sides. Every mule and camel driver and all the camels and mules stampeded. The dust made by the flying men and animals, together with the smoke of the firing, made it impossible to see. I found myself among the camels, the long lines of which, stampeding like a Noah's ark let loose, made it impossible to get back to the zareba. A heavy fire was opened in our direction from our own men which made return out of the question. The Arabs came through and round the zareba, cutting and stabbing men and animals, and, owing to the number of Indians and native camel and mule drivers, it was hard to distinguish friend from foe. My horse soon went head over heels, and I lost him in the bush. I was totally unarmed, and had to trust to my legs, which fortunately served me in good stead. An Arab behind me fired three shots at me as he pursued, but fortunately missed. After going some little way, I had the luck to catch a horse, and so got along towards Suakim. The way was lined with fugitives, and there were bodies of the enemy

on the right and left. I got into the town, and was quietly riding over the causeway, when Robinson came up, having escaped on his horse in the same manner."

Mr. Grenfell further told me that he had only his umbrella with him in the event of a hand-to-hand encounter. He was knocked down six times in the crush of camels, carts, camp-followers, and rushing Arabs.

"It was like making your way through a regular Derby squash," said he. "There were some seven hundred camels killed in the rush. Fourteen hundred dead bodies of the enemy were counted round and close to the zareba. One hundred and forty-seven were killed hand-to-hand inside, one hundred being pulled out of one corner."

"Were M'Neill's zareba and Hasheen the only two fights you were in?"

"No," said Mr. Grenfell, "I was in two convoy fights afterwards. Those were all the important engagements—viz. Hasheen, M'Neill's zareba and the two convoy fights—and those practically settled all the dervishes who really meant business: that is, the fanatic followers of the Mahdi, who courted death and hurled themselves on the squares in religious frenzy."

Two years later Mr. Grenfell married Miss

Ethel Fane, the only daughter of the Hon. Julian Fane, of the house of Westmoreland. By this lady, who combines many charms of person and character, he is the father of three children, a girl of two and two handsome boys, who give promise of winning distinction for themselves in open-air sports.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell visited India in the winter of 1891-92, and were the guests of Lord and Lady Harris at Bombay, Lord and Lady Wenlock at Madras, and the Viceroy and the Marchioness of Lansdowne further north. Here they spent a very enjoyable time, Mr. Grenfell getting some elephant and other shooting in the South-Eastern Presidency. They also visited the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, where they played lawn-tennis and went tiger-shooting.

Mr. Grenfell has become prominently identified with the Bimetallist movement, and it was largely owing to the strong and convinced views he held and still holds on this subject that he resigned his seat in the House of Commons for Hereford in the summer of 1893.

I asked Mr. Grenfell in what question he

took most interest, and he promptly replied, "The currency question. It affects the whole world," and as we strolled out through the beautiful grounds which stretch some mile and a half along the lofty bank of the Buckinghamshire shore of the Thames, two hundred and thirty feet above high-water mark, he talked freely about his hobby. To call it a "fad" is absurd where almost every professor of political economy, seven directors of the Bank of England, a large proportion of the leading bankers, and many of our most eminent statesmen are convinced of the desirability of a return to the free coinage of silver, of the ruin which may else befall our commerce and trade. We talked of the debt of India to England, which has been practically doubled through the depreciation of the rupee, of the coming competition of Eastern labour with our own, a labour made a hundred per cent. more dangerously cheap owing to the calamitous results which have ensued from the demonetisation of silver by the western nations in 1873. And I listened with especial interest, as I knew that Mr. A. J. Balfour was coming down to Taplow Court later in the day for a



THE GREAT GLASS-ROOFED CENTRAL HALL.
(From a photograph by Gillman & Co., Oxford.)



THE CEDAR AVENUE.

(From a photograph by Marsh Bros., Henley.)

two nights' visit, and as the International Bimetallic Conference summoned at Paris by M. Théry was to take place in the following week, it was easily to be imagined that Mr. Grenfell and his expected guest would soon be immersed in far-reaching counsel. But it is perilous to attempt to give even a *résumé* of a conversation on economic topics from memory; so I will say no more about it.

Presently, as we strolled past a tall deodar down into the magnificent cedar avenue, I asked Mr. Grenfell what might be his favourite authors. "Well," said he, "I read different things at different times. Last time I was in the Rocky Mountains, I took Milton and Scott, and I read through Milton three times, including the Latin. I certainly shouldn't read him here in the middle of the London season in the midst of all the bustle and movement, but out there in the solitude and absolute quiet, when you read by the light of a candle stuck on a stick, it is different. *There* you want something you can read over and over again, as you cannot take many books, and only the best stuff will stand the absolute quiet and stillness of a Rocky Mountain night.

Mr. Grenfell was anxious that I should not give the impression that he wished to proclaim in any priggish fashion a preference for the monumental achievements of our literary giants. What he meant was that, on an expedition where one must be for months a stranger to the world of books and intellectual life, one is best advised to take only such literature as will come well out of the test of frequent reperusal; that with books as with men the companion for an idle half-hour may be more lightly chosen than the one on whom reliance must be placed for many a long and lonely vigil over long spaces of time far away from the ordinary haunts of men.

In answer to another remark of mine, he said, "Men had to read at Balliol, because Jowett would have sent a man down if he thought he was idling."

Our stroll had now brought us to the "root-house," a round and lofty summer-house, in which a dozen people could lounge comfortably on a summer's day. It is built entirely of tree-roots. Just in front of its entrance an iron railing protects the unwary visitor from accidents. Sheer down, so steeply as to amount almost to a precipice, the ground sinks to the River Thames. There through the tree stems and branches two hundred feet below one can just make out the roof of Mr. Grenfell's boathouse, the starting-point

of those punting excursions which from 1888 to 1890 made him champion of the Thames and Upper Thames. The waters darkle below there, while just beyond the tree-tops they make a line of rustling silver as they sweep over Boulter's Weir. And away past the villas dotted here and there on the further bank, the Berkshire country stretches out mile after mile to where the sky-line is broken by hills. It is a view and an outlook to linger in the memory, though the foreground is not alive with bright greenery as when I saw it last three summers since.

In the grounds on the north of the house Mr. Grenfell has built him a covered tennis-court with a comely gallery. It is a large and substantial building, and in the summer time he places it at the disposal of the school children who come to Taplow. Six hundred can be seated at tea here. In the gallery, where, from cosy lounges, visitors can follow the fortunes of the tennis players below, there are many trophies made up of quaint oriental arms upon the walls, and also an inscription which tells you that all the wood used in the construction of this gallery was brought from Yeneseisk, in Central Siberia.

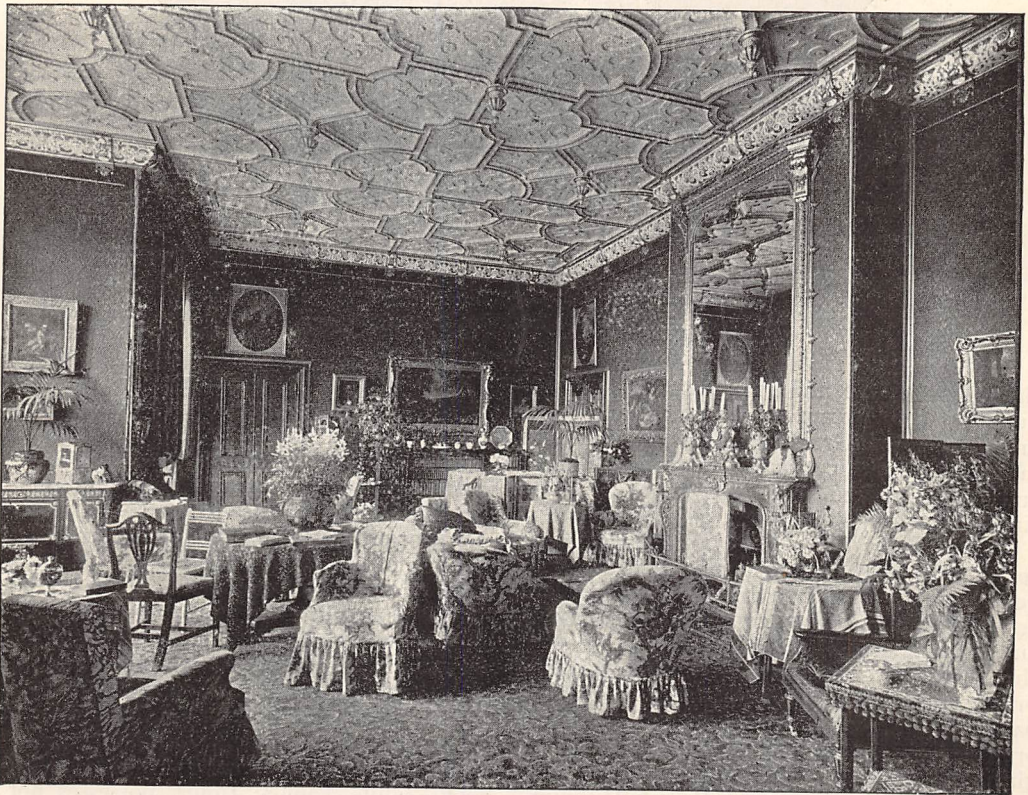
As the antechamber to the tennis-court is a gymnasium, in which there is arrayed everything necessary for athletic exercises in wet weather, including fencing-foils and a punching ball. In front of this last my companion stopped short, and for the space of a minute shot out his left and right in good sportsman-like style, waking up the punching-ball to such aggressive retorts that I retired hurriedly to a safe distance.

"Have you ever had occasion to apply practically your pugilistic accomplishment?" I asked.

"No," said he; "never."

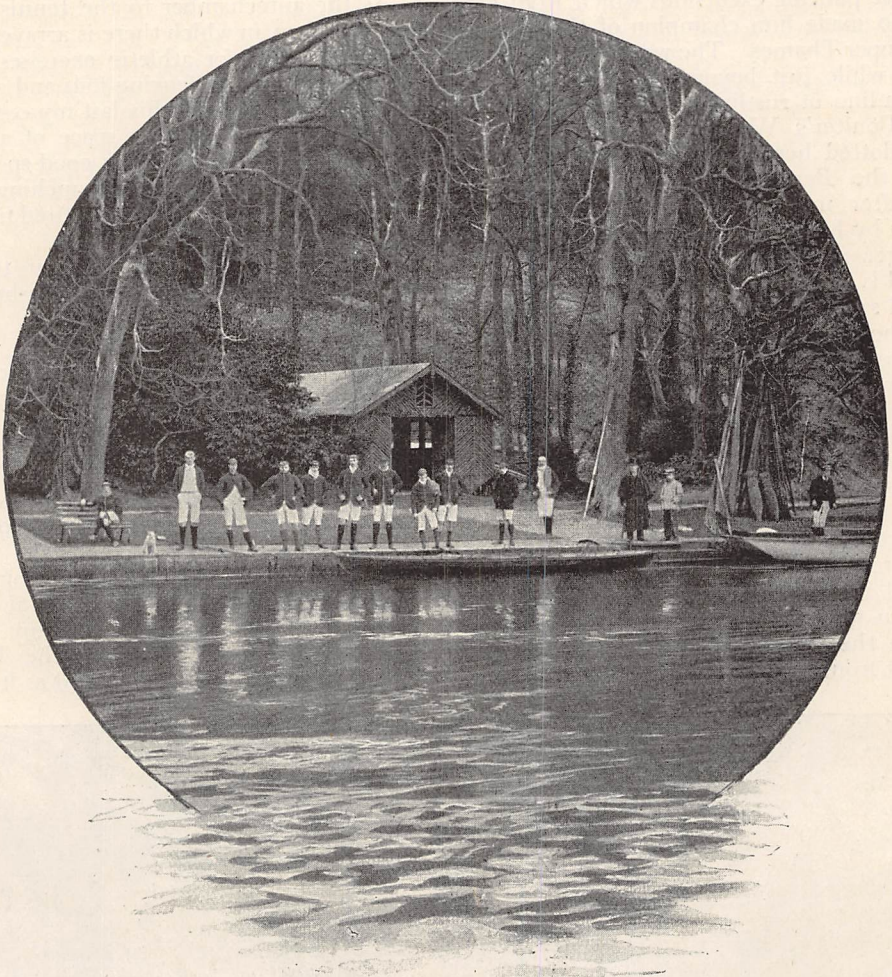
"Ah," said I regretfully, "I suppose it's a proof of the strong man armed keeping his goods in peace."

But with a good-natured smile for my Scriptural lore he led me to the south side of the house, where are the tombs of his three immediate progenitors. From the edge of this disused grave-yard a verdant sweep of smooth grass stretches some mile or so in abrupt declivity to Maidenhead away below. This did not arrest my eyes so much as one small reach of the Thames, which glittered one sheet of gold as it caught



THE DRAWING ROOM.

(From a photograph by Gilman & Co., Oxford.)



A BOATING GROUP (MR. GRENFELL AND AN OXFORD EIGHT).
(From a photograph by Gillman & Co., Oxford.)

the December sun, and emphasised the darker hues of the distant alder-stems and the meadows. Mr. Grenfell's sires lie round a mound of smooth cut grass, thirteen feet high and two hundred and forty-three feet in circumference. This mound, which has been a landmark for more than ten centuries, is responsible for the name Taplow, which signifies "a mound upon a hill." Twelve years ago Mr. Grenfell had its contents investigated, and then it was ascertained beyond a doubt that here had been interred some Viking prince of name and fame. A number of gold bands, buckles, wristlets, and other handsome ornaments in gold and silver, a lot of Venetian glass and what-not were found inside. The whole *trouvaille* went to the British Museum, and the contents of the mound formed the

subjects of elaborate drawings in one of the principal illustrated weeklies in October, 1883.

As we came back to the front of Taplow Court, I paused to contemplate the statue, which adorns the circular lawn, round which goes the broad entrance drive.

"George III.," said I, "is it not, and in the costume of a Roman warrior?"

"Yes," said Mr. Grenfell. "His Majesty sent it as a gift—a sort of photograph, you know, to my great-grandfather."

Mr. Grenfell's home is plentifully decorated with the trophies of the chase, more than fifty antlers of red deer adorning the walls of his own special room alone. This apartment, no less than the library, contains good store of books, while Taplow Court possesses not a few fine paintings.

FOR ONE HOUR.

BY HERBERT JANUARY.



HE wanted to marry. They always do when they are twenty-five and in love. Moreover, she wanted to marry him; but her father would not hear of it, and her mother described him as a "penniless scamp."

His name was Joseph Kidd, and her name was Marjory. He was an architect whom a coldly appreciate public had favoured with instructions to design and superintend the erection of one cottage and repairs to one shop-front during the whole of his professional career. From these trifling circumstances arose the scant favour with which he was regarded by *her* father, Mr. Smith-Jones, who had thrice threatened to kick him down the steps. Mrs. Smith-Jones carried the dignity of her double name with the lofty advantage of nearly twice her husband's stature (for this gentleman was almost as short as he was stout), and she it was who caused Mr. Joseph Kidd, architect and lover of Marjory, even greater alarm and dismay than her worthy spouse.

Had she not but just been crushing him for his presumption in thus asking a second time the hand of her daughter Marjory, and had she not driven him from the house with awful ban never to set foot in it again?

Moreover, she had drawn invidious comparisons between him and young Mr. Trotter, the solicitor, whereupon he had hated Mr. Trotter with a great hatred.

Marjory was *so* small and *so* bewitching; her smiles were his sunshine; in tears she was a goddess; and, oh, her kisses were far beyond divine! Yes, she had kissed him twice; but more beautiful than all, she loved him *so*—she had told him that her own self. Yet he was now in despair.

He went supperless to bed that night, judging this to be the right and approved thing for a disappointed lover to do; consequently, he slept but indifferently, and during the night began to dream.

Now in his dream he saw a room, small and bare, and he knew that the hour was midnight. In the room, sitting by a lamp at a table strewn with paper was a man, and he knew that the man was a barrister. He looked around for briefs, but there were none, yet the man wrote as though for dear life. Then

Joseph knew that the man was the author of "Every Man His Own Lawyer."

After this the scene changed.

Again he saw a room, small and bare, with a lamp, a table, and a man writing. But this time the man was himself, and on each sheet of the paper that strewed the table he saw the title of the book, large and distinct, "Every Man His Own Architect."

Then he awoke, and hastily penned a note to his sweet Marjory, Marjory his beloved—

"Dearest, be patient. Fame and fortune are dawning for us both."

After this he set to work upon his great undertaking, and laboured assiduously for many days. His friends, seeing nothing of him, dropped in one by one, and found him busy and uncommunicative.

Suddenly there came a day when seven words—not very elegant, but full of latent import—spread like lightning amongst all the men who knew him: "Kidd has got a big job on." Then everyone began to speculate as to what the work might be and who it could be for; and very soon all kinds of extraordinary theories took the form of authenticated stories. The thing became contagious. From the small offices it spread to the important ones, and everyone began to think that Joseph Kidd was a great man.

This young man began to wonder at the number of friends he suddenly found he had, but he was positively astounded when one day, in the course of a hurried walk, he ran up against the great F.R.I.B.A., lofty in the arrogance of success, affluence, and popularity, to whom he had once been articulated, and the great man patted him on the back, shook him by the hand, and congratulated him on the credit he was doing to his training.

"You are a rising man to-day; you will be a great man to-morrow," he had said, and Joseph went home and worked harder than ever at his book, while all the time the stories current about him grew and multiplied; so that perhaps no one was astonished with the exception of the author himself, when the announcement appeared in all the papers, that Messrs. Grabber & Doem, the publishers, would shortly bring out a work by Mr. Joseph Kidd, the well-known architect of Queen Elizabeth Street, entitled, "Every Man His Own Architect."

Then the book appeared, and every newspaper vied with every other in the laudatory terms in which it spoke of the work. The



"A BANQUET IN HIS HONOUR."

book sold by thousands, and edition after edition was called for. A great wave swept over the country. "Every Man His Own Architect" had revolutionised men and commerce alike.

In every town and hamlet throughout the land the men rose with one accord and became their own architects. Impoverished Irish lords sold their estates, and evicted tenants built villa residences or stately mansions thereon according to the smiles or frowns vouchsafed to them by the Land League. Bricklayers and carpenters rose to be master builders on all sides, while the jerry-builder believed that the Millennium had come. More than this, every woman became her own architect, comely matron and ill-favoured spinster, girls in their teens and grandmothers in their eighties.

Still the revolutionary wave swept on,

engulfing fresh spheres of business in its meshes. Solicitors enlarged their offices; clerks were not to be had for love or money; and briefless barristers were briefless no longer. From all the land there arose a great cry—the cry of the architect at war with his builder.

During all this time the giant intellect that had wrought this mighty revolution was not forgotten. The Worshipful Company of Carpenters was the first to pay him its homage, in the shape of a banquet in his honour, and set an example quickly to be followed by every other company, each vying with the last in the splendour of its repasts.

Next the lawyers took up the movement. The solicitors erected a statue to him in the Strand; and he found himself on terms of intimacy with all the legal luminaries, to say nothing of the lesser constellations and invisible stars of the bench.

Last, but to Joseph's mind best of all, for he was very human, and Marjory was distractingly pretty, Mr. Smith-Jones relented; Mrs. Smith-Jones received him with open arms and a

maternal kiss (there are no roses without thorns); Marjory became his own—his betrothed; and very soon the happy day arrived.

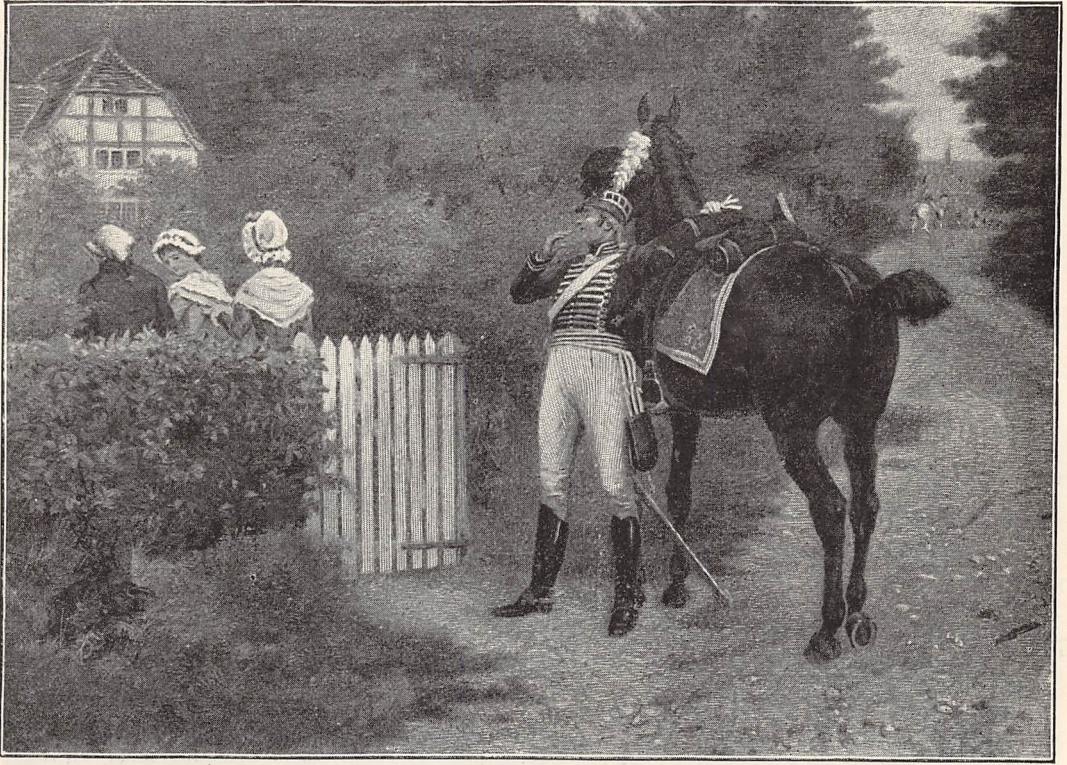
"For better, for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part."

The words were said, the service ended; she was his wedded wife. He turned and led her down the church. The air was laden with the scent of orange-blossom, the bells rang forth a joyous peal, when suddenly church, bride, everything swam before his eyes, and in their places he saw his landlady's head and heard his landlady's voice—

"Please, sir, it's 'alf past nine, and the chimbley sweep is a-comin' at ten."

Three months later Marjory, who loved him so, was married to Mr. Trotter, the solicitor, and lived happily ever afterwards.

ROMANCE IN ART.



"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

(By Randolph Caldecott. By permission of the Trustees of the City Art Gallery, Manchester.)

"**O**MNIA vincit amor," runs the old Latin saying, and certainly art long, long ago, yielded to the all-conquering influence; from time immemorial artists have made it their theme; painters and sculptors alike striving to do it honour in their work. From the Greek ceramic artists with their beautiful renderings of the Eros and Psyche myth, to the struggling art-student of to-day, laboriously working out his first composition; from the unknown sculptor who produced the masterpiece of all ages, the Venus of Melos, and from Pygmalion, who lost his heart to his Galatea, to the tyro of the modelling class striving to fashion his first figure in clay, love has been the chief inspirer of artists and *motif* of their work. It is the subject that never tires; never loses its freshness, never fails to appeal. A novel, to be successful, must deal with it; a picture to draw general attention must depict some phase of it. It may be the passionate, heart-breaking record of a Tess, or the calm idyllic treatment such as Professor Wünnenberg

gives us in the picture reproduced on page 783; it is eagerly sought after and appreciated; always commands attention and success. The "old, old story" of "the way of a man with a maid," which caused Solomon wonderment, never fails in interest.

Whatever else is lacking, there is a sprinkling of romance in the nature of all classes of society, which always responds to any appeal that may be made to it, whether the medium be a song, poem, picture, or story. To deal only with the case of pictures, we find that nearly all the great artists of all ages have dealt with love in one or other of its aspects. We are told that Apelles, the Greek artist, signed but three of his works, one the portrait of his patron, Alexander the Great, the other two representations of Venus, the Goddess of Love. A walk through the National Gallery—or any collection of the works by the old masters—reveals the fact that love was the theme of all the early Italian painters. It may have been the maternal affection of the Madonna, or the less

refined examples taken from classic stories, but it is there ; the Dutch painters turned their attention to the demonstrative love-makings of the peasantry of their time, or the courtly gallantries of their peers ; Watteau, on behalf of the French school, gave us the flirtations of the "Bal Champêtre." And to-day we see it is still the same ; a visit to any of the current exhibitions is sufficient to prove that love still rules the artistic-roost.

Nearly all of the great artists of recent

"Isabella." The heroine is seated at a table with her three cruel brothers and her lover Lorenzo.

Everyone is familiar with "The Huguenot," and we may also mention "The Black Brunswick's Departure," and "Mariana," illustrating the lines :

"She only said 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said 'I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead !'"



TO GREYNA GREEN. (By W. A. Breakspeare.)

times have gained successes with pictures of love scenes. Probably the late Lord Leighton's most popular work was "Wedded," a picture representing two lovers, in which a graceful girl is bending her head backwards to receive a kiss from her lover, who is standing behind her. Several classic love stories were depicted by Lord Leighton, and his last work exhibited at the Academy this year, was a beautiful representation of the love-lorn Clytie stretching out her hands appealingly to her unkind lover, Apollo, the Sun-god.

Sir John Millais, it will at once be remembered, has painted many pictures of this nature. His first exhibited picture indeed was one of a love story, illustrating Keats's poem,

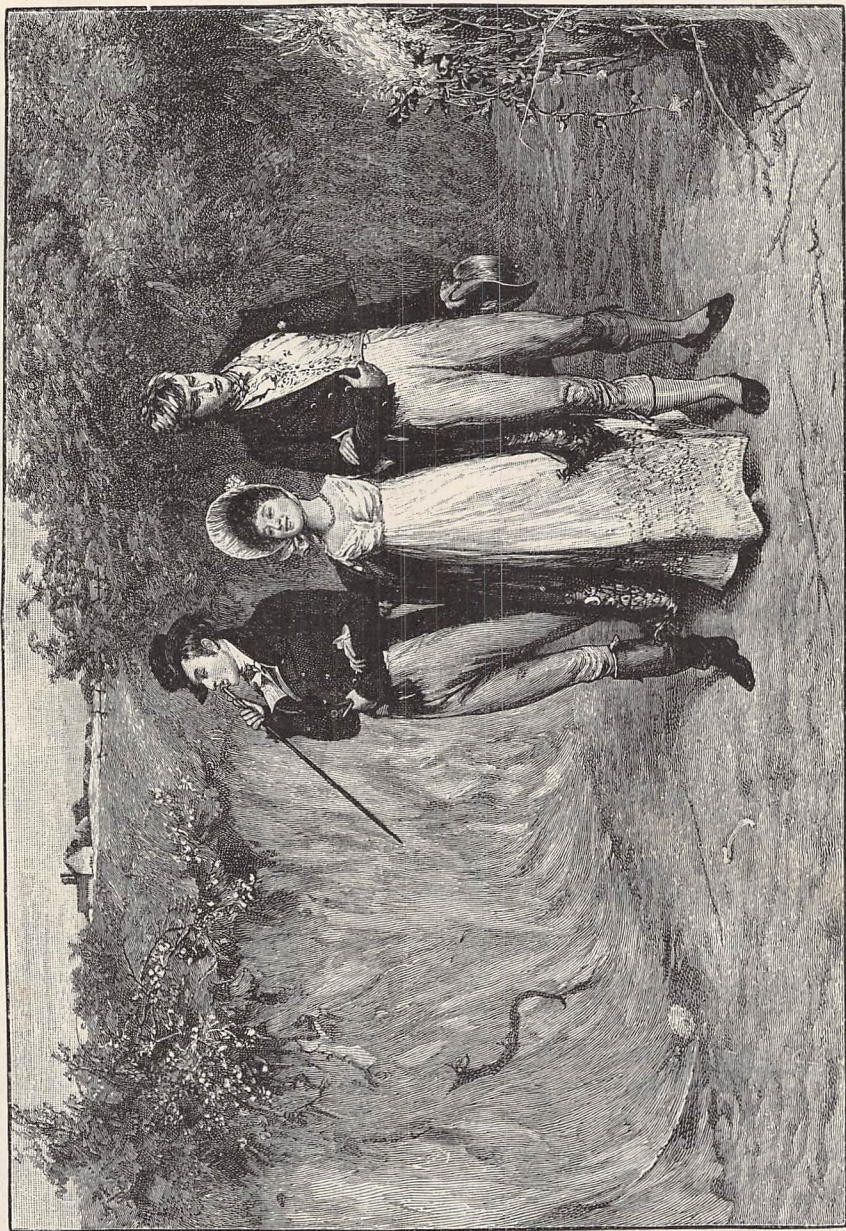
Another, "The Woodman's Daughter," was based upon Mr. Coventry Patmore's poem telling of the love of a patrician lad for the daughter of his father's woodman :

"He sometimes, in a sullen tone,
Would offer fruit, and she
Always received his gift with an air
So unreserved and free,
That half-feigned distance soon became
Familiarity."

Space will only allow mention of works such as "The Order of Release," "The Escape of a Heretic"—showing a lover rescuing his love from the grasp of the Inquisition—"Effie Deans," "The Proscribed Royalist," "Yes or No," and the magnificent "Ophelia,"



AT THE EDGE OF THE WOOD. (By Mrs. Stanhope Forbes.)



TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW. (By John Pettie, R.A. By permission of the Trustees of the Glasgow Art Gallery.)



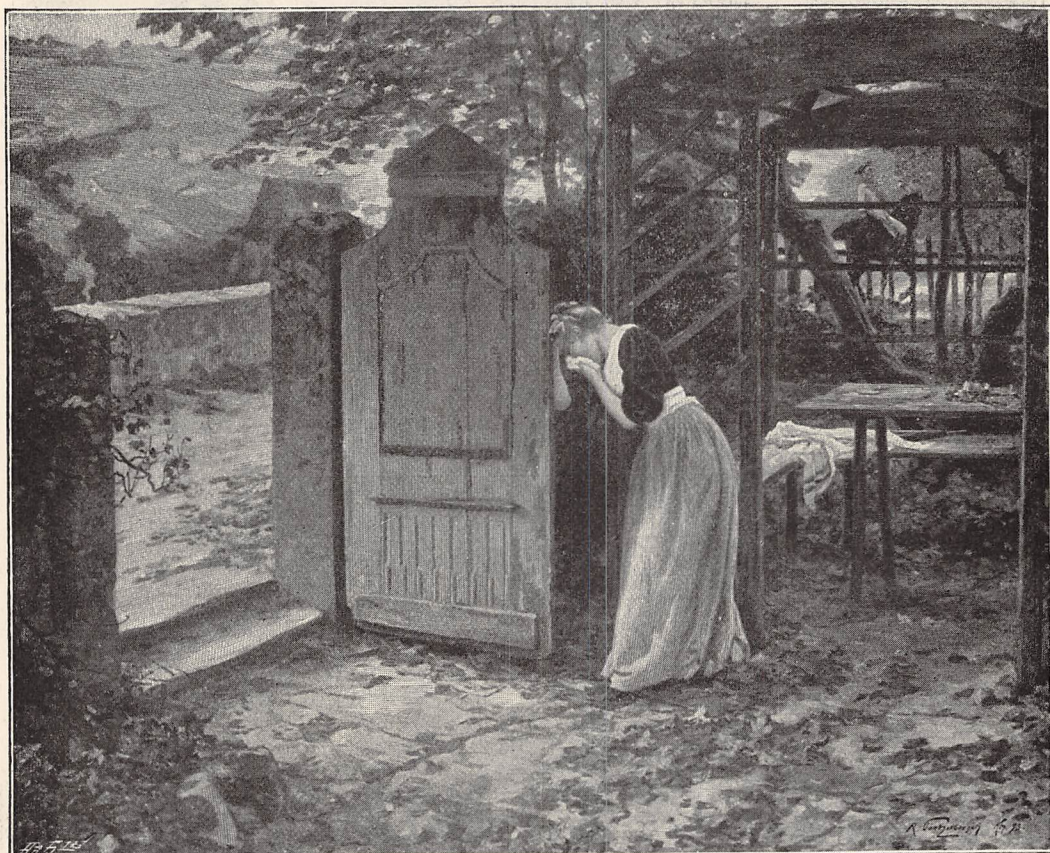
IN SPRINGTIME. (By F. Andreotti. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

representing the love-mad girl floating down the stream to her death. These are but some of the most notable of Sir John's romantic pictures, and are to be reckoned among his best.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., has dealt with the subject, too, in his most serious vein in the impassioned "Orpheus and Eurydice," and

Orchardson, R.A., Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., Mr. Storey, A.R.A., and Mr. Dendy Sadler, who seldom fail to treat the subject in the style peculiar to each.

In the illustrations to this paper we have pictures by German, Italian, French and English artists—and it would have been easy



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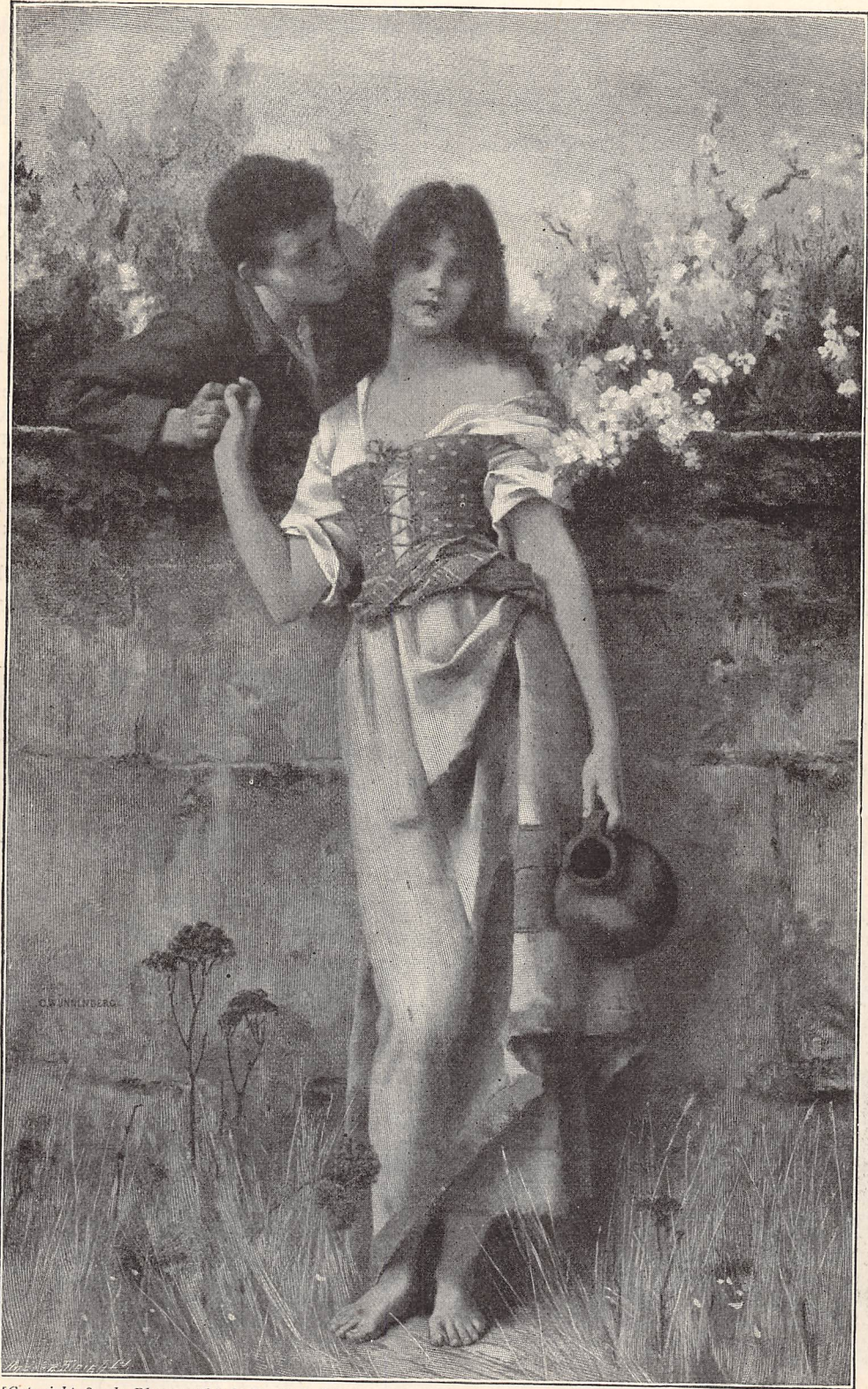
GOOD-BYE.

(By R. Poetzelberger. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

with a quaint touch of humour in "Good Luck to Your Fishing"—where a charmingly-painted Cupid is sitting on a sparkling sea angling for hearts. Another work in the same humour shows Cupid knocking at a closed door, and wrapped in the cowl and garment of a monk—exhibited under the title of "The habit does not make the monk."

We might go through the list of all the well-known painters of figure-subjects, in and out of the Academy, to prove the point that romance is the prevailing feature in modern art, but reference need only be made to the ever-popular works of Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., Mr.

to have obtained representative works of artists of every other nation in which art flourishes, so universal is the subject—all dealing with love and love-making. But the aim has been rather to give pictures showing the different phases of courtship than the technique of the artistes concerned. The drawing by Randolph Caldecott—that artist who died all too young—which is in the Manchester Art Gallery, tells its own story. This theme is again repeated in the picture on this page by Herr Poetzelberger, a well-known German artist. The lover rides away, perchance to be true to the girl left behind, but most likely to forget her amongst the



[Copyright 1894 by Photographische Gesellschaft.]

WOOLING.

(By C. Wünnenberg. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

fresh scenes to which he is hastening. The lines by Bulwer Lytton—

"Two lives that once part, are as ships that divide
When, moment on moment, there rushes between
The one and the other a sea :
Ah ! never can fall from the days that have been
A gleam of the years that shall be—"

aptly portray the result of such partings, and the sorrow of heart in store for at least one of the twain.

Professor Wünnenberg's "Wooring" has already been referred to as an idyllic picture, and as such it is a delightful composition. Compare it with Mrs. Stanhope Forbes's "At the Edge of the Wood," and we see at once that the latter is a record of a fact, but none the less charming. The rough peasant youth returning from his day's labour, and the simple rustic girl tending her turkeys, shyly courting in the twilight, make as pretty a picture, and the sentiment is just as refined.

"Two Strings to her Bow," the picture by the late John Pettie, R.A., is a delightful piece of humour. We can all appreciate the evident chagrin of each gallant at the presence

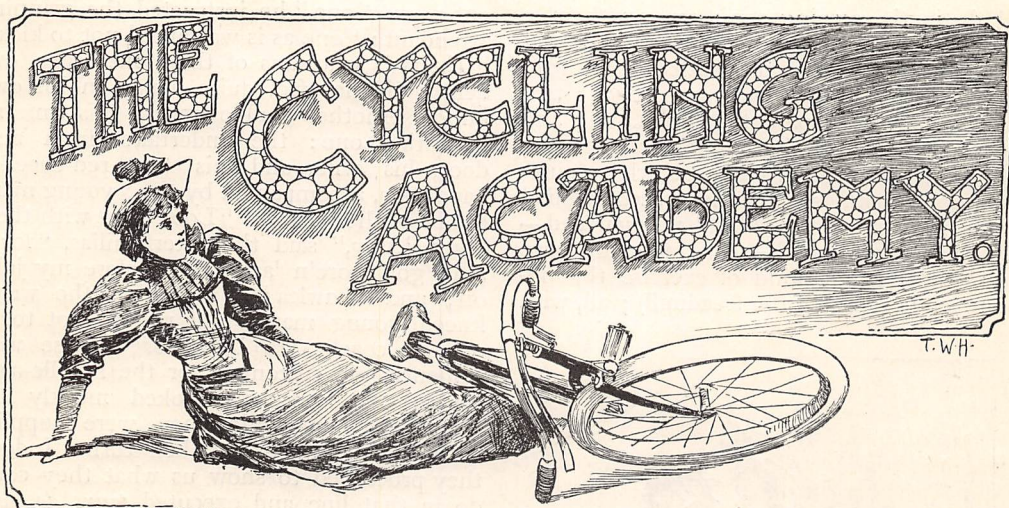
of his rival and the complacent self-possession of the lady. It is a situation that delights her heart, for is not her vanity tickled thereby? It is only the swains in this case who mutter discontentedly that "Two is company and three is none." "The Spring-Time," by Signor Andreotti, also shows the lighter vein of love-making. There is nothing serious here, it is "a mere flirtation," a few pretty words *pour passer le temps*, and is far different from the story Mr. Breakspere tells us in "To Gretna Green."

M. Bource chooses a classical title for his picture recalling the story of the Queen of Lydia and her slave Hercules, who becoming enamoured of his mistress, is content to sit among her women and spin, so that he is near her, while she tantalises him and even strikes him with his own club when the caprice is upon her. So the gallant sailor here is content to submit to the taunts of the pretty peasant girl for his awkwardness with the skein, for he, too, is enslaved by love, and knows that in spite of her apparent unkindness he is not altogether without favour in her eyes.

ARTHUR FISH.



HERCULES AND OMPHALE. (By H. Bource. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)



"Oh, where Fashion most does throng, how we love to tear along,

On our bikes so free and strong, through the fray;
Muttered threats from van or 'bus, why, it's all the same to us,

For if folks will fuss and cuss, why, they may!
With our little bells a-ringin', come we round the corners swingin',

With curved backs and shoulders clingin', oh, it's 'Clear the way!' we're singin'
'CLEAR THE WAY!!!'

—Bicycle Ballads, No. 10.



USED to look down on bicycling and condemn it as a low form of amusement—or of exercise. But see how changeable we mortals are! It is fashion that has, all unknowing, such a vast influence on us! Instead of owning with the poet that "everything is spoilt by use," everything

seems, on the contrary, only to become right and proper by use. Thus I and my sister, though no longer in our first youth, so strongly object to be left "high and dry" by the strong tide of bicyclism (the coinage of a word for the occasion must be excused) that we one day presented ourselves, quaking, at the door of an establishment in the Edgebury Road, over which was written, in large gilt letters, "Ladies' Cycle School." "All hope abandon, ye who enter here," might well have been the inscription, to judge from our trembling and cowed demeanour; but the fact was that we felt our proceedings to be slightly *infra dig.*, and were ashamed to own to our feelings. It was certainly not a portal to inspire confidence, being situated in the midst of slums and

open-air shops and booths, with an undertaker's "business" next door—so close by, indeed, that we nearly went into it by mistake. At our feeble little knock the sacred portal was opened by a betouzled young woman, in appearance something between a music-hall "artiste" and a "general slavey," who bade us walk in. Once inside, we beheld a strange scene. Within a round, covered enclosure, on a floor of wooden planking, careered a number of bicycles, ridden by performers more or less ignorant of the accomplishment. You could tell the stage of progress at which they had arrived by the comparative anxiety apparent in their faces as well as by the amount of their conversation.

"Why is it called 'Ladies' Cycle School'?" my sister murmured, referring me to the presence of two raw-boned personages of the male persuasion, who might by courtesy be termed "military," and a chuckle-headed youth who appeared to be amusing himself by falling off his steed as many times as the celebrated knight in "Through the Looking-glass" fell off his.

The attendant, who was near us, volunteered an answer to the question: "Where the lydies goes, the gents is sure to foller," was his reasoning, given in a "stage aside." After this very lucid explanation we sat on chairs on a kind of dais and looked on, being told to "wait for our turns."

The scene was very "Dickensy," what with the visitors, the smelling oil-lamps—there was a damp fog outside—the shabbily-dressed attendants, and the general frowsiness of everything. Besides the young men before mentioned, the votaries of the cult included several young ladies of varying charm,

and distinctly varying age; among them a depressed and shabby "person" in a red straw pork-pie hat and grizzled hair, who seemed to "take her pleasure sadly"; two giggling damsels, apparently shop-hands; and one charmer of the burlesque actress type, with a ruddy toupée of curls, a scarlet blouse, and green stockings. All these, accompanied by their assistant "pushers," promenaded—or, rather, "wheeled"—at a moderate pace round the circle (a kind of exercise that involuntarily suggested the treadmill); all, with



"ERE, LOOK OUT; DON'T THROTTLE ME!"

the exception, that is, of the charmer in green stockings, who, being able to go alone, swaggered about in the middle of the enclosure and fell off her "bike" almost as often as did the "military" men off theirs, though, I suspect, with a different object in view—that of attracting attention.

Presently a timid knock was heard, and two elderly heads presented themselves at the door. These belonged to a prim old couple, evidently retired tradespeople, who were going to "try their luck." The wife, in grey ringlets and side-combs, was evidently much alarmed: "Oh, 'Enery," she said, with a gasp, "I niver *can* git on the back o' sich a new-fangled thing as that." "Law, yes, Mary Ann, you've only got to *set* on it—this 'ere Johnnie 'll do all the *pushin'*. Look 'er

out a *quiet* one," he instructed the grinning attendant; "one as is warranted not to kick." "Enery," who was of the stout order, evidently did not feel quite happy in his own mind. Another double knock, this time no hesitating one: the undertaker from next door, his wife, and his two red-cheeked daughters, accompanied by the "young man" of one of these latter. "Look alive with them bikes, 'Arry," said the paterfamilias, "for I ain't got more'n 'arf a hour afore my job's on; and Chawles"—indicating the weak-kneed young man—"an' me 'as got to go on the coaches to 'Ighgate." These were evidently old customers, for the middle-aged couple and ourselves looked meekly and respectfully on while they were supplied with "bikes" all out of their turn. Indeed, they proceeded to show us what they could do in that line, and executed *tours de force* that made us shudder with fright.

"Keep a heye on the door, J'mima," said the anxious parent after a few rounds. "Is them coaches up yet?"

"No; but some mourners has come," J'mima answered, peeping. "Oh, my! sich crape, sich white 'ankerchers!"

"We must keep 'em waiting, ef it was the corp hisself," said papa, "till I've 'ad my money's worth."

But here a little *contretemps* arose. The charmer in green stockings, who had for some time been ogling "Chawles," here forgot herself so far as to enter into conversation with him, and presently the two were careering round the arena (pardon the suggestive simile!) together, to the ineffable disgust of "Chawles's" *fiancée*, who, together with her sister, dismounted and carried on a lively conversation in no measured tones, in which the words "sich a liberty," "puffick stranger," "some folks 'as a cheek," "bold-faced hussy," "good smack o' the 'ed," could from time to time be distinguished. "Chawles," who was "the kind of man that you could warrant town-made," not only took no notice of this, but presently added to his iniquities by getting his wheels locked in the siren's, both, as a result, heavily falling to the ground. The siren was helped off limping, and "Chawles" showed an evident desire to follow and administer consolation, but was deterred by a severe look from his *inamorata*. What "words" might have followed we know not; but luckily, at this juncture, papa, interposing with "The coaches is up," carried "Chawles" off, leaving the two girls to the finishing of their lesson, and to the bestowal of sundry furious glances at the green-stockinged delinquent, who feigned absolute unconsciousness of any "family row" on her account.

"Now's your turn, miss. 'Ere's two nice bikes will suit you exactly—made a' purpose," said an attendant, coming our way.

It is one thing to sit in safety and laugh at other people, and quite another to be an object of laughter yourself. But as the executioner—I mean the attendant—drew near with his dread machine, I felt, with the courage born of despair, that there was no help for it, and got clumsily into the saddle, clutching nervously at my "helper"—who was, by the way, a very good specimen of the average London "loafer"—as I did so.

"'Ere, look out, don't throttle me," he observed. "Ketch 'old of the 'andle; but there, don't bear too 'eavy on it. Set up as strite as you can, and *pedal*."

"Hold me tighter," I gasped, not knowing what the magic word "*pedal*" might mean, and feeling in imminent danger of falling off.

"'Ere, I see I must put a drawring-rein on yer." And the wretch proceeded to fasten a piece of leather, eight inches wide, round my unfortunate waist. "Now this is to give me a good grip of yer, d'ye see? Don't lollop so—set strite, can't yer? Ye're all o' one side."

"Ye—ye—s, but my feet are getting mixed up with the machinery, and—and one of my legs is much longer than the other," I protested feebly. The man treated this last remark with the contempt it deserved. "*Pedal on, pedal on*," he said sturdily. "*W'y, y're gittin' along fymous*."

Here my machine suddenly gave a violent lurch, which nearly landed me in the arms of the chuckle-headed youth, who was still aimlessly gyrating in space. (In the middle of the arena he, with some other fiends in human shape, was learning to "mount," to the imminent danger of innocent and quiet spirits like myself.)

"'Old on, 'old on," said my loafer, who, by the bye, smelt so strongly of onions that in my desire to get as far as possible from him I now nearly fell over on the other side. Stopping a bit to gain breath, I now beheld the elderly gentleman and his wife in the act of mounting. The wife, with a strong determination plainly

written in her face, once ascended, held on like grim death; but her husband had no sooner got up on one side than he fell off on the other.

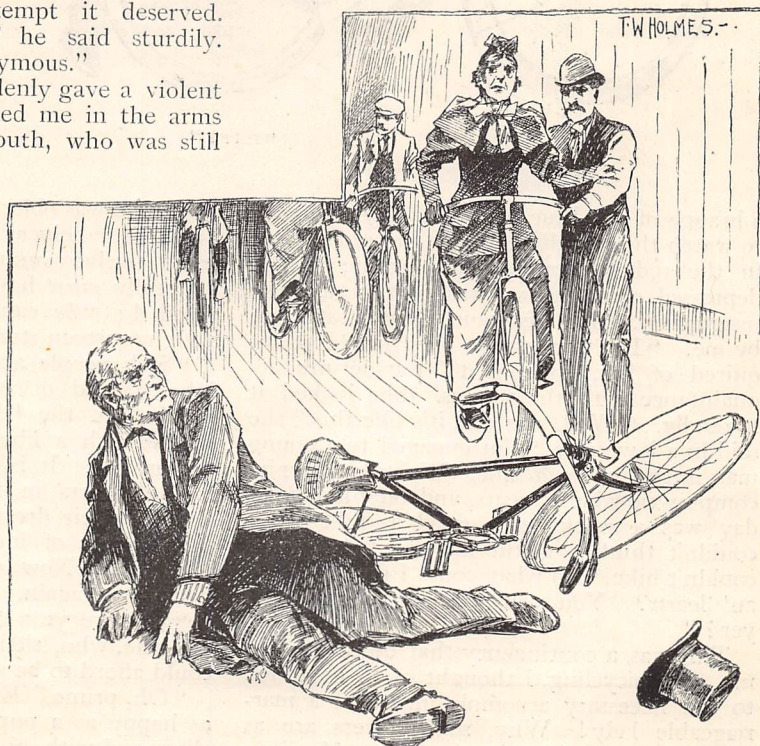
"'Enery, for my sake," called his wife in agony, "be more keerful!"

'Enery got up dusty.

"I can't aim to get my feet on them treadles," he said apologetically. "I guess it's 'cos I ain't never learnt the sewing-machine. My feet go round and round quite keerless-like."

"Will ye set down and rest while I 'elp the old gent?" said my conductor; and, only too glad of a respite, I assented. Now, from the safety of the daïs I beheld my sister going round quite swimmingly—pushed, it is true, by a "loafer," but still with an air of ease that filled me with envy. She sat up straight, she looked "somebody." The word "*Toff*," uttered in a tone of conviction, resounded in my neighbourhood as she passed us. No one, I bitterly reflected, had taken *me* for a "*Toff*"; but, perhaps, my bearing on a bicycle was not exactly suggestive of that "*repose*" that is poetically supposed to denote "the caste of Vere de Vere."

"That 'ere's a taisty dress, ain't it?" said the chuckle-headed youth suddenly in my



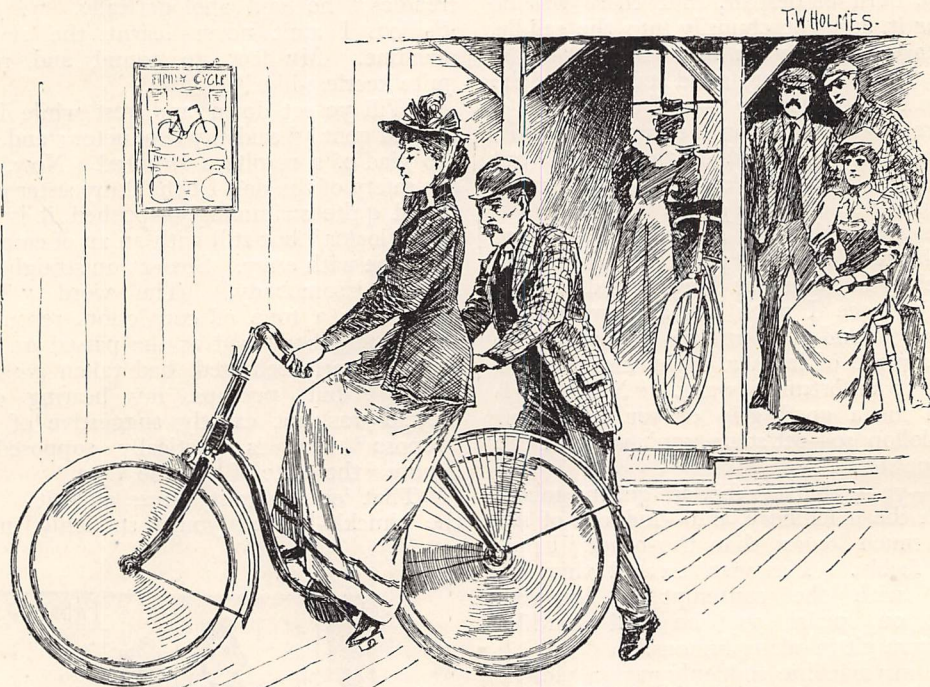
"'ENERY, FOR MY SAKE, BE MORE KEERFUL!"

ear, referring to my sister's garb. I drew myself up; and then, reflecting that it was one of my objects in life to "mix with the masses," relented and made myself affable. "Let me get yer a fourpenny Scotch," he said pleasantly, after a few minutes' conversation.

Politely informing him that I belonged to

Agency case, who insisted that the girl of his affections should be "a good swimmer and fond of draughts and dominoes!" "She painted in water-colours, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." "There is no end to the requirements of *fiancées*," I thought, as I sympathised with this sad case.

A very stout lady now engrossed my atten-



"TOFF!"

a branch of the Blue Ribbon Army, I turned to watch the bicyclists. Now the sad woman in the red hat came round again; on her depressed countenance was written a stern resignation. She dismounted, and sat close by me. "Do you enjoy bicycling?" I inquired of her, wishing to pursue my acquaintance with the masses. She looked at me sadly. "Well, you see, it's like this," she said in a low voice, "I'm engaged to a young man in the *commercial* line. We've bin keepin' comp'ny now eight years, and on'y last Sunday was a week, 'e as good as told me 'e couldn't think o' gittin' merried to a girl as couldn't bike. So what could I do but come an' learn? You can't be lef' be'ind, can yer?"

This was a contingency that quite startled me. So bicycling, I thought, is to be added to the necessary accomplishments of a marriageable lady! Why, some lovers are as exacting as was the suitor in the late Marriage

tion; she was objecting—and not unnaturally—to the "helper" provided, a tiny boy of some twelve summers, and small at that. "I really *must* have somebody bigger," she pleaded; "he can't never hold me up; I weigh fourteen stuns if I weigh a pound."

"Sich people as 'er oughter pay for two bikes i'stead of one," the Jehu remarked surlily, as the "lady" climbed into the saddle, with a liberal display of stocking in the process. It is, by the way, very difficult for beginners in the art to know how to arrange their dresses, as shown by the varying degrees of inelegance apparent in that direction. Now came the elderly gentleman round again.

"'Ow are ye a-gittin' on, 'Enery?" asked his wife, who, sitting in security beside me, could afford to be sympathetic.

"Oh, prime," 'Enery replied, looking about as happy as a puppy under process of muzzling, and with his forehead similarly rucked

up into a thousand wrinkles. "But my feet still come off of them blamed pedals. Can't you make my stirrup shorter?"—this plaintively to the attendant.

"It ain't a 'orse, sir," said the man testily.

"No," said 'Enery; "if it *were* a 'orse it would stand up straight, at any rate, and not keep a-tippin' me off one side or the other." In this remark I entirely concurred.

When I was taken for my second "turn" I found that many riders, in the agony of the moment, not only mistook their "bikes" for horses, but also for boats. "'Ere, don't keep takin' my water!" "'Old your 'orse's 'ed up!" "Gee wo!" "Mind your oar!" were common expletives; and once, when a railway whistle happened to sound in close proximity, I myself own to feeling agonised lest my steed should "shy." It is so impossible to entirely dissociate the idea of *personality* from the bicycle. I distinctly felt this with regard to the various "bikes" I watched. Some were like cart-horses, some like fiery steeds; some were meek, some irritating, some really evilly disposed; as, for instance, that "bike" on which a long-legged martial individual careered about in the middle of the enclosure, knocking down remorselessly everybody he happened to come across; or, no less sinful, the machine ridden by the siren in the scarlet blouse. A very meek bicycle, too, was just ahead of me.

"How many lessons has that woman had?" I asked, denoting the lady in the red hat, who went on her sad little way in front of me.

"That *laidy*," said my attendant reprovingly, "is at 'er fifth lesson; but she'll never be a credit to us—not she."

I was now come to the end of my hour's instruction, and as I descended I pressed a shilling "tip" gratefully into my loafer's horny palm. "But as to *you*," he continued, his face brightening; "why, I'd guarantee *you'd* learn it in three days. You just give *me* a chance o' teachin' yer, and I don't mind bettin' any money on it."

This little incident led on the way home to a somewhat heated argument between my sister and myself. *She* had only had three-pence-worth of encouragement, and therefore, no doubt, felt sore. For what, after all, is even bicycling without encouragement?

I have only as yet had this one lesson; but I bicycle all night in my dreams. I claim to have even invented a new form of nightmare, in which I continually fall off my bicycle, and it as remorselessly comes back and falls on the top of me; or else I bicycle, with the rapidity of the wind, eternally through endless æons of space.

But I wish I could honestly think that that shilling had had no influence whatever on my guide's opinion.



"SHE WAS OBJECTING—AND NOT UNNATURALLY—TO THE
'HELPER' PROVIDED,"

APURITANS WIFE

by Max Pemberton

CHAPTER XVIII.—AN OUT GUARD OF THE NIGHT.

THE church bell at Hampstead made it ten of the clock before I moved from my seat in the hall of the King's house. It seemed odd beyond compare to me that one hour should bring such great tidings; should, as it were, strip the cloak of my foreboding from me and leave me my own self—the Hugh Peters that was ever up in the charge at Worcester, and reckoned the best man among them when Charles Stuart was to be taken. Yet this was the wonder which old Israel worked. His very word of greeting seemed like a trumpet-blast in my ears. I asked myself what sort of a ninnyhammer I had become that I should vex and fret for the want of a little meat, or bend my pride readily to the burden of Master

Monk's impertinence. Three years had peril been my portion, awake or asleep; peril of the sea, peril of the King's men and them that hunted me—yet never once had tears come to my eyes nor my heart grown heavy as it did often in this French rogue's house. But that woman's day was gone now. Dagger in my hand, I swore that I was as proper a man as any in Hampstead. And had not old Israel brought me the letter which spoke of better days for me?—ay, and of something which brought blood to my head when I did but think of it a moment; as a lover may turn shyly to look at a mistress before his head is bowed again.

I say that I was changed as never man was, and this is a word I will hasten to make good. For the silence and the darkness of the King's house I cared nothing now. "Let Master Monk come so soon as it may please him," said I, "and we will see what sort of a match we make." Never was there an apothecary's draught which ministered to a sick man like those words which Israel Wolf had spoken to me. I began to hunger for the air of free-

dom; but it was the hunger of hope about to be fulfilled. "To-morrow," cried I; "to-morrow we shall ride, I know not whither, I know not how, but spurs will jingle upon my heels again; the King's highroad will be open to me; it may even be that we shall turn our faces to the north as my lady has done." The expectation made me like a man giddy with wine. I heard the church bells strike, and their echo had not died away before I thrust the dagger under my vest and began to pace the hall again. "To-morrow," I said, ever repeating the word as a delicious thing to be kept long upon the tongue. "To-morrow I shall see the man with the devil's face again." And so mighty pleased was I that I must have spoken my thoughts aloud, for someone of a sudden answered me from the darkness of the hall; and when I turned quickly, there was Master Monk, come like a shadow to watch me in my pleasure.

"Well, Hugh Peters," cried he, very tipsily, for he had been drinking at the Spanish inn; "and what of to-morrow?"

"Oh," said I, with poor cunning, "to-morrow, perchance, we will sum our scores, Master Monk, and see what charge I have against you. 'Twould be odd if I could demand no reckoning for that which you have done to me in this house—you and the man out of France who pays your dirty wage."

He was all taken aback at this, you may be sure; and for a long while he said nothing, only fumbling with his hands to strike a spark for his lantern; which he did very ill and clumsily. When at last he had the light, I beheld his face, and for the first time that I knew of he had forgot his jade's titter.

"Look you," said he, being hard put to it when he would have walked across the hall, "look you, Master Psalm-Singer, what if I were no longer the servant of him you name? How say you then? Do you reckon the lighter with me? God's truth, I am an honest man. Who gainsays that must answer Will Monk. To the devil with your Nathaniel Goulding! is my word; and here's my hand upon it."

I was mighty astonished to hear him speak so ; and, as I live, the saying was not to be understood by me. Nor was he in any state to let me know his meaning, for the ale had knotted his tongue ; and he stood there, very foolishly, holding out his hand and crying to me that I should take it. When he saw that I would not, he bestirred himself to make fast the doors and windows of the hall ; and finding something of his old manner presently, he ordered me to my bed with a tipsy anger which was a silly thing to see.

"Come, Master Peters," cried he, "'tis ten of the clock—ten of the clock and you abroad. What shall I say to the Captain my master ? Shall I say nothing ? A plague on the pair of you ! Would you have me held in blame ? Out on you for a pestilent fellow ! I will be blamed for no such blockhead. I am an honest man, little Psalm-Singer—dost hear ?"

What more he would have done in his tipsy blindness I know not, for he fell, all on the instant, while he was seeking to come at me ; and the lantern being broke, we two were in the black darkness—he staggering after me, and I running round and round the hall as merry as a lad at the play. God knows, I feared Master Monk no longer then. All my old spirit seemed to be breathed back into my heart. Nay, I laughed aloud at him, crying, "Catch that catch can" ; and only when he lay like one dead upon the floor did I leave him and go up to my bedroom ; yet not to sleep, so busy was my head with the morrow which awaited me. I could not forget at such a time that old Israel had spoken of this being the night of my greatest danger ; yet how it should be so, was hid from me. The man of France would not come until three weeks were gone ; Will Monk, him that I hated as never I hated a man yet, lay wanting life in his legs upon the boards below. Who then could harm me in that hour of waiting ?

I put this question to myself standing at the open window of my poor room and looking over toward Barnet, whither my lady had ridden to be married, as they said, in the house of her brother at Potter's Bar. The great highway toward York, given over to robbers and footpads at such an hour, if the times be ordinary, was upon this night very busy with waggons passing, and them that feared the plague rolling in their coaches away past the common at Finchley. I could see many tents of the poorer people, fled from the city ; and once I beheld a naked man run out from such a habitation and fall dead upon the grass, raising so dreadful a cry when he tumbled that some wild beast might have been abroad killing in the woods. This frightened me a good deal, and I drew back

for a spell ; but when I returned to the window, a woman and three children were kneeling about the body of the man, seeking to drag it towards the pool in the hollow. And watching them at their work, though careful to keep a field between him and the dead man, was one of the King's Guard, riding upon a great black horse.

Odd to tell, I watched this man for some while without any thought coming to me that he should be abroad upon my business. It was pretty to see the clear light making silver of all the bright buckles and of the arms he carried ; playing now upon the muzzle of a pistol stuck out of the holster, now upon the steel of his harness or the sheath of his sword as it hung loose against his saddle-cloth. And when anon he put the horse to a trot and passed beneath my very window, I watched him as a boy may watch troopers come to the bivouac in his village. I had been so long out of the world that the littlest thing pleased my eyes and held me in amusement. And so I stood, begrudging the guard even the horse which, as I said, was to carry him to London. He, however, had not ridden a musket-shot from our place when he turned and came back the same way ; only this time he looked hard at the King's house, and even drew rein, as though he would knock upon the gate. This it was, I think, which awakened me to the danger ; and knowing well now what his business must be, I drew back from the window, telling myself that they had sold me to the King's men, and that here was the peril of which Master Wolf spoke.

It wanted at this time a quarter to the hour of eleven, and the quiet of night seemed to have come at length even upon the sick in the neighbouring meadows and woods. I knew that this trooper could have no work to do in the village of Hampstead at such an hour ; and when my first bewilderment had gone by, which it was not over quick to do, I began to tell myself that I had the dagger which Israel Wolf had left to me ; and that Will Monk being no man for such a time, there was but one against me, and he with the gate yet to break down before he could come at me. This gave me courage, and I ran round to the back of the house, wherefrom you can see Paul's on a bright day ; and, looking over the garden, I searched all the vale with my eyes, but no one was abroad there, not even a sick man come out to die. I knew then that, could I best this fellow who patrolled the road, I might yet cheat the snare they had laid for me. God is my witness, I had been in many a place of greater peril than the King's house seemed to be on that night ; and never was

my spirit higher than when I stood at my window for the third time and watched the trooper, whom I judged to be the messenger of my misfortune.

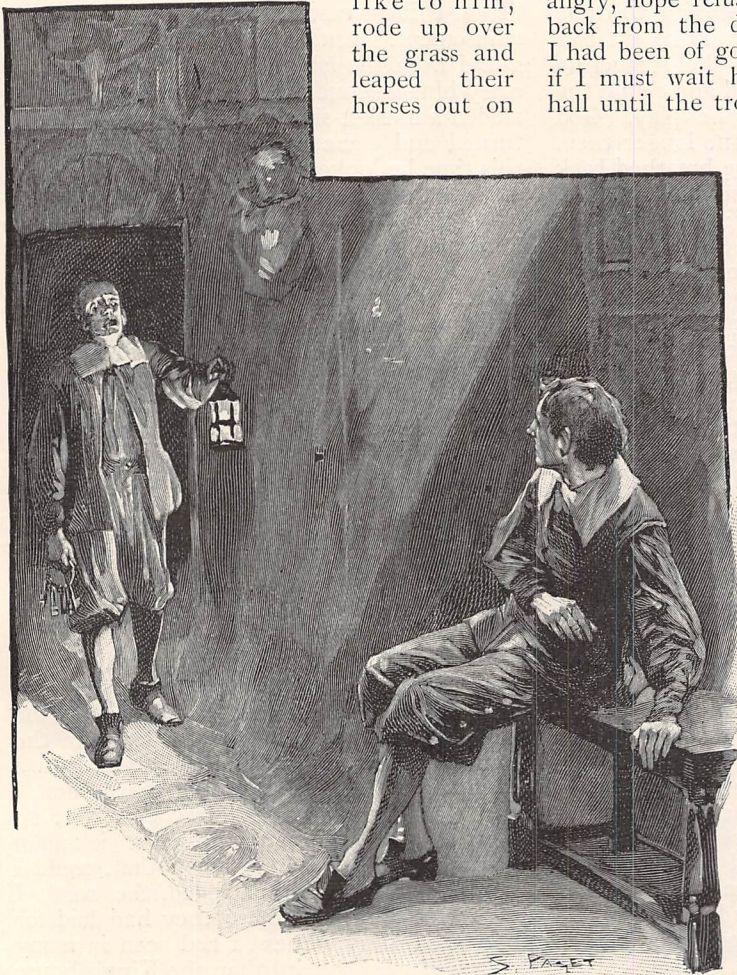
I had thought, when I ran round to the eastern turret of the house, that the man was about to knock boldly upon our door, and so to come in for me without any idle parley ; but it was not so. Though it fell a little dark while I waited, there was yet so much light that I could see him halted in the shadow of a greet beech-tree ; which borders upon the road at a spot, it may be, a hundred paces from our door. He had got off his horse now, and was buckling the girth of his saddle ; but when the moon shone again, I saw him take a pistol from his holster and prime it ; and no sooner was this work done than a low whistling was to be heard from the further side of the thicket, and presently

three more, like to him, rode up over the grass and leaped their horses out on

to the road. There were now four in all that I could count, though, Lord knows, I doubt not that many more lay behind them in the woods. For the matter of that, I would stay at my window no longer ; but, holding my dagger bare in my hand, I ran down the stairs very swiftly, telling myself that if I could find no way out of the garden, then was this the last night which Hugh Peters might hope to live.

There was moonlight in the hall when I entered it, but for a little while I saw nothing of Will Monk. I had forgot, very foolishly, that all the doors were fast locked, and the lower windows shuttered, before I went to my bed ; and now, when I turned the handle of the great door, this was remembered to my confusion. As well might I have sought to pass the wall of the King's tower as to have shaken this stout barrier which stood between me and my liberty. Abashed and angry, hope refusing to befriend me, I drew back from the door. Little it availed that I had been of good spirit in my bedchamber if I must wait here in the darkness of the hall until the troopers were come in to take me. I could have bit my hand at the thought ; but I was not the man of yesterday, and my will, being hardened at this rebuff, I said, "Let it be between Will Monk and me, and God help the weaker man."

Until this moment I had seen nothing of Monk ; nor did I remember where he lay, drunkenly, upon the floor. The ill-shaped patches of moonlight, getting the forms of strange figures where they came flooding over the top of the shutters and through the fine picture window, showed me no form of a man sleeping. Three times I paced the hall with the steps of one feeling for an obstacle, yet never did my foot touch one ; nor my ear tell me that a man breathed in the place. And all the time there was this in my head, that the troopers must be even now at the gate ; if, indeed, Monk himself had not drawn bolt to them. God knows how my heart beat



"I WAS AWAKENED BY AS STRANGE A THING AS EVER MAN LIVED TO SEE,"

when I stood to listen for any sound in the courtyard ; even for the bark of a dog or the groan of a hinge upon the turn. But of these warnings there was none, not so much as the whinny of one horse to another. The very fall of my own foot echoed like an omen in the chamber ; the unbodied armour around me seemed filled with spirits of the dead come back to mock me. I sank down upon a bench at last, crying to God to help me, since no longer could I hope to find any help for myself.

This stupor, for such it was, lasted, it might be, for the space of ten minutes. I was awakened from it by as strange a thing as ever man lived to see ; for what should happen, while I sat there upon the bench, but that the little door of the hall opened slowly, and in came Will Monk, a lighted lantern in his left hand, a great rope of keys in his right. I knew well that he had been drunk with ale when I had gone to my bedchamber, and it was plain to me that sleep had done nothing to give him his legs again, for he reeled into the hall like a tipsy sailor, and his face was a horrid thing to see. Well for him if ale had brought him to this condition ; but the hand of God was heavy upon him in that hour. No sooner did he open his lips than I drew back, crying out that he should not come near me ; while he, very pitifully, stretched out his arms to touch me, and implored me, in the most woeful voice, that I would save him from the grave.

"My God, my God !" he cried. "I have the spots upon me. Oh, Master Peters, you will not let me die. Dost hear? I am struck with the sickness. Lord, I can feel the earth upon my face ; it blinds my eyes. Wilt not help me, Master Hugh ? Oh, never will the sun shine for me again. I have the death at my heart already."

He raised his voice until his woeful crying was like that of a multitude of men raving in the house. And he pursued me with horrid groans, while the sweat fell in great drops from my head, and my body was wet as the body of one who had stood long in the rain. Strong as my fear of the troopers riding in the road might be, I feared this hastening death the more. To be prisoned with it there in the hall was a thing to make the brain turn. Nay, I screamed out aloud in my terror of him, and showing him my dagger, I swore that he should feel the blade of it in his heart if he did not stand away from me. At which he drew back, and beginning to sob like a woman weak in pain, he knelt at last upon the floor and cried to God for forgiveness of his sins, or fell to most horrid blasphemies against the death which

was now sure upon him. And so the end came, swift and sudden, and in mercy ; and with a long-drawn shriek of fear lest they would throw his body into the pit, he ceased to breathe.

But I turned my face away from him, and stretching myself upon the floor that I might touch his rope of keys with the tips of my fingers, drew his burden from him. Then I let myself out into the garden, and ran long, fearing in my folly that the dead man still followed me.

CHAPIER XIX.—I FOLLOW ISRAEL WOLF.

I CAME into the garden, I say ; fear of the plague driving me rather than the fear of the King's men. But the strength and cool of the air soon brought me to sense ; and if they were not enough, a loud rapping of musket-butts upon the great gate of the house told me very plainly how I stood. I could hear the troopers now, calling loudly to Will Monk to open to them ; while one, strong in voice above the others, bawled that they came in the King's name, and would even find a door for themselves if they were not answered quickly. Well I knew that I had but a minute before I should see them after me in the garden ; yet, though one had held a pistol at my head, I could find no way ; no, nor gate nor wall that was to be climbed. Had the King's house been a prison, they could not have set a stouter fence about it. Everywhere the forbidding barrier of stone raised its spiked head into the gloom of the night above me. I ran this way and that ; now seeking a tree to help me, now thinking that some arbour or cellar might give me hiding, yet got no further—only to this, that I stamped upon the ground in my anger, and swore that I would stab the first who touched me, though my life paid forfeit for the folly. And so resolving I began to run again ; but I had not taken twenty paces when I heard a step behind me, and at the first sound of it I fled with new strength ; now across the lawns, now through the bushes, now back toward the house. Nor was this flight broken until, wanting breath and staggering in my steps, I reeled against a wall ; and waited, dagger in hand, until the man should come up to me.

He came over slowly, one hand held up in warning, the other upon his lantern.

I thought it a strange thing that he did not call out to me ; but he said nothing, only beckoning me to follow him. And so I let him advance until the moon's beams struck upon his face, when I saw that no King's man was after me, but only old Israel, and

he wanting breath to speak. Never did the Lord send pursuer so welcome.

"Oh, Israel Wolf," cried I, running out to him gladly, "cursed be the night when I have turned from thee! Dost hear the troopers beating upon the door? Thou wilt help me, Israel?"

His answer was a single word spoke low.

"Follow," he said; and with this command he led me swift through the garden, until he stood at the very foot of the green where the grounds run out into the lap of the hollow. There was here an old flight of stone steps, much chipped; but they appeared to lead nowhere, except it were to the wall, in which no door was to be seen. I had never looked for a harbourage in such a spot though I had lived for a hundred years; but Master Wolf went without halt to the steps, and ran down them. I observed now that a pick, such as masons use, stood ready at the foot of the flight; and this in hand, my guide began to lay some heavy blows upon the face of the stone; and at the third stroke he found an iron ring, which was nothing less than the ring of a trap let in flush with the buttress, like a shutter in the frame of a window. To open the trap was work beyond ordinary; but we pulled hard upon it together; and presently it fell with some noise and a great flying of dust and rubbish. Then I saw beyond it the mouth of a black hole which, had I not soon proved it otherwise, I might have named the mouth of a well.

All this was quick work, you may be sure; but to me, who heard the clamour which the King's men were now making at the outer gate, it seemed like the thing of a day rather than of a minute. Often I besought Master Wolf that he would hasten; but he gave me no answer other than that of his acts, which were as well ordered as the acts of a man sipping his ale in a tavern. Once he had the trap down he knew well what he was doing; and the dust scarce settled before his lantern swung in the hole which he had laid bare, and he himself made ready to follow the light.

"Now, Master Hugh," he cried, while he let himself into the well and began to go down with steps which showed me that he trod the rungs of a ladder, "a long good-night to yon brawlers. Make sure that your courage comes down here with you, for Heaven knows if there be a stranger place in all Middlesex. You will find the iron rings at your heel if you do but follow me. 'Tis better at the worst than the company of the devils who wait yonder. And once passed, the day shall find us beyond Barnet. God's word, they must have broke the gate!

Dost hear them bawling for Will Monk? 'Tis odd if they can wake him to-night!

His laugh was a thing rusted with long disuse, and very harsh to hear. I had a shudder upon me when he spake of them waking Will Monk; but it passed at once, for I was well assured that the King's men were now in the courtyard, and that life was to be had or lost upon the moment. Nay, I watched him descend with greedy eyes, and discovered immediately that the hole went deep into the ground, having slimy walls and stones upon which creeping things moved, and a tangle of roots thrusting themselves from the nooks and crannies. All this the lantern showed me, and when it had dropped so far down that it was but a twinkling star in the depths, I heard Israel call to me to shut the trap and follow him. Nor were ten seconds ticked before I stood beside him, to find myself at the mouth of a narrow archway which seemed to lead into the very bowels of the earth.

It was a place to awe a bolder man than Hugh Peters, being dark beyond any cellar that I have known, and chill with the damp of the clammy earth, and very full of lizards and great worms and horned beetles, which were scared by the light and running blindly. Here and there water dripped upon the slimy floor, which was soft and oozy like to the floor of a water-pit; while the air came very weighty and went hot to the lungs, so that we were hard put to it to get our breath. Had any other than Israel Wolf guided me, I would the sooner have faced the troopers than embarked upon such an emprise; but wherever the man walked there courage followed. I stood by him with the trust that a child may place in his father, saying that he surely knew. Yet was I not one whit the wiser as to the plan he had; nor did I see what safety we had gotten from hiding in such a well, when the first walk round the garden must bring the troopers to the trap; of which I made mention, but he silenced me at once, hurrying me on into the tunnel, and saying that all was now well.

"Yon rogues may bark now an it please them, Master Hugh," cried he, holding the lantern high above his head that I might guard my steps. "The night is ours, and when the day shall come, we will have horses under us. There are but three men in Hampstead that know of this place; yet I will wager there is none other beside Israel Wolf who would venture it. Dost hear water falling? It is the burn which runs from Highgate, and we are even about to cross it."

"Well," said I, pressing close upon his

heels, though I had a great dread of the living things and of the darkness, "why should they not follow us here, Israel? Where two have come, ten may search. Surely they will find the trap?"

"Sir," said he, "this is no night for words. Give me but a half hour, and I will listen like a scholar. You ask me why they may not follow—yonder is my answer."

He bent down very low now, and showed me the mouth of a well, exceeding large and dark and green with slime. A single plank spanned the orifice; and when he let his lantern a little way down into the hole, I saw water flowing swiftly; the spray of it being like a foam of jewels, the song of it like voices afar and murmuring.

"The burn is here, master," cried Israel the while he knelt that he might prove the condition of the bridge. "It runs below our feet, and our path lies across it. If you love your life, do not breast the plank until I am over. It may even be that it will break; in which event, you are like to call long for Israel Wolf and to find him dumb. Nay, none will make less merry if I be gone. And hark ye, they are behind us at the trap."

It was as he said. We could hear in the tunnel behind us the sound of heavy blows falling upon the wood; and great as was my fear for the life of him I had learned to love, I had no word when he began to cross the plank upon his hands and knees. But every quiver and bend of it set my nerves twitching, and I scarce dared to breathe until I saw that it held him. It was a mighty relief to me when he stood up, clear to be seen, on the opposite side, and bade me cross as he had done. At any other time I would the sooner have cut off my hand than have trod a bridge so frail; but I knew that the troopers were already in the tunnel, and I thought of them rather than of the foul place below me when I clung to the plank and began to breast it. And I was the heavier man, I make sure; for the wood wormed and twisted beneath me at every step, and there was no moment when I did not see the flowing water and the walls of green slime, and even rats of monstrous size running in and out between the crevices of the bricks. Indeed, I said to myself often that I must surely fall, and I remember that my mind would picture for me the terror of lying down there with the filthy water flowing upon my face, and the rats touching my flesh, and all the weed and dirt upon my hands; for the lantern showed these things very clearly, and Israel's cry that I should hasten was ever dinning in my ears.

"For God's sake be a little quicker, Master

Hugh!" exclaimed he at last; and then: "Surely they tread the tunnel now"; or again: "Hold up thy hands, the plank gives." These things he said; while I felt the wet wood doubling at my weight, and became aware all on the instant that it was breaking with me. God!—it was to die a cruel death that I should fall into the darkness of the well.

The plank went, I say, with a great crash. So sudden was it, that I threw up my arms, crying pitifully to Israel that he should not let me fall. Then I seemed to be held in mid-air; and I swung to and fro in the abyss, seeing nothing but the face of Israel with the dim light shining upon it, and knowing not that he had caught my hand and so held me. Presently, a grip like the grip of an iron ring upon my arm spake his message; and inch by inch, with a fearful wrenching in the socket of my shoulder and an overwhelming terror of the pit blinding me, I was drawn to the bank. Nor was I up upon the ground before two troopers appeared at the head of the tunnel, and called to us that we should stand.

"In the King's name," cried the first that came up. But him old Israel answered with a bullet; and when he fired his pistol, it seemed to me that thunders shook the pit and that all the air was full of smoke.

"In the King's name," repeated Master Wolf, mocking him very merrily. "Ay, surely, that is a name we know; and we will even answer your call when you shall bring us a bridge for the pit, my friend. Dost need to wash thyself?—there is water below if you do but stoop to find it. I give you good-night, master."

His full laugh rang round and sonorous in the pit; but the man gave shot for shot, and brought a sod from the ceiling above us; which quickened our steps better than any fiddler's music. I was by no means recovered from my great fright; though fear is a fine surgeon, and fear it was which kept me at Master Wolf's heels while he ran on through the tunnel, and soon was beyond either shot or hearing. For a hundred paces, it may be, we continued to go down, the path being rough and steep beneath us; but when we had accomplished so much, we came upon a little pool of water, and this deepened so quickly that it ran above our ankles almost before my eyes had seen it.

"Think nothing of it, lad," said Israel, turning to me to be sure that I had kept close. "'Tis but a swill at the worst, and will not touch thy knees—at least, it should be so, if it stands as it did in the Lord-General's day. We will give thee dry clothes

directly, when we find Master Ford at the birling of the wine. Ay, for a truth, the night is near done."

With this he took my hand to lead me; but soon we learnt that the passage was changed since he had last trod it, for the water came above our knees at the third step, and we had not made twenty paces when it flowed about our waists.

"God send that I have brought thee to no trap!" cried Israel, holding the lantern to observe what lay before us. "Never did I hear of a flood in the hollow of the vale. Canst swim, Master Peters?"

I told him that I had never done such a thing in all my life, which was poor help to his intention; but presently he had heart for it, and began to go on again.

"Shouldst lose thy legs, put hand upon my shoulder, if thou dost not fear to touch me as most do," he cried; and so saying, he walked boldly forward, and the water ran up to our breasts and went near to carrying us off our feet. What was worse, there was no shallowing of it then, for every step we took landed us the deeper in it; so that it came at length even to flow cold about my chin, and I called out to him that I was done with.

Fear of water brings panic quick to them that have no skill in it. I might live long, yet never forget that moment when I stood with head bent back and little waves flowing upon my mouth; while old Israel besought me not to clutch him, and for answer I did but hold to him the more. I could see the roof of the tunnel very plainly then—the loathsome spiders upon it, the weeds hanging green, the beetles running. I knew that we were down, as it were, in the very depths of the earth, and I told myself that far above us there was moonlight shining upon the meadows, and the sweet night air, and the great sky in which the stars roll. Nor did I wonder any more that men feared the grave exceedingly; so dread was the thought of being shut down there whence no cry could pass out, no, nor sob be heard, nor voice of man be answered. It seemed to me that God had willed it that I should die in the pit, with the water for my shroud and the rats to keep vigil, and the eternal silence in my ears. No longer had I any mastery of my reason, but clung to Master Wolf; and he, beseeching me, even striking me, was all the while struggling for his foothold, so that we went under at last together, and our lantern was soused, and the very dark of death enveloped us.

We went down, I say, like stones into the pit; and we struggled together, it might

have been for minutes, while the water ran cold in my windpipe and began to gurgle in my throat. I had never known a worse hurt; and whenever they talk now of the pleasures of them who get their death by drowning, that night comes back to me in clear remembrance. For never did I lose the right use of my senses the whole time—and God knows how long that was—we struggled in the hole. Once, indeed, I had foot upon the earth, and so got an instant of delay, during which my arm-pits rose above the surface of the pool; and I beheld Israel, still thrusting me from him. Yet was it but an instant before the water was in my ears again, roaring there like the fall of some mighty cataract. And this time I thought it to be the end; for it were as though I had knives in my right side, and every breathing was a new hurt.

I thought it to be the end, God witness, and such it was, though not such an end as I had looked for. That very weakness which now came upon me was my saviour, since it compelled me to let go of Israel, and thereby to give him his freedom. How he did it I know not. He has said ever that I, in my violent fears, pushed him headlong upon the shallows; but of this I remember nothing, only that I thought myself to be gone, and was astonished presently to find that I lived still, though the pain in my side was hardly to be borne, and the noise in my ears was like that of a bee buzzing. Whichever way it was, we came to our feet again most miraculously, as I shall tell to my dying day; and when we had both rested face downward to the earth, that the water might run out of us, I heard old Israel speak.

"Canst see to touch me, lad?" he asked.

I searched for my voice and found it, though it had the sound of a worn fife, high and tremulous in the darkness.

"Ay, Israel," cried I. "God be praised, I feel thy hand."

"Then let me help thee to thy feet," said he; "yonder is the light of the inn."

I raised my head, and saw far away like the glow of a lantern in the passage, an aureole of light shining from above straight down into the tunnel. It was the light from the kitchen of the tavern at Finchley; and ten minutes after we had seen it, Parson Ford was filling me a cup of steaming ale, the while Gideon carried my clothes to be dried at the fire.

CHAPTER XX.—NORTHWARD UPON THE GREAT ROAD.

THEY had been waiting for us at the stair's head; and now when we came

up, all dripping like dogs, and green with the slime of the water, they held their tongues, and were the busier thereby to give us those comforts of which we had such pressing need. There is a picture in my mind to this day of the parson stirring a great wassail bowl of ale by the kitchen fire, while the tavern man's dame ran hither and thither, beseeching us that we should not bring the soldiers down upon her house; for, she said, she was a poor woman and had lost her son already of the sickness. But a guinea placed beneath the candle's light brought her quickly to another mind; and when old Israel and I were blanketed at her hearth, and our clothes hung in the ingle, she forgot that any soldiers were so much as abroad that night. Not so the parson, whose first word was one which bade us hasten.

"Hugh, my lad," said he, doing this and that and everybody's business beside, "I shall be a very old man when I forget this night—ay, and so much upon my tongue that a second glass would not see me through it; but Israel has told thee?"

I gave him an ay, between my sips at the ale; and Israel made the word good.

"Master Ford," said he, "an you give us a discourse, we are surely lost. 'Tis but a mile from here to the King's house. Does any man point the road to them, we may look for the troopers before the hour is struck."

"Ay," chimed in old Gideon, "trust my master to salt the pork when it would be the better plain; but ye must know that we have the watchers out. That gives ye the start of them by ten minutes, and the horses ready, Master Israel."

"'Tis good," said Israel, turning his coat with his own hands; "give me but a meadow for my grace, and I will find a horse to gallop any King's beast in the county. Do you bear news, Master Ford?"

The parson drew a chair to the fire very methodically. When he had filled himself a glass of ale he began to tell us.

"I have news," said he, in the manner of one reckoning how much he should disclose. "I have news, Israel; and first it is of my lady. She has gone to Potter's Bar, as we heard. Unless the Lord shall see fit



"I HAVE NEWS, ISRAEL; AND FIRST IT IS OF MY LADY."

to make us his ministers, she will be a wife before two Sabbaths are fled."

"She being, as none can deny, the wife of him that I have loved from my youth up," cried old Gideon, with very poor manners as I thought. But Parson Ford was not put out at this.

"Hugh," he said, turning to me—and it was wonderful how civil they all spoke to me after they heard of the strange thing at Warboys—"Hugh, I know well now that thy tale is no lad's boast. But of this they have told thee, since my letter spoke of Tom Honeydew's confession. Would to God that we had other proof to stand between my lady and the sin she is coming to presently!"

"Master Ford," exclaimed I very eagerly, "what proof is needed beyond the witness of him that married us? Will he not speak before other men even as he spoke before you?"

"Nay," said the parson, setting down the glass quickly; "Tom Honeydew will never

speak again, my lad. He died of the sickness yesterday."

It was a cruel word for me to hear, coming like a thunderbolt upon my new-gotten hopes. I could say nothing to them for a long while; and we were all very silent in the room. When the parson spoke again, he laid his hand upon my own, as though he would have softened the hurt.

"Hugh," said he, "I cannot think that the Lord has put the cup to thy lips to snatch it from thee by the death of this man. And so I bid thee ride to Potter's Bar, if it be that thou canst come there without harm. I have writ a letter for thee to my lady. Should she marry when that is read, then indeed is she a wanton and no worthy wife to any man. More we cannot do. For who would listen to our story? and how mayest thou tell that story with a price upon thy head and all the world protesting that thou art a spy come out of France on the French King's business? Nay, we have nothing but our exhortation, and what is the worth of that to a woman who has the mind for a man?"

This was very true, though you must know that Parson Ford was the last man in all the town to speak of a woman's whim; he, I swear, never having so much as pressed the hand of one. Nevertheless he reasoned with some sense, and this intention that I should ride to Potter's Bar was very pleasing to me. "I shall at least be near her," said I to myself. "It may be, shall talk with her." And this was no little thing to one who had thought to be carried soon out of his own country, and set where he might never dare to remember the old time and all the sweetness of it. In which spirit I thanked the parson, and said that I was only too ready to ride whensoever he wished. Thereafter, and with much talk, an hour passed, and our clothes were fit for our backs again, though still very wet and like to give us pains.

It was at this time that the parson promised me that he himself would come to Potter's Bar when the Sabbath was over; the night being that of Saturday, and the needs of his poor people, whom the sickness was killing beyond number, detaining him so long in London.

"When I come, Hugh," said he, "there shall be no gloved word found; no, nor want of plain speaking—it may be at the very Lord's table where they marry her. She should be at Potter's Bar ere this. You may trust old Israel to carry a letter to her, though God grant that she does not look upon his face. She had a maid of the name of Kitty with her when she set out from Whitehall. It would be a service to hold me in the

remembrance of the wench. Dost mind, lad?—no great affection of the message, but just the word that Parson Ford has not forgot little Kitty, and some day would speak with her again. That would be at eve to-morrow, when thy own business is done. Thou wilt not fail to let me know of this, lest, perchance, my coming be delayed and Monday find me still within the bar at Aldgate?"

I told him that I would do his bidding very faithfully; and when he had given me the letter and we were agreed to lie in the woods by Barnet until opportunity was found of putting the writing into the hand of her whose name it bore, a man came running in from the hill-top to say that the troopers were now gone galloping toward Hornsey; though whether they would turn presently and come by our road he could not tell. At which we bustled out of the house very quickly, and so stood in the great road which runs all the way from London to the city of York, and further than that, as the tale goes. There I took farewell of the parson, thanking him for all he had done; but he would hear none of it, saying again—for he forgot that he had said it already—

"My lady had a maid by the name of Kitty with her when she set out. If it can be done conveniently, and thou wouldst recall me to her mind—just a word of remembrance, Hugh—I would be grateful to thee."

I told him that I would, being careful to put him to no shame; and when it was said, I answered old Israel, and sprang upon the horse they had found for me. Many a farewell I waved to them, and long after their voices had died away I saw the twinkling lights of the tavern and the figure of my master very plain to be seen in the middle of the road.

And, God knows, my heart was light because so many had learned to love Hugh Peters.

CHAPTER XXI.—WE PASS THE MAN IN THE WAGGON.

IT was very dark when we struck the Great North Road. A mount of storm-cloud hung heavy above the hill at Hampstead, and I could see the lamps of the village behind us like stars upon the hillside; but the air was full of the omen of storm, and anon the heavens began to tremble and to be flecked with rushing fires. Fast as we went—and never was man better served than I with the shapely horse they had found me—the tempest drew upon us, covering up all the open fields of the heaven; so that it left at last but a great arc in the east;

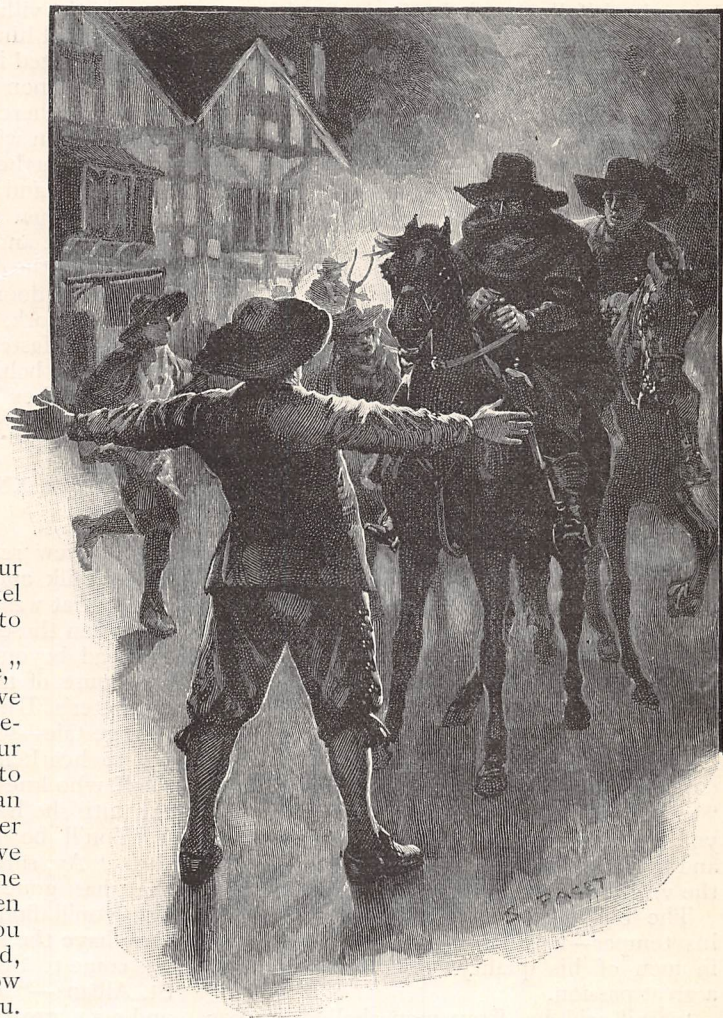
and soon that was hidden by the accumulation of the vapours. Anon big drops of rain began to pit upon the docks at the hedge's foot. I felt them upon my hand and saw them glistening about my holsters; but upon my face they did not come, so well did the great hat I wore give protection to my eyes.

Storm ever carries foreboding in its path; and though we had no good ground of complaint because darkness thus came down to shield us, old Israel and I were tongue-tied for the first half hour after we had ridden away from the inn. And I was well content that he should point the road, I following at his heels, and always within pistol-shot of him. There were few abroad at such an hour, though we passed, it may have been, twenty waggons before we came to the inn where the junction of the roads is; and once we hopped upon a coach with a nobleman asleep inside it, and his man stretched out upon the grass in the ditch. But at the junction we saw lights and heard the clamour of voices; so much so that Israel checked his horse and began to look about for me.

"Were it any other time," said he, when I rode up; "we would put the meadow between yon brawlers and our selves. But I make bold to like their company better than that of the soldiers, Master Hugh. If it please you, we will steal upon them at the walk, and then go by when they least look for us. You have pistol in your holster, and, I doubt not you will know how to use it if any molest you. Maybe 'tis some matter of the sickness which brings them from their beds; and do we but go cautiously, we shall pass observation."

He held in his horse with a firm hand now, and we rode up to the tavern so stealthily that none of the shouting rogues heard us at the first. For the matter of that, they were too deep in contemplation of a spectacle which only such a time could show them. I observed when I came up that a great

waggon was drawn before the door of the tavern, while a man within the waggon begged some favour of the men who stood round about him—a favour which they denied, for they threatened him with their cudgels and hayforks; and beyond that, they had lit a great fire in the street of the village, the better to keep the plague from them. Nor



"HE BADE MASTER WOLF STAND" (p. 800).

could I imagine, upon the instant, why they charged this man with a wish to carry the death to them; but presently I saw the body of him that had driven the waggon lying huddled by the forewheel, and the ropes, which were his reins, yet lay between his fingers. It was plain then that he had fallen from his seat at the very moment of his passing the junction, and having died

with no grace—as so many did in that year of the visitation—all the villagers came running out to tell one another that they would have the spots upon them next day, and that here was the harbinger of their misfortunes. With which thought, I imagine, they lit the fires and prevented the master of the man coming down from his waggon.

This was how the thing stood at the moment when we rode up. The man begged pitifully for help, both for his servant and for himself; the people of the place answered him with a threat of instant death if he did not at once quit their village and take the body of the other with him. So strong were they in the argument that our horses were at their very backs before they knew it; and I had told myself already that we should pass them without hurt when a burly fellow, bigger than the others, unfortunately caught sight of us and began to cry out that we had ridden in from London, and must surely be folks tainted with the pestilence. At which he ran after us, and stretching out his arms very wide like the sails of a mill, he bade Master Wolf stand.

"Sir," said he, "I am the Constable of Finchley, and I forbid you passage by this road."

"Sir," answered Master Wolf very civilly, "we thank you for your words, and will even commit them to our memories. How say you, the Constable of Finchley? God's truth, you enjoy no sweating employment, my master. I may even make bold to tell you that you grow fat in it."

The man was very angry, and protested upon it.

"Sir," ventured he, "do you ride over the King's Constable?"

"Ay, surely," exclaimed Master Wolf, "over two of them if there be the need. Do you but lie down the tick of a clock, good sir, and my horse shall so deal with you that all the village must cry out upon your slimness."

The big man, who had little command of his temper—a thing I have observed often in men of his quality—now burst out into a great passion.

"Sir," said he, "my men shall carry you to the pound upon the spot. Do you mock the law, sir?—God be my witness, I am the law—and no plague-stricken town-man shall pass through Finchley while I draw breath."

"Sir," said Master Wolf, still very civilly, "as for your drawing breath, I doubt not it is always a labour to you—and hark ye, as for your law, I mind it no more than the crack of a nut. You talk of the sickness. Know, then, that I have left seven dead in the house I come from. Nay, you will find the spots

upon my own body, as I will show you an I come back from York. The best of the night to you, master. 'Tis like to prove hard on God's earth when they shall dig a hole to put you in."

With this he let his cloak drop upon his shoulders, and when the Constable saw his face—which was, as I have said often, the ugliest face man ever wore—he turned tail upon the instant, crying out that a devil had come to the village. At the same time Master Wolf tipped him a blow with his booted foot, and so planted it upon his flank that he lay sprawling upon his hand and knees, while all the lads gathered round and shouted out that he was taken with the pains.

We, nevertheless, made haste to ride out of the village, and we had not got very far upon our road when the fields began to be shaped to our view, and a world created at the first winging of the dawn—as though the Lord had opened the door of heaven to look down upon His handiwork. And so we made the hill at Barnet: Master Wolf content because the danger lay behind us; I glad as never man was, since they had put me upon the road to see my lady again.

CHAPTER XXII.—MY LADY CALLS FROM THE WOOD.

WE drew rein in Barnet to beg a cup of milk and a loaf of bread from a hag that was abroad so soon as the dawn; and when these were gotten, we asked her of the road beyond the town, and especially to the house of my Lord of Quinton, which lay at Potter's Bar. For answer she told us a strange tale—so strange that I was of a mind not to hearken to her at all. But Master Wolf, who knew of these things, lent a ready ear until she had done.

"You'll be from London, masters," said she. "Ay, surely, 'tis many of your quality that has gone by here this summer long. But you'll find no road to-day, hark ye, for they have the sickness in Potter's Bar, and it has come to Stabans"—by which she meant St. Albans—"so that they let no more pass; and even great dames must lie in the woods like cattle until their health be proved. But yesternight, there came one in here to tell us that my Lord of Quinton had three sick men in his house, and was gone away to Oxford. God have mercy upon us all, I say. 'Tis the judgment of heaven, masters, the great and dreadful day. Oh, woe to them that have bairns—as I have! Who shall give them bread when I be gone? Ay, Lord that I have lived to see the year!"

She fell to sobbing, like many a woman did

in those times, even upon little provocation ; but we had no ears for her distress, only for the news she told of sickness in my Lord of Quinton's house. Of this we talked while we rode away to the woods of Hadleigh, wherein we meant to lie awhile, and eat our bread, and sleep if that might be.

"I will not hold it from you, Master Hugh," said Israel, "that this times ill with my intention, which was to carry Master Ford's letter to Potter's Bar this very night. Yet if the Earl be gone away, then surely will there be no spousals of my lady before the second Sabbath, unless it prove that she be gone with him, and they are all at Oxford now. Of that we must learn presently. Until the time be come you shall lie in the woods here while I pass on to the village, and gather what I may in gossip. It is possible that this hag speaks truth, and that the road is barred. But they will never look to find Hugh Peters at a bivouac, and I make sure it is for you safety."

"Israel," said I, "whatever your wish is, let that be done. God knows, my head has been a-wandering since you brought me out of the King's house at Hampstead. I am like a lad newly come to his play and troubled to know what game he may put his hand to first. But in all I do, your love for me is never to be forgot. Nay, I know not why you love me so, Master Wolf."

"Sir," said he very quietly, "'twere odd if one who may never know what it is to get a child of his own should not answer when a son be found for him. Never spake they a gentle word to me in the old time, Master Hugh. As God hears, the mother who bore me was the only one who did not turn from the man with the devil's face. You talk of that which I have done for you. Ill indeed if my service end there. I am the sucked orange, master ; but let them who cast the skin away beware lest they trip upon it. I speak of one who is hated by you. The Lord send that I reckon with him soon."

This was a word beyond my understanding ; but we had ridden up to the edge of the wood now, and we saw that a guard of warders was set round it to make sure that those who passed in did not come out again until a bill of health was given to them. They told us very plainly that we might enter if we willed, but said they : "Sirs, the Lord knows when leave will be given you to go forth." None the less were our minds fixed upon the purpose, and so we passed them, old Israel making bold to whisper in my ear that, had he the mind, he would ride over fifty of them for a cup of ale.

We were in the heart of the woods now,

and ever and anon we saw tents such as soldiers use, pitched in the glades and groves and sheltered places ; or the carriages of rich folk, made for the nonce habitations wherein the great dwelt. By here and there trees painted with red crosses were to be observed ; these being tokens that some poor creatures lay dead of the plague beneath the sods. All of which made us exceeding sorrowful ; but being come, we must on ; and presently we entered a little glade, like to a bower beneath a wide-spreading beech, and watered by a rill which was very fresh and sparkling as though it bubbled up from some hidden spring. Here we tethered our horses, and having drunk a long draught at the brook, we ate our bread and then would to sleep ; for the day fell mighty hot, and even in the shade the air came scorching to the lungs.

Fatigue lay upon me then like a burden. My limbs ached with the riding ; I had the dust of the road in my eyes ; yet was this very fatigue in some sort a pleasure ; and never, I vow, was I better pleased than when I stretched my limbs upon the turf, and felt the soft grass beneath my head. Nor was I conscious of the moment of losing sense, or of my coming to it again. I remember that I lay watching a green canopy of leaves above my head, and that I thought the sun to be very white and large in his orb as I viewed him between the branches, and then for a little while I did not see him ; but opening my eyes once more, I beheld the same thatch of leaves, but no sun. A great cool was in the air now, the chill of the early night, and all the woods were red with the shining lights of the setting sun. For my part, I was stiff and cold with my sleep, and I turned round to speak to Master Wolf, wishing to know if he waked. But he was not there, and a loud call brought me no answer from the neighbouring thickets. I made sure then that he had gone out toward the village of Potter's Bar, that thereby he might get the tidings ; and when I had waited a little while, I ventured to walk some way—but not very far—from the horses, still calling him.

I had walked thus it might have been a hundred paces from the glade before any voice answered mine. Indeed, I was upon the point of turning back again, when, from a bush upon my right hand, I heard someone call very merrily, "Master Wolf, Master Wolf." And my surprise is to be imagined when, turning round sharply, I beheld my lady herself, habited still for riding, but very white and dusted in her dress, and laughing at me—ay, as though I played some Merry Robin in the wood, and she was mighty pleased with it.

"Master Wolf, Master Wolf," she mocked again; and the wench who was with her taking up the cry, they fell to laughing like a pair of schoolgirls, though not unkindly, for presently she came out of the thicket and held out both her hands to me.

"Oh, surely," said she, "here is my friend."



"I PUT THE PAPERS TOGETHER."

Hugh, come a-camping to Hadleigh. Foolish boy, to be abroad at such time; and yet, upon my word, Master Hugh, I am very pleased to see you."

I bent and kissed her hands; and it seemed to me in that moment that the forest was my Eldorado, and that the earth and sky and waters were aflame with the lights from the golden city.

CHAPTER XXIII.—I WITHHOLD THE LETTER.

MY lady withdrew her hands from mine presently, and turned to walk a little way through the woods with me. There were a hundred things upon my tongue, both questions and answers, but to my discomfort I found none of them ready; and as for the letter which Parson Ford had written, it lay against my breast like a burning parchment. Nor was she any the readier to put off the restraint between us; but she walked with a slow step, and stooped often to pick the buttercups while she walked. Only the serving-jade was merry, and to her I spoke first.

"How do they call you, girl?" asked I.

"If it please you, sir," said she, laughing the while very sly and cunning, "if it please you, sir, you shall call me as you will."

"But that pleases me ill," said I; "surely your name is Kitty?"

"'Twas so at my baptism, master," said she; "yet I have been called so many names since then that I am become like a hound who answers to the whistle. Do you but whistle ever so gently, sir, you shall find me at your bidding."

"Nay," cried I, "that is no office of mine; if any must pucker his lips, let it be Master Ford, who has done it often, I doubt not."

The wench tossed her head at this; though she could not hide from me her cheeks, which were red as rosy apples. As for my lady, she began to laugh very merrily.

"Oh," said she, "and what is this of Master Ford?"

"God knows," I answered, "save that he would stand well in the remembrance of your maid whose name is Kitty. Yet if this be the wench or another I am at a loss to tell, mistress."

The jest put us upon a good footing of talk, and when the girl had run away from our laughter I turned to my lady to speak of more serious things.

"Marjory," said I, "odd that we two should walk together in the woods again, like boy and girl born dumb. They told me you were gone away to Oxford—upon what errand I may not say."

She walked a little further in silence, keeping her eyes away that I might not read them.

"Hugh," said she, of a sudden turning round and looking me full in the face, "is there anything in the grove here which brings a day of the old time back to you?"

"Oh," cried I, standing stock-still upon the instant, though the blood was hot in my

head, and my tongue trembled with expectation—"oh, my lady, if it be the day of which you speak, then do I remember it well. For it was a day upon which two children, childish in their years, yet grown man and woman in their love, played together in the arbour by the fish-pond of Warboys. And there they builded a little house for themselves, and prayed that the light of God might shine upon a home of theirs; and that going henceforth together upon the way of life, they might find a world of their affections, neither narrow nor sunless, a world which should be peopled with the children of their pledge and outlast the plainer day of life, and be a world to them through all their years. Oh, well do I remember that day, mistress, for I have dreamed of it often in the times of my banishment, and my misted tears have shown it to me again as a picture painted upon a window that is perished and broken. Many a time over the voice of the tempest and the cries of them that hunted me, have I heard the words 'whom God has joined together let no man put asunder.' Nay, how should I forget that day while life be still mine to remember?"

We had come very close together by this; and in my heat of speaking—for I had a wondrous tenderness toward her in that moment—I found that I had somehow got her hand again. Nor did she resist me now, only uplifting to mine a face rosy with a flush, yet sad still in the eyes, as though doubt lingered to plague her.

"It is your whole wish to be bound by that pledge you gave?" she asked coyly.

"Marjory," whispered I, "let me first ask thee, hast thou no desire to remember the day we think of?"

She did not speak at once, but her trembling fingers began to unknot the lace about her throat; and I, seeing what she would do, helped her, so that presently her pretty white neck was laid bare, and I beheld an amulet of gold there, shaped like a little golden box. This she had the will to open, but so much did her fingers tremble that she could not get at the catch; and it was long before our clumsy efforts caused the lid to fly up and the contents to be shown. When at last we came by them, they proved nothing but two dirty scraps of paper.

"There," cried she, bidding me take them, "is there any thought of that in thy memory of the day, Hugh?"

I put the papers together, and when I had read them not once but twenty times, there was no more surprised man in all England than Hugh Peters. For that which she had kept about her neck so long was the leaf of the book which Tom Honeydew had torn the

day he married us; and there was written upon it his testimony that we were man and wife, not only in the eyes of God but of the law.

Long I held the paper like a precious thing, scarce daring to look at little Marjory now, or to speak all my thoughts. When release came to me, I made swift to take her in my arms, wherein I held her as though never more should she escape that embrace. Nor was she coy in the moment—nay, nor unwilling, for she lifted her lips to mine, and our arms linking us together, we remembered that we were man and wife, and forgot all else in the entrancing pleasure which was ours—the gladness of the new day which had risen upon our enduring night.

The sun was almost sunk in the west before we two found our tongues again. A fringe of crimson light yet hovered above the horizon, painting it with fiery colours; yet from these the gold now began to fade, leaving but the dull pink hues and, above them, the sober greys of evening time. In the woods themselves the birds had already gone to roost; and only the cry from some camper's tent, or the wail of the sick, or the blast of a horn away by the northern road broke in upon the stillness of the hour. As for myself, I dared not to speak of present things. It had all come upon me with such bewildering suddenness; I was so surprised by it that I knew not whether I imagined it or did indeed hold my little wife within my arms. Well had I been content to sit there until the sun came up glowing in the heavens again; but my lady, who was ever quick and clever beyond me, soon made haste to remind me how things stood with us, and in what a place of peril we found ourselves.

"Hugh," said she, drawing a little way back from me, but continuing to hold my hands, "dear husband, what folly is this that we sit here together forgetting all we have to do and all the hurt others would do for us! Any hour they may bring them to look for me—both my brother and he who bears thee little love."

"Ay," said I, "that is well thought of; yet I know not, little Marjory, how it comes that thou art in the woods of Hadleigh at all. They said that thou wert ridden away to Oxford, and, God knows, I did not wish to hear that."

She was silent awhile after this, but presently she lifted her pretty eyes to mine, and began to tell me all that had happened, and to speak more fully of our lives than ever she had done since we were met again.

"Hugh," she asked, "what have they told thee of Sir Nathaniel and myself?"

"Oh," cried I, "that is soon answered. All the world said that thou wert ridden away

to Potter's Bar to marry him in the house of thy brother, the Earl."

She laughed at the tale, but a little sadly, as though it were no matter for the jest.

"They told thee that," said she. "How well the world loves a lie when a woman is to be hurt thereby! Didst hearken to them, Hugh?"

"Nay," said I, "there was none to speak for thee."

"And my acts told thee nothing? Oh! what a simple boy is this who plays a man's game with the eyes of a little lad! Dost not see, Hugh, that I have set my wits against him who came from France that I might hold him silent until the King's pardon could be had for thee? Nay, I will not say that I have not liked him a little, for he wears very pretty manners, and long I thought he meant well to thee. Nevertheless, if they have reported that it would go to such an end, they talked ill. Hast never stopped to remember that Captain Goulding is newly out of Paris, wherefrom he brings tidings of thy work? Did he but lift a hand, he might send thee to the scaffold. How, then, should I seem to be other than his friend, until that day at least when I could get the King's ear and say that thou wert no spy from Paris but a good lad whose sword and heart he might surely count upon? And so for thy safety I was deaf to their gossip. Then came the sickness, and all was undone. The King went to Salisbury, and my brother the Earl, hearing from Tom Honeydew of the jest we had played, sent for me to come to Potter's Bar. I doubt not he likes thee but ill, Hugh, and that thou hast now two enemies in the place of one. Nor may we look any longer for Sir Nathaniel's favour since thou hast broke from his house and gone he knows not whither. They tell me that the Earl has sworn already to kill thee should fortune put you both upon the same road. Nay, dear husband, we are become dreamers again, and the little house we build will surely tumble if thou hast no courage of thy love to carry thee through so many perils. But I am at thy side now; and, God knows, if thou be willing, no danger nor threat shall carry thee from me again."

It was good to hear her speak so, and I thanked her as lovers will with kisses upon her pretty face, ay, even upon her eyes and hair and cheeks, holding her like some precious burden long wished-for but newly gotten; and, Lord, there never once came into my head a thought of the great station she had come to, or of the gulf of place and money that lay between us. But she seemed to be my little Marjory of Warboys again, and as such I spoke to her

"Little wife," said I, "well do you say that I have been blind, and my eyes like a lad's that I have not seen these things nor even dreamed of them. Yet why, if Sir Nathaniel has all this in his mind, did not he leave me to the King's men, who surely would have done his work for him?"

"Oh," exclaimed she, "if thou dost not see that, never hope to be a cunning man, my Hugh, nor to play the game of life as others play it for thee. Surely the King, and those with him who sit like beggars at the doors of Louis of France, fear that thou hast some tidings of their intentions, and will tell them presently to all the world. They fear to bring thee before the judges, Hugh—yet not publicly; so that if any constable puts his hand upon thee, they dare not say him nay. I knew well that thou wast in safety at Windsor from all that were in power there. It was an old trooper of thy acquaintance who went near to undoing thee. But they had set Israel Wolf to watch thy room, and he it was who got thee from the castle. Then Sir Nathaniel made promise that thou shouldst find shelter in his house; and I said once more that it would be a respite for thee until the King could be told. Thereafter I went to Whitehall, but with no success, and must at last speak the word that thou shouldst go to France until thy pardon was to be had."

It was all clear to me now—both her cleverness in the plan and her love for me. But it stung me a little that a woman should be so discerning where I had proved such a witless lad; and I was vexed to silence while she told me how that, her brother having sent for her to Potter's Bar—she not having gone there on any business of the spousals at all—it proved that he had fled from the sickness the day before she rode into the village. And, being frightened by it herself, she rode away again to a cottage in the woods, meaning to rest there until her brother sent a messenger or Sir Nathaniel was come in as he promised.

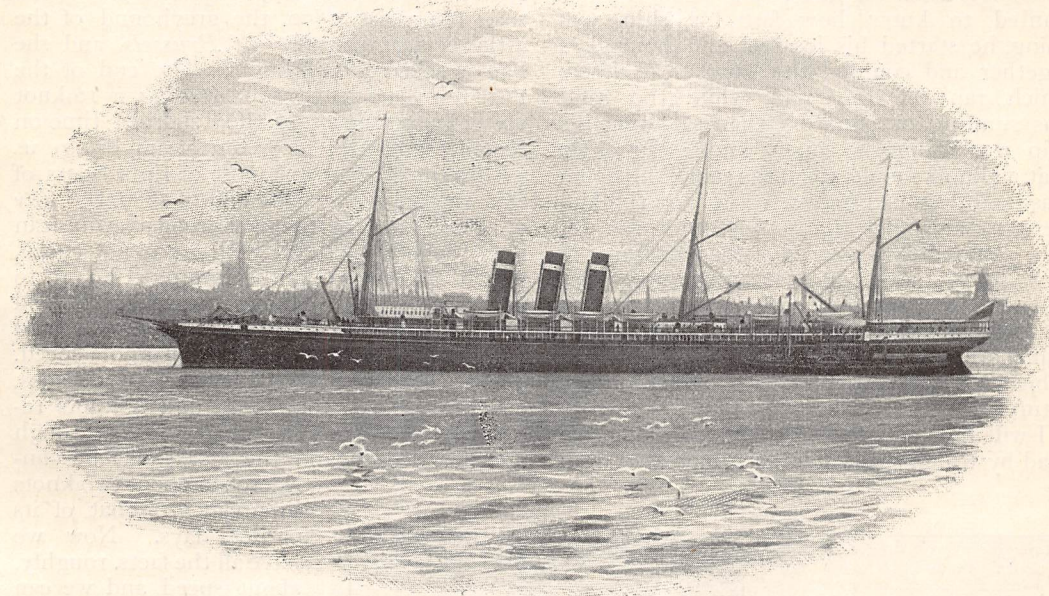
"This is no day to quarrel with them now, Hugh," she said, "but only to plan for the hiding of thee until the day be ripe. I make sure that thou wilt find the Earl no more gentle an enemy than the man of France; and it would be an ill day did they find us here in the woods together. Of all that, however, we will speak when old Israel is come back, for he, I make sure, is thy friend. Let us go hence, dear love, and remember only the morrow of our affection."

She rose at this, and, I holding her hand, we two dreamers went through the woods together.

(To be continued.)

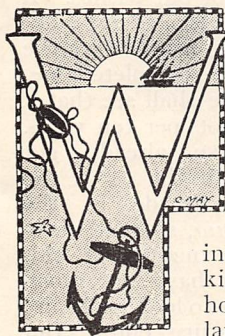
THE ATLANTIC GREYHOUND OF THE FUTURE.

BY J. H. BILES, DESIGNER OF THE *PARIS* AND THE *NEW YORK*.



SS. *PARIS*.

(From a photograph by Frith & Co., Reigate.)



We are always looking to the future and trying to see what it is to bring us. It may be the near future, or it may be the far-away one, but the future is ever in our thoughts.

Now, I have to look into the future to see what kind of Atlantic greyhound, as the modern Atlantic liner is called, it is likely to bring us. Suppose

that you had heard that a new continent had been discovered, in which there were people who had in their own way, and in a different way from ours, made ships and trains and all manner of wonderful inventions. And suppose that someone told us that one of their ships was coming to see us, but had told us nothing about what kind of ship it was, or of what material it was constructed, or how it was propelled. Now, what would you think of me if I offered to describe that ship to you before I had seen it? I don't want to hear your answer, for I am afraid it would not be pleasant; but this is the task which the editor has set me,

I can only draw on a limited imagination for information on this subject, and not on any storehouse of fact, but will try to avoid putting anything forward which is not possible.

Before taking a leap into the dark future, let us look back a little to see the road upon which we have come. It is only in the lifetime of men now living that steamships have regularly crossed the Atlantic. By the word "regularly" I mean that the vessels did their work as a matter of regular routine work, and not as a mere toy boat would do it. These vessels at first travelled at a speed of eight or nine knots. Some of you may not be quite familiar with the meaning of the term "knot" as applied to speed of ships. In the days gone by, when a sailor wanted to find out how fast his ship was sailing or steaming, he took a reel of cord or line, to the end of which was attached a three-cornered flat board. This board was let go over the stern of the ship, and as there was nothing to pull the board through the water but the line on the reel, as soon as the reel was allowed to revolve, the speed at which the line ran off the reel was the speed of the ship, nearly. Now on this cord were knots so spaced that the number of knots which ran off the reel in a given time

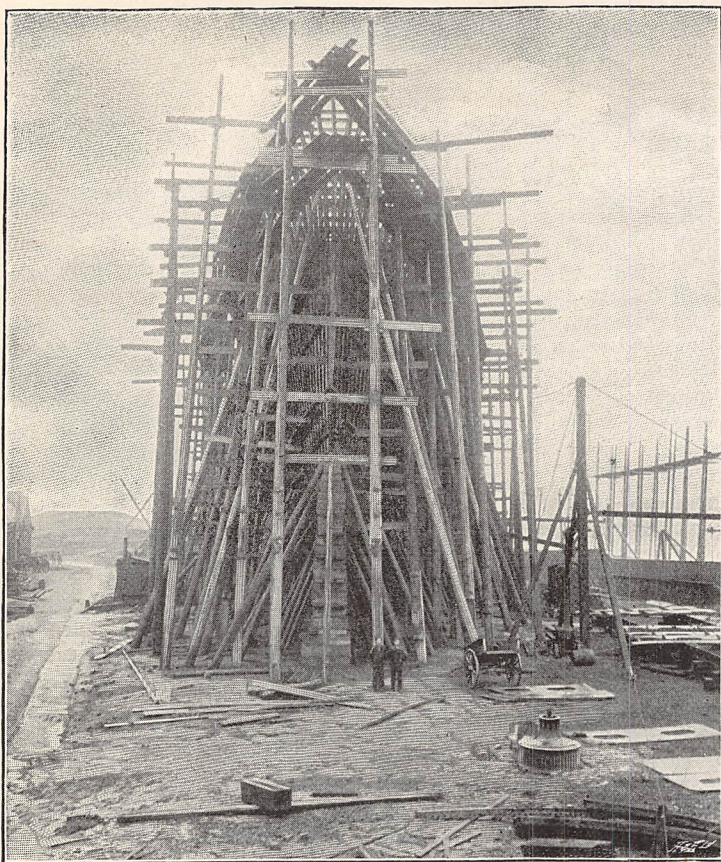
measured the speed of the ship. The given time was that required to run all the sand from one end of a glass to the other. It was called an hour-glass, but it ran itself out in much less than an hour. So when a sailor wanted to know how fast his ship was going, he started his log-reel and hour-glass together and counted the number of knots which ran off the reel while the sand was running out, and he then said that his ship was sailing so many knots. In order that all knots should mean the same, the hour-glass and distances between knots on the line were so arranged that every knot ran off—corresponded to a speed of one nautical mile 6,080 feet—in that time. We now know what is meant by a speed of eight knots. It is a speed of eight times 6,080 feet per hour. This explanation is rather a long way from the subject of the Atlantic greyhound of the future.

I will not take you step by step along the road by which speed has been increased from

8 knots of the first liners to $21\frac{3}{4}$ of the present. At the beginning of the ten years, 1850-60, the Cunard Company had a ship of $11\frac{1}{2}$ knots. At the end of these ten years they had a 13-knot ship. At the end of the next ten years, 1870, the greyhound of the Atlantic was the *City of Brussels*, and she had a speed of $14\frac{1}{2}$ knots. The end of the next ten years leaves the *Arizona*, a 16-knot vessel in possession of the "shortest time on record," and the next ten years brings us within the memory of most of the readers of this MAGAZINE. At the end of 1889, the *City of Paris*, now of the well-known American line, broke the record with a 20-knot speed, which she subsequently improved upon to nearly 21 knots. To-day the record is held by the Cunard steamships, *Campania* and *Lucania*, with a record of $21\frac{3}{4}$ knots speed. Thus we have in the successive decades, advances of $3\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$, and 4 knots respectively. We are half way through another decade, and the speed may be con-

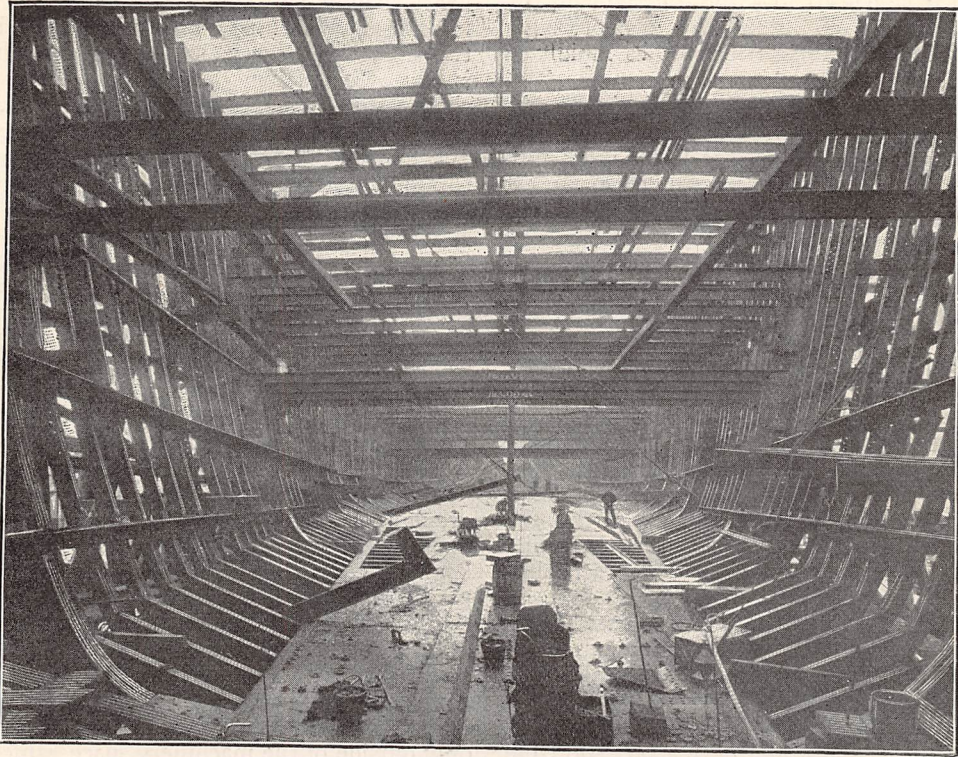
sidered as about two knots in advance of that of its earlier days. Now we have all the facts, roughly, about speed, and we can all take our turn at prophesying, according to our fears or hopes, our whims or our wishes. If we take the average advance in speed over the last five completed decades we shall see that it is $2\frac{1}{2}$ knots per ten years. We have already got nearly all the $2\frac{1}{2}$ of the present decade in the *Campania*, so that viewing the matter in this way we have not much advance to look for before the century ends. But speed is not a thing that grows like a boy, so that we cannot measure its advance by the lapse of time only. Increase of speed generally means increased price of ships, and it also means increase of money paid per week to run the ship, and these are things which are apt to stop the growth of speed.

The sea raises great objections to increase of speed. This you may best



BOW FRAMING OF *CAMPANIA* AND KEEL PLATING OF *LUCANIA*, DEC. 31, 1891.

(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Son, Glasgow.)



MIDSHIP FRAMING OF THE *CAMPANIA*, AS SEEN FROM BOW, DEC. 31, 1891.
(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Son, Glasgow.)

appreciate if I state here the great increase in power required to drive the present-day ships at their 22-knot speed, compared with the 8-knot ships of fifty years ago. Engineers measure power by a unit which is called a horse-power; but horses vary in strength. If you could find a horse which could lift just 33,000 pounds through a foot in a minute, it would have just the power necessary to be a measurer of the engineer's horse-power. Now, in the 8-knot ships the power was equal to 700 times that of your particular horse, while in the *Campania* and *Lucania* the power is equal to about 30,000, more than forty times as much. So you see how much more objection the sea has to a 22-knot speed than to one of 8 knots. Of course, the ships which have so much more power have to be bigger, but not so much bigger as they would have had to be had there not been a constant improvement in engines and boilers, which has enabled engineers to get so much more horse-power in the same space and for the same weight than used to be got, and also to get this horse-power for so much less weight of coal. To give you some idea of this difference, I will tell you of two cases during the decade of 1880-90.

The first Cunard steamship completed in that decade had machinery of one-half the power of that of the *Paris*, which was completed in 1889. If we say the weight of her machinery is represented by 2,000, that of the *Paris* would have been 4,000, unless some improvement had been made. But the *Paris's* is represented by only 2,800. These figures may be taken approximately to be tons, so that there was actually about 1,200 tons less weight than would have been had no improvements been made, for double the power of the older ship. Then as to coal burned. For every four pounds burned in the older ship only three are required in the *Paris* to produce the same power. The *Paris* burns about 2,400 tons in crossing the Atlantic. She would have had to burn 3,200 tons, unless improvements had been made. Here then we see that to produce the power which is in the *Paris* on the old lines of only fifteen years ago, would have involved 1,200 tons more for machinery and 800 tons for coal, or 2,000 tons more in all. This weight is much more than the weight of the whole of the cargo of the *Paris*, so that without the engineers' improvements the poor *Paris*

would have had to go without cargo, and the public would have lost the advantage of having many important articles carried as rapidly as they now are.

These matters affect speed principally, but they also affect the money-making capability of a ship. It is not desirable to enter into this question on this occasion, but it must never be forgotten in considering any steamboat question, that everybody wants to make both ends meet and likes to have a little over, and if, in any proposed ship of the future the impossibility of doing this is evident, there can be no *real* future for this proposed ship.

But there is much more than speed to take into account. Safety is the first consideration. Only a few months since we had the heart-rending story of the loss of the *Elbe*, an Atlantic greyhound. Such a loss should not take place in the greyhound of the future. We know how to subdivide a ship so that she cannot be sunk by a blow from another ship. The thing is quite possible and practicable, and in a large part has been done in ships already built. Warships are liable in a sea-fight to have holes made in their sides by collision with the enemy, or by shots or shells from his guns. If a warship were only divided as our passenger ships generally are, she would have a very short life in a sea-fight. But because it is certain that if she fights, holes will be knocked in her and water will get into the ship, it is provided that the ship shall be in as many separate compartments as possible, so that the water which may get in shall extend as little as possible.

So much for keeping afloat with a hole knocked through the ship's side. There are other dangers. The shore is a hard place for the ship to knock against, and it is better to make sure of keeping away from it rather than to try and make a ship able to hit it without danger. There are two chances of going ashore. One is in a fog when the captain has mistaken his position. This happened to the Inman liner *City of Chicago* not far from Queenstown. The captain, a very capable sailor, mistook his position, and drove his ship ashore right under a high cliff. The passengers stepped from the bows of the steamer almost on to the cliffs, and scaled them without much difficulty. No ship is free from this danger, nor will be as long as it is human to err. There may in the future be some means of dissipating a fog at sea, but the chance of such a discovery being made is not great. It is, however, the unexpected that is most likely to happen, and when our natural philosophers fully understand what condition of the atmosphere really causes

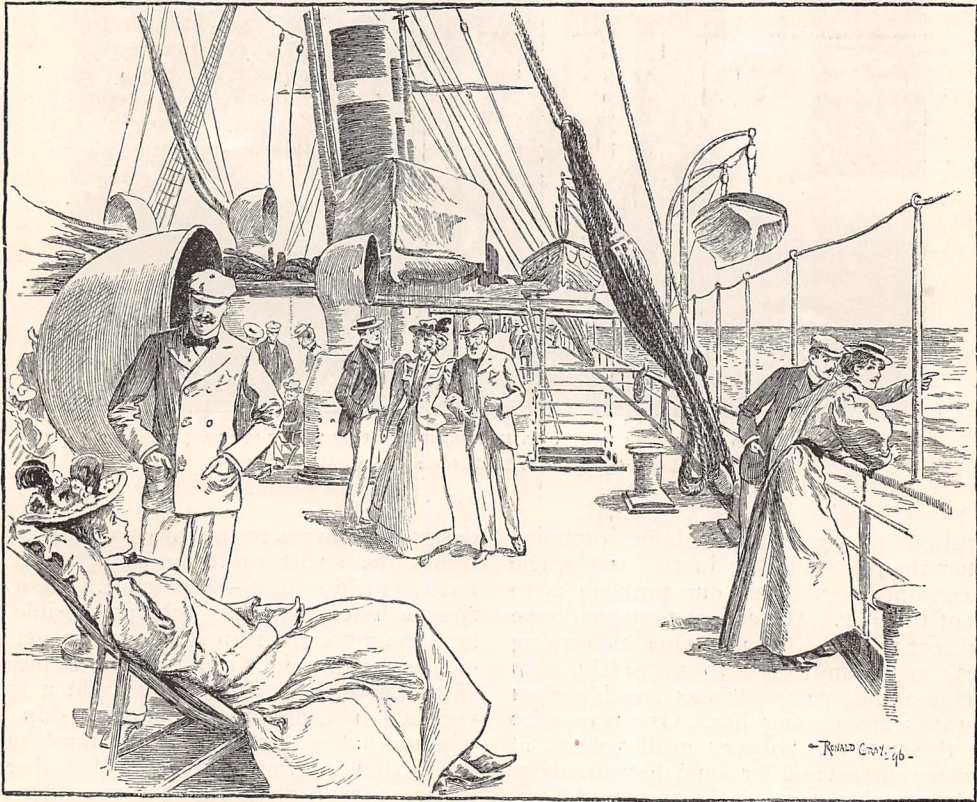
fog, it may be possible by the electrical power in a ship to dispel it for a short distance from the ship. The other chance of going ashore is by a breakdown of machinery near the shore. This chance becomes smaller every day. Every accident that takes place to machinery is a lesson which teaches something, and as the years go on the number of accidents tends to decrease.

The other dangers peculiar to the sea are fire, and foundering. The former is very small, and will be smaller when the greater subdivision already mentioned is effected. The latter is the smallest of all the dangers, even in the greyhounds of to-day. We may say that the greatest danger of the sea is collision, and it may be reduced by greater subdivision, and that in any case the danger is really very small in a greyhound at sea.

Having provided for safety in your future greyhound by multiplication of compartments and separate sets of machinery, you may now begin to look out for comfort. Let us compare the space we have available at sea with that on land—I mean in a ship and not outside of it. Take the *Paris*, for example. She has four decks; they would be called flats, or storeys, on land. Two of these flats extend the whole length of the ship, and two only outside of the machinery space, which is 150 feet long. We have then two flats 175 yards long, and two 125 yards long, or, in all, 600 yards length of flat, varying in width from 63 feet to nothing. Now this vessel carries about 1,500 people, so that there are from two to three passengers per yard of length of the flat or deck occupied. You may each one compare this with the size of the house you happen to live in, and you will see that there is very much less space available for all purposes than you have in your home. We must remember that in a ship this space includes everything. The promenade deck is the pleasure ground of the ship, and on the upper deck is the street for the steerage passengers and crew to air themselves upon. All this is included in the space we have already measured. But yet a trip in one of these greyhounds is very enjoyable if the state of the sea is not too much for the passenger's capabilities of resisting sea-sickness. But none would object to more space in their private cabins, and in the future greyhound more will be found. You will most likely say, How is such an arrangement possible with the greater subdivision which you ask for? Inasmuch as the subdivision of the vessel is wanted more below the water than above, it is easy to see that we can have large spaces in the passenger quarters, which are some distance above the water,

and small ones in the spaces below. With this enlarged space for accommodation we shall have room for shops, so that many things which you have forgotten to bring may be bought upon the voyage. You may not be able to get the morning papers, but you may be able to get news from the shore by some means of communication, so that on a voyage you will not be cut off

perfectly steady at sea? We must first see what it is that makes a ship jump up and down and roll from side to side. In smooth water this does not happen, but only when the surface of the sea becomes uneven and wavy. Every floating vessel occupies in the water a volume which has this relation to the weight of the vessel—viz. that the weight of the same volume of water is the same as the weight of

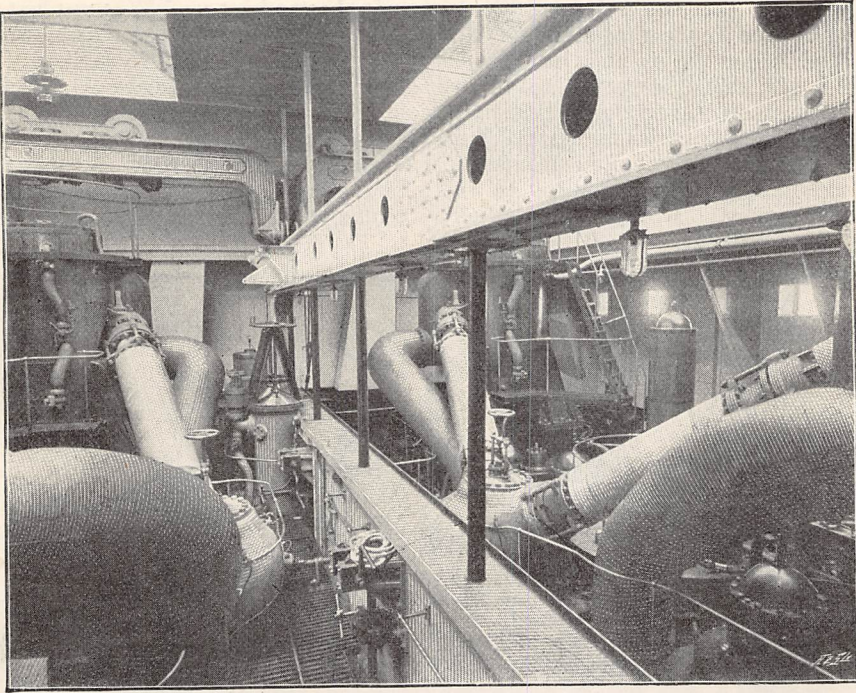


ON THE PROMENADE DECK OF THE *PARIS*.

altogether from the world. This, however, is not for the engineer at present to speak upon without telling you that such means of communication exist only in his imagination.

So far we have talked of comfort as a matter of accommodation, but if you had a greyhound all for your own especial use, and had it fitted up by some good fairy in a way to meet every possible whim or wish, you might be very uncomfortable unless seasickness could be prevented. So far there has been no means devised or adopted for completely stopping or doing away with the motions of a ship at sea, which cause such unpleasant feelings. How can a ship be made

the vessel. If we put some more weight on the vessel it sinks into the water and occupies an increased volume, which has the same relation to the increased weight of the vessel that the original weight has to the original volume. If, instead of putting an increased weight on board, we were to suddenly increase the volume of water occupied by the vessel by piling up waves round the sides of the vessel, we should have destroyed this equality, and we should have an occupied volume corresponding or belonging to a greater weight of vessel. Not, having the greater weight ready to put in the vessel to keep her from moving up, she will try and rise, and if the waves remain long enough in



VIEW OF THE UPPER PART OF THE ENGINE-ROOM OF THE *CAMPANIA*.
(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Son, Glasgow.)

a position to keep the volume occupied greater than it would be in still water, she will certainly rise. Now our problem is to prevent this rise. We cannot very well hope to prevent the wind from blowing and causing waves, so we must try to make the ship move up and down as little as possible when the waves are passing her. One way is to have the vessel of so very small volume at the water surface and for some distance above and below this, that the waves could not increase the volume occupied by her very much. A submerged vessel would not rise or fall much even if near the surface, so that if we could get a vessel which is nearly submerged, we should have one free from the objectionable up and down movement. This kind of vessel would not be very comfortable for those who can stand the sea, so that it would be necessary to have above this, and well out of the water, a kind of second vessel, upon whose deck the passengers could promenade and the captain navigate the vessel. Such a vessel might lack certain other necessary qualities, such as power to remain upright, and a large quantity of weight would be necessary in the bottom of the vessel to give her the necessary stability. Now, weight is the thing which the ship

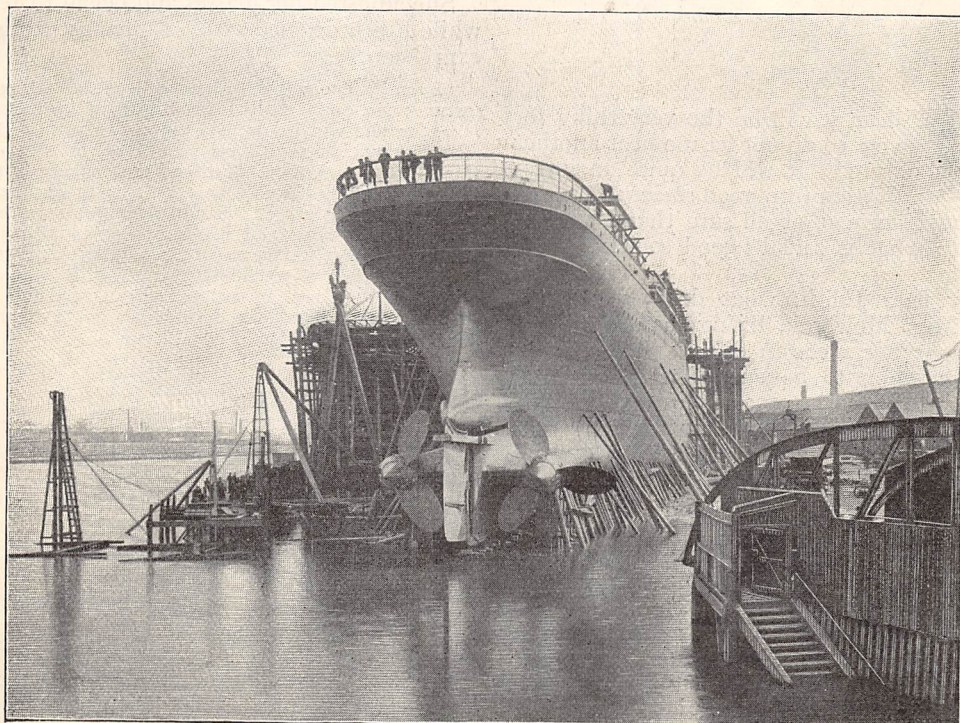
designer is always trying to do without. He wants the structure to be as light—*i.e.* to have as little weight—as possible. He wants the machinery to be as light as possible; in fact, the more the ship designer can get out of a pound of weight the better he is pleased. If, therefore, it is necessary to add a lot of weight in order to make the ship less “jumpy” at sea, something else must suffer, unless things are made so light that there is no more *room* in a ship for anything else. This state of affairs is very likely to come in the future.

Aluminium is one-third of the weight of steel, and at present is about one-half of its strength. When the chemists and metallurgists have succeeded in making aluminium, or one of its alloys consisting almost wholly of aluminium, of the same strength as steel, we can then look for a saving of one-half the weight of the steel structure of a modern vessel. In a ship like the *Paris* this would mean 2,500 to 3,000 tons, irrespective of any saving in the machinery. This saving is about equal to the whole weight of the machinery, but it would be very difficult to find room for twice the amount of machinery that there is now in the *Paris*. If we believe that room can be found for twice the power, we should find difficulty

in getting room for nearly twice the amount of coal. It will, therefore, be necessary to find means of stowing machinery and fuel more closely than it is at present stowed. In 1881 an engine of 4,000 horse-power occupied 30,000 cubic feet. To-day the same power can be got from two sets of engines occupying 4,000 cubic feet. In the case of the *Paris*, her engines of 20,000 horse-power occupy 100,000 cubic feet, so that if we could put five sets of the 4,000 horse-power engines of to-day into the *Paris* they would only occupy one-fifth of the space of the *Paris's*. It is, therefore, possible to reduce the proportionate amount of space required for engines by adopting other types as they become adapted for large ship work. If we could double the power of the engines in the *Paris*, and could provide the necessary fuel to carry her across the Atlantic without adding anything to her total weight, we could increase her speed nearly one-fifth, or reduce her time by more than a day.

The fuel at present used is coal. If we could convert coal into a liquid, it would be very much easier to get on board ship and to stow away in the ship. At present coal has to be put on board in baskets or barrows by manual labour, and when on board has to be

lifted by the firemen with shovels and thrown into the fire. If we could put it on board in a liquid form it would go through pipes to its place of storage in the ship, and be drawn from this place and forced through other pipes into the fires by a steam pump. This would make available at once spaces in the ship which at present are useless for carrying coal, and would get over one of the difficulties of finding room for the extra coal required if we want extra speed. Now you have a large supply of coal in a liquid form, which is known as petroleum. When the price of this liquid fuel is low enough to admit of its being profitably used, it will then take the place of coal, with many advantages. One of these is that very much less weight of fuel is required to obtain the same result. For weight-saving and consequent high speed of the future everything points to the adoption of this kind of fuel. We have already obtained nearly thirty knots per hour in small vessels carrying a small supply of fuel. In the future we may reasonably expect to attain this speed in the Atlantic greyhound, and it will then be possible to reach Europe in four days. Some of us will some day leave New York, spend nearly a week in Europe, and be back again in New York within the fortnight.



STERN VIEW OF THE *CAMPANIA* BEFORE THE LAUNCH, SEPTEMBER, 1892.

(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Son, Glasgow.)

LADY BENSON'S HOUSE-PARTY



"MY dear, it will be the very thing for you, so do not let me hear another word! It will be quite an introduction into good society."

"But I am not at all sure that I want to get into what is called 'good society,' Aunt Clara."

"My dear Edith, what do you mean?" cried Miss Mowbray, lifting her hands and looking at her niece in dismay. "I suppose you are going to be one of those dreadful modern women who wear divided skirts and make anarchist speeches in the Park!"

Edith laughed. "I do not think you need be afraid of that," she said. "What I mean is that though I have come into this money, I should like to go on studying art all the same; only that now I shall be able to help some of the girls I know, who are struggling on against such difficulties."

"Well, of course you are your own mistress now," said Miss Mowbray, "and I need not expect that you will care any more for your own father's sister, who has toiled for you all these years."

Miss Mowbray's "toil" in behalf of her orphan niece had not consisted in anything

more than allowing her to live in the house, and in giving her plenty of tasks to do in return; but Edith feared nothing so much as being changed for the worse by her unexpected legacy, and therefore she was melted by the reproach.

"Let us make a compromise, Aunt Clara," she said. "If you really wish it, I will go down and stay at Westleigh Hall for a few weeks, and after that I can go on with my work."

Miss Mowbray dried her eyes at once, and took up a letter which she had thrown down on her work-table during the foregoing discussion.

"Let me just read that part again," she said; "dear Mrs. Boulton does not always put things so clearly as she might."

She adjusted her glasses and began to read, while Edith listened with a somewhat anxious expression.

"I am so enchanted to hear of your niece's good fortune; she ought really to see a little of good society now, for she will be quite a lady of wealth! By a strange coincidence I have just heard of the very thing for her. A friend of mine knows a lady of title who has a lovely place in the country, and who moves quite in the best circles. She has a large house-party staying there now, and I have been told that she would be willing to take a young lady to 'introduce,' on payment of a consideration. I believe this is constantly done now in society, so you need not feel any scruple; it would be entirely a private arrangement between Edith and Lady Benson."

"Lady Benson?" said Edith. "I don't think I ever heard that name before."

"Oh! well, there is nothing in that," said Miss Mowbray, rather testily. "You don't pretend to know the whole peerage, I suppose? I have no doubt that Lord Benson is a very distinguished person."

"I don't think there is a Lord Benson at all," remarked Edith.

"My dear girl, how very brusque you are! It is quite easy to see that you have never moved in good society; there is no repose about you. Many earls have quite common names. Grey, now; what could be a more common name than Grey? And yet there is an earl of that name."

"So I have heard," said Edith; but seeing

the look of annoyance gathering again on her aunt's face, she got up and kissed her affectionately.

"We had better not discuss the matter any more," she said. "I have promised to go, and that is enough."

In less than a fortnight's time Edith Mowbray might have been seen, one fine September day, getting into the train for Westleigh. She did not much like the errand on which she was bound, but she was a girl of spirit, and having been forced into the adventure, she resolved to make the best of it.

It was not a long journey, for Westleigh was only about fifty miles from London, and she soon arrived at her destination. She got out of the train and looked about her with some curiosity; it was a little country place, and there were very few people to be seen. Her luggage had been put out on the platform, and she was looking at it rather disconsolately, when she heard her name spoken, and turning round, beheld a rather faded, careworn-looking woman dressed in mourning.

"I must introduce myself," said the newcomer. "I am Lady Benson; I was driving in this direction, so I thought I would call for you."

"Thank you very much," said Edith, looking at her in some surprise. She had pictured Lady Benson as a loud and dashing woman of fashion, and the contrast was rather startling.

"There is a cart for the luggage," went on Lady Benson; "I have told the porter to see about it." And so saying she led the way to the carriage.

"Perhaps you would like to hear whom you are going to meet?" said Lady Benson, when they had exchanged a few commonplace remarks. "One or two friends left unexpectedly last week, but there are still a good many staying with me. Have you ever met Lady Tyndall or Colonel Carrington?"

"No, I do not know either of them," said Edith.

"Lady Tyndall might be called a little eccentric by some, perhaps, but she is a dear creature. Colonel Carrington is a very polished man; he has travelled a great deal, and is familiar with most of the European courts. Then there is Mr. Vaughan, he is one of the rising young authors of the day; and Miss Heckler, she says some rather sharp things at times, but she does not mean them, I am sure. There are several more, but I shall confuse you if I go on."

Edith made some courteous rejoinder, but she was not at all sorry that Westleigh Hall came in sight at that moment, and closed the

category. It was a nice-looking house; but from the description she had expected a castle, and she found it rather difficult to respond to Lady Benson's appeals for admiration.

It was a relief when the drive was over and they drew up at the hall door.

"Would you like to join our circle at once?" asked Lady Benson, "or will you go up to your room and have a cup of tea?"

"I think I should like to be quiet for a little while," said Edith, catching at the respite. "At what time do you dine?"

"At eight o'clock; you will hear the gong. But let me show you your room, and as soon as your boxes arrive they shall be sent upstairs."

It was with some inward trepidation that Edith heard the dinner-gong sound, and went down to the drawing-room; it seemed to be full of people, and she was glad when her hostess came forward to greet her.

"Let me introduce Miss Mowbray to you," she said, turning to Lady Tyndall. "This is Mr. Vaughan, who is going to take you in to dinner."

There was no time for more than a scrutinising glance from Lady Tyndall, for at that moment the butler opened the door and announced that dinner was served, and they all moved off to the dining-room.

"Have you ever stayed here before?" asked Mr. Vaughan, as the soup was handed round.

"No, this is my first visit to Westleigh; it seems to be a very pretty place."

"Yes, you will find it well worth seeing. Lady Benson was telling us to-day that you are, like myself, a Londoner."

"Yes, I have lived there all my life, and I never leave it now for long together, for I am attending art classes."

"I have done a good deal of work as an art critic," said Mr. Vaughan; and forthwith he plunged into a discussion of pictures, studios, and exhibitions, that engrossed Edith's whole attention.

She had no time to observe her neighbours during dinner; but when the ladies left the room she found herself seized upon by Lady Tyndall, and subjected to a searching cross-examination. She was questioned as to whom she knew, where she had been, and what she had done; and though she tried to keep her temper, she found it hard work.

"I don't think I shall like good society much if this is a specimen of it," said Edith to herself when she went up to her room that night. "Colonel Carrington struck me as being very ill-tempered, while Lady Tyndall——"

But here she pulled herself up. "After all, I have no right to judge them on such a

short acquaintance," she thought; "perhaps I shall find out their good qualities to-morrow."

The next morning was bright and warm, and Edith went down to breakfast fully determined to make the best of things. She had donned her prettiest morning dress, and looked so fresh and attractive, that Lady Tyndall gave her an approving nod as she surveyed her through her eyeglass.

"Come and sit by me, my dear," she said, "and I will tell you all about everything."

Edith accepted this comprehensive proposal in silence; but as soon as she was seated Lady Tyndall began to make awkward confidences in a hardly-repressed tone of voice.

"I think I shall take you up, my dear. Between ourselves I will tell you that there is not anyone in the house just now that I care very much about. Miss Heckler is a great friend of mine, but really she made herself so disagreeable to me after we went upstairs last night that I shall never be able to speak to her again."

"Shall I pass you the butter?" said Edith, hoping to put an end to the conversation; but the hope was vain.

"Yes, you may pass it," said Lady Tyndall venomously. "That is to say, if Mrs. Broughton has left any; it is quite sad to see a woman eat so much."

To Edith's great relief, Mrs. Broughton's head was turned the other way, and she was engaged in such a loud-voiced conversation with Colonel Carrington, that it was clear she could not have heard what was said; but Lady Benson had heard, and she turned a distressed look upon the speaker.

Lady Tyndall seemed a little ashamed of herself, and began an explanation. "It is not altogether Mrs. Broughton's fault," she said, "so perhaps I ought not to have mentioned it. You see, she is not quite of our world, and there are allowances to be made——"

She broke off suddenly as Mrs. Broughton turned round upon her with a look of fury. "Yes, there are allowances to be made!" she exclaimed. "How much do your creditors allow you?"

Everybody stared as though a thunderbolt had suddenly been shot down among them; Lady Tyndall turned pale, and for a full minute no one spoke.

"I think that was a little too bad," said Colonel Carrington at last. "Suppose we all try to forget it."

It was about the best speech that could have been made under the circumstances, and Lady Benson looked gratefully at him; but it was evident that it was not received with universal favour. Lady Tyndall still seemed

resentful, and Mrs. Broughton aggrieved, while Miss Heckler's face bore an unmistakable expression of disappointment.

It was a relief to everyone when the meal came to an end, and they could get up from the table. Edith made up her mind to go out for a long morning's sketching, for the atmosphere was still highly electric, and Lady Tyndall and Mrs. Broughton were glaring at each other across the drawing-room like two hungry tigers.

It was late when she returned, for she had become so absorbed in her drawing that she lost all count of time, and it was long past the luncheon hour when she began to retrace her steps. She had nearly reached the Hall, when she saw a spare, gaunt figure coming towards her, and recognised Miss Heckler.

"Here you are at last, Miss Mowbray!" she exclaimed. "I have been wondering all day what had become of you."

"I have been sketching," said Edith rather coldly, for she was not anxious to discuss the episode of the morning; but Miss Heckler was not to be so easily put off.

"Sketching? Indeed, how delightful! Well, I am sure you would have had splendid material for a sketch if you had remained at home. 'The Battle of the Furies' it might have been called. Mrs. Broughton was too bad, of course, but Lady Tyndall does make one angry with her ridiculous airs; let me warn you not to get too intimate with her: I was deluded by her at first, and sadly have I repented it. She worries everyone's life out of them, and I cannot understand why Lady Benson does not ask her to go."

"Nor can I!" was on the tip of Edith's tongue, but she refrained from giving it utterance.

She was wishing that she knew how to stop her companion's outpourings, when Miss Heckler suddenly touched her arm, and exclaimed with bated breath: "See who comes there; I will tell you more another time."

Edith looked in the direction of her outstretched finger and saw Mrs. Broughton walking in an adjacent path, deep in conversation with Colonel Carrington.

"There is more in that than meets the eye!" whispered Miss Heckler, as she watched them eagerly.

Mrs. Broughton seemed to be in some excitement, and as they drew nearer her loud-toned words reached their ears.

"I know it is true. My husband hears all that sort of thing, and I believe she has had dealings with him herself. If she had known that she would meet us here she would have accepted some of those other invitations that she is always talking about."



"A STOUT, RED-FACED WOMAN APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY" (p. 816).

"They are still discussing Lady Tyndall," said Miss Heckler, rather discontentedly.

"What is Mr. Broughton's profession?" asked Edith.

"Oh! he is something 'in the City,' I believe—whatever that may mean; I do not understand business myself."

Edith said no more. Mr. and Mrs. Broughton were certainly not the kind of people she had expected to meet, for their vulgarity was

painfully obtrusive; but she remembered the saying that gold gilds everything, and put down their presence in Lady Benson's house to the score of their wealth.

Lady Benson was in the hall when they entered, and asked Edith to come into her room to have some tea.

"I am very sorry that we should have had that little unpleasantness on your first morning," she said apologetically; "Lady Tyndall

and Mrs. Broughton do not get on together, somehow, and it makes it very hard work to keep the peace."

She looked so thoroughly worried and overdone, that Edith's heart was touched at once. "I will do my best to help you," she said, so brightly, that poor Lady Benson cheered up, and actually smiled as she began to pour out the tea.

Her smile did not last long, however; she had hardly lifted her cup to her lips when the door flew open without any preliminary knock, and a stout, red-faced woman appeared in the doorway, whom Edith imagined to be the cook, from the fact that her bare arms were covered with flour.

"I've asked you six times already for them raisins!" she exclaimed. "How do you think I'm going to get the pudding done, I should like to know?"

Edith looked at the woman indignantly, and expected to hear a grave rebuke from Lady Benson, but to her surprise her hostess sprang nervously to her feet, and hurrying out into the hall, closed the door behind her.

It was some minutes before she returned, and when she took up her cup again her hand trembled so that she could hardly hold it. "I am afraid you must be quite shocked by the cook's behaviour," she said, when she had a little recovered herself. "She has a bad temper, and is very rude at times, but I cannot part with her, she is such an excellent servant."

Edith did not exactly know what to reply, so she changed the subject; and under the soothing influence of her conversation Lady Benson seemed to forget her worries for a while.

They were not destined to be left long in peace, however; another visitor soon disturbed them, and this time it was Lady Tyndall.

"I beg to inform you," she began; but in answer to an appealing look from Lady Benson, Edith fled without waiting to hear more.

"Really, this is a most extraordinary house!" she said to herself. "I don't wonder that poor Lady Benson looks so ill; but why does she not clear her house of visitors and take a thorough rest?"

Apparently the same thought appeared to be in other people's minds as well as her own, for as they sat in the drawing-room that evening, Miss Erskine, a clever-looking Scotch lady to whom Edith had not yet spoken, came and sat down by her side.

"I have not seen you since breakfast time," she said. "I felt so sorry for you—thrown into such a crowd of wrangling strangers!"

She smiled as she spoke, and Edith felt attracted by her manner. "All the strangers do not wrangle," she said.

"Well, no, I hope not; but it is a great pity that any of them do. However, I suppose that one ought not to speak ill of people who are staying under the same roof with one."

"I think that Lady Benson seems to undertake too much for her strength," said Edith.

"Yes," said Miss Erskine quickly, "and I see that you wonder just as I do why she does it."

"I confess that it has puzzled me," said Edith.

The next two or three days passed uneventfully, although there was still a muttering rumble of thunder in the air from the recent storm. Edith was glad to have found a congenial friend in Miss Erskine, and as Mr. Vaughan showed a growing inclination to seek their society, she was able to shut her ears to the unpleasantness that went on with the charms of intellectual conversation. But when she was left alone, she could not prevent her uncomfortable feelings from returning; such a houseful of ill-assorted guests it had never been her lot to encounter; and she wondered sometimes what her aunt would think if she could see the "good society" that she had vaunted so loudly.

The quarrel between Lady Tyndall and Mrs. Broughton had broken out again one evening in a dispute over a game of backgammon; and when they came down to breakfast the next morning, they exchanged glances of defiance, while Miss Heckler looked as though she had spent the night steeping herself in vinegar. A battle seemed in prospect, but hostilities were suspended by an announcement from Lady Benson.

"We have to welcome a new guest this afternoon," she said. "An Irish cousin of mine is coming unexpectedly. Larry O'Hagan we always used to call him; but he is a captain in the Indian Navy now. He is just home on leave, and says that as he hears I have a large house-party, he supposes it will not be much trouble for me to have an extra visitor for two nights."

Lady Benson looked round with a smile as she ended, but Edith detected a fresh note of anxiety in her voice, and wished that Captain O'Hagan had chosen a more opportune time for his visit.

The news answered one good purpose, however, in that it seemed to make things go more smoothly; and as soon as breakfast was over, the party broke up into little groups and began to discuss the coming visitor.

"He is sure to be an acquisition," said Lady Tyndall. "Sailors are always interesting, and Irishmen are always amusing."

Her expectations were destined to be fulfilled, for as soon as Captain O'Hagan arrived, it was evident that he was both interesting and amusing. Stories and jokes flowed from his lips, enlivened by the most delicious Irish blunders; he was delighted to see his cousin again, and enchanted with everything and everybody.

Edith wondered that Lady Benson did not brighten up more under his sunny influence; but though she seemed to be really attached to him, her face did not lose one whit of its usual anxious expression, even though her guests seemed to have forgotten their differences for the time being.

"And how long have ye lived here, me dear?" he inquired at dinner, in a tone that attracted the attention of the whole table.

"I moved here after you left England," said Lady Benson in a subdued voice, but the captain did not take the hint.

"Oh, yes, I remember," he said in the same loud key. "It's five years since I went out, and ye were living in Camden Town then."

At the mention of this unromantic locality everybody pricked up their ears, and Lady Tyndall remarked—

"I thought this was a family place!"

"Oh, no," interrupted Miss Heckler in her most acid tone; "you cannot have thought that. Don't you remember what that man at the farm told us?"

She concluded her sentence with a mysterious telegraph of nods and signs, and Lady Benson flushed uneasily.

"I think we may as well go into the drawing-room," she said, looking at Lady Tyndall; and though some of the ladies were reluctant to break off the conversation, they could not refuse to follow.

It was not long before the gentlemen came in, and Edith, who had stepped out into the verandah to enjoy the evening air, heard voices just beyond her.

"I will tell you all when we are alone."

"Me dear girl! ye can rely upon me honour——"

Edith moved away that she might hear no more, but the few words that had reached her were enough to show that her suspicions of some existing mystery in the house were quite correct.

"Isn't anybody going to shoot partridges?" asked Captain O'Hagan at breakfast the next morning.

"I was not aware that there were any partridges to shoot," said Colonel Carrington drily.

"Oh, no; of course not," exclaimed the captain hurriedly. "I don't know what

made me think so; but I'll tell you what, it's a beautiful day for a picnic!"

Lady Benson looked up with a glance of alarm, and Mr. Vaughan interposed.

"It is rather late in the year for picnics," he said.

"Late in the year!" exclaimed the captain. "Why, what could be better for a picnic than a glorious September day like this? What do you say, ladies and gentlemen? There's always plenty of conveyances in a country house."

Again Lady Benson looked at Mr. Vaughan, and again he took up the cudgels on her behalf.

"I believe one of the horses is lame just now," he said.

Captain O'Hagan was one of the most good-natured of men, but he had a hot Irish temper, and this continued opposition was more than he could stand.

"Look here, me young friend," he said, "am I Lady Benson's cousin, or are you? Ye seem to think ye know more of her wishes than me, who was born and bred and brought up her blood relation!"

Mr. Vaughan could hardly forbear a smile, but he tried to be conciliatory.

"I am very sorry if I seemed to interfere," he said.

"Seemed to interfere!" exclaimed the captain angrily. "Ye did interfere, I tell ye. What's more, I'll stand it no longer. It's fit to break me heart to see the poor girl that I love as a sister without a penny to call her own and slaving her very life out for her lodgers——"

"Larry! Larry!" cried poor Lady Benson, clasping her hands in dismay; but her voice was unheard amid the general excitement.

Lady Tyndall dropped her knife and fork with a scream, Colonel Carrington jumped up from his seat and glared fiercely at everybody, while a fire of exclamations went up from the other guests.

"Will you retract your words, sir?" said the colonel, stamping his foot.

"And why should I retract me words?" asked Captain O'Hagan.

"Because, sir, you have applied to these ladies and gentlemen a term that is most insulting, and I demand an apology."

"Oh! do ask his pardon, Larry!" sobbed poor Lady Benson.

"Ask his pardon, indeed!" said Larry, who was by this time so carried away by excitement that he hardly knew what he said. "I won't ask his pardon for speaking the truth. Is there one of ye doesn't pay for board and lodging? And if ye do, why shouldn't I call ye lodgers?"

A silence followed his words, which was only broken by Lady Benson's sobs ; but suddenly Lady Tyndall turned upon her hostess.

"Am I to believe that this is really true?"

aristocratic house-party staying with you? It is scandalous, madam; perfectly scandalous!"

"It is worse than scandalous; it is actionable," remarked Miss Heckler.



"I WAS NOT AWARE THAT THERE WERE ANY PARTRIDGES TO SHOOT" (p. 817).

she asked. "Did you delude me into coming here on the plea that I should meet a houseful of interesting people, when they were nothing but lodgers?"

"And do you dare to sit there and look me in the face," interposed Colonel Carrington, "when you led me to believe that you had an

"That's the best thing that has been said yet," said Mr. Broughton, bringing his heavy fist down upon the table. "It is actionable, and no mistake, and Lady Benson shall find it out before she's much older!"

"You needn't trouble to call her *Lady Benson*," said his wife, with a snort; "I don't

believe she's got a title any more than I have ; it's all a make-up, like the rest."

"Madam, what you say is a lie!" burst in Captain O'Hagan. "Sir Charles Benson was as good a fellow as ever stepped ; he was an officer of her Majesty the Queen, and small blame to him if he couldn't make Polly a rich woman, when as soon as he got his promotion he was ordered off to a famine station where there was cholera bad enough to kill them that had never died before! Oh! if he was here to see the day, there's little of any one of you would be left to tell the tale!"

"May I be allowed to say a word?" asked Mr. Vaughan.

"Yes, sir, you may," exclaimed the captain. "Just tell me you don't pay for your board and lodging and I'll eat every word I've said yet."

"I can't say that," began Mr. Vaughan ; but his voice was lost in a general torrent, and he looked round hopelessly.

Suddenly Lady Benson took her handkerchief from her face and held out her hands towards her excited guests.

"Listen to me for a moment," she said, "and I will tell you all! I am a widow with nothing but my pension to depend on, as my cousin has told you, and my boy, though as loving a son as ever lived, has run into debt, and I must raise money to help him. Some friends persuaded me to hire this house and take in paying guests, but they told me that I should succeed much better if I asked each one to keep it a secret from the others. I only wish I had never come here at all, for, far from putting anything by, I lose more than I gain ; and what with the work and the worry, I am driven to distraction. Perhaps I ought to have explained my plans, but if it was wrong I have been sorely punished for it. Mr. Vaughan can tell you that every word I say is true."

Every eye was immediately turned on Mr. Vaughan, and he felt himself in an uncomfortable position.

"No doubt you will wonder how it is that I knew a secret which was hidden from you," he said, "but the fact is that my mother is an old friend of Lady Benson's. She tried to dissuade her from her scheme, and when she found that the difficulties she had prophesied were coming to pass, she asked me to come down and see if I could be of any use, as she is an invalid and unable to leave home."

"And he has been kindness itself!" broke in Lady Benson. "I could never have kept up through this last fortnight if it had not been for him."

"He's been better to ye than I've been!" said poor Captain O'Hagan, looking ruefully

at his cousin. "I've got the will to do everything in the world for ye, Polly ; but when once me tongue takes the bit between its teeth I can't hold it, so there's no use saying I can!"

"You need not apologise for what you have done, sir," said Colonel Carrington haughtily. "If it had not been for you we should still have been under this disgraceful delusion. I shall leave the house in half-an-hour's time."

"For my part," remarked Miss Erskine, "I don't see that we are any worse off than we were before. We have all been paying for our board and lodging from the first, and the only difference is that now we know that our fellow guests have done the same."

"That is exactly what I mean," returned the colonel ; "we were paying under the supposition that we were joining a party of ladies and gentlemen, whereas now we find them to be nothing but lodgers!"

The last word was uttered in such a tone of disgust, that Miss Erskine laughed outright. "According to that," she said, "we must each have had the dreadful knowledge that we were only 'lodgers' ourselves! At any rate, we are all on an equal footing now."

It was evident that her words had some effect, for Colonel Carrington looked a little ashamed of himself ; and before he returned to the attack, Captain O'Hagan took advantage of the pause.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I can't apologise to ye, for ye don't deserve it! But I'll tell ye what I'll do ; I'd no business to let Polly's cat out of the bag, and I'll take the penalty. I'll give everyone their money back for the last fortnight if they'll undertake to leave this afternoon, and when I've got me poor cousin to meself I'll take a list of her debts and pay them, without the help of a mean-spirited set of lodgers!"

He dashed out of the room before anyone else could answer, and flying upstairs, returned in a few minutes with a roll of sovereigns.

"Now then, I'll settle ye once for all!" he said.

"Captain O'Hagan," said the colonel, lifting his hand to command silence, "allow me to say that I honour you for what you are doing ; it is what I should do myself if I were in your place, and therefore I take your money, but I feel that I owe some apology to Lady Benson, and therefore I ask you to take it from me again and apply it to her benefit in some more congenial sphere."

Colonel Carrington might be bad-tempered and pompous, but he was a gentleman ; and with a cordial "Hear, hear" from Mr. Vaughan, several of the guests followed the example that had been set them.



"LISTEN TO ME FOR A MOMENT" (p. 819).

Mr. Broughton was not one of the number. "You don't catch me being got over like that!" he said, as he jingled his sovereigns in his pocket; while Miss Heckler remarked: "I should have had much pleasure in contributing my mite, but on principle I cannot support anyone convicted of deception."

Lady Tyndall did not trouble herself to make any excuses at all, but having hastily put her money into her purse, she snapped her reticule on her arm, and sat guarding it like a dragon.

"I don't want your money," said Captain O'Hagan, as he looked with moistened eyes at the heap before him; "I've come home with me pockets full, and who should have it if not me own blood-cousin? But it's the kindness I thank ye for, and I'll take it just to keep her in mind that some of her lodgers were ladies and gentlemen after all!"

"My dear Edith, what an extraordinary thing!" said Miss Mowbray, when, full of wonder at her niece's unexpected return, she

had questioned out the whole story. "I was never so deceived in my life ; it is a sad end to my plans for you, but I dare say I can soon hear of something else."

"No, thank you, Aunt Clara," said Edith. "I have had enough of such experiments, and now I am going back to my work again."

There was a determination in her voice that warned Miss Mowbray that it was no good to argue with her, so she prudently dropped the subject.

"Oh ! well," she said, "I'm sure I don't wonder that you are disgusted and disappointed. What a dreadful woman that Lady Benson must be !"

"I think she is more to be pitied than blamed," said Edith.

"Now, my dear, don't try and defend her ;

such conduct is quite inexcusable, and I hope that you will never go near her nor even mention her again."

But on this score also Edith refused to make any rash promises. She felt genuinely sorry for her late hostess, and when she found that through Captain O'Hagan's kindness Lady Benson had been enabled to return to a quiet little home of her own, she made an early opportunity of going to assure her of her help and friendship. Nor did she seek to bury her experiences at Westleigh in oblivion, for when she and Mr. Vaughan found their brief acquaintance ripening into something deeper and closer, they fully agreed that the most fortunate day in all their lives had been the day that brought them together in Lady Benson's house-party !



BY ELIZABETH L. BANKS.



THOSE English gentlewomen who decide to take up such occupations as are included under office work, must, in the beginning, expect to encounter opposition from certain quarters. At the outset they will be told

that a woman's sphere is in her home and not in an office, that she should remain with her parents and prepare herself to become a good wife and mother, instead of pushing out of employment some man who might otherwise marry her.

In answer to this objection, it may be said that the man who can be pushed out of

employment by a woman, without finding something very much better for himself, is hardly the sort of man intended to make a good husband. And then, again, the protest that is usually entered against women as office workers will, if analysed, prove to be a most ridiculous one, for can any sensible person assume that a woman, unless she be a "new" or abnormal woman, would prefer office work to the privilege of living in a happy home ? It is necessity and not inclination that forces a woman to become a bread-winner. Either she has no home, or, having one, her father's means are insufficient for her comfortable support, or there are other circumstances which make it desirable and needful that she should earn her own livelihood ; and that being the case, it behoves her to engage in

that occupation—whether it be home, outdoor, or office work—for which she finds herself best fitted, or can most readily prepare herself.

The objection that gentlewomen should marry, instead of engaging in office work, is also without weight, since women usually do marry when the proper circumstances present themselves; and, furthermore, it cannot be disputed that those women who engage in office work are far more likely to marry early and happily than those who remain in homes where poverty prevents the making of desirable acquaintances. In the large cities of the United States there are thousands of American gentlewomen (in applying the term "gentlewomen" to Americans, I mean those girls who are well born, well bred, and well educated) employed in offices. The majority of these women are considerably under twenty-five, and their youthfulness is accounted for by the fact that most of their predecessors have married and left their places to be filled by younger women, who in turn will do the same thing for their successors. So I would advise those Englishmen who so kindly wish to see their countrywomen settled in happy homes to encourage them to take up office work: although I hope I shall not be understood as advocating office work for gentlewomen on account of the matrimonial prospects it may hold out. I mention this aspect of the matter only because I would enlist the sympathy and encouragement of those men who, through false ideas of gallantry, would shut their office doors against women who are in need of employment and want only an opportunity to show their capabilities—capabilities, I may add, which are in many instances far superior to those displayed by the present young men incumbents.

First on the list of suitable and agreeable office occupations for gentlewomen, I would mention the work which is now open to them in the various departments of the General Post Office. Having recently made the acquaintance of a young lady who is employed in the Savings Bank department, I asked her for information concerning the work and the workers.

"Now, I'll tell you the bright side of being in the Civil Service," said she, and this announcement at once prejudiced me in her favour. I had become so accustomed to hearing of the "wrongs" perpetrated on the wage-earning woman that it was a pleasant change to listen while the young lady related the "bright side" of her working life.

It had a very bright side indeed, and I feel quite convinced that many gentlewomen

might do far worse than to become employés of Her Majesty's Government. Any English girl between the age of eighteen and twenty has the privilege of trying to pass the competitive examination, which, though it has the name of being rather "stiff," is not difficult for one who has enjoyed the advantages of a good high-school education. Having passed that, she must next submit to a medical examination by the lady physician. The most pleasant thing concerning employment in the Civil Service is the absolute certainty in regard to the future; for, once having passed the examination and the year's probation, a woman is sure of an income up to the age of sixty, unless in the meantime she marries or is discharged by reason of gross misconduct. Commencing as a second-class clerk in the Savings Bank department at sixty-five pounds a year (surely a reasonable salary for a beginner), there is, after the first year, an advance of three pounds yearly until a salary of one hundred pounds is reached, after which comes promotion from second to first-class clerk, with a salary again increasing year by year up to one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty. Every summer each employé has one month's paid holiday. She is also free on all Bank Holidays and at Easter time from Thursday until the following Tuesday. In case of illness she is allowed to go home on sick leave for several days, and sometimes weeks or months, receiving her usual pay in the meantime. She also receives from the lady physician free prescriptions and medicine without charge. If she remains unmarried and at work until she is sixty, she may then retire on a pension.

In view of the pleasant things connected with employment in the Civil Service, I have no hesitation in recommending it to the attention of young gentlewomen—I say *young* gentlewomen, because the examinations are open only to those between the age of eighteen and twenty. The salaries paid may not be so large as those to be received in a few other occupations, but the certainty of steady employment and the very satisfactory knowledge that one's employer cannot go bankrupt, together with the other bright features I have mentioned, should be taken into consideration.

In a former article I have spoken of typewriting as a suitable home occupation for gentlewomen. It may also be treated under the subject of office work. Indeed, it is in the professional and business offices that educated women typists are most needed. Up to the present, typewriting in offices has been almost entirely left to those young women whose education has been "completed" at

the Board Schools and are in many cases absolutely unfit for the work. Having recently had occasion to visit a solicitor's office in the City, I was greatly amused and surprised at the detailed manner in which he considered it necessary to dictate the most ordinary business correspondence to his typist. I afterwards discovered that the typist received ten shillings a week, and was looked upon as an "under-paid working girl." Her employer explained that she was not worth more, being, as he said, "merely one part of the typewriting machine—the hammer which was applied to the keys to make them strike the paper!"

Afterwards, on going through an establishment where a large number of young women typists were employed, I asked the manager the cause of the very low wages paid to English women typists, and received the answer: "Lack of education and good business sense. We speak of the typewriter as the 'machine,' but the truth is that the typist is also a machine, and usually not in good working order either." Then, pointing to a young lady whose fingers were moving rapidly over the typewriter keys, he said:

"Now, that young lady is not a 'machine.' She is a highly-educated gentlewoman, and she receives a salary of four pounds a week."

"But that is an American salary!" I exclaimed.

"And why not?" returned the manager, laughing. "I assure you she's quite as clever as an American girl, and so I pay her an American salary."

Now, I have given illustrations of the two extremes in typists, examples which have come under my own personal observation, and I cannot help wondering why English gentlewomen with clever heads and clever fingers do not take up typewriting as office work, and earn thereby a comfortable living. It is clean, easy and agreeable work, which is in no way incompatible with gentility. In the United States there are many young women whose bringing up and education have fitted them to move in the best social and intellectual circles, who hold positions of this kind, and greatly prefer typewriting to teaching either in the public schools or as governesses. Many of them go direct from college or university life to posts as typists in business houses, and receive large salaries for their work, because their education has fitted them for the responsibility which is put upon them. A great many are receiving from fifteen to thirty dollars a week, and the hours of their working day, usually from 9 to 5.30, leave them ample time for enjoyment and self-culture.

I have no thought of holding out to all English gentlewomen the prospect of re-

ceiving what are known as "American prices," especially in the beginning, but they may certainly command from thirty shillings to three pounds weekly when once they have gone into the work and proved their abilities.

Typewriting, as I have indicated in a former article, is easily learned. A knowledge of stenography is not essential, although it is an aid in securing larger salaries, as is also book-keeping. An acquaintance with German and French is also an advantage, as there are many offices where translations are required. There is a good income to be made by taking up "piecework," that is, starting in business for one's self in a small way. There should be an opening for a typist in every prominent London and provincial hotel, as there is in the large American cities, the proprietor furnishing "desk room" to the typist in return for one or two hours' work daily, the rest of her time being occupied in writing letters and documents for guests, who in England would pay at the rate of one and a half pence per one hundred words.

Photography has for some time been looked upon as a suitable occupation for English gentlewomen, but recent inquiries among the leading photographers have shown me that although it may be pleasant work, it can hardly be considered in the light of profitable employment except in very rare cases. Two years are required in which to learn the art of retouching, working up, and other lines, and for the two years' instruction a premium of fifty pounds or more is asked. At the end of this apprenticeship, the woman who can earn a pound a week may consider herself fortunate, unless she has the ability and capital with which to start in business for herself. Of course, miniature-painting is well paid for, some artists being able to earn as much as four or five hundred pounds a year, but this can hardly be called a branch of photography, and it demands extraordinary artistic talent.

The desirability of dentistry as a profession for a gentlewoman who has aspirations towards a "career" in life has been of late somewhat extensively discussed. Young ladies wishing to enter the profession have complained of the many stumbling-blocks thrown in their way—one of which is the refusal of the dental colleges to receive them as students, thereby necessitating their going to Scotland to pursue their studies. Having inquired of a number of London dentists concerning their individual opinions as to the fitness or unfitness of women for dental work, I have found the English practitioners opposed to women dentists, seemingly on general principles. They have with one accord informed me that "it really

wouldn't do," while on the other hand, the American dentists, faithful to the traditions of their American bringing up, have assured me that in some branches of dental work women really excelled, especially in the matter of gold fillings and the care of children's teeth.

But if there are difficulties in the way of the Englishwoman taking up dentistry as a profession, there is nothing to prevent her engaging as lady assistant in a dental office at from twenty to thirty shillings per week. In the United States the "lady assistant" is to be found in almost every dental office, and there her salary is considerably higher than that I have mentioned as being obtainable in London. The duties of the "lady assistant" are to prepare the fillings for the dentist's use, to hand him the different instruments necessary, and to "sympathise" with female patients. The work is light, the hours are short, and the duties should not be disagreeable. At any rate, they cannot be nearly so unpleasant as those of professional nursing. Among American dentists in London, a number of English women are employed as assistants, while among English dentists young ladies may secure places where they may combine the duties of assistant with those of a secretarial nature, the salary for which would, of course, be higher than that paid to a mere assistant.

It has long been a theory of mine that in every large city there should be two or three women so skilled in veterinary science as to be able to prescribe for the ailments of domestic pets—such as dogs, cats, and birds. To become a regular practising veterinary surgeon would, of course, be as impossible as it would be distasteful to a woman, but I can see no objection to the "lady vet." who would confine her prescriptions to household pets. With this idea in mind, I have lately visited the Royal Veterinary College to inquire whether it lay within the bounds of practicability. One of the college officers firmly, though very kindly, announced to me that it was impossible, so far as that institution was concerned; so that now it would appear that the only way of bringing about the desired end would be for a woman to begin her studies under private instruction, and although under such circumstances she would be unable to obtain a diploma, she could still put her knowledge to valuable service.

To turn from a matter at present hedged about with difficulties to another which is absolutely practicable and easy of accomplishment, I would call attention to the need in London for a restaurant for gentlewomen—an establishment to be entirely in the hands of gentlewomen, including manageress, cashiers, waitresses and cooks, and to be run for the

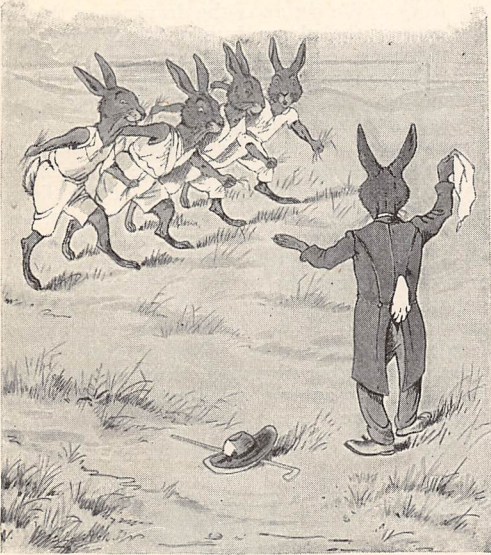
convenience of such gentlewomen as find it necessary to patronise a restaurant for all or some of their meals. Such a place is in demand in the vicinity of Fleet Street, and a capital of four or five hundred pounds should be sufficient for its establishment. There are numerous quiet, refined places where ladies may go for afternoon tea, but, so far as I know, there is no exclusively woman's restaurant where gentlewomen may have served to them breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner. Such a place should be open at eight o'clock in the morning, and not closed until nine-thirty at night. It would be a boon not only to the large number of women who would patronise it, but to those who would find employment in the different departments. The prices should be as low as consistent with good food, good cooking and cleanliness, and it is unnecessary to say that there would be no tipping. A gentlewoman could dine alone at such a restaurant with all propriety, and for that reason, if for no other, the establishment would become exceedingly popular.

In journalism there is still room for many gentlewomen, but it will be well for those who are contemplating literary work to remember the large number of women who are engaged in fashion and society work, and instead of applying for a post as fashion or society critic, let them spend a few days, weeks, or even months in evolving a new and original idea, and then take it to an editor. Let them, as far as possible, keep out of the beaten paths.

Manicuring is another branch of work in which gentlewomen may engage with a reasonable assurance of success and profit. It would be necessary to apprentice one's self for a short time to an established manicure, but the time of the apprenticeship may be shortened if those wishing to become proficient in this art would first spend a small part of each day in practising on their own finger-nails and those of the members of their family.

In mentioning these various departments of office work for women, I have referred only to such as it seemed to me would be agreeable for gentlewomen to undertake, and I have endeavoured to select, as a rule, those employments which are most easily obtained. Advertising is the most successful means to be used for securing employment, and it is also well to keep a sharp watch over the "want" columns of the morning papers. But let such advertisements as promise profitable employment without stating the nature of the work go unanswered, as well as those demanding "premiums," for in the majority of cases they are not worthy of consideration.

SO VERY HUMAN.
THE ANIMAL SCHOOL SPORTS—HARE AND LEVERETS.



THE START.



AN AWKWARD JUMP.



NEARLY HOME.



THE WINNER.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

SEPTEMBER.

EMBROIDERED TUSSORE
FROCK.

THIS week we have all met together again after the holidays, and no less than seven answered to the roll call.

This we take as a plain proof, if one were wanting, of the merry-hearted time we spend whilst stitching. Our amusement was great to-day when, on entering the room, we were confronted with a large card inscribed with the words, "Helps to Home Dressmaking," and beneath it was a small deal dressing-table, a sleeve-board, and a flat-iron padded on the top as a pin-cushion, and covered with green serge. One girl who well knows the difficulty she has had in putting in the deep hem of a skirt and trimming it with gathered frills, at once seized upon the table as her property, and exclaimed, "No more cramped-up corners for my work; I shall slip the

skirt over the table legs at one end and have it straight and smooth over the whole length of the table, and shall be able to pass it round without creasing it up; for ironing the seams, too, it will be capital, and the table drawer shall hold all my odd cottons and buttons!"

In future I shall discard paperweight and pins when tacking out a bodice and use the new pin-cushion; it will weight my work and, being covered, will not slip on the polished surface of the lining. The shaped sleeve-board covered with white flannel will be a good help for pressing the seams not only of sleeves but of some bodices, and we now wish we had been the fortunate possessors of one when making the bodices of our cycling suits.

We have to-day started work on three "models" — a word borrowed from the technical phrasing of our dressmaker. One is a Tussore silk frock for a small bairn, another a little over-jacket or bolero for one of the girls to wear with her blouses now that the days are getting too fresh to wear them alone, and a serge frock for our neighbour's youngest girl, whose sister is one of our party.

The Tussore is not a new frock, but one of those made full and straight from the neck, and has been cleaned to look like new. The child having outgrown the length, we let down the deep hem and tuck, and put a new deep hem lining reaching to the upper edge of the band of embroidery, with

a piece of muslin between to support the stitches; this quite hides the marks of the old edge, and the brown embroidery silk looks pretty in colour upon the frock. We cut away the drawings at the wrist and sewed the sleeve into a band, with a cuff turning back, embroidered and edged with lace, and a little piece of lace trims the neck frill, with lines of very fine brown feather-stitch along the threads that gather the fulness. Firmly to one of these upon either shoulder we have sewn a small button, which fastens the zouave to the frock. Lace tinted with tea to the colour of the Tussore covers the brown silk that this is made in, and a saracenit the same colour lines it. I thought it would look pretty if the lace were dotted with tiny bronze beads, but the others said it would be too elaborate for so small a child; and as sashes do not appear to be in the fashion, we naturally decided not to have one.

Having heard it whispered that brown is to be the colour for autumn wear, we bought a short length to make the over-jacket here sketched, and sufficient pink shot surah to line it with, having



OVER-JACKET WITH SLEEVES.

brown faille for the collar and a good supply of tailor's canvas for interlining. We greatly improved on the ordinary flat-cut zouave body by making little darts in the linen interlining from the armhole to the front, then drawing the cloth smoothly over them; this gives a pretty round shape to the front and curve to the collar by sewing little darts in the canvas that lines it. The centre of the back is without a seam, but the side pieces nicely shape it to the figure, and it is finished at the waist with a broad point like



SERGE FROCK FOR GIRL OF NINE.

little smaller and tacking it down all round the edges. Having ready-cut straps of the cloth a good half-inch wide, we stitched them on, without turning in, a pretty distance apart, then faced on the under piece of cloth, holding it rather tighter than the collar, and neatly slip-stitched it on around the edge, tacking it an inch from the edge the side that is to be joined to the jacket, and not drawing this out until everything was finished. The puff of the sleeve lining we cut very little smaller than the cloth to allow of the full under sleeve passing uncrushed. The silk lining we, of course, cut to shape and seamed up separately, hemming it all round to the cloth edge which we had made firm by two rows of stitching close together; under this lining at the armhole we inserted a dress-shield to preserve the freshness of the cloth.

The third model—the child's dress—is very handsomely made of white serge ready shrunk, and this we have combined with dark blue cloth hemmed on to the skirt and large square collar, and above it sewn three rows of narrow braid, also dark blue. The body we cut like a blouse with only under-arm seams, and a shaped vest in front that meets under the belt the broad box-pleat in the front of the skirt. The cuffs are in blue cloth, buttoned with smaller buttons than those on the body, two large ones fixing the blue silk scarf to the collar. The under-vest of white we have lined with chamois leather, "to keep out the cold," as the child laughingly said; and the belt and satchel are made of tan kid—a present, of which she is rightly proud.

BIZZIE BEE.

Paper pattern of the Tussove frock for child of six, with design for embroidering, 6½d. Patterns in three sizes of jacket, 6½d. each, and girl's costume, 9½d.—Address, BIZZIE BEE, c/o the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. Patterns will in all cases be sent with as little delay as possible, but an interval of two or three days is inevitable.



ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

WE must take our lives as we made them, love;
St. Martin's summer, though bright, is brief;
And where in spring was the violet's home
Is now the grave of the fallen leaf.
We quarrelled once when the spring was here,
But peace is made with the failing year.

The summer time of our life is passed,
We faced its glare and its heat alone,
With aching hearts and with weary hands
That the mournful farewell touch had known;
Now the fiercest struggles of life are o'er,
Our hands are met to unclasp no more.

The bitter thought of "what might have been"
Must never trouble your heart again;
Hide it away from memory's eyes,
With our angry words and our parting pain;
Forget the grief that for me you bore,
In the love that is yours for evermore.

We must take our lives as we made them, love;
St. Martin's summer, though brief, is bright,
And could there aught in the spring compare
With the tender glow of the autumn light?
I loved you first when the spring was here,
More dearly now in the failing year!

M. E. F.

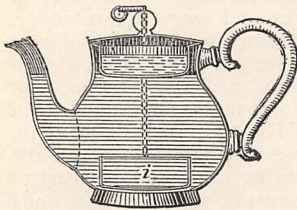


The GATHERER

An Illustrated record of Invention Discovery & Science

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A New Teapot.



In making tea, an infusion and not a decoction is wanted—in other words, the leaves should only remain for three to eight minutes in the boiling water, and then be withdrawn.

With the ordinary teapot they lie at the bottom all the time, and hence, although the first cups of tea may be free from the bitter and injurious principles extracted from the leaves, the later cups are not. The simple device which is shown in our engraving permits the leaves to be removed from the water in the teapot before the bitter tannic principle has been “drawn” from them. It consists of a small perforated vessel or infuser, *z*, which can be raised or lowered into the pot by means of the chain going through the lid. The leaves are put into this cage and lowered to the bottom of the teapot; the boiling water (need we say it must be at boil?) is poured in. After the allotted time of infusion—from three to eight minutes, according to taste—has expired, the infuser is pulled into the lid of the pot with the chain and kept there. Tea made in this way is not spoiled by standing, and if it grows cold may be re-heated.

Seed Corn and Rooks.

The Howard method of coating seed corn with tar to protect them from rooks does not succeed well in practice, because the tar makes the grains stick together, and hence M. Neuville, Professor of Agriculture at Neubourg, France, has improved it by diluting the tar with an equal quantity by weight of petroleum. The petroleum is mixed with boiling water and the mixture is added to the tar, which is stirred the while. The seed corn is to be well covered with the solution before it is sown.

Crushed Steel.

Emery powder, which has long been matchless for polishing and sharpening metal, has now a rival in the “crushed steel” which is made by the Pittsburgh Steel Company of the United States. This new material is obtained from old steel and tools such as files and chisels by retempering and crushing them. Various qualities are prepared for the

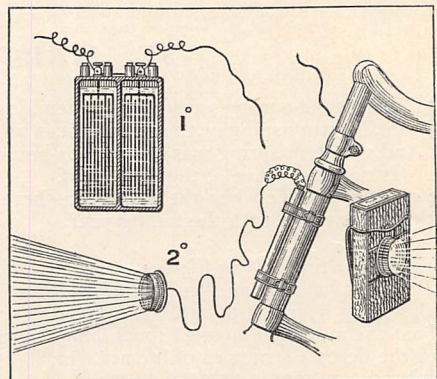
polishing of metal, stone, glass, and so forth; and as the powder does not wear the object to which it is applied so much as emery, while it is equally effective, it is rapidly coming into favour.

A Hygienic Flour-Bin.

All householders should welcome the introduction of a new hygienic flour-bin, which is the invention of Mr. Percy Young. It is made of galvanised steel, and is so shaped that its inner surface presents no joints or creases in which particles can lodge, and, consequently, the bin calls for very little in the way of cleaning. The smaller sizes are useful not only for flour, but for the storage of other household requisites, such as oatmeal, rice, or sugar; while the larger sizes are very useful as bread-pans. With the bins is sold a patent flour-scoop, which is so planned that it holds exactly a pound of flour when full, and thus does away with the necessity of weighing it out.

A Bicycle Accumulator.

Our illustration shows a very neat, portable accumulator for feeding the electric lamp of a bicycle. Fig. 1° represents a section through the



heart of the accumulator, which consists of lead plates in diluted sulphuric acid. It weighs about 2½ lbs. and yields a current of 2 ampères for three hours. Fig. 2° shows an electric glow-lamp fed by the accumulator and attached to the bicycle. Annexed is an accumulator of the same kind, with a lamp fixed to it, for use in railway trains.

An Electro-plated Statue.

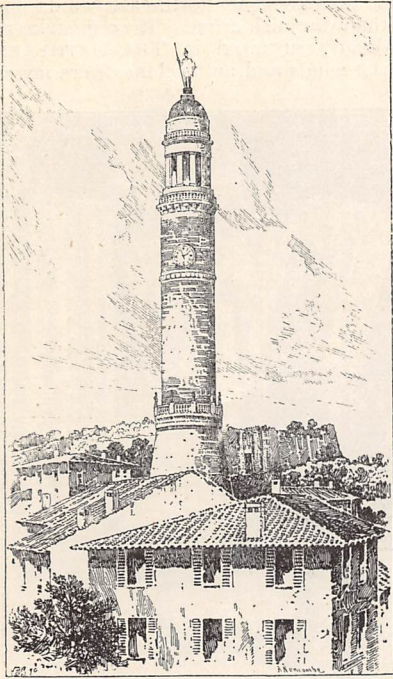


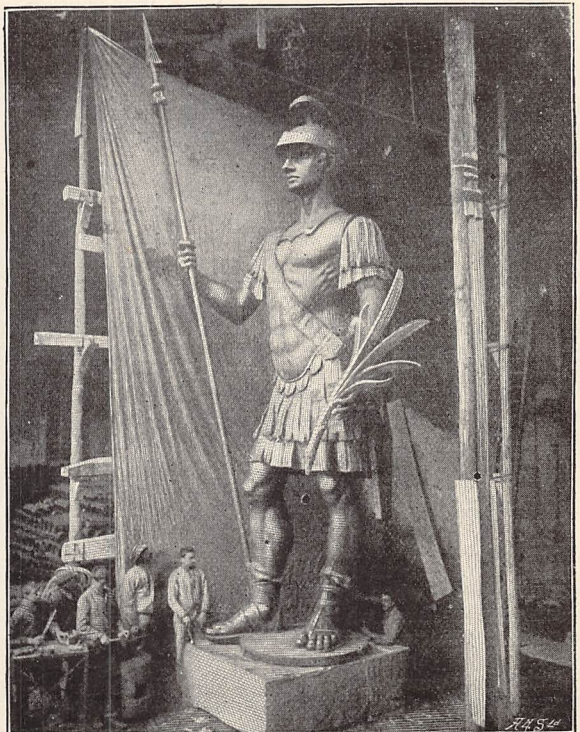
FIG. 1.

A new departure in statuary has been made in Italy. The idea of the process is not new, for it was suggested in 1881 by the present writer, but has never to our knowledge been carried out in practice before. It is to coat plaster of Paris or clay models of statues with metal by electro deposition, and thus render them as durable as bronze castings at a much smaller cost. The example we give is a statue of Saint Fidèle, the Roman soldier, who was one of the first Christian martyrs. It is of colossal size, being 23 feet high, and stands on the summit of the Torre del Popolo, or Tower of the People, at the Palazzolo Sull' Oglio, the ancient Palatiolum of the Romans, situated between Brescia and Bergamo, in Lombardy, a city which for its cotton industry has earned the title of the Brescian Manchester. Fig. 1 is a representation of the tower, and Fig. 2 shows the statue as finished by the sculptors. The model in plaster of Paris was rubbed with plumbago or black lead, and put into a large bath containing a weak solution of sulphate of copper or blue vitrol. A current of electricity was then sent through the bath, and metallic copper deposited on the black-leaded surface in the ordinary way. The operation lasted about twelve days, and the coat of metal was 4 millimetres thick. The current from a dynamo worked by a gas-engine was employed, its strength being 600 ampères and its pressure about 5 volts. The electro-plate is absolutely faithful to the work of the artist and only costs about £300. Moreover,

the entire work is sufficiently light not to endanger the stability of the tower. It is an old remark that we British are not very happy and successful in producing statues, and certainly we have a good deal to learn in that direction; but our climate is a good deal to blame, for it soon destroys marble. Here, then, is a species of statuary which, while preserving the artistic merit of the sculptor in stone, renders the surface of the work capable of withstanding the influence of the weather.

Andrée's Balloon.

Herr Andrée who, with Herr Strindberg and Eckholm, has departed on his perilous trip to the North Pole, has taken every precaution to ensure success. The balloon, which is called the "Nord-Pole," was made by M. Lachambre, and is a sphere about sixty feet in diameter, made of two-ply and three-ply pongee silk varnished with india-rubber, so as to contain the gas as long as possible. It carries a sail, to act as a rudder, and also a "guide rope" trailing on the ground or water as the case may be. A light canvas boat, which will give the explorers a chance of saving themselves by sea in the event of a mishap, has been taken, and a large number of scientific apparatus for making observations of the atmosphere and ocean, as well as photographic cameras for views of the country. Instructions have been sent out to all the circum-polar countries bidding the natives look out for tidings of the balloon. In connection with this topic, we may add that the Americans are about to make a pleasure trip to the Arctic. The steamer

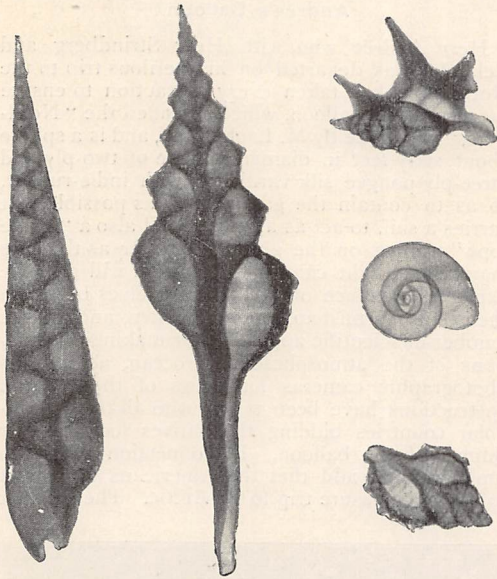


AN ELECTRO-PLATED STATUE.—FIG. 2.

Blencathra is to sail for Greenland and Iceland in order to give private travellers a chance of witnessing Arctic scenes without the hazard of a voyage in a whaling-ship or an exploring expedition. The idea is a good one, and we hope to see it taken up in this country before very long.

Radiographs of Shells.

A number of pretty radiographs of shells have been taken with the Röntgen rays by M. Albert Londe, of the Société l'Optique, Paris. Our



(From a photograph lent by the Société l'Optique, 18, Rue le Peletier, Paris.)

illustration will show the reader how the rays, penetrating the shell, exhibit all its inner convolutions and wards.

Weather, Crime, and Disease.

Mr. Alexander B. MacDowall, M.A., F.R.Met. Soc., has made a special study of the weather of the British Islands in its relations to disease, and discovered a variety of interesting facts which cannot fail to be useful to doctors, farmers, invalids, and many others. Climatology is a young science, with a great future before it; and most of the large towns will doubtless follow the example of Rome and Paris in founding meteorological as well as bacteriological observatories for the study of the weather in relation to the health of the inhabitants. The United States Weather Bureau have gone a step further, and instituted a department for studying the relations of weather and crime—that is to say, the influence of the weather on the moral state of the citizen. Meanwhile, an Illinois meteorologist has found that in Chicago crime increases when the temperature—especially in summer—is high, when there is a deficiency of rainfall, and when the wind is south-west. On the other hand, it diminishes when the temperature—especially in winter—is low, when there is abundant rain, and when the wind is north-east. Of course, it does not follow that these results will apply to other parts of the world. We venture to predict, for example, that it will be found in the

London district that north-east winds increase rather than diminish crime. If we mistake not, we have already surmised in *THE GATHERER* that north-east winds and anticyclones were favourable,



THE LADY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.—FIG. 1.

and that south-west winds were unfavourable to the spread of influenza, and this is precisely what Dr. Lockhart Gillespie, of Edinburgh, has recently found. On the other hand, in cyclonic weather diseases of the respiratory organs are above the average.

The Lady and the Looking-Glass.

A clever illusion is now attracting large audiences in New York. The performers bring a large

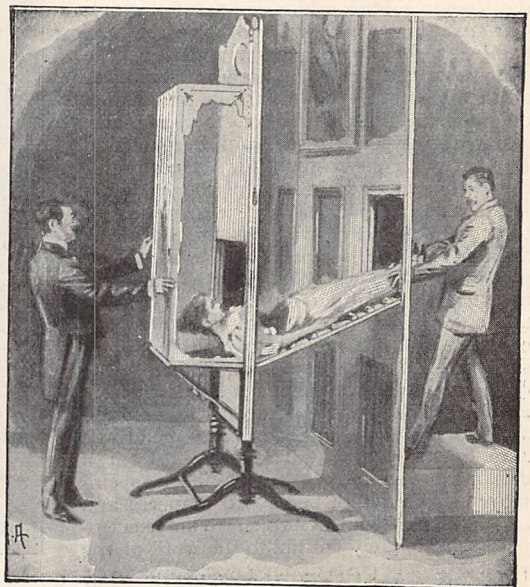


FIG. 2.

pier-glass (Fig. 1) upon the stage, and a lady confederate ascends to the small platform in front of it by means of a ladder. Obeying an hereditary instinct of her sex, she immediately begins to inspect her appearance in the glass, and although her companions turn her about so as to face the audience, she cannot resist the impulse to look at herself, and wheels round again. The two men now lift a box and playfully cover her up by slipping the box over her, as shown. There is a moment of silence, and the men, apparently wondering why she is so quiet, take away the box again, only to find that she has disappeared. Fig. 2 shows how the trick is done. The mirror is really in two pieces, and the cross-bar of the platform conceals the junction. When the lady is hid from view by the box the upper piece is raised behind the wooden top of the mirror, disclosing a square opening or notch cut in the lower piece, through which she passes feet first to a gangway pushed from an open panel in the back scene, as shown. Another confederate assists her to slip away, and the upper part of the mirror is then shot into its original position.

The Troglodytes of Tunis.

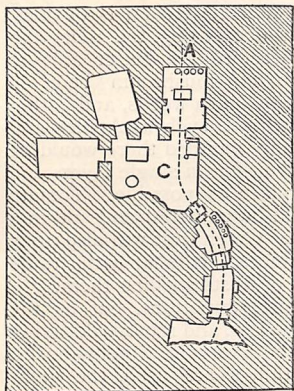
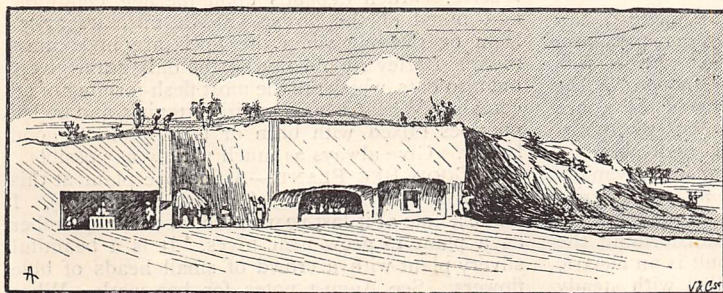
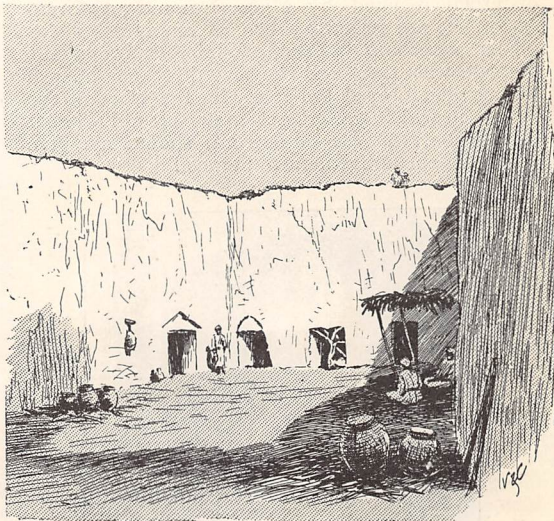


FIG. 1.

lizards, and such kind of reptiles; they speak a language like no other, but screech like bats." Whether the "screeching like bats" has any connection with the "whistling language" of the Guanches we have formerly described in *THE GATHERER*, it would be difficult to say, but as



THE TROGLODYTES OF TUNIS.—FIG. 2.



THE TROGLODYTES OF TUNIS.—FIG. 3.

customs die very slowly, and as the Guanches are an aboriginal North African people, now in the Canaries, the hypothesis may have something in it. Of course, the phrase may only be used to describe an unusually harsh primitive language. Be that as it may, travellers in Tunis have discovered a race of cave-dwellers, or troglodytes, who are probably descended from those referred to in Herodotus. Our illustrations will give the reader a fair idea of their underground homes, which are cut in the limestone rock. Fig. 1 is a plan, and Fig. 2 a section, along the line A B, of one of these houses at Techin, near Gabès. A narrow and curving gallery leads from the outside, B (Fig. 1), to an open court, C, from which a large sleeping-room and several other rooms and storehouses open. The courtyard is well shown in Figs. 2 and 3, and the furniture of the interior is very simple. The inhabitants cultivate the soil by means of irrigation from wells in the desert. The resemblance between these underground dwellings and the "Picts' houses" or Gaulish refuges which we have already described in *THE GATHERER* will not escape notice, and seems to point to a common source. There are caves in the limestone formations of France which were evidently inhabited by cave-dwellers long ago. Some of them are tenanted by the peasants now, and others are used as wine-cellars, stables, or storehouses. The underground refuges and "Picts' houses" are probably derived—in idea, at least—from these caverns. For aught we know of the original inhabitants of Europe, the troglodytes of North Africa may have sprung from them, or else the cave-dwellers of Europe from the troglodytes of Africa.

Heron and Watercresses.

A curious instance of how the balance of nature can be

disturbed is cited by Miss Ormerod of Cirencester. Quite recently a bed of watercresses was all but eaten up by the caddis worm, and the damage was traced to the fact that a number of herons had preyed too freely on the trout of the stream in which the cresses grew. It follows that lovers of watercress (and trout) should not give too much encouragement to herons!



An Upright Cycle.

There is no doubt that cyclists tend to become round-shouldered through bowing over their machines, and the "Upright" bicycle, which hails from America, will therefore recommend itself to a great many, more especially ladies. As its name implies, it allows the rider to sit upright, after the manner of our illustrations. As will be seen, the frame of the bicycle forms a triangle, on which is the seat, and the steering is done by two bent handles coming from the rear, as shown. These handles are so arranged that the arms of the rider drop to their full length in a line with the shoulders and pedals. The chest is thus thrown outwards and the head is kept erect. The weight of the machine is about 19 lbs. in all. We have not been able to find the address of the maker, but it was recently exhibited in a cycle show held at Boston, U.S., and will probably soon find its way into this country.

A Fluorescence Lamp.

Mr. Edison is reported to have made a new electric lamp by utilising the Röntgen rays produced in a Crookes vacuum tube. As is well known, these invisible rays which penetrate the flesh and give shadow photographs of the bones are capable of exciting fluorescence or "phosphorescence" in glass or other bodies, such as tungstate of calcium or potassium platino-cyanide. Mr. Edison has, therefore, coated all the interior of the Crookes tube with crystals of tungstate of calcium, and thus succeeded in transforming the invisible rays into light. The result is an electric lamp yielding a soft radiance—filled with steady light, so to speak.

AMONGST FLOWERS, POULTRY, AND BEES.

SEPTEMBER.

THE garden is now full of colour. A cloud of delicious blue comes from the Starworts (Perennial Asters), which even rains and frosts cannot destroy. But unpleasant weather rots the tender bedder and fills the garden with evil odours. Towards the end of the month carefully lift any tender plant it is wished to preserve until another year—such as Tuberous Begonias, Pelargoniums, Fuchsias, blue African Lily (*Agapanthus*), and things of that character. If the plants are carefully potted up they will continue to flower some time when under glass. Order all the bulbs required as soon as possible, as success in flowering depends in a large measure upon the time planting is carried out. Get in plenty of Daffodils; this year I had a charming bed of Spanish Irises, which flowered remarkably well, the colours white to deep blue, through lovely shades of rose and orange; they are very cheap, too.

As ground falls vacant, no matter whether in the kitchen-garden or in the flower border, dig it up deeply. There is nothing like thorough trenching to assist crops and flowers through such a trying year as this has proved. The reason is obvious, for when the ground is deeply dug, the roots can get well down, and therefore are better able to resist drought. Make up mushroom beds in house for the winter, keep down weeds, and gather all fruit as it ripens. If fruits, such as Apples and Pears, were more carefully handled there would be fewer losses. Lay the fruit out in single layers and in as cool and airy a place as possible. Tomato fruits ripening off should be gathered and laid in a sunny window to finish. Green fruit will also ripen under similar circumstances. It is far better to do this than run any risks of frosts spoiling them.

Watering is, of course, important, but as the sun's power declines give less, and remove decaying leaves and shoots from plants in window-boxes. Where many tender things are used, the great point now is to preserve the freshness of the garden until a decided frost wrecks the plants. Chrysanthemums must be brought under cover towards the end of the month. It is a mistake to leave them longer. Make the house clean for their reception, and give air at every favourable opportunity. Chrysanthemums detest a close atmosphere.

FOOD FOR POULTRY.—One cannot lay down any rule as to the quantity of food poultry should receive. Much depends upon the age, condition, and breed of the birds. Much mischief arises from overfeeding when the fowls are in confinement. Barley should not be the only grain given, but also oats, which are the most flesh-forming of all cereals. Wheat is good, maize fattening, and boiled potatoes mixed with bran or meal promote good laying. Give always as much variety as possible.

A GOOD BEE PLANT.—A fine bee plant at this season is the Sea Holly (*Eryngium planum*). I made a note of it last year to record this September as a plant to grow near hives. It is a beautiful silvery plant with a crowd of small heads of blue flowers. See August notes for bee work. What applies that month is applicable to September.

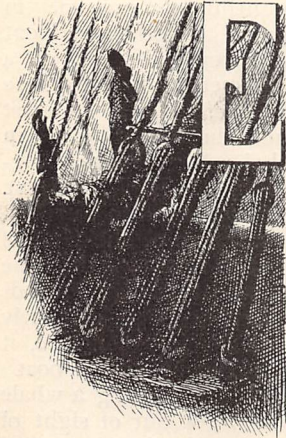


OCTOBER.

(From a drawing by C. H. FINNEMORE.)

THE QUEEN'S PILOT.

BY ALFRED T. STORY.



"HE FELL INTO THE PORT
FORE-CHAINS" (p. 836).

EVERYBODY has heard of the two yachts, the *Victoria and Albert* and the *Osborne*, built specially for Her Majesty and kept exclusively for her personal service. Not, of course, that no one ever makes use of them except the Queen, for of late years they have been more used by other members of the Royal Family than by the Sovereign herself. But they are Her Majesty's own property, and everyone connected with them, from the captain downwards, form, as it were, part of the royal household. The duties of the *Osborne* are confined more particularly to the home waters, although when the Queen goes abroad the smaller yacht generally forms part of the escort of the *Victoria and Albert*, which usually includes also two ironclads.

When the royal yacht thus makes a trip to a foreign port, it is necessary to have a trained pilot on board. Because, though the captain of a ship is supposed to be thoroughly competent to take charge of and navigate his vessel on the high seas, it is no part of his duty to make himself acquainted with the intricate navigation of all the ports, rivers, and estuaries he may have to visit. This he could not possibly do. Hence it devolves upon a special class of men, trained by long experience, to take charge of vessels wishing to enter a particular port. Every port in these islands has its own set of pilots, all more or less highly qualified according to the intricacy of the channels they have to navigate and the importance of the vessels using them.

It is for this reason that the Thames pilot takes such a high position amongst his professional brethren; the navigation of the estuary leading to the first of English rivers being exceedingly difficult, and the ships using it amongst the largest in the world. Special care is taken in the selection and control of these men, who are under the government of the Corporation of the Elder

Brethren of the Trinity House; and hence to be a Trinity House pilot is a distinction amongst the brethren of the craft. When, therefore, a pilot is required for Her Majesty's yacht, he is chosen from amongst the most experienced and cautious of the Trinity House pilots; and, of course, when a man has been tried and approved in this respect, he is always called upon when the services of a pilot are required.

The present Queen's pilot is Mr. Henry Foster, of Dover, who succeeded Mr. Joseph Gray, of Gravesend, in Jubilee year. Mr. Foster is what is known as an inward pilot—that is, he is stationed at Dover, and takes his turn with the other pilots at that port in the steam cutter which is always cruising off Dungeness in readiness to put a pilot on board any vessel requiring one to take it to the Thames. These inward pilots—frequently called Cinque Port pilots—conduct ships as far as Gravesend, where they are taken in charge by a river pilot, whose licence extends from that town to London Bridge. Having seen his vessel safe at Gravesend, the



HENRY FOSTER, TRINITY HOUSE PILOT, DOVER.

(From a photograph by Austin & Co., Dover.)

inward pilot returns to Dover, and again in due rotation goes on board the cutter, takes his ship, and so on. No inward pilot is allowed to take a vessel out of port; to do that is the business of the outward pilot. Both the inward and the outward pilot are paid by a regular charge, fixed by the Board of Trade, and levied on all vessels employing pilots according to tonnage and distance; the receipts made by the Cinque Port pilots being "pooled" and divided equally.

It is not an easy matter for a sailor to become a Trinity House pilot; he must not only be a man of approved character and nerve, but before he can be accepted as a candidate he must have served an apprenticeship to the sea and been in actual command of a square-rigged vessel for four years. Then, having been accepted as a candidate, he is required to pass various examinations to test his knowledge of the waters through which he will have to conduct vessels. His first examination, if passed, qualifies him to pilot vessels of fourteen feet draught and under. He is then a second-class pilot, and he has to serve as such for two years before he can be examined for the higher grade. In all, a pilot has to pass five examinations before he is recognised as a fully qualified first-class pilot, the full qualification comprising the North Channel as far as the Sunk Light, the South Channels to Dungeness, and thence to the Isle of Wight.

But to be a Queen's pilot a man must be familiar not only with the navigation of the Thames and the Channel, but with that of the North Sea generally. And it is greatly to the credit of Trinity House pilots that many of them have a most intimate knowledge of those waters; while some are so thoroughly acquainted with them and with the various estuaries flowing into them that they have little to learn from the local pilots.

Mr. Foster entered upon his seafaring career in the year of the Queen's marriage. Indeed, on the evening of her wedding-day, while watching the fireworks at Deal from the fore-yard of his ship, which was just anchoring in the Downs, he fell into the port fore-chains, and narrowly escaped bringing his life and his first voyage to an abrupt end at the same time. Fortunately, he came off with a few scratches, and was at work again within a few minutes of the accident. His ship was the whaling barque *Sussex*, bound for the South Seas; and he tells a characteristic anecdote of this first night in the Downs. They reached the anchorage in company with another South Sea whaler, the *Pilot*, which was subsequently taken by Solomon Islanders, who massacred the entire crew. She was

retaken by one of H.M. cruisers, and brought back to England in 1843 by a prize crew.

Off Cape Horn the young whaler had another narrow escape, having during a storm been washed out of the ship, and then, with a thoughtfulness unusual in waves, washed in again. Another incident characteristic of the adventurous life of a South Sea whaler happened while they were beating about the Pacific. When amongst the Galapagos Islands they were much in company with the whaler *Sir Andrew Hammond* (Captain Newby, of Deal, master). After leaving her they proceeded to Tumbes, a small town at the entrance of the Gulf of Guayaquil. While in this roadstead they one morning saw a whale-boat sailing towards them from seaward. She was evidently making for them; and coming alongside, it proved to be Captain Newby and a boat's crew, all nearly starved. In chasing a whale near the Galapagos, they got out of sight of the ship, and after trying for hours to find her, shaped their course for the land, and, strange to say, sailed direct for the *Sussex*. They had been more than a week in the boat, and had subsisted during that time upon a few biscuits, a pound of candles, a small keg of water, and some flying-fish. While lying at Tumbes an American whaler arrived and reported that an English whaler had reached Payta, having lost her captain together with a boat's crew. So, after completing her stores, the *Sussex* sailed for Payta, and put Captain Newby and his men on board.

This was only the beginning of misfortunes for Captain Newby, for shortly after this he lost his vessel at De Canores. It was reported to the *Sussex* two years after at Honolulu that he died and was buried there. They were even shown his tombstone; but upon the arrival of the *Sussex* in England, the first person to welcome them at the London Dock head was Captain Newby.

The next noteworthy event in this notable and protracted voyage was a mutiny. This occurred while they were on their way to the Marquesas Islands, the inhabitants of which were then cannibals. The ringleader was a man named Benson, and he and seven others were put in irons and landed at Ohitasak, eight natives being taken in their place. While they were cruising in the Japanese Sea, they fell in with the ship *Eleanor*, of London, Captain Barnett, who during a gale had his leg so crushed with the tiller that it was found necessary to amputate it. The doctor objected to perform the operation, whereupon Barnett sent for the carpenter, who succeeded in cutting off the limb under

the captain's directions. A few weeks afterwards, Foster rowed him and his own captain ashore at Honolulu, and was greatly amused by Captain Barnett showing off a neatly turned wooden leg which he had made himself.

On one occasion Foster came very near making a meal for a shark. He must be allowed to tell the yarn in his own words, however:—

"One day during a calm," he says, "I jumped overboard for a swim, leaving a rope over the side by which to get up when tired. The cook, however, hauled it in by way of a joke. I had got a little way from the ship when the mast-head man cried out, 'Shark coming!' I at once swam for the rope, but finding it hauled in, I called out for another. The chief mate ran and threw one, which I immediately grasped, but was so frightened that I had no power or strength to get up without assistance, as the rope was all greasy from lying in the oily scuppers. Seeing this, the mate clapped on to haul me up, when the rope slipped through my hands to the bare end, where, providentially, there was a knot. That saved my life, for as they hauled me up the side, the shark's head followed and came within a few inches of my feet.

"It will hardly be believed," continues Mr. Foster, "but immediately after I was on board, one of our Marquesas natives jumped

overboard right on to the shark's back and scared him away. This native, whom we had named Sussex after the ship, seemed quite to enjoy the fun, and said that he would face a shark at any time with a good sheath-knife."

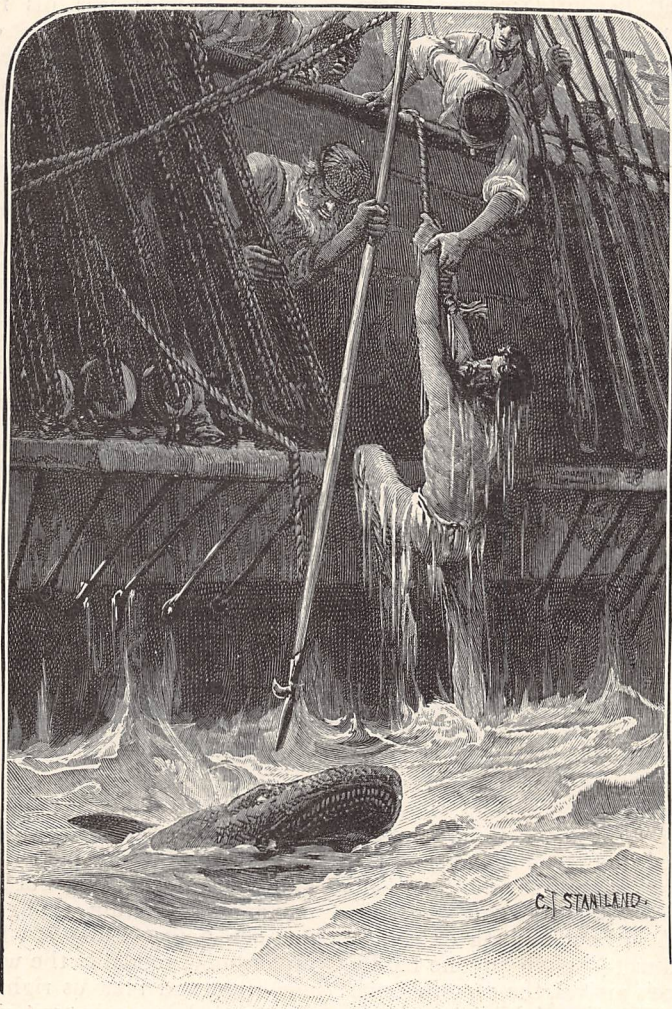
Speaking of the Island of Zeby, off the east

end of Gilolo Island, which lies to the north-west of New Guinea and right under the Equator, Mr. Foster says its harbour, on account of its beauty and safety, is called by the whalers "Abraham's Bosom." Wood and water can be had in abundance; alligators also abound. Speaking of the latter, Mr. Foster tells the following yarn:—

"The London whaler *Melluish*, while lying here, sent some of her crew on shore for water, and two of her men who were suffering from scurvy were taken on shore at the same time and buried in the loose mould up

to their necks as a remedy. While the watering party were away, the alligators came and took off their heads."

Not many sailors probably could say with Mr. Foster that he began and finished his four years' apprenticeship in the same vessel and on the same voyage. He completed his term just before reaching Table Bay, homeward bound, in January, 1844, and was at once rated as an able seaman. He recounts an amusing story of this sojourn at the Cape.



"AS THEY HAULED ME UP THE SIDE, THE SHARK'S HEAD FOLLOWED."

The crew having been eight or nine months without liberty, asked to be allowed two or three days on shore, and when the stores were completed refused to get the anchor up. Accordingly, the captain of the port was sent for. He proved to be a Scotchman, named McLeod, and "an uncommon hand with the tongue" for one of his profession. Calling the men aft, he fairly swamped them with long words; finally winding up with: "Besides, my good men, don't you see the profusion of anti-scorbutics your captain has provided?" This was a clincher, and the men, after looking at one another for a minute, said, "'Profusion! anti-scorbutics!' what's them, Bill? He must be a clever fellow. Let's fall to." And in less than an hour the barque was running down to Rotten Island under all sail.

From 1840 to 1896 counts fifty-six years of sea-service which the Queen's pilot has seen, and forty of them have been spent as a Trinity House pilot. He has naturally many stirring adventures to relate, but none abide in his memory so freshly as those of his initial four years' cruise in a whaler. He is now the senior pilot at Dover, although there are one or two older at Deal.

Two or three times a year he is called upon to pilot the Queen or some member of the Royal Family across the North Sea, from Port Victoria to Flushing or Copenhagen, and in addition has not infrequently to pilot the vessels of other royalties or foreign men-of-war. Like most men who have come in contact with the Prince of Wales, Mr. Foster has great admiration for His Royal Highness, who, he says, "gives so little trouble." And he records how one dark rough night, when the Prince was going to Flushing, he telegraphed to Port Victoria, telling Captain Fullerton he need not trouble to lay the *Victoria and Albert* alongside the pier—no easy matter—as he would go on board in the launch. "And without any stir or parade—in the dark and wet—before anyone hardly knew of the Prince's arrival, the captain came to me and said, 'His Royal Highness is on board; we can start.' That's what I call a rare royal touch!" says the pilot in admiration.

As before stated, Mr. Foster was preceded in the office of Queen's pilot by Mr. Joseph Gray, of Gravesend, who held the position for some eighteen years. Mr. Gray is quite a character in his way; and the commander of many a man-of-war—as well American and Russian as English—if he should happen to read these lines, will bear me out when I say that beneath his quiet exterior there is more than an ordinary amount of "real grit" in his composition.

Mr. Gray is looking forward to the time when he will have perforce to retire from his arduous duties as pilot, but he hopes it may not be for some years yet; although it was in 1842 that he entered upon his apprenticeship to the seafaring profession. Even before that he had had some taste of life on the salt water, just to see how he would like it.

South Shields was his native place, and thence he sailed in the collier *Columbus* successively as apprentice, second mate, mate, and master. From her he went to the *Tasso* as master. But the *Columbus* was the finer vessel of the two, and Mr. Gray is not a little proud of the old ship, a painting of which hangs in his drawing-room by Scott, of Newcastle, and to it he turns from time to time with admiring eyes. The sight of it calls up memories of his early days; and though he tells you that he was "never in trouble," he confesses that once, while on a voyage to the Baltic in the *Tasso*, they came very near going on to the rocks. "It was blowing a hurricane right on shore, and nothing could have saved us if Providence had not come to our aid," he says, recounting the adventure. "We were near the Swedish coast when the storm came on. The Swedish coast is nothing but rocks, whereas the other side of the Baltic is all sand right up to Cronstadt. The wind was blowing from the sou'-west straight on to the rocks, and we were going with it. There is a lighthouse at the place called Moropolen. It is a revolving light, and every time it revolved it shone full upon the ship and upon the rocks, for which we were driving without being able to help ourselves. There was a mountainous sea, which was washing right over us; and as it was freezing at the time, we were covered with ice—deck, rigging, and everything. We made sure we should go on the rocks—there seemed nothing to help us. We could do nothing but let the sea go over us, and we hardly thought we could live another hour. But just when we had given up all hope, suddenly the wind shifted to the nor'-west, and blew us right off the land. It went round in an instant, and then we knew we were saved. That was one of the closest shaves I ever had, and we owed our escape solely to Providence."

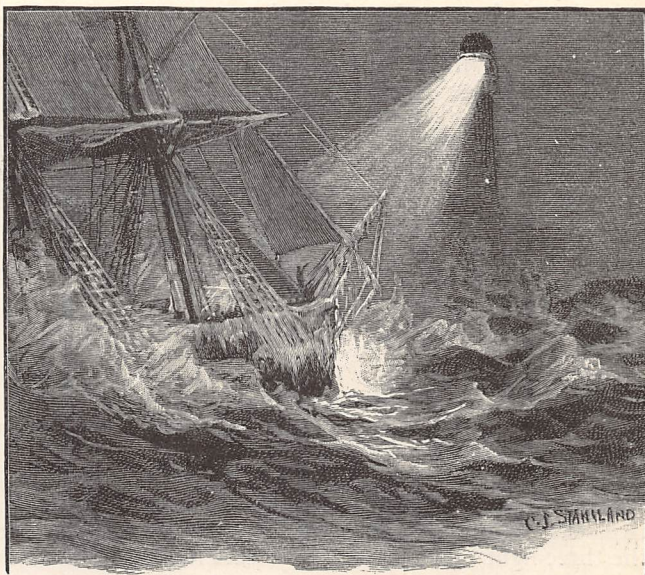
Mr. Gray became a light-draught pilot in 1857, and he passed his last examination before the pilotage board of the Trinity House in 1863. At first he had to do what is known as "turn" work. All the "outward" pilots' names are put on a roster, and when a vessel coming down the river wants a pilot, the first man on the list has to take her, big or little, sailing vessel or steamer. In this way each pilot takes his turn, unless he

chooses to forego it, as some do, for "choice" work. Any private individual or company owning vessels may choose their own pilot, and this is done to a large extent. These "choice" pilots, as they are called, make large incomes in comparison with the humbler "turn" men. As already stated, the rates for piloting are fixed by law, so that in this respect all are equal; but the "choice" men get more ships to pilot than the "turn" men, and they have the finest vessels, and so their receipts are greater.

It does not follow that the "choice" pilot is always the better and more experienced man, because in these matters influence goes for something; but it is nevertheless true that large firms and companies like the P. and O., the Orient, the Castle Line, Messrs. Bullard and King, and others, would not commit their vessels to any but the most experienced hands.

In course of time Gray began to get a share of this "choice" work, and this grew until he did nothing else. Then, towards the end of the 'sixties, he was appointed royal pilot, and had the piloting of the *Victoria and Albert* whenever the Queen or any member of the Royal Family was travelling to the Continent. For eighteen years he held this important post, which speaks a great deal for the trust reposed in his knowledge and care. Nor did anything ever happen to the royal yacht to show that this confidence was misplaced. A little mishap, however, did once occur to the *Victoria and Albert*, which occasioned a slight passing sensation at Brighton and startled some of the people on board.

As it happened, however, there were no passengers in her, the yacht being simply on her way from Southampton to Flushing to bring over some royal relatives. They were going along with a south-west wind, and when about ten miles east of the Oars lightship—consequently nearly abreast of Brighton, a heavy sea struck the vessel on the starboard quarter, and broke the Queen's barge to pieces. "It was blowing hard," says Mr. Gray, "though not particularly rough, and we could hardly account for the accident. However, the barge was smashed to bits, and some portions of it bearing the Queen's arms and monogram went ashore at Brighton, and being recognised, caused no little stir. When we reached Flushing



"WE WERE COVERED WITH ICE."

there were telegrams awaiting us from the Admiralty, inquiring what had happened."

Something much more serious occurred once when Mr. Gray was piloting the Russian Imperial yacht *Derjava* from Copenhagen to the Thames with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh on board, together with a large party of well-known people, including Admiral Popoff and Lord Mount-Edgcumbe. Mr. Gray's account of the affair is as follows:—

"We had stormy weather immediately after we left Copenhagen, and a rough time nearly all the way over. There was a high sea with strong winds in the lower part of the Cattegat, where we washed part of the figure-head away.

"When we got round the Skaw the wind became more favourable, because of our altered course, though we still had a hard easterly gale, which, as we got well into the North Sea, increased in severity. Then it came on rain and sleet, which did not improve matters. Indeed, it turned out a fearful bad night, and so thick that we could scarcely see anything. What now happened I have never been able to account for; it is a mystery to me, as it was to all on board.

"Towards morning we found ourselves among the sands off Yarmouth. I thought we were forty miles away, when, to my astonishment, I caught sight of the Newarp lightship. I only saw it for an instant; but there was no mistaking its three lights. We were going right for it in the direction we had come, and I knew that to get there we must have come right over Smith Knole, just north of Yarmouth. We had run a fearful

risk ; but it happened to be high water, and so we got over without touching. I remember the night well, as the Duke of Edinburgh was on the bridge till eleven o'clock.

"There was great consternation when it was discovered where we were, and a consultation took place in the chart-room. I had to go down. The captain could not speak a word of English, but the executive officer could, and so could Admiral Popoff. The Admiral said to me : 'This is a bad job, pilot.' I said : 'It might have been, sir.' He said : 'How has the ship got here?' Said I : 'That I can't account for anyhow.' Then the Admiral said : 'The light that you say showed three lights, the officer on watch says showed only two.' I replied that I was certain that it showed three lights, and that it was the Newarp lightship. He said : 'You seem very positive.' I said : 'I am so positive, that if you go on, I shall take it as the three-light lightship.' 'Then,' said he, 'if

abated, and we anchored that night about nine o'clock at the Nore. We were so much behind that the Admiralty telegraphed to the different signal stations along the coast, asking if the *Derjava* had been seen. After anchoring I had to go with a boat's crew to Sheerness to wire to the Admiralty that all was right.

"Next morning there was a kind of court-martial, to inquire how the ship got out of her course. Someone suggested that the compass might be out of order. Admiral Popoff asked if there could be a current in that part of the North Sea that had not been marked in the charts. The Duke of Edinburgh said that was impossible. Lord Mount-Edgcombe, who was in the navy and captain of a ship himself, said : 'I took particular care in looking after the pilot. I was struck with the attention he paid to the ship, especially to the steering, and I do not think anyone could have brought the ship better.' So in



"SENT UP A FLARE-LIGHT AS A DISTRESS SIGNAL."

it is as you say, and we go according to your judgment, what is the next light we shall come to?' 'The Croton lightship—a red revolving light,' said I. 'And how long before we sight it?' he asked. I told him, and he said : 'All right, go on ;' and in a short time we saw the Croton light. It was a fearful morning ; but afterwards the storm

the end it was decided that they could not account for the ship getting so much out of her course. And that they did not consider I was to blame is shown by the fact that I took the *Derjava* back to Copenhagen."

Two other experiences stand out with special distinctness in Mr. Gray's recollection. One of them occurred when he was piloting

the *Benita*, belonging to the Ryde Line of Belgian Royal Mail steamers, from Flushing to Gravesend. It was in the month of January, and after they had started it turned out a fearful night, pitch dark, with heavy snow, and a gale from the E.S.E., blowing right on the Goodwin Sands.

Mr. Gray considers this his worst experience.

"I never knew such a snow-storm," he says. "It snowed continuously for three days and three nights; and for the sailor snow is worse than fog. You can't open your eyes for it. We could only feel our way, and hardly that. The captain said to me: 'You will be right over to France if you do not mind.' 'All the better,' said I. 'We shall be better over in France to-night than here.' I knew we were not far from the Goodwins. We were in reality close on the Sands, but did not touch. If we had touched we should have knocked the bottom of her in, for the *Benita* was an iron ship, and there were four hundred people below, and we had had to batten them down. The sea was so high that you could not tell the broken water from any other sea. We were sounding all the while, and the soundings showed deep water. That was because the Goodwin Sands are quite steep where we were, and we were on the very edge of them. Nothing could have saved us, if it had not been for a poor fellow right in front of us—a Norwegian barque, as it proved, called the *Woodville*. She went on the Sands, and immediately sent up a flare-light as a distress signal. That saved us. The instant I saw the flare I cried out, 'Hard a starboard!' We had four men at the helm, and she went out. The captain said: 'You'll see nothing,' still believing that we were near the coast of France. I said: 'It is too thick to see anything;' but if we had not starboarded the helm when we did, we should have gone right on the Goodwin, and nothing could have saved us.

"After we had gone a short distance the wind suddenly went round from E. to N.N.E., which made it better for us, as well as for the shipwrecked crew. In fact that, and the dropping of the water at the same time, saved them. We stopped for half an hour to see if we could help them, but we dared not go too near with such a big ship. However, their signal was seen at Deal and Ramsgate, and the lifeboats came out and took them off. But you may imagine what a night it was when three men were washed out of one of the lifeboats and drowned.

"As I said before, I was never out in such a night; it was the worst experience I ever had, and it turned my hair grey. When I set out on that ship my hair was dark, without a trace of grey; when I came back it was quite grey.

"The *Woodville*, being a wooden ship



MR. JOSEPH GRAY, THE QUEEN'S FORMER PILOT.
(From a photograph by J. Willis, Gravesend.)

loaded up with deals, was got off and towed to London. She was a new vessel, and that was her first voyage. I afterwards saw her in the Commercial Dock, and told the captain that but for his being just in front of us and going on the sands as he did, and making a light, we should have been on and probably all lost."

Thus, though often running narrow risks, the veteran pilot prides himself that he was "never in trouble." Nor did he cost the underwriters a five-pound note in all his experience until March last year, when a ship he was piloting ran against another vessel in the fog. It was no fault of his, and the owners exonerated him from blame. "Still," said he in referring to the affair, "it spoiled my record of forty years."

EX-TROOPER TEMPANY.

BY THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR HENNIKER.



I.

O live in one of the three small houses that were chiefly unlike the others in the street because they bore the title of Paradise Villas might to the ordinary observer appear a distinction without a difference; but to the dwellers in these favoured residences the fact was a source of genuine, if subdued, pride. The porches over the three front doors were decidedly higher, and there were no doubt some four feet square more of garden allotted to each of these select abodes than belonged to the neighbouring cottages. Old Mr. Tempany, late of the — Hussars, who lived in the right-hand corner, bore himself with so modest a mien and such frank simplicity of manner in spite of all these advantages, that envy died a natural death in his presence. Besides, there always lurked in the hearts of his acquaintances a belief that the rent of No. 1, Paradise Villas, was unpleasantly high for a man whose age prevented him from doing active work, and whose pension was only seven shillings a week. And no doubt this opinion made them still more kindly disposed towards him. They noticed, too, that his eyesight was very failing, although he never spoke much about it, and that the old lady—everybody had a good word also for Mrs. Tempany—“seemed that feeble and shaky on her legs, poor dear soul, that as likely as not she'd never see them wall-flowers come out another year.” Mr. and Mrs. Tempany were known to be very proud of this particular product of their garden; and it was their sympathetic friend, Mrs. Turnbull, who made this last remark, after bringing home a great sweet-smelling bunch, and enjoying a chat with the ex-trooper and his wife one evening in May. Mrs. Turnbull was not a woman of a sentimental turn, but she had felt a sort of odd pang when she had left the old couple to their meagre repast and returned to her own more substantial supper.

“They reely don't get enough solid food, Turnbull,” said she to her husband, who earned good wages as coachman to the colonel

who lived at the end of the street. “Not that they—*she* don't anyhow—seem to care much about their vittels; but don't tell me, Turnbull, that bread and tea (and it's only tea, that I know, at one-and-three), with not a drop of milk in it, is enough for any old gentleman and lady who want something a bit comfortin' and strengthenin' to keep 'em up. I'll just run round with a couple of eggs for them, and a bit of the corned beef, to-morrow.”

So saying, the worthy woman prepared to put the two youngest of her five children to bed, and her husband went whistling off to his stables.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Tempany, who looked, as they were, what Mrs. Turnbull characterised as “superior and good-livin' people,” had finished their tea, and the old man, who seemed very tired and stooped much, put a few more broken sticks on the fire. For though it was May, the east winds were still very chilly.

“You didn't ought to walk so far in them woods to fetch sticks, John,” said his wife. “You're that tired, I can see you are, you didn't scarcely eat nothin'.”

The pinched face of Mrs. Tempany was lifted up anxiously to his. Such a pretty face it had been when a handsome young hussar, whose figure had looked magnificent in his black-and-yellow uniform, had won her nearly sixty years ago. Perhaps *he* thought it fair still, for he smiled very kindly down upon her.

“Don't you bother about me, Jenny,” said he; “I do feel my back a bit bad now and then—in the spring and fall of the year especial. But—” Here he paused abruptly, for what he had meant to have said was, “It's the eyes as is the worst trouble,” and he began instead to busy himself with the feeble fire and the sticks. Mrs. Tempany watched his shrunken figure as he moved about. His long white beard, his fine forehead and straight features, gave him an air of nobility and distinction even in his worn-out old Cardigan jacket and carpet slippers. The fire made up, he put on his smoking-cap, a round head-gear trimmed with yellow braid and adorned with a tassel, and went very slowly into his little garden. He had not been able to afford any tobacco lately, for Mrs. Tempany had been more than once so weak and faint that the doctor had been obliged to be called in, and his medicines had cost a “sight of money.” The ex-trooper

leant against his garden railing, with his faithful spaniel, who was far fatter and more prosperous in appearance than his master and mistress, sitting thoughtfully on his haunches beside him. Rover probably knew that Mr. Tempany was a little sad that evening, for he kept on watching him sympathetically with his red-brown eyes, and now and then laid a cold nose under the withered old hand that hung listlessly just above it.

Presently a young man, alert in figure, and with a good-humoured face, came striding down the footpath. He had been out surveying, evidently, for he carried his apparatus with him. In front of No. 1, Paradise Villas, he stopped short.

"Hallo, Tempany!" said he, in a hearty voice.

The old man raised his hand to his forehead and looked pleased. As a fact, it was the voice, not the face, that he had recognised, but he had not confessed to anyone yet how very much his eyesight was failing him.

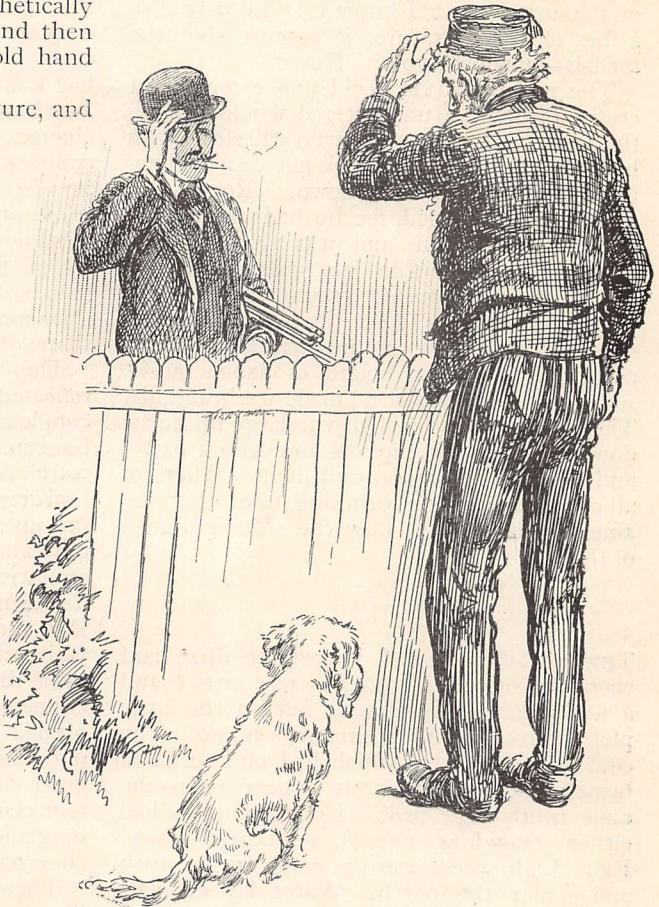
"Well, Tempany, how are you? Pretty bobbish, eh? *I've* had a day of it, I assure you. But the out-of-door work is the best part of soldiering after all. Oh, I say, look here! I've been awfully remiss, I know, but I'll write soon about that grant for you, I will indeed—from the fund, you know."

"I'm very greatly obliged to you, sir," said the old man.

"Well, good-night," answered the other cheerfully, lighting a cigar as he spoke. The fragrant whiff of tobacco was rather tantalising to Mr. Tempany, who we know was without any at present. But it did not occur to the light-hearted Captain Abingdon that he might have given the old soldier half-a-crown to buy some. He was an amiable young man in his way, but not especially thoughtful. So he strode on gaily, and Mr. Tempany went indoors. The fire had now gone quite out, and the old woman was asleep. Had he been able to see her better, the aspect of her white, shrunken face, with her drawn mouth a little open, would have given his heart a pang. But he only guessed that she was dozing, and moved very gently about, till he finally settled himself in his black horsehair arm-chair and went to sleep too.

The little room was very neat and clean, and suggested comfort, if not extreme prosperity. Every well-dusted article of furniture

—the mahogany cupboard, the brilliant patch-work table-cloth, which was the work of the ex-trooper himself, the bead-mats with the regimental badge emblazoned upon them, above all, the few prints framed in polished



"HALLO, TEMPANY!"

wood upon the walls—were household gods, beloved and cherished by the Tempanys. There was one picture of Lord Cardigan, the heroic leader whom the ex-trooper himself had followed in the famous charge that had certain death or imperishable glory as its goal. Facing the presentment of the cavalry general was a faded engraving representing Cathcart falling lifeless at Inkerman. Below these was a still more dim photograph of ex-Trooper Tempany in uniform, which brought back to his wife whenever she looked at it memories of the merry sound of trumpet-calls, of the clank of spurs, and all the stir and bustle of the old soldiering days that seemed so aloof from the quiet monotony of Paradise Villas. There was also one of Mrs. Tempany, looking very

smiling and prosperous in her best dress of brown silk.

The ex-trooper woke with a start. Evidently he had been dreaming, for he said quite out loud before his eyes opened—

"No, not them prints, or the patch-work, or the mats, not if I know it! I'll part with a bit of the furniture, if I must—but the medals—how dare you? Never!"

The room was very cold, and a wan light crept in from the unshuttered window on to the face of Mrs. Tempany, who still slept, with her head in its shabby black net cap bobbing uncomfortably up and down. Rover was chilly too, it seemed, for he had crept close to the old woman, and was lying snoring upon her skirt. The last green and lilac tints were melting into grey in the sky; the village street was very silent. From the swaying bough of a tree near the villas a bird twittered. Then a sound of dance music, some way off apparently, made itself audible. The colonel, who lived in the large house far down the street, was giving an evening party, and Captain Abingdon and many soldiers of all ages, were eating, drinking, and otherwise amusing themselves, after the arduous duties of the day.

II.

THE wall-flowers had long since died, and there was merely a straggling rose or two, and a few withered geraniums left in the little plot in front of Mr. Tempany's house. The cold autumnal rain which had of late fallen heavily had given a forlorn appearance to the once neatly-kept beds. Every plant looked either straggling, ragged, or beaten down. Rank high weeds were growing in the path and under the porch. Water lay in little stagnant puddles where formerly a firm foothold of neatly-raked ground had led up to the door.

"The old gentleman he ain't up to doin' no more work," said one labourer to another, as they trudged heavily past his house, with heads bent down and the rain beating hard against their faces.

"He've took it very hard about his eyes," remarked the second man. "They can't give him nothing at the dispensary to do 'em no good. I seed him, poor old chap, catch his foot las' Sunday in the scraper at Turnbull's and come down a terrible cropper on the doorstep. The old lady, too, she'll never pull through the winter—and it's precious cold already."

Within No. 1, Paradise Villa, the ex-soldier was sitting holding his long, bony hands over a very small fire. Old Mrs. Tempany lay on

the horsehair sofa in the corner farthest from the draught of the door, with a ragged fur-lined cloak thrown over her shrunken form. From time to time her livid face moved a little on the pillow, and she coughed a hard cough that seemed to tear her thin chest. There was a saucepan on the fire and a half-emptied cup of weak tea at the old woman's elbow. People such as Mrs. Turnbull, who had known the aspect of the Tempanys' parlour last summer, would have observed several changes in it. For one thing the dust had congregated in little heaps where it had never been seen in the old days—on the chimney-piece, on the torn patchwork fire-rug, on the window sills and the little flower pots, in which the plants were nearly at their last gasp. One arm-chair was missing, and also a far more imposing piece of furniture in the shape of the mahogany press.

Then the looking-glass, which had often reflected the figures of the cleanly-dressed old couple at their simple meals, was no longer to be seen. The brilliant scarlet and blue patchwork table-cloth and the bead mats were, however, in their former positions; and glancing up at the walls, a visitor would still have observed Sir George Cathcart falling back after receiving his death-wound, and Lord Cardigan sitting erect on his proud charger. But the walls sadly wanted a new coat of whitewash, and a haze of spider's-web hung over the heads of more than one of the Crimean heroes. Also upon the wall, and pinned on a piece of red velveteen, were the old man's medals—those for long service and good conduct, and the Crimean one with its four clasps. Sometimes he would lift his dim eyes and look towards them. Far more often they rested on his wife's wasted face.

There came a tap at the door, and Mr. Tempany rose slowly to open it and to admit a clergyman, a short man with a round, expressionless face and a stiffness of demeanour that was probably to be attributed more to shyness than to unfriendliness.

"It's a wretched evening, eh, Tempany?" said he. "No, thanks, I won't sit down to-night. I've got to be back at six to receive some friends coming from London. Mrs. Tempany no better? Dear, dear! I really think, if you'll excuse my saying so again, Tempany, as I did the other day, that she'd be much more comfortable up at the infirmary. She'd be well looked after there, and you with your eyes not what they used to be, and——"

"She wouldn't ever go there and leave me," said the old man respectfully, but trembling very much. "As long as we can keep the home together, she and I, here we'll stop. And it'll not be for long, I don't expect."

He turned his face abruptly away. The clergyman went on slowly rubbing the rain-drops off his hat.

"Oh well, I see your feeling, of course," he answered hurriedly. "But you know that prejudices against the workhouse are nearly exploded, or ought to be. In the infirmaries the people are most kindly treated and have comforts that—that—of course, I know you've your pension, Tempany, but there are little things that are expensive to get, you see, for people who are ill. That's all I meant. Good-evening—Oh, I'll tell Miss Taylor to bring you a grocery ticket. Good-night, Mrs. Tempany."

When he was gone, the old soldier sat down again by the expiring fire and began to think hard. Yes, there was no doubt that the missis wanted comforts. The doctor had made the same remark. It all resolved itself into that. The grocery tickets gave a little help; but port wine was so terribly expensive, and so was soup in tins. He looked round the room and began counting on his thin fingers. The clock—yes, they really didn't want such a big clock, and the ticking was bothering, she used to say; and that table, too, in the window, was superfluous.

"No," he continued aloud, "*not* the couch—she must have that for to lie upon. And the pictures—they wouldn't fetch much, and I couldn't ever fancy the room without 'em."

Rover crept up to his master and laid his head sympathetically on his knees. His soft floppy ears were spread out wide, his red eyes uplifted with an inquiring expression.

"No, Rover, old man," said his master, "we'll never go up to that there wretched place, will we? Better to sell the pictures even, and everything else, than *that*." The dog dropped his ears and wagged his tail joyously. He evidently entirely agreed with Mr. Tempany.

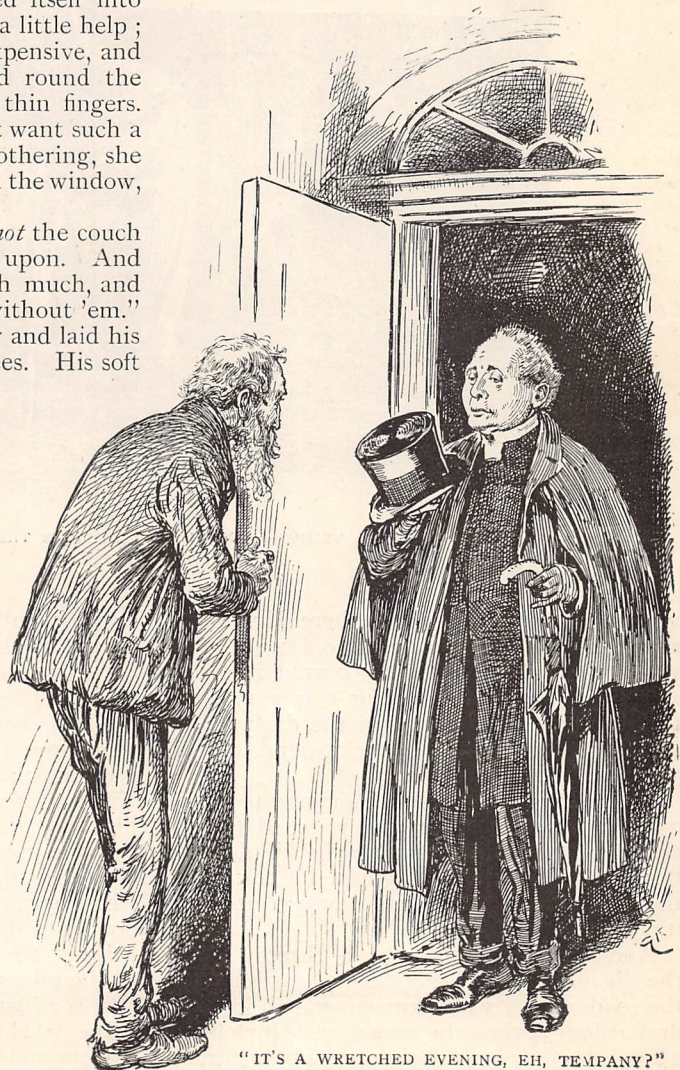
III.

It was a cruel hard winter, this of 188—. So said Mrs. Turnbull, whose husband had been thrown suddenly out of work owing to the colonel's death, and everybody else agreed with her. It was not only that the snow lay in grim drifts in the roads, and that the water supply ran short, but the wind! Surely there had never been a

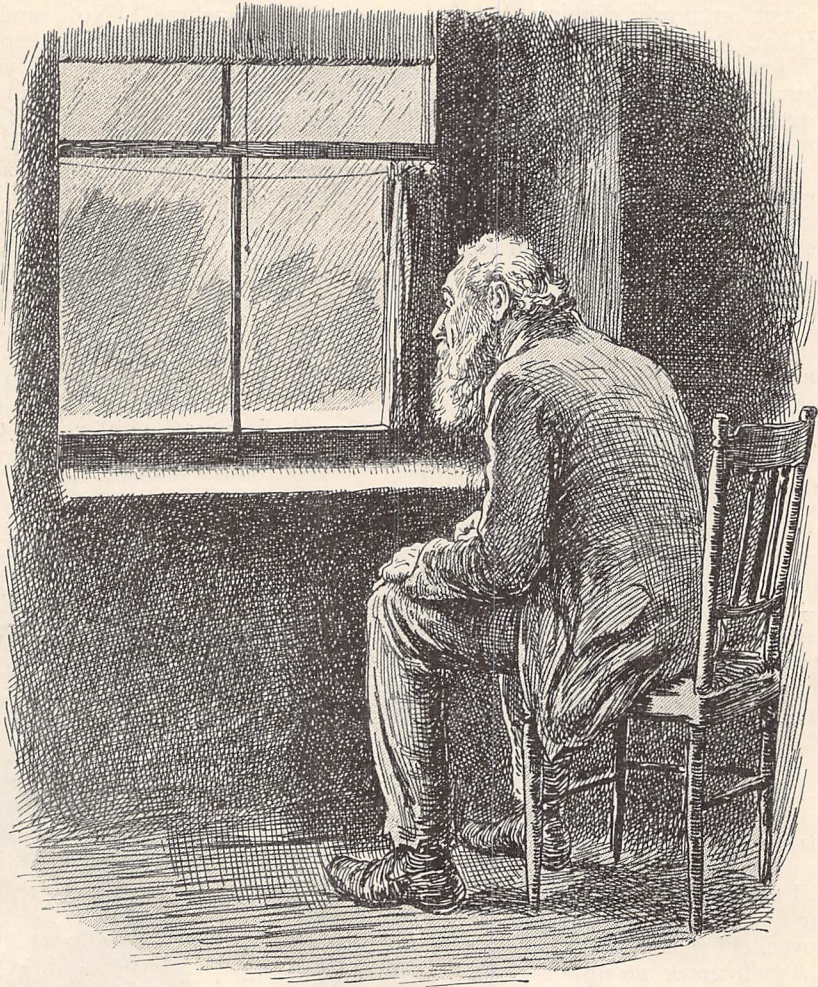
more evil, spiteful wind than this. He seemed everywhere. No sand-bags or shutters or curtains would keep him out. He made old bones ache and young faces blue. And there was no doubt that his onslaughts had been too much for old Mrs. Tempany, who lay shivering and gasping in her little house that felt damp and chill as a tomb.

On one very bitter day, Miss Taylor, the district visitor, a rosy-cheeked young lady who wore a fashionable hat, had paid a friendly call at No. 1, Paradise Villas, and there deposited the Parish Magazine. What was more important, she had promised coals.

"Yes, I'll tell the man to stop this afternoon," said she, standing at the open front door and allowing the bitter wind to rush into



"IT'S A WRETCHED EVENING, EH, TEMPANY?"



"MR. TEMPANY TOOK UP A POST NEAR THE WINDOW."

the little bedroom beyond, where Mrs. Tempany lay. What furniture the old couple now possessed had been mostly moved into the sleeping room. The parlour was very bare. But the prints still hung on the dusty walls, and the medals on the background of red velvet.

Towards afternoon, Mr. Tempany took up a post near the window and watched for the coal-cart. He was very nearly blind now, but he could just distinguish, he felt sure, the glimmer of the white horse that drew it.

And surely enough, towards three o'clock, the heavily-laden wagon came creaking up the road, with its well-known animal looking drab-colour against the pure snow. It stopped a few doors lower down, and he could just trace

a black outline descending with a sack and mounting the cart again.

"Thank God! she'll have a warm fire to-night!" he said, blowing on his fingers.

Very slowly the cart came on, and old Tempany rose to his feet. No! It was impossible; it was *not* going to stop at the Villas after all! A terrible pang shot through him.

"She must ha' forgotten!" he said miserably, passing his hands through his scanty white hair. "And I've only twopence in the box! O dear, O dear, whatever shall we do this night? Miss Taylor *might* have thought of the missis coughing so! O my gracious, that is a blamed bad job!"

He tried to collect a handful or two of cinders, and took them into the bedroom. His

wife looked up at him from the bed where she lay shivering, although covered with the wrapping of ragged fur.

"Wot was it, John, that hawficer who come 'ere in the summer said about some fund? Wouldn't they let you have a trifle out of it now it's got so awful cold?"

"I 'spect he forgot, like the rest of 'em do," said the old man. "Never mind, my girl, I'll get you a cup o' 'ot tea when I've made up the fire."

For he had resolved to go and ask Mrs. Turnbull for a few shovelfuls of coal, which he knew she would not refuse, though she, too, was having a hard time with her five children at home and her husband out of work.

Captain Abingdon had indeed forgotten, as is the habit of perhaps the larger portion of human beings. For one thing he had had an unfortunate Ascot, and this had quite put old Mr. Tempany out of his head. Besides, as his soldiering in that veteran's part of the world was now over, Captain Abingdon had nothing to remind him of the tall white-bearded figure that he used to see so often standing at his garden gate. Then, after Ascot, the young officer had fallen a victim to the charms of a lady with yellow hair, pencilled eyebrows, and a lively disposition, and this episode was all-absorbing until Goodwood.

It was not the fortune of old Tempany to be remembered by many people.

He fetched his small allowance of coal from tender-hearted Mrs. Turnbull and made a fire in the little damp bedroom, and some tea and dry toast that got very much burnt, because his hands trembled so much with the cold.

All night he kept watch by the bedside, and he was happy to think that the old woman was better for the warmth, because she coughed less and less, and then not at all. She still slept when he got up in the chilly dawn from his chair, feeling terribly stiff and weary; so he moved as noiselessly as he could for fear that she should wake. At last he got anxious, and moved the fur cloak a little on one side.

"Jenny, are you asleep? Shall I get you a little drop o' cocoa and one of them nice biscuits?" he said.

But she was still sleeping, and so soundly this time that neither cold, nor pain, nor hunger, nor even the voice of the faithful old man who loved her, would ever wake her again.

IV.

FOR some weeks he still lived on in the lonely, dismantled little home. Mrs. Turnbull came in to help him when she could, and oftener than not returned to her own more cheerful hearth in a weeping state. Once she brought

back a parcel wrapped in newspaper, and broke out into loud sobs as she put it down upon the table. Her husband had now got into work again, though with lower wages, and he was sitting at tea as she entered.

"It's that Lord Cathcart!" exclaimed Mrs. Turnbull, undoing the paper. "He said, poor old gentleman, as he couldn't bear to have him sold up with the rest, being a general, and so brave and courageous, and all that, he says." Here Mrs. Turnbull became temporarily incoherent. "We've settled it all," she sobbed. "He's going up to the infirmary at the House next week, and I'm a-going with him in the train and as far as the 'orrid, nasty old place. And as to Rover—why, he frets quite awful about that dog!"

"We'll take the dog," said Mr. Turnbull gruffly, and blowing his nose very loud.

Now that the final decision was made, ex-Trooper Tempany had grown very silent, very patient and quiet. He seemed, excepting at rare intervals, to lose interest in everything. Two days before the day of departure came, when Mrs. Turnbull, who had brought him a few luxuries for his tea, was sitting with him, he said suddenly:—

"I'd like your Elizabeth Ann to have them bead-mats. I made 'em when we lay in York. And your Sarah can have the tablecloth—there's an awful lot of work in it; and the adjutant's lady she give me a bundle of scraps." Then he paused. "And the medals—you'll keep 'em quite safe for me in case—in case I ever come out?" He said the last words very slowly and with evident difficulty.

Rover seemed to understand. He jumped right up on to his master's knee, and began licking his face. Then at last the tears ran slowly down Mr. Tempany's cheeks on to his white beard and Cardigan jacket.

"I can't see how the poor old chap looks, Mrs. Turnbull. I am getting terrible blind, but I'll be bound he looks like crying too, and making a fool of himself."

Mrs. Turnbull wiped her face with her apron.

"Lor! I'm sure he might be a Christian, Mr. Tempany, to see the way he puts his head on your waistcoat and stares up at you, trying to make you understand 'im," she said, choking down her own emotion.

At last, on a cold, drizzling day, the hour of departure came. Mr. Turnbull had lent the old soldier his own warmer overcoat, and had said a sad good-bye and gone away, taking with him Rover, who had at first whimpered and cried and made many objections. The old man kissed the glossy head of his faithful friend. "You'll never let him

come to no harm, I know," he said solemnly. "And he won't fret after—after a bit. He didn't eat nothing for two days after we buried *her* though, and p'raps he won't now just at first, poor chap."

"We'll bring 'im up to see you, Mr. Tempany, when we come," said the other man huskily, and wringing the ex-trooper's hand very hard.

Then the two started on their melancholy journey. While they were in the train they scarcely exchanged a remark, and after about twenty minutes' travelling they halted at a large station. The rain was coming on fast, and Mrs. Turnbull opened an alpaca umbrella and drew old Mr. Tempany's arm within hers.

Up a long street they walked, down another, up a third, still mostly silent. As Mrs. Turnbull afterwards expressed it, she felt for all the world as if someone was "jagging at her throat with a table-knife"; but she behaved with courage, and made a few desperate attempts to be cheerful. At the top of the slight hill which they were now ascending stood a grim-looking building, surrounded by a high wall. Some hundred yards below it was a public-house, and in front of this inn a party of travelling musicians had grouped themselves. They consisted of two women—one unkempt, the other haggard—and three men, one of whom thumped a loud accompaniment to the singing on a cracked piano. The tune was evidently popular, for in spite of the cold rain, a group of loafers and children had crowded round the instrument. The hoarse and unmelodious voices of the itinerant songsters resounded through the still atmosphere:—

"O Tommy, Tommy Hatkins, ye're a good 'un, 'eart and 'and,
Yer a credit to yer callin' and to all yer native land."

Mrs. Turnbull, always red in the face, grew a little more crimson, and drew in her breath. But her companion, whose steps were slackening from fatigue, did not appear to notice the music. They drew still nearer to the tall iron gate which admitted visitors into the building at the top of the hill.

"I wonder what old Rover's doing now?" said Mr. Tempany thoughtfully.

Mrs. Turnbull felt as if she must scream it this sort of thing went on much longer, but she answered with tolerable calmness, "Willie was a-going to take 'im for a long run up in the woods." Then she looked at the piano and the singers with a sort of fierce defiance. Had these travellers known that one of the two figures slowly climbing the hill, with the workhouse infirmary as his goal, was that of an old man who had fought bravely, suffered patiently, and lived honestly, they might not, perhaps, have been very much moved. Anyhow, Mrs. Turnbull felt that she hated them with a bitter hatred. She and her companion had reached the gateway at last, and stood still for a few moments. Mr. Tempany was panting heavily, while his hand that lay on the woman's arm shook a good deal. She rang the bell sharply, and a man dressed in uniform opened a side door.

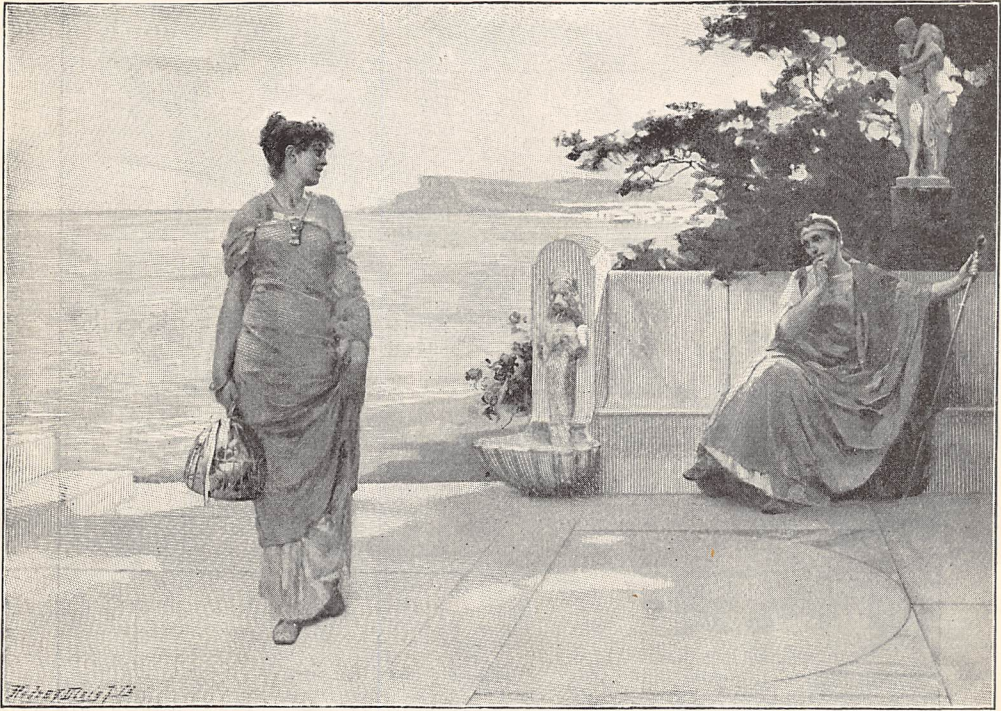
From below the voices of the singers came floating towards them. They and the visitors to the public-house seemed to be now in a state of extreme hilarity, for they went on shouting the chorus in tones that would have been simply deafening at close quarters. They sang it three times over at least:—

"Gord bless yer, Tommy Hatkins, 'ere's the country's love to you!"

And with the sound of those cheerful and inspiring strains ringing in his ears, ex-Trooper Tempany passed through the workhouse gate.



PICTURES OF CLASSIC SCENES AND STORIES.



OLD LOVE RENEWED. (By J. R. Weguelin.)

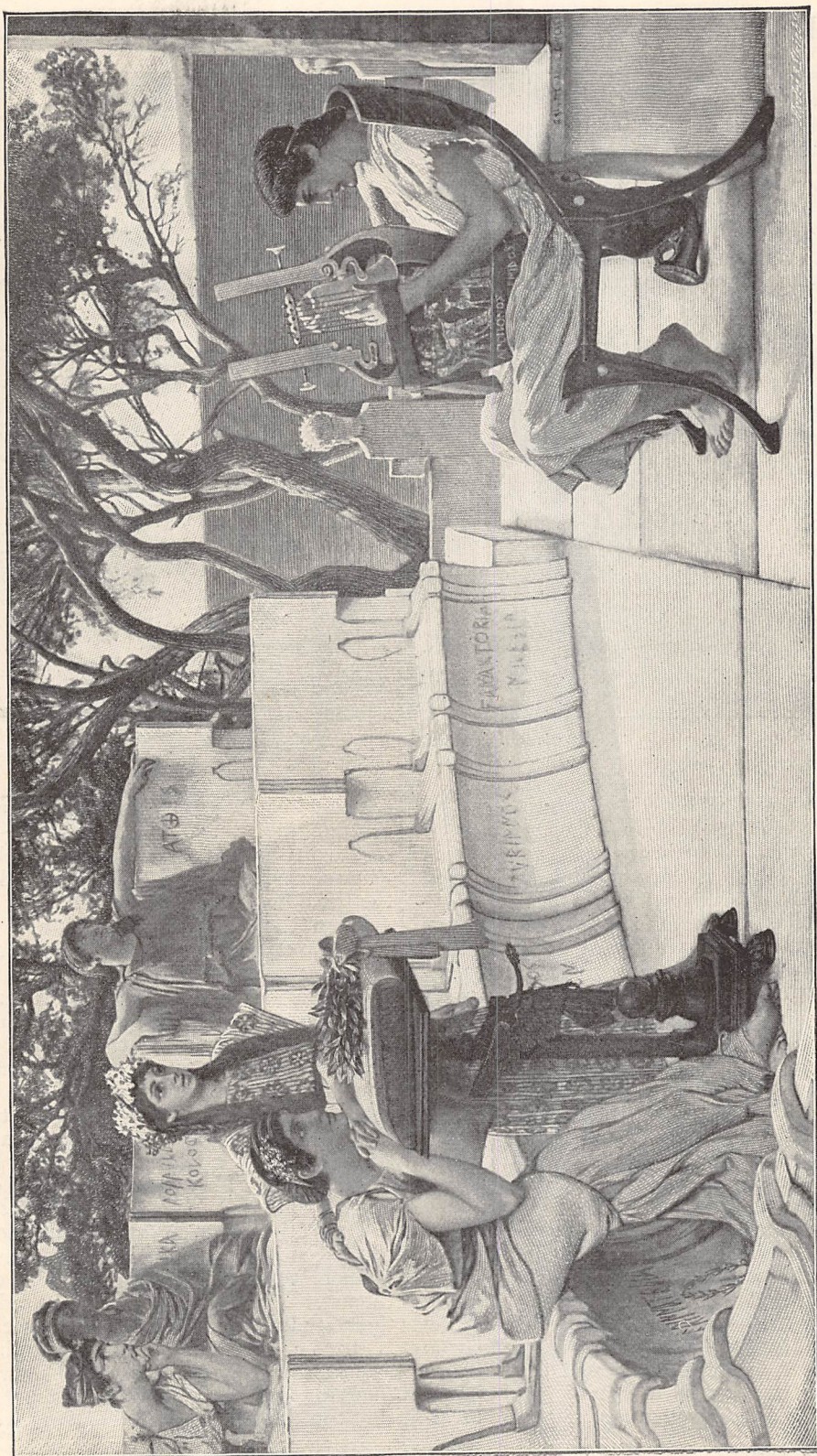


WHEN the painting of madonnas and saints for altar-pieces and church decoration began to pall upon the Italian artists of the fifteenth century, it was to the classic stories they turned for inspiration. They were probably encouraged in this by the rich nobles who took up the patronage of the arts in succession, or in opposition, to the church, which until then had reigned supreme. But, whatever may have been the cause, it came about that the painters began to enlarge their sphere in the direction mentioned, the result being that they made larger demands upon their imaginative faculties, and were led to a deeper study of Nature than they had been called upon to make in their repetitions of madonnas and saints. In our National Gallery is one of the first-fruits of this Renaissance, in a representation of "The Rape of Helen," by Benozzo Gozzoli, a pupil of Fra Angelico, who for himself doubtless deprecated this secularisation of art. It is a curious composition, containing an attempt at landscape and archi-

tecture, but it is the figures that form the centre of interest. Helen is frankly a woman of the artist's own time—costume included—who seems quite content to be carried off on the shoulders of her abductor.

From the time of the execution of that work the classics were more and more drawn upon by successive generations of artists. Archæological accuracy was never thought of, even down to comparatively modern times, the painters being content to paint beautiful pictures without troubling to place their figures among surroundings suitable to the time in which they were supposed to have lived; or if this concession to truth was made, the figures were generally taken from models of the artists' own nationality, and clothed in garb contemporary with themselves.

The artists of to-day, however, who go to classic times for their subjects endeavour to be more consistent in the treatment of their themes. Archæology has to be added to their studies, and—perhaps carping criticism is to be held responsible—their insistent accuracy in the accessories of their works is sometimes so marked as to destroy the interest in the central figures of their creations.



SAPPHO.
(By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

Foremost among painters of to-day who have made classic scenes and stories essentially their subject stands Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., who has acquired world-wide reputation for his wonderfully painted representations of the life of ancient Greece and Rome. The works from his brush which we reproduce are typical examples. The "Balneatrix" represents a young Roman girl bringing warm towels for the use of her mistress after a bath. "Sappho," painted in 1881, gives us one of his most familiar compositions. The semicircular seat of marble; the blue sky and sea beyond; and the excellently arranged group in the foreground. The central figure is that of Alcæus, who is playing the lute and singing the praises of her whom ancient writers designated "The Tenth Muse." Standing beside the poetess is the little daughter to whom she refers in one of her songs, and behind her sit pupils and friends. The picture is painted in Mr. Alma-Tadema's best style; but a sight of the original calls forth the remark so often heard at exhibitions in front of his works: "How beautifully the marble is painted!" a tribute to the artist's skill, which is, after all, a condemnation of his methods; for the marvellous technique displayed in the painting of the accessories distracts attention from the beauty of the composition as a whole.

Mr. J. Reinhard Weguelin, A.R.W.S., is another well-known artist who confines himself almost entirely to pictures of classic scenes. His love for such was first acquired during the early years of his life, which were spent in Rome, and afterwards fostered by the art training he received under Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., at the Slade School. He did not begin this training until he was twenty-two years of age, after an attempt at commercial life, but the memory of the sojourn in Rome was still strong, and the classic predilections of his teacher called forth a ready response from the pupil. His first Academy work was a painting of "The Labour of the Danaïdes," and since that was executed he has generally found his subjects in classic and mythological lore. A commission a few years back to illustrate the Odes of Horace was very congenial, and the picture we reproduce on page 849 is based upon his illustration to Ode 9, Book III. It is in the form of a dialogue—according to all translators—between Horace himself and Lydia. The two lovers meet after a separation, and



BALNEATRIX.

(By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)



NIOBE. (By Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A.)



[Copyright 1894 by Photographische Gesellschaft.]

"YES OR NO?"

(By J. W. Godward. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)



GREEK GIRLS PLAYING AT BALL.
(By Lord Leighton, P.R.A. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)



ARIADNE.

(By P. H. Calderon, R.A. The copyright is the property of the artist.)

Horace declares he is now "Thracian Chloë's slave," while Lydia "dotes on Calais." Sir Theodore Martin thus translates the two last stanzas, which this drawing—it is a water-colour—specially illustrates:—

Horace. "What if our ancient love return

And bind us with a
closer tie,

If I the fair-haired
Chloë spurn
And as of old for
Lydia sigh?"

Lydia. "Though lovelier
than yon star is he,
Thou fickle as an
April sky,

More churlish, too,
than Adrian's sea,
With thee I'd live,
with thee I'd die."

The story of Niobe, depicted by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., is one of the most pathetic of those of ancient mythology. A daughter of Tantalus, King of Lydia, she married Amphion, by whom she had, according to different writers, a varying number of children—the most generally accepted being fourteen, seven

sons and seven daughters. In her pride she ridiculed the idea of worship being paid to Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana, observing that owing to her larger family she had better claim to sacrifices than Latona. Incensed at this, the latter besought her two children to avenge the insult; the prayer was heard, Apollo killing the sons and Diana the daughters, of the presumptuous Niobe. Like Rachel, "mourning for her children, and refusing to be comforted," Niobe wept herself to death, and was changed into stone, from which ran water. Niobe is looked upon as the personification of female grief; and readers of Shakespeare will call to mind his reference to her in *Hamlet* (Act II., sc. 1), "like Niobe, all tears." The picture represents her at the moment her last daughter is dying.



APOLLO AND DAPHNE. (By Henrietta Rae.)

Mr. Calderon's representation of Ariadne, while being very beautiful, perhaps hardly realises the impassioned sorrow of the abandoned wife of Theseus. The story of that hero's visit to Crete, with the avowed purpose of slaying the fearful Minotaur, is well known: how he volunteered to be one of the

a visit to earth in the guise of a shepherd, saw Daphne, a daughter of a river god, and seeing, loved her. His avowal, however, met with an unfavourable response, Daphne fleeing from him in disgust. Apollo pursued her, and she implored the assistance of the gods. The prayer was heard, and

Daphne was metamorphosed into a laurel, leaving Apollo to content himself with a wreath of leaves from the bush.

The work of the late Lord Leighton as a classic painter needs but small reference; it is so well known and appreciated. The painting reproduced is one of his best examples. The graceful postures of the girls, the elegantly and carefully wrought draperies, the gem-like landscape beyond, make up a picture delightful to behold. Mr. J. W. Godward's work, too, is familiar to all who visit the Academy Exhibitions. Each year he gives us beautifully executed paintings of classic models; the one we reproduce tells its story sufficiently in its title.

Mr. Reginald Arthur, the painter of "The Sacrifice of Iphigenia," reproduced on this page, is a student of the Antwerp Academy and of Baron Leys—Mr. Alma-Tadema's master—and of our own Academy schools. He has made several successes with classic pictures, the one we give having been hung in the Royal Academy in 1895. The story of Iphigenia is parallel with the Biblical ones of Abraham and Isaac and Jephthah's daughter. She was the daughter of Agamemnon and

Clytemnestra. Her father having offended Artemis by killing her favourite stag, vowed to sacrifice the most precious possession the year should bring him to the angry goddess, which proved to be his daughter Iphigenia. He conveniently overlooked his vow, and nothing occurred until some years after, when he went to fight the Trojans, and his fleet was delayed by contrary winds. Calchas, the soothsayer, ascribed this to the anger of Artemis, and advised the sacrifice of Iphigenia. The father, after a struggle, consented. Iphigenia was tied to the altar; the knife was raised, and Iphigenia vanished, a magnificent goat being in her place.

ARTHUR FISH.



THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA. (By Reginald Arthur.)

tribute annually demanded by Minos, and was the first to offer to descend to the dreaded labyrinth: how Ariadne, the king's daughter, falling in love with him, gave him the clue of thread to help him through the maze, and extracted the promise that if he succeeded in his mission he should take her with him from Crete. We know that he did succeed, that he fulfilled his promise, but, when they arrived at Naxos, basely forsook her.

In "Apollo and Daphne," so charmingly rendered by Mrs. Ernest Normand, who is still catalogued under her maiden name of Henrietta Rae, we have another delightful transcript from the classics. The god paying

THE BABOO'S EARTHQUAKE.

BY ETHEL L. HEDDLE.



AM quite aware that people have not believed me when I have told this story in England. "What is that curious Java story you tell?" they have said to me, and if I tell it, they say, "Do you really believe that?" and they look at me a little

pitilyngly, and perhaps with just the soupçon of a shrug.

"I am obliged to believe my senses," I always reply, to which they say nothing. Perhaps they think I had a touch of the sun in Java. I dare say you may think that too? No matter—you shall hear the story.

I was Mrs. Van Hulkemar's English governess, and Mr. Van Hulkemar was chief engineer in a large sugar mill in the interior of the island of Java—and Mr. Van Hulkemar had a very quick, and rather a violent temper. With the natives he was exceedingly short-tempered. His wife had been born in Java, and I suppose was accustomed to this style of thing—it never seemed to occur to her to remonstrate—and of course I dared not say anything. I had only one pupil, and at the time of which I write she was ill and had gone to visit friends in the Oost Hook of Java. So that the Van Hulkemars, baby Claudine, who was three, and I were all the occupants of the bungalow. One day we drove to the mill, to leave a message with Mr. Van Hulkemar, and I went through the long hall to give it. When I reached Mr. Van Hulkemar, he was giving some orders to a group of natives, who were working, almost naked, by a large piece of machinery. One of them was doing something at a tank. He was a Hadji, or native priest—I knew that by the way he wore his head-dress—and he was a tall man with a curious Sphinx-like face. It is not uncommon for the Hadjis to work in the mills, though of course they are superior to the ordinary Javanese workmen.

I do not know what he had done that was wrong, but Mr. Van Hulkemar called out, angrily, just as I approached, and turning, struck the man on the face with his open hand. The Hadji looked up at him—without a word. I cannot say that he looked vindictive, or even angry—these adjectives do not describe the expression—but there, in the sultry mill, I shivered suddenly. And he said something, very low, in Javanese. And then

Mr. Van Hulkemar turned and saw me, and I gave my message. That is the introduction to my story.

A week after, a very extraordinary thing happened.

We were all seated in the verandah, and there was a caller present—one of the mill employés—and Claudine, who was a tiny fair-haired darling, was playing with her doll, the baboo by her side, when she called out suddenly, in Malay—"Baboo! look! the black hand! the black hand!" No one noticed her much, for at that instant a shower of large stones fell, apparently from the roof—crashed on the table, and broke into a thousand fragments the tray, the glasses, and the wine-decanter, which, with a casket of cigars, had just been brought in by the boy.

We all leapt to our feet, and looked at the roof.

Nothing! No hole! Nothing to be seen! absolutely *nothing*! But the stones lay there—large stones, taken apparently from the river bed. Claudine's doll was broken to atoms, and the baboo with a terrified face was hushing the crying child in her arms.

Mr. Van Hulkemar, using a good deal of unparliamentary language, had called to the boys and run out.

There was no one outside at all, no one in sight, and no one on the roof. That was Tuesday.

The next day the same thing happened, at dinner. The dinner service was a ruin—the lamp was broken. Mrs. Van Hulkemar's soup found a haven in the lap of her best "Sarong"—and her husband, rushing out to the front of the house, sent about six boys for the wedonna (native magistrate), and policeman. Both came. It struck me that they were half puzzled and half sulky. Every day the same thing happened! Claudine had lost every doll, and every plaything she possessed—she had lost health and colour, and cried perpetually. I noticed two things. The stones never came unless the child was present, and the baboo never for a moment left her side. No one was actually hurt, except Claudine. Once the little foot was injured, once the tiny hand. Mr. Van Hulkemar sent for the doctor, who stood and hemmed and hawed, and said, "Surely impossible!" at which Van Hulkemar looked ready to kill someone—the doctor for choice. Mrs. Van Hulkemar, who was entirely selfish, cried, and left for Soerkarta, and she wished to take

Claudine with her, but the child would not leave her father, who adored her, and the father, of course, could not leave the mill.

Every day, he said, the thing *must* end, but it did not. It grew worse.

One evening Claudine was playing on the pendoppo steps, rolling a large "pommeloe" (orange) about, and the baboo crouched low—her anxious eyes fixed on the little white figure. Mr. Van Hulkemar was at the mill, and dusk was falling rapidly. I could just see the outline of the cocoanut palms which edged the road. Everything was still.

"Baboo!" I said suddenly, "go and fetch the lamp."

She stooped to raise Claudine, but the child objected, and the baboo looked at me with that dumb pathetic pleading, which is all the objection she ever dared show to any order.

"Go, baboo," I said, "leave the child with me!"

"Nongo! (Mistress) No! I cannot! Do not ask me."

"Why not?"

"I dare not leave the child! The thing must be done—and they will kill *her*!"

"What do you mean?"

The woman's tone made me shiver. It was quite dark now, and everything looked ghost-like and unreal. I thought to myself that I, Mary Arundel, and everyone else, was going mad. Or else it was a mad world.

"The Hadji!" she breathed. "Why did master strike the Hadji? Never, till a life is given——"

Crash! Bang! Smash! Bump! *Bang!*

A little shriek—the usual cry from Claudine, "The hand! Baboo! the black hand!"

Stones, everywhere!

I stood in the centre of the verandah; a wilderness of broken chairs, pictures, flower pots, ornaments, lay around me, and Claudine was sobbing, with a little bruised hand held to the baboo's lips. The woman was kissing her passionately.

"That child will be killed, if this sort of thing goes on," I cried furiously—though I knew the futility of my anger, for nothing was there to be seen, and the baboo stood shaking in a horrible way, and looking at me with her terrified dark eyes over the child's fair head.

"It is true!" she said; "she will die! She will die—unless——" and then she walked away.

When Mr. Van Hulkemar came in, the boys were sweeping up the *débris*—they all looked scared. He swore as usual, and I said that the next day he must order a travelling carriage, and let me take Claudine and the baboo to Soerkarta. To which he agreed. And he said he would write to the Assistant Resident, and get up some soldiers.

The night fell, close and damp and sultry.

Do you know the sensation of something horrible in the air? Either impending disaster, or impending fear? I have never felt it but once. I hope I shall never feel it again. It makes your hands shake, and your heart beat fast and hard, and it drives away sleep. I had told the baboo to put Claudine's little frocks together, and her own saroup and *badjus*, and that we were going away. She looked at me dumbly with no ray of relief.

"Baboo, that will be all right?"

No answer. "Will it be all right, baboo?"

The girl stared over her shoulder, and around, with a dreadful look. "The Hadji! He can reach Soerkarta!" she said, and then came the old wailing refrain, "Why did master strike the Hadji?"

I went to bed, telling myself it was all nonsense, as I drew the mosquito curtains close. Saying this to myself, once or twice, as if I believed it, I lay listening to the rats scampering and squeaking over the bamboo roof, till I heard the "tong tong" (a kind of wooden gong, struck by watchmen all down Javanese roads) strike twelve, and then I fell asleep. I think I slept about an hour.

My window opened in the verandah, and I woke suddenly. Claudine, since the plague of stones, had been very restless at nights, and the baboo was wont to walk up and down with her there, chanting a native song.

I heard them now—and the child speaking in Malay.

"Baboo! Claudine not like the horrid black hand!"

"No—and baboo not let it come near.

"Baboo! Baboo! *There! There!*"

There was a momentary hush then—I could hear my own heart beat—the horror and fear in the child's voice were dreadful.

Then I heard a sound as if the baboo put her down—

"Sit there!" she said. Then I could hear her speaking next, at the front of the verandah. I had picked up a little Javanese, but I only made out a word now and then. She seemed to be pleading with someone, and then I heard her cry out sharply—she was usually very soft-voiced—"Very well! Yes! I agree!"

"Baboo!" Claudine wailed, "Baboo! Come!"

Crash! Thump! Bang! Was the sky falling?

The whole house seemed shaken! It was worse than ever! I leapt to my feet, as a little shrill shriek sent every drop of blood from my face.

I heard Van Hulkemar's door burst open.



"WE ALL LEAPT TO OUR FEET, AND LOOKED AT THE ROOF" (p. 857).

The servants poured in from the back. The verandah was pitch dark—but I could hear Claudine, sobbing still, and I was glad to hear her voice. I ran back for my lamp, and Van Hulkemar had brought his. We held them on high.

"What devilry is this?" he cried, and then stood still. The verandah was strewn with stones, as large as soup-plates. The little furniture left was broken to atoms. Claudine sat sobbing by a big flower-pot, and the baboo—the baboo lay *dead*, a huge stone on her chest—on the centre of the floor!

* * * *

I left for Soerkarta, next day, taking Claudine. The plague of stones stopped, but Mr. Van Hulkemar has left the mill—and some months later we all sailed for Europe. We never speak of the matter, and Claudine is now quite well.

And I have my own ideas as to how and why the baboo died—but I dare say you would pronounce them as mad and wild as is this story.

I cannot help that. I keep them, all the same.

The MYSTERY OF PRECIOUS STONES



"WHEN THE STONE IS BECOME
PERFECT IN THE CAPON, HE
DON'T DRINK."

PRECIOUS stones are valuable only because we think them valuable. If the world at large considered that they were worth nothing, they would become worth nothing—as in Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," diamonds would be playthings for children. We should not, in consequence, be less warmly clad or less well fed, or more subject to disease; we should not, in consequence, suffer any material disadvantage. The world would go on as well as before—

the political economist might tell us that it would go on better.

Yet this love of precious stones, which gives them their value, is older than writing, and is to-day more widely spread than a knowledge of long division. It forms a delightfully dark spot in this painfully bright and utilitarian age. The diamonds in my lady's hair and the soot on the chimney-sweep's face are precisely the same thing in different forms. Both have a value, but for different reasons. Soot has a value because, as gardeners know, it can be used. Diamonds also may be used—for glass-cutting, watch-making, and the engraving of glyptics—but it is not this use

which gives them their high value; nor is it solely that their appearance makes them ornamental—for this appearance can be imitated in a way which would deceive any but the expert. It is the combination of beauty and rarity in a hard permanent form, and the prestige which diamonds, in common with other precious stones, derive from their history and associations. It is their appeal to taste and sentiment.

Precious stones have been associated—at almost all times and in almost all countries—with the powers, civil and religious. Kings and priests alike have loved to possess them; they have served to illuminate the dignity of church and state. The extravagance of some of the Roman emperors in this respect was hardly greater than the extravagance of some of our own kings and queens or of four successive Louis of France. Cleopatra dissolved and drank a pearl. It is said that in the reign of Louis XV. a Prince de Condé, to whom a lady had returned the brilliant that he had given her, dried the ink of his letter to her on the subject with the dust of the powdered diamond. The jewelled chalices, censers, reliquaries, and vestments of the church have not been more magnificent than the jewelled shrines of heathen idols. Everywhere the association of gems and power has been notable. With engraved gems we find the same thing. The signet-ring is the symbol of authority, and it is to the engraved signet that the origin of the august science of heraldry may be traced. To the antiquity, splendour, and dignity of their history and associations may be added the charms of romance and mystery. They take their part in the stories of love and crime, and during the Middle Ages the strangest beliefs prevailed concerning their mysterious powers and virtues.

The mass of superstitions on this subject probably died out among educated people

about the end of the seventeenth century. Half-way through the eighteenth century we find the learned congratulating themselves vastly on their recent enlightenment. In 1750 a translation of the famous old work of Camillus Leonardus on the qualities and virtues of precious stones, "now first Translated into English," was "printed for J. Freeman in Fleet Street." The original work appeared about two hundred and fifty years before, and the translator is careful to point out that what did very well for Camillus Leonardus in 1502 will by no means do for Mr. Translator in 1750. He writes in his preface: "But tho' what I have said, in regard to the Use and Excellence of this little treatise, is incontestibly the Truth; yet I must give the Reader a Caution in the Perusal of it." The reader is not to be influenced by the superstitious belief of the unenlightened Leonardus, a belief "which, in our Days, is entirely out of Use, at least is laid aside by the Learned."

I confess that this translating gentleman annoys me. His own grandfather was probably not very much less credulous on the subject than Leonardus. He is a bumptious prig. He mutilates that author's work, and excuses himself with a pious plea that savours of rank hypocrisy. There were three books in the work of Leonardus, and the translator omits the third. Why? Because it deals with the magical properties of engraved gems. "But as nothing of this kind suits the Taste of the more enlighten'd Moderns, we judged it wholly impertinent to trouble our Readers with Speculations not agreeable to right Reason, nor indeed consistent with our Religion." If it was improper to translate the third book, it was just as improper to translate the first and second, which are every bit as full of erroneous and superstitious beliefs. But his next sentence explains the delicacy of his conscience. "However, if the Curious, for their amusement, are desirous of knowing the Sentiments of the Antients in these Matters, upon the Intimation of their Desire, we will give them a Translation of this our Author's Third Book, in a small Volume by itself." Quite so; the translator's conscience was in the publisher's pocket. "J. Freeman in Fleet Street" was a cautious man, and had said that he would try the two books first and see how they did before he risked anything on the third.

The author is better than the translator, and the darkness of 1500 is infinitely more interesting and amusing than the enlightenment of 1750. True the book is mostly compiled from the work of others, but there is a distinct character about it. Nothing could be

more naïve, more child-like, and more delightfully sly. The list of precious stones includes many that are not to be bought in Bond Street to-day, many that are not precious stones, and some that (it is to be feared) never existed outside the author's charming imagination.

Take, for instance, the *alectoria*. It has a long list of virtues. Firstly, it makes a man invisible. Secondly, "being held in the Mouth, it allays Thirst, and therefore is proper for Wrestlers." It is said (though it is not mentioned in this translation) that Milo, the famous wrestler, wore this stone, and the modern athlete in training would probably be thankful for it. It is a stone of all work, this *alectoria*. It makes a woman agreeable to



"IT IS THE CROW'S FAULT" (p. 862).

her husband, and will fill in its time by helping to regain a lost kingdom and acquire a foreign one. This being so (and Leonardus says without hesitation that it is so), one naturally wants to know where to find it. It is to be found in one place only—in the intestines of a capon which has lived seven years. "When the Stone is become perfect in the Capon, he don't drink. However, 'tis never bigger than a large Bean."

Then there is the *corvia*, or *corvina*, on the

subject of which Leonardus is distinctly pleasant. This is the way we are to secure a specimen of *corvia* if we want it. "On the Calends of *April*"—and it will be seen subsequently that the date is not inappropriate—"boil the Eggs taken out of a Crow's Nest till they are hard, and being cold, let them be placed in the Nest as they were before. When the Crow knows this, she flies a long Way to find this Stone; and having found it returns to the Nest; and the Eggs being touch'd with it they become fresh and prolifick." Observe the cunning of Leonardus. If you do not get your *corvia* it is the crow's fault for not having been able to find a specimen. It does not prove that Leonardus is wrong, and you may try again on the next first of April. It brings you only riches, honour, and the gift of prophecy, but still it seems to be a sort of stone quite worth having.

The virtues of coral are many. It keeps off ghosts, bad dreams, storms, and "every Incursion of wild Beasts." It cures a long list of diseases. "I have had it from a creditable Person," writes Leonardus, "and have often experienced it myself, that it will prevent Infants, just born, from falling into an Epilepsy. Let there be put in the Mouth of the Child, before it has tasted any Thing, half a scruple of the Powder of Red Coral, and let it be swallowed; for it is a wonderful Preserver." The child takes coral; the child does not have epilepsy; therefore coral prevents epilepsy in children. And yet, I believe, coral is not to be found in the modern pharmacopœia.

Another curious stone of which Leonardus speaks—coral is not a precious stone, by the way—is the bezoar. Leonardus does not mention where it was procured, but describes it as a "red, dusty, light and brittle stone." He says that it is a sovereign remedy against all poisons. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says that the bezoar "is found in the belly of a little beast in the East Indies, brought into Europe by Hollanders and our country-men merchants. Renodeus saith he saw two of these beasts alive in the castle of the lord of Vitry at Coubert." He recommends it warmly as a remedy for melancholy. Queen Elizabeth had a bezoar stone; the Emperor Charles V. had four of them. Of course, curious concretions are found from time to time in the stomach and intestines of animals, and the ancients at once credited them with miraculous powers. Hence the stories of the alecatoria and the bezoar. Élie Reclus, writing of the Badagas, a tribe of the Neilgherries, or Blue Mountains, says that their babies are dosed "with a scruple of a certain magma reputed sacred, and found now and again in the entrails of a bull. This secretion

is somewhat like those bezoar stones, to which our Middle Ages attributed marvellous virtues."

The translator of Leonardus may have been right in his assertion that the beliefs of Leonardus were not the beliefs of the learned of 1750. But superstition still lingered around precious stones, if not among the learned, certainly among many who would have been reluctant to be called ignorant. An interesting instance of this occurred eleven years afterwards at the coronation of George III. The coronation, by the way, was not well stage-managed, and the King complained of the arrangements to the Deputy Earl Marshal, the Earl of Effingham. His reply was one of the things that should have been said differently: "It is true, sir, that there has been some neglect, but I have taken care that the *next coronation* shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible." However, the Earl of Effingham was not responsible for the incident at the coronation which occasioned so much talk at the time—the finest of the Royal jewels fell from the crown. The superstitious all declared that some great loss would befall England. As it happened, they were right. "When in 1782," writes Jesse, "the British Crown was dispossessed of its proudest appanage, the North American colonies, there were many persons who eagerly called to mind the warning portent of 1761." The fallen jewel was recovered, but no alecatoria regained the lost kingdom.

The belief in the malignant powers of the Koh-i-noor is not held in this country as it was in its native land, but even at the present day we are not quite without our superstitions. The Romans tied little bunches of coral round the necks of children; in the Middle Ages, as we have seen, coral was considered to be beneficial for children; to this day coral necklaces and ornaments are given to children. Educated people give them from custom and not from superstition, but if an inquiry were held into the beliefs of nineteenth-century nursemaids (a stupendous undertaking, on which I do not propose to embark), I think it would be found that some at any rate held that the coral was in some mysterious way "good for the child." There is, however, one superstition which is still firmly held by some educated people—the superstition that the opal is unlucky, and about this there is something to be said.

When Pliny, or Albertus Magnus, or Leonardus tells me some wild and erroneous story about a precious stone, I am not convinced of the truth of the story, but I can enjoy it, and I have a feeling of kindness for the author. It comes from a time long past,

with the charm of age upon it, and it is not to be treated harshly. But I cannot enjoy this modern, vulgar superstition about opals. It is hideously modern. No one before the present century considered the opal unlucky. On the contrary, no stone was esteemed more highly by the ancients. Whether, as is said, *opalus* is another form of *ophthalmius* ("eye-stone"), I will not pretend to settle. It looks probable, and the one canon in philology that I have ever been able to grasp is that anything which looks probable is wrong. But certainly the opal was supposed to be particularly good for the eyesight, strengthening and preserving it. "It cannot be improper to attribute to it so many Virtues," writes Leonardus, "since it partakes of the Nature and Colour of so many Stones." How then did this ridiculous *parvenu* of a prejudice against opals first come into being? Most modern authorities assure us that this superstition arose out of a novel, "Anne of Geierstein."

"Anne of Geierstein" was an historical novel. That is to say, Sir Walter Scott was writing about a country in which he had never been, and a period in which he had not lived. He collected his information, and then did his best with it. The incident of the opal seems to show that he had some vague information about the stone, and that he had improved upon it, as it were. The story is, briefly, more or less as follows:—The Baron of Arnheim was told one evening that the devil was in his stable; he went out to look and found that what had been, on a cursory examination, mistaken for the devil was in reality a Persian magus. This magus demanded refuge and hospitality for a year and a day, and the Baron granted it. They were both brethren of the Sacred Fire, and the law of Zoroaster requires that the stronger should protect the weaker. But, as the Baron somewhat commercially pointed out, the law of Zoroaster also required that the wiser should instruct the more ignorant. In return for board, lodging, and protection the magus gave instruction in "the more secret mysteries." I do not know what these are—probably Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" in Bohn's translation. At the end of the year and a day the Baron expressed his regret at losing a tutor who had given him every satisfaction. The magus replied that he would send his daughter to carry on the work. But he warned the Baron not to marry her, "for such alliances never come to a happy issue, of which my own is an example." After this shocking divorce of the antecedent and the relative, he exclaimed, "But, hush, we are observed!" a remark not uncommon in historical novels.

In due time the daughter arrived, mysteri-

ously; she instructed the Baron; the Baron married her. Apart from the extraordinary attractiveness of all governesses in fiction, there is the canon that a man must always



THE PERSIAN MAGUS MISTAKEN FOR THE DEVIL.

marry anyone whom he is particularly told not to marry. She was very beautiful, and she wore a superb opal set in a gold clasp in her hair. The appearance of the stone seemed to sympathise with her moods, becoming more brilliant when she was particularly gay. It was noticed that she was careful that no liquid should go near this stone, and for this reason she never made the sign of the cross on her forehead when she took the holy water. Thereupon the scandalmongers said that she was a demon. At the christening of their child the baron determined to refute this calumny. "As they passed the threshold, the Baron dipt his finger in the font-stone, and offered holy water to his lady, who accepted it, as usual, by touching his finger with her own." Then, "with an air of sportive familiarity, which was rather unwarranted by the time and place"—and certainly it is a little like Harry at Hampstead on a bank holiday—"he flirted on her beautiful forehead a drop or two of the moisture which remained on his own hand. The opal, on which one of these drops had lighted,

shot out a brilliant spark like a falling star, and became the instant afterwards lightless and colourless as a common pebble." The mystical, beautiful Persian governess did the only thing which was left her to do—she vanished mysteriously. The disaster might have been avoided if the governess had worn her opal at the back of her head instead of the front ; and as she was so anxious to avoid the disaster, it strikes one that she might have thought of an expedient so obvious and so simple. But if she had, there would have been no story.

The influence of the Waverley Novels was very great. They made fashions. But I do not believe that one incident in one novel—and that novel quite surprisingly inferior to the best of the Waverley series—could deprive the most beautiful of all precious stones of its vogue and seriously lower its value. But I do believe that this could have been effected by the fact on which Sir Walter Scott founded his novel. Let us see what that fact was.

Opals come to us principally from Hungary, Queensland, and Mexico. I have seen stones of about equal beauty from all three places,

but, speaking roughly, the Hungarian are the best. All opals are sensitive ; they seem to vary in brilliance according to the temperature, and the dryness or humidity of the atmosphere. I have been told by those who wear them constantly that they vary in brilliance according to the health of the person wearing them. Before they are properly matured, cut, and set, they carry sensitiveness to the point of treachery. Any one but an expert is likely to go wrong in buying recently mined opals, or in deciding their value before they have stood the test of the lapidary's wheel. Indeed, even the experts sometimes find to their cost that they have made mistakes. Mexican opals have the name for being especially perfidious. It is said that, owing to injury by water or sudden changes of temperature, they may lose their colour, and become dead or opaque. There is the fact on which Sir Walter Scott based his story, and it is probably the fact which gave rise to the superstition among those who were not acquainted with the chemical analysis of the opal and the reason for the variability—sometimes the actual death—of the

stone. Huysman's morbid and impossible hero rejected opals for this reason : "*Celui-ci avait d'abord songé à quelques opales et à quelques hydrophanes ; mais ces pierres intéressantes par l'hésitation de leurs couleurs, par le doute de leurs flammes, sont par trop insoumises et infidèles ; l'opale a une sensibilité toute rhumatismale ; le jeu de ses rayons s'altère, suivant l'humidité, la chaleur, ou le froid ; quant à l'hydrophane elle ne brûle que dans l'eau et ne consent à allumer sa braise grise qu'alors qu'en la mouille.*"

More people are likely to think that the variability of the opal adds to its interest. It is the woman among precious stones—beautiful, but just a little capricious. Not only is it by far the loveliest of all stones (ranking as a precious stone in spite of its want of hardness), but it is also said to be the only precious stone which absolutely cannot be imitated. A commercial objection to the opal, on the ground that it sometimes goes off completely, would be a fairly good reason



"THEN ALL THE SPIRITS THAT DWELL IN DARKNESS SHALL OBEY THE WEARER."

for not buying opals, except from a jeweller who was an honest expert, or unless the buyer happened to be an expert himself. A superstitious objection to the opal is not old enough to have the charm of antiquity and just too old to have the charm of novelty. However, it is said that the stone is under royal patronage and rapidly regaining its vogue, and certainly it seems absurd that this age should retain only that superstition which the Middle Ages would have unhesitatingly rejected. It would be just as sensible to believe—and we should have more authority for believing—that the amethyst taken externally dispelled drunkenness, that pearls taken internally cured the quartan ague, or that the ruby by changing its colour warned the wearer of any impending misfortune.

Perhaps even more wild were the superstitions firmly believed in the Middle Ages about engraved gems. The Rev. C. W. King, the great authority on glyptics, in his "Handbook of Engraved Gems," quoted a list of these and their virtues. These virtues are not always very attractive. Take, for example, the following: "Bird, with olive-leaf in its bill, cut in pyrites and set in a silver ring. Having this on thy right hand thou shalt be invited to every feast, and those present shall not eat, but shall gaze upon thee."

It may be pleasant to be invited everywhere, but it cannot be pleasant to be in the position of the lion at the Zoo and have one's dinner regarded as a performance. More useful, from the commercial point of view, is a design of a man standing on a dragon and holding a sword, set in a leaden or iron ring. "Then all the spirits that dwell in darkness shall obey the wearer, and shall reveal unto him in a low-toned song the place of hidden treasure and the mode of winning the same." After this, the assurance that a stag cut on any stone cures lunatics and

madmen seems positively commonplace. Hidden treasure has for some time been a favourite subject with the novelists, but I do not remember that they have yet used the dragon-ring and the communicative and contralto spirits.

One more instance of the mystery of stones remains to be mentioned—the property ascribed to the rock-crystal or the beryl of inducing clairvoyance. But this property is not exclusively their own; clairvoyance is (or is supposed to be) practised in a similar manner with a mirror, or a little ink in a saucer. St. Simon has a curious story in his memoirs of a little girl who gazed into a glass of water, and saw in it the scene of the king's death. St. Simon is careful to add that he records the story "*non pour l'approuver, mais pour le rendre.*" The mystical property of the beryl-stone forms the subject of Rossetti's strange ballad, "Rose Mary." In Mr. Podmore's book, "Apparitions and Thought-Transference," cases will be found of crystal-gazing well-authenticated and quite as wonderful as anything that Dr. Dee and the Specularii could produce. Of course there is no pretence of magic about the modern crystal-gazing. It is explained, or at any rate classified.

For the matter of that, everything is explained nowadays. There is no longer any mystery in precious stones, and there is very little anywhere else. Yet as one looks back from an age which believes almost nothing to these fables of the age which believed almost everything, one does so rather with a wistful regret than with the more comfortable feeling of complacent superiority. A man of age and experience may look back upon his childhood and see that his ignorance at that time led to mistakes, and the mistakes to unhappiness. He is wiser now and no longer makes mistakes; but, if he could, he would go back to his childhood, because then things were still possible.

BARRY PAIN.



APURITANS WIFE

by Max Pemberton

CHAPTER XXIV.—I WOULD PLAY NARCISSUS.

I SAID farewell to my lady at the door of the keeper's cottage, and then ran back to find old Israel that I might tell him, ay, with words a many and glad heart, all that had happened since he had left me. My dear wife willed that I should return to our place of bivouac, there to sleep until the dawn. "But," said she, "you shall look for me at sunrise by the five elms, and, perchance, sir, you shall find me with news both of my brother and Sir Nathaniel." Nor could I answer except to kiss her hands and to tell her that never one loved as I had loved, and would love while my years were.

There are hours of joy in all our lives, I make sure, when we do best to be alone in some place, be it the privacy of our garden or our closet, where none can hear the words we speak nor mock the little things which are the outcome of our exceeding content. For my part, I was very willing to find myself in the darkness and the secrecy of the forest that night. God knows how light was my step and what follies I told myself while I ran from thicket to thicket in my quest of Israel Wolf, and of the surprise I was to bring upon him. Often, indeed, I stopped to whisper my story to the sky above me, as though some answering message would be given back to me when I cried "She loves me—my little wife remembers." Never had I thought that a place could be so beautiful as those woods of Hadleigh and the cottage where my mistress lay. In my foolish fancy, I would think of her as a queen of the elves, sleeping there in a bed white with the whiteness of angels' wings; and from the heaven above a star sent down its light to make golden her unbound hair, and to banish the night from her face. The very forest was a heavenly place to me, so that I said I could make my home for ever in it, and ask nothing of all

the world but to live my days upon the soft carpet of the grasses with my lady's hand in mine, and her kisses warm upon my lips.

It is to be imagined how thoughts such as these quickened my step and brought blood to my veins; yet I was ever one to up and down like a burn in April; and I had gone but a little way through the woods when a voice of my own doubts began to whisper to me and to ask me how I stood that all this content should be mine. I could not forget that our night's work was so much play of children, well enough for the hour, but promising nothing for the morrow. "At dawn," said I, "they may come for her and hear that Hugh Peters is at Hadleigh. It is even possible that the Earl will use his power to make Tom Honeydew's work of no avail. She will go to the King again then; and I—Lord, no outcast shall find less pity." For what was it to me that they feared to clap me in the jail at Newgate the while my wife was taken from me and I was writ down a spy so that any man might profit by my death? Nor could I put it from me that my lady had confessed to some little liking for the man who had done me this hurt. Nay, I remembered my life and station, and began to wonder that any woman could find a kind word for me or look twice upon my face.

This reflection vexed me sorely, and I stood to think upon it, resting awhile at the bank of a deep pool. Well might I wish that the sun would shine and let me play Narcissus; yet not as he played, but only to ask myself if the glass should bear me any hope, or tell me that my lady played with me. For that were possible still. I knew long since the report they gave of her at Windsor—both of her love of jesting and of her fine airs before those who sought her out. "Lord," cried I, "what if this be but a pastime to her wherein she may beguile herself until her man be come?" Had she not confessed to a little love for him? I had that in remembrance, ay, above all else of the night, and it was gall and wormwood to my mind. "Lord," said I, "may I never meet this French rogue where he and I shall cross a blade in fair fight." It seemed to me that all my life henceforth was in this

man's keeping ; for how should I be content in my new happiness while he lived and she loved him a little as her own word told ?

These were the doubts that came to plague me while I stood by the pond and the night

stalked swift through the woods. Silly fellow that I was, I would remember none of those things which might have been set down for my consolation : but only those which ministered to my foreboding. It was ever in my mind that I had been bred one of the Lord's people, which all the world now mocked. Ill indeed that I, who had lived a soldier's life, and not that of a godly man—at least to my discomfort in little matters—must now be branded with the iron of this common slander. "If," said I, "fortune had not dealt so ill with me, I might be wearing a laced coat and jingling my spurs like the best of them." God knows, I had no tongue for all the weary business of religion which Master Ford professed ; nor did I remember to

have sat out a parson's discourse when I could avoid it. Yet my lady called me "psalm-singer" to my face, and reckoned it as rare as a fast-day to see me laugh. How then, I asked, will she be content to live with such a one ? Will she not, when she has grown a little cold in her protesting, fear that I shall be the usher of her pleasures, the whip upon all those fashions which she has lately made her own ?

I blamed myself that I had not given the lie to the report already, nor promised her that she should continue as she had begun since Charles Stuart was come to his own again. Indeed, I was half of a mind to send into

London that Master Ford might help me to a better station in my dress ; but this I soon scouted, telling myself that I was a man, and that if she would not have Hugh Peters as he was that day, then,

better that she should go her way and forget that she had known him. "But," said I, "in the matter of her little love for the man of France, God be my help, I will reckon with that so soon as there shall be opportunity."

I had been occupied long with thoughts such as these when a bell at Barnet struck ten of the clock and awoke me to a sense of my folly. I bethought me that

Master Wolf would be waiting at our sleeping place, and mighty concerned if I was not there to greet him. So I took heart and ran on again through the woods. It was then that I had cause to remember my lady's word, how that the thickets would show strange sights when night was down. Every step I took carried me to some scene of desolation and of suffering. By here and there I saw whole



"BURST OUT
FROM THE
BUSHES ON
MY RIGHT HAND"
(p. 868).

families huddled at some tree's foot, the men of which would cry out as I passed, bidding me stand off lest I should carry the sickness to them. Or, again, coming suddenly upon a stagnant pool lying in a cup of the brake, I beheld a poor wretch lapping the water as a dog might have done, yet praying all the while that the Lord would have mercy upon his soul. Anon, a man, near naked, burst out from the bushes upon my right hand, he having a flaming torch in his right hand; and this he held up high above his head while he ran on like a wild beast, screaming out loud that he was taken with the pains. Him I followed long by the light of his flambeau, and when that was hid from me, I could still hear his woeful cry raised like the wail of some animal come out of his lair at the setting of the sun. Never until this moment had there been brought to my mind the truth of all those reports which Master Wolf and Parson Ford had made me of the plague in London; but now I believed their word and repented of the wish I had so lately uttered that I might have been born a King's man and worn his reputation. God knows, the thought of death was very bitter to me with my lady's kisses still burning upon my lips.

I began to have a great fear and dread of the forest now, a fear which set me running as though the sick man pursued me; nor did I once stop until I espied the place of our encampment, and beheld old Israel himself busy by a great watch-fire he had kindled. He saw me before I had come through the trees, and ran a little way out to meet me. On my part, I was too gone for want of my breath to give him any greeting; but held his hand the while he looked about as though to see them who pursued me. When he had satisfied himself that we were alone, he led me to the fireside and pointed to the supper which lay broiling upon the faggots.

"Master Hugh," said he, "I had begun to think that I must sup alone. You have news, surely, that you consent to fast so long?"

For answer, I told him all as readily as I would have told my own mother—and as gladly.

"She is my wife, Israel," said I; "and how should I think of hunger or thirst when I was in the woods with her? Oh, God be thanked! she remembers all, and there was never any forgetfulness, and she had the leaf of the book worn like a jewel about her throat, and she did but wait for me to speak, and she likes the French rogue but little, and I will reckon with him—dost understand? there is no gladder man than Hugh Peters in all England this night."

He laughed a little at my readiness; nor was he willing to lead me on overmuch.

"Good tidings for a truth, Master Hugh," said he soberly; "yet lover's tidings, and scarce to be writ down for circumstance. I have learnt already that Mistress Marjory came to Hadleigh for no purpose of the spousals, but only at her brother's bidding. That she remembers the day you name is a welcome thing for me to hear. It remains now that we ride away from here as soon as may be possible, lest they put a bit upon the venture I have in my mind. And so I have cooked a little meat against your coming; and the horses, which you stabled so prettily, are now ready for bridle."

He said this very slyly, meaning to rebuke me because I had run away from the glade and left the beasts to the first hand that should be put upon them. When I remembered the thing, I had some shame of it.

"Nay, Israel," cried I; "would you have me love with no stomach, like him Will Shakespeare spoke of in his play? I did but go a little way through the forest when I heard her call to me; and could I remember aught after that? Perchance thou hast loved thyself, and will know how these things come to be?"

I had forgot that he was a man with a face upon which no woman might look; and it cut my heart to hear how bitter he spoke the reply.

"Nay, Master Peters," said he, "woman's love is not for me, no, nor man's, except it be thy love, which goes warm to my heart even in the winter of my life. Let us speak no more of this. We have other work to do which will not wait. And first, of the man out of France: 'tis said that they look for him at Hadleigh any day, and that he is concerned overmuch to hear that thou art abroad and gone—he knows not whither. I have thought upon it long, and have found a place of hiding for thee, which is none other than a house under the shadow of Paul's, where none will seek thee in this day of the sickness. Thither we ride to-night; and when we are come so far, then will I tell thee more of that which is running in my mind—both for the manner of getting thee a pardon and of sending this French spy to his home again. Meanwhile, let me see thee eat, for thy face tells of hunger. I doubt not thou hast had little care for thy stomach this day."

He set food before me when he had done speaking; but I, rather than thank him for what he promised, was vexed because he spoke of my leaving Hadleigh.

"Israel," said I, "there have been few hours of gladness in all my life, and such as God sends me, those I will not turn from. I have given my word to meet my lady at the

five elms before sunrise. You will not say me nay, old friend? What matter that we lose the night if you be here? God knows, I value your help above a King's company. And I could not ride away with no word passed nor message sent. It seems to me that I have found my home in these woods. Well could I be content to live and die here if Mistress Marjory were at my side, Israel."

Master Wolf shook his head cunningly, and began to stir a faggot of the fire. Then of a sudden he turned away from me, saying—

"Master Hugh, I lied to you just now. There was a day when I, too, loved the place where a woman lay. That was long ago; though your words bring to me a remembrance which I thought to have forgotten. We will even lie the night in Hadleigh, though one of us pays thereby with his life. Would to God that I could rest with such thoughts in my heart as you hold in yours! Oh, my lad, there is naught else in all the world like a woman's love."

It seemed to me that there was a sob in his voice when he spoke, and his sorrow lay upon me like a burden. But I fell to sleep at last with him lying near by; and while I slept a voice cried down from heaven that God had looked upon the face of Israel Wolf and made it to shine with the celestial light.

CHAPTER XXV.—PARSON FORD FINDS A MERRY OCCUPATION.

I WAS up at the first grey of dawn; yet not so soon as old Israel, who broiled me a breakfast while I dressed. The morning air waked me to fine spirits, so that I could laugh at every little thing; but more particularly at Master Wolf's cunning, when he would to help me with my clothes and the combing of my hair. Nor did I care to eat much—only a little of the meat and a draught of the ale; and when this was down, and we had washed in the burn, I gave him God-speed, and ran off to the trysting-place.

"You will not forget, Master Hugh," he had said, "that they look for Sir Nathaniel this very day. Prudence should be your best friend on such a journey. You will find me here at sunset, ready with the horses. And let me counsel you: lose nothing of the occasion, but beat the iron while it is hot. She will love you none the less if you do but command her love a little. Upon my word, there is many a lad between here and London town who might gape with envy at the figure of Hugh Peters this day."

I was very glad to hear him; and I ran off, asking myself if indeed it were true that I might play Narcissus at the pond, and get

content thereby. Never had the thought come to me that I was such a man as a woman might fancy; but now that he had named it, I took courage of the hour and was at the five elms, all expectant and little doubting, just as the sun found the place and began to warm it with the white light of a summer's morning. There was a little bower here, removed some way from the place of the common encampment; and I bethought me that Marjory had named it because of the privacy we should enjoy therein—which pleased me mightily. But she had not come when I found the elms; and near an hour went by before I espied her, most prettily dressed, walking very slowly toward the glade. And at this I remembered my own haste, and told myself that she could not love as I did or never would she lag upon such a journey. Indeed, my heart beat at her coming, and the blood coloured my face, while my tongue was busy with twenty things I might first whisper to her—yet could find none to please me.

She walked up, I say, looking to the right and to the left, but not to the place where I stood waiting. When at last I stepped out to greet her, she made pretence of being surprised thereby; as though Hugh Peters were the last person she had come to the five elms to see. And this vexed me not a little.

"Well," she said, while she stepped back from my embrace; "so you are here, Master Hugh?"

"Marjory," cried I, "what means all this?—you know well that I am here. Have I not waited for you since the clock struck four?"

"How," she cried; "you have waited for me? Nay, by the look of you when I came up, I thought that you had lost a crown upon the grass, Master Hugh, and were even searching for it."

"Oh!" said I, "God forbid that I should strut like these King's men do. I walk as the Lord taught me, my lady; and will better it for no one."

It was not to be hid from her that I was put out, very justly, at her coldness; and this shamed her after a while so that she laid her hand upon my arm coaxingly.

"Nay," she said very merrily, "'twas not to quarrel that we came into the forest this morning, my Hugh. Forgive me if I do jest with thee."

"Thou art forgiven already, little wife," said I; "there is nothing in all the world I would not forgive thee nor do for thee."

"You mean that, dear Hugh?" she asked.

"God be my witness," cried I.

"Then you shall walk a little way into the forest with me, and by-and-by I will even let you sing me a psalm."

I went all hot at this, and had it been anyone else I had been mighty angered. But with Marjory that was not to be. She could plague a man, and yet so cunningly and with so sweet a grace, that he must cloak his vexation and bear himself before her as one loving the jest.

"Mistress," said I, "there is that upon my tongue of which I would make mention to thee. Thou hast spoken often of me as one who loves the company of those that walk in the way straightly, worshipping God with long discourses and holding it a sin so much as to look upon a woman, or to do any of those things which all the world does nowadays. I was never a man like that, and I would tell thee now——"

"Hugh," she cried, turning upon me suddenly with all the laughter gone from her eyes, "Hugh, art going to deny thy religion as Peter did—and for a woman's love?"

I could have bit my tongue that she rebuked me so; but I knew that I had deserved it

of her; and I stood dumb with flaming cheeks and bent head, I make sure.

"Well," said I, after a spell, "it was for love of thee, lest, peradventure, thou shouldst turn from me as one who would chain thee to a home of gloom, Marjory. Nay, God knows, thy will shall be my will if ever the day come that I can find a house for thee."

She burst out laughing now, but not unkindly, and presently she took me by the arm and led me further into the brake; the while she said:—

"Surely I begin to know thee well, Hugh, and how that thou wouldst stand friend to all the world, if only thy tempers would let thee. We are like children playing a game, and this pleases us best when we dream the most. Have we not our day of love before us? Bring the morrow what it may. Nay, I could make believe that we were at Warboys again, and that these were the woods about my father's house."

It was a merry conceit, and she had forgot all her seriousness when she spake it. From that time we were, I vow, but two children gaming in the brake, or gathering posies of the marsh mary-golds, or playing catch that catch can, yet very gently so that, whenever I caught her, she would rest in my arms to be kissed; and whenever she caught me—which was no great labour to her—she would tell me again that my eyes were blue. Nor could I find the colour of hers, but must look and look again to make sure. And so the morn sped—yet Lord! how quickly the lovers' hours passed! For the bell at Barnet struck nine of the clock while we were yet hot in the game that only lovers may play truly.

The chiming of the hour put a little cold upon our ardour, she remembering that she was to breakfast in the cottage at eight of the clock. She had contrived it so that I should be brought in with her and none know of it.

"I do not think that my brother will ride in to-day," she said, "or if that be so, then shall we have timely news of it. As for Sir Nathaniel, he should be at Oxford now, busy upon the King's affairs. I



"THE PARSON WAS BUSY PLAINTING BLUEBELLS INTO HER HAIR."

doubt not, Hugh, that he will repent him of his anger presently ; and if he will not, then I have still friends to help me. Nay, I do not mistrust him altogether, for he has ever professed friendship for me, and I could not be displeased at that."

"I doubt not," said I, mighty stiffly, "that you were very pleased with so proper a man."

"And why not?" said she. "Is there born yet the woman who could shut her ears to the fair things which a man speaks? I like him very well, my Hugh, and will like him the better when he learns to love thee even a little. Perchance I shall yet find a way to compel him so to do, for there is something in my mind—how, dost thou not wish to hear me? Silly boy that is up in his angers like a bird on the wing! I will even keep it to myself then, and if thou wilt hear thou shalt come to the cottage presently to beg it on thy knees."

She kissed her hand to me upon this, and ran away through the thicket, leaving me sore troubled and peevish, yet with no good cause of quarrel against her; which vexed me the more. I was content to say for a little while that she should wait long before Hugh Peters came to beg any favour of her; and as for putting myself upon my knees, Lord! there was no woman in the country who could bring me to that. But when I saw her so girlish and sweet and full of her play, running lightly over the sward, yet stooping often to pick a flower as she went, I repented of my resolution all on the instant, and began to follow after; calling often to her that I had a word of good argument with which to answer her. But she ran the more at this, and went swiftly like a hunted thing, so that I should never have overtaken her but for something which she hap'd upon in her flight, and was held thereby to the place in a sudden amusement not to be passed by. When I came up she had a finger to her lips to command my silence; and so I trod the grass upon the tip of my toes and stood by her presently to enjoy the thing with her.

Forsooth, it was a merry play which she had come upon, and I wondered no longer that she stood to see it out. For there, seated side by side upon the green at the foot of a great oak-tree, were Parson Ford and little Kitty; and never did two lovers at a booth cuddle more diligently. As for the wench, she lay almost her length upon the grass, resting her chin upon her hands, while the parson was busy plaiting bluebells into her hair. Often he would stop to look round about very foolish, and when he kissed her, Lord! it was but a snatch upon the tip of her nose, just as a hen may peck at the corn

which is flung. I could have cried aloud in my laughter that he should ape the lover thus, but little Marjory pressed my hand to still me; and so we watched them long, until, indeed, Master Ford espied us standing there and jumped up quickly like a school-lad caught in naughtiness. Then we both ran out, unable to hold our laughter any longer, and my dear wife took both the parson's hands and raised her pretty face to kiss him.

"Oh, Master Ford, Master Ford," cried she, "what a day is this! That you should deceive my maid, and I be there to see it done!"

"Come," said I, chiming in merrily, "and what says Paul now?—'I would that all should be even as I am.' Oh, Master Ford, Master Ford, this is a black day's work."

"Nay," said he, speaking now for the first time—yet never had he worn so red a face—"nay, I have found a daughter—the Lord be praised, I have found a daughter."

We laughed the more at this, greatly to his confusion; and presently little Marjory, feigning to be angered, stamped with her foot upon the ground, and cried mighty sternly—

"How, Master Ford, you do not mean well by this wench? For shame, sir—and she an orphan and unprotected that hath need of an honest man's arm. What! would you play the rogue in my very house? A daughter, indeed! Upon my word, she shall find many fathers to play such a game—but you that I have loved! Oh, I burn with shame for you!"

He could suffer our jesting no longer, and he walked away all confused towards the cottage, whither we followed him merry in our approval of the play. Nor had we gone very far before old Gideon stalked out from a place of ambush in the trees and raised his hands in a gesture very doleful.

"Pillars of grace," cried he, "that it should have come to a wench with him! The Lord forgive him, for he hath kissed her twenty times upon the nose. And that, mistress," said he very slyly, "is no abiding place whereon to kiss any wench."

CHAPTER XXVI.—WE HEAR A GREAT PLAN.

IT was a merry meeting in the cottage, and the food and drink helped us all to great content. I had never seen Master Ford in so gay a state, nor so ready to forget his condition. As for the wench, she went to her work as brazen as the best of them. For a truth, she called the parson "father," which pleased us mightily; since it made a Papist of him, and that was a rôle he was new in. Only when the food was all done and the heat of the day lay heavy upon the forest did we turn to speak of serious things; but

chiefly of this, that a place of safety should be found for me the while Marjory could bring that plan of hers to the execution. And then I told them of old Israel's offer, and how that I was to ride to Paul's—a thing which frightened them exceedingly.

"What?" cried the parson; "he would take thee into the town where men fall dead in number like the leaves. Surely, that is a very pretty plan to put thee where neither King's men nor French spies may trouble thee, Hugh. Nay, old Israel lacks his cunning, and has become a dreamer. I tell thee, it is a city of death to which he would carry thee, lad. No man knoweth his hour, nor his day; and all he asks his neighbour is of the bill which they make at the pit's mouth. Happy is he that can breathe God's air, even in such a place of refuge as this."

"You speak a good word," said I; "yet how shall I be better for breathing God's air at Hadleigh when any day may bring them who will hunt me—ay, to my death, as you know well, Master Ford? Hast any better plan than Israel's, that you should hold him in blame when your own tongue lacks counsel?"

He was all up in anger now, just as he used to be in the old time when I was brought to the block of a false quantity in my Latin.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed he, "what frowardness is this which sets son against father? Wouldst deny me to my face? Out on thee for the blockhead I have bred! Nay, thou shalt follow my plan at the cudgel's bidding, sir. And I will even read thee a lesson in manners before the day is done."

I was silent upon this, choking down my anger for love of him; yet not very readily. Perchance, it had come to a good quarrel with us but for my dear wife, who turned it very prettily with a memory of the morning.

"Oh, Master Ford!" cried she, "how shall we need a lesson after that you taught us at the tree's foot? Surely, we are ready pupils."

It was a hit, upon my word; and when Master Ford had coloured up because of the remembrance, he took a drink of wine, and then fell to laughing.

"Ye are rogues both," said he, "and I know not why I concern myself with your affairs; but since I am come, I will even carry out my intention, which is"—here he paused and put on his accustomed gravity, looking hard at me the while—"which is to make you man and wife upon the spot."

"Master Ford," cried I, amazed at his words, "is there any need of that?"

"My lad," said he, kindly enough, "if thou hast no other testimony of thy marriage than

the leaf of the book which my lady holds, it is likely to go ill with thee when the Earl shall carry the matter before the judges. But if I be there to make it known to all the world that thou hast found a wife as God and the Church hath ordained, then mayest thou hold up thy head before all the country."

It was a mighty clever thought, one which had never come to me in all my reasoning about the business. Yet no sooner had he made mention of it than I saw the advantage we were like to derive thereby, and the exceeding wisdom that had led Master Ford to his intention. As for my lady, she was all joy at the first, jumping up to kiss the parson; but after a while, she had some shame of her readiness, and fell to a little coyness.

"Come," she said, "there be need of two in any bargain such as you name, Master Ford. What if one of them be not willing?"

But the parson was never a man to jest upon holy things, and he rebuked her—to my great content—very sharply.

"Child," said he, "this is no hour to come to the Lord with a laugh upon your lips. Thank Him for those infinite mercies which have carried one you love through so many perils until this moment. Well I see that ye are both as little children running blindly you know not to what, except it be to the darkness of pleasure, which shall hide the peril from you both. Yet if ye be not both earnest upon this purpose, avowing that God hath drawn you together here that your exceeding love may be witnessed against all the world, then will I have no say upon—nay, I will ride back to London this very hour."

The rebuke was well spoken, and I knew that she had deserved it; yet must I feel my love waxing strong while he upbraided her, and I took her hand presently and held it in my lap. Shame on me if I had forgot in that hour the difference of our station and the high place to which fortune had called her; yet here she was, content to come down from the castle of her dreams that she might remember Hugh Peters, whom all the world had cried upon and the very dogs had hunted. Oh, shame upon me, I say, if I had not loved her with all my heart and soul when I thought upon her kindness and how that she had but me now in all the world; and, God knows, but ill equipped to shield and protect her from the hurt they would have put upon her.

The parson made an end of his rebuke, and delayed no more to carry out his purpose. And there in the little room of the cottage with the sunlight to make a golden pavement, and the song of the birds, very merry, through the unglazed windows, he knelt down to offer a prayer for us; his fine voice

sweeter to my mind than any music of the King's singers; and his face made noble in that earnest pleading with his Maker. When the prayer was done, he read the form as it is to be found in the second prayer-book of King Edward; and thereafter he pronounced us man and wife, calling old Gideon and the woman that kept the cottage to bear witness thereto; so that no one, not even the King himself, could have undone that thing which he did that morning.

He married us, I say, and then, mounting upon his horse, he rode away to London, again saying that he would return upon the morrow to let us know how we should put the thing abroad, with any other counsel he could devise. We watched him, standing at the cottage door; and there was this in my heart as he went, that I had found a friend in him such as is given to few upon this earth.

"The God of our fathers bless you both," cried he, turning about in his saddle at the mouth of the brake; "and put His shield before you and give you light to lead your steps."

And so he rode away, and left us to our love. Nor did we stand long at the cottage door, since we knew that one would wait to give him God-speed at the thicket's edge; and we would not willingly have spied upon him for the second time that day.

CHAPTER XXVII.—I DRAW SWORD AT THE BURN SIDE.

IT was six of the clock before I so much as let my dear wife draw her hand from mine after that Master Ford had left us in the cottage, but the hour being struck, I remembered me of Master Wolf; and said that I would run and bring him to the place that he might know of our new intentions, and sup with us rather than at the bivouac where he waited. For we were full well intentioned now as to the plan we would follow, being come to this: that I should lay hid at Hadleigh so long as might be possible while my lady rode away to Oxford where the Court was; there publicly to avow that she was my wife and to beg the King's clemency. Save for this business of the Paris man and the tale he told of me, I had hoped for the venture, trusting all to my little wife's cleverness; she being powerful to persuade a man, ay, above any I have known. But we had heard nothing of Sir Nathaniel Goulding the while we were in the woods; and God knows what a shadow lay upon my life while he was abroad and full of his angers against me.

I left Marjory, I say, at the gate of the

thicket, yet very unwillingly, returning often to kiss her, and then again finding some word which I must speak to her—ay, though I was to be gone but the half of an hour. Perchance she had come with me but for the things which were to be heard and seen in the woods when night opened the door of death, and wickedness and dreadful sights were abroad in the brake. I remember that she wished me to go with my sword drawn and a great pistol in my hand; the while I laughed at her fears, asking her if Hugh Peters was so changed that he must cry out like a wench did he but hear a word of threat, or spy an over-bold fellow by the way. And so kissing her to content, I ran on; more joyful than any man in England.

That day, for a truth, was the one I would the soonest live again of any day in my eventful life. There were times when I stood still in the silence of a glade or hollow and looked all about to know if I were indeed in my own country, if the things I saw were real or the creatures of my fancy. But yesterday I had gone with broken step and hanging head, knowing that I was outcast and exile; to-day I could walk with the best of them, holding myself boldly as if to tell all the world, "She is my wife." Not that I could yet venture to raise my eyes, as it were, to a prospect of the new condition I might—did God will—enjoy as my lady's husband. Nay, I put it aside from me as a precious thing to be toyed with yet not to be handled. Enough for me to have my lips warmed with her kisses, to carry remembrance of the tender embraces she had given me, to run on, nay, I swear to dance on, touching the bushes with the tips of my fingers like any urchin in his running; and promising myself, ay, that I would make old Israel open his eyes and give him such a show and proof of my love presently as he had never had in all his days.

It was, at a ready venture, the half of a mile from the cottage to the glade wherein we had tethered our horses; yet so quickly did I go that I was at the burn side, which is but a hundred paces from our bivouac, while I was yet hot in my plan. Never once did I, as I went, look at them who passed me by or ran out of their hiding places to change a word of news. When I came to the burn itself, I doubt not that the same haste would have carried me over, but for a man who stood on the bridge and was halted there, seeming not to know whether to cross over or go back. At any other time I had passed him without remark, but as I stood to wait his pleasure, I did not fail to observe that he was habited beyond ordinary for one

of my own countrymen, having the black frock and the broad hat of a French priest; which, indeed, I soon saw that he was. For the matter of that, he appeared to be no less astonished to see me than I was to find him there upon the bridge; and when we had watched one another, it might be for a minute, he called out loudly in the French tongue, and was answered by a voice from the bushes upon the further side of the brook. Then I knew who his companion was; for the second voice I had heard often, both upon the road to Windsor and again at Hampstead. Nor was I at all surprised, after I had heard it, to observe the bushes open and Sir Nathaniel Goulding himself step out upon the bridge. He saw me at once, drawing back upon impulse; but when it was plain to him that he could not conceal himself, what must he do but feign a pleasure to see me and cross the bridge with both hands held out.

"St. Denis," cried he, "but we are well met, Master Peters. No other brings me to the town of Barnet, I swear. That I should run upon you in the woods—*sacré bleu*, 'twas ever my fortune to find you at the lucky moment. Yet methinks you are not over-pleased to see me, *ami*. Body of John, dost come from playing the gravedigger, lad, that you should stand there so?"

My blood was hot in my veins at this, and I drew back from him, thanking my God that I had found him in the woods.

"Sir," said I, "my pleasure I keep for my friends, and if I must play the gravedigger, I will the first find a body which has need thereof. I pray you stand aside from the bridge, for as you do not, we will even see who has the right of passage. Oh, surely we are well met this night, Captain Goulding! Draw back your hands, I beg of you, for I like not their colour. There is water in yon burn if you would wash."

I had hoped that this would move him to come to the business I intended; for God knows I had but one thought when I beheld him, and it was this, that we should reckon then and there. But he was ever a man to be cunning in the argument; and now he burst out laughing at me, repeating the jest to the French abbé who stood with him. Presently the two of them went back over the bridge and engaged a little while in dispute; with many gestures in the manner of them of Paris. I heard the priest telling him loudly, in the French tongue, that he had never seen me before, which he repeated many times. On my part, my hand was even then upon the hilt of my sword, and I lusted for the fight—ay, as I have never lusted in the heat of battle.

The two stood in dispute, I say, and when it was done they both came over the bridge together; the Captain first, and very merry, as one who has heard a fine thing. He did not seem to remember that I had affronted him, for he walked up to me without any word of parley, putting his hand boldly upon my shoulder.

"Master Peters," cried he, "if you will ride with me so far as Barnet, I will tell you the best jest you have heard this many a day. Name of the devil! if I had not the abbé's word for it, I would not believe it even upon oath. But he speaks for you, declaring that you are not the man that has come out of Paris to do us a mischief; and what he says I must heed. I would that I had known it when first I clapped eyes on you at Epping. St. Denis! I had been spared three months of unrest about you, while you—nay man, you should have played the lover the quicker. Not that you have been a laggard in your business, friend Hugh. Oh, I hear great tales of your employment these three days past. And hark ye, a word upon that: pluck the blossom while you may, for others have picked petals, and you are like to get but a sorry flower if you do not hasten. You understand me—nay, look not so glum, for verily, I mean well to you."

He said this with a smile very evil to see; the while the French abbé was there to point the saying with his laughter. But I had come to the full of my anger now, and when he spoke so of my dear wife, I stepped back and struck him upon the mouth. All my hate of him, all that I had suffered by his doing, and strong above this, the remembrance that my lady liked him a little, gave me the devil's arm to strike the blow. God! I thought that I had killed him so did the blood flow over his silvered vest and upon the hand he raised to shield himself. Nevertheless, he was only skin hurt; and after he had stood silent before me, it might be for the half of a minute, he gave a great oath and drew sword. The Lord be my witness, it was a moment I had lived for since he had carried me to the castle at Windsor, and with a devil's cry like his own, I made my blade leap that I might come to the engagement.

It is in my memory that the sun was upon the line of the lower trees when our blades crossed. A deep red light, playing about his face, shone down from a sky hung with crimson and red at the zenith, but curtained below with the fringe of the forest and the clouds of night. Save for the splash of the burn there was a great silence in the brake. The very wind had died down until the aspens were fallen to a breath of sleep. We had chosen



"I FELL SICK AND DIZZY UPON THE GREEN" (p. 876).

for our standing-place a bank of mud baked hard in the sun, which had made it like the floor of a court for tennis-players; but here the advantage was with him, for he stood somewhat above me. Quick as they call me in play, I could not forget that he had learnt the art of fence in Paris, where all are quick. Indeed, we had thrust but twice when I said to myself that it must be no boy's work, but a reckoning heavy to the last line. And he was mighty cool from the beginning: casting a taunt in my teeth of my being a farmer's son, and bidding me sing him a psalm, which provoked me to lose myself early in anger; and, if this were not enough, there came to me a vision of my little wife standing in an open place of the thicket. I knew that it was but a vision, yet the remembrance which it commanded—that I might die by this French rogue's hand after all—was like lead upon my mind.

They were wont to say in Paris, at the school of my master, that I had as pretty a touch with the rapier as any man in France. It is not for me to extol their judgment in this place, save to explain the sorry figure I cut that night at Hadleigh. Perchance, had I but set about it with less heat, I had been more than a match for this Captain Goulding; but I was old in my impulse and full of hate of him, which made me gnash my teeth like a brute thing, and roar out to all the forest that I would surely kill him. He answered me with a sneer, which racked my temper and made me fly at him, so wildly, that I went near to striking his sword from his hand. Twice I cut over and lunged in sixte; there was no trick Maitre Antonio had taught me which I did not employ—but, Lord! savagely and ill done, like a lad at his lesson. As I live, I could feel his laughter shaking upon his blade: his touch was firm and sure, like the touch of a man who has grasped victory. I can see him to this day looking me through and through with his steady eyes; the sun crimson upon his face, the jeer upon his lips. Lord! it was a humiliation beyond all bearing to me that he should prove my master, after I had waited so long for the reckoning. And all the while the French abbé was beseeching him to forbear; running hither and hither like a man distracted, or kneeling down to pray God that He would bring us to our senses.

I was fighting savagely now, with breath quick and firm hand. The beat of my foot upon the ground fell heavy like a hammer; my veins were full of blood and outstanding. If there were moments when I must ask myself, "Shall I ever see my dear wife again?" other moments in which I said, "She likes him

a little," quickened my arm and warmed my heart. I knew that I had the will to drive my blade through him—ay, twenty times—again and again, until his body should be still upon the grass at my side. But never was there shield more sure than his sword. Like a wall of stone it stood betwixt us. I slashed at him and was parried with a bend of the wrist; I rushed upon him and was driven back to the engagement with the touch of the master's hand. I played a feint and was answered with the exhortation to remember myself: Lord! that it should have been he who spoke so to me!

"Master Peters," was his word, "I see plainly that you want your breath. Go a little more gently, I beseech you. Did they teach you no better than that in Paris? Give me but an hour and I will find a farmer's lad with whom you shall have a merry bout—and more at your ease. Observe, I turn by sixte, octave, and half-counter. St. Denis! only a child would have made so ill a stroke as that!"

I had driven him back a little at this time—back until he was almost at the burn's edge. For the first time I had the heart to believe that he should eat his words. The message of his blade, read upon my arm, seemed to tell me that his jeers belied him, and that he faltered. But that was a sorry guess, and went to my undoing. For at the very moment when I cried out that I had him, and played from the high line to the low, he met me with the counter, and sent my sword flying in the air. Then, and with the same turn, he thrust me in the shoulder, and I felt the steel running deep into my flesh with a horrid pain which turned me sick and dizzy. It was odd, I swear, yet long minutes passed, and still I did not know that he had worsted me. Nay, I stood like one dumbfounded: my eyes upon my sword, which lay shining like a silver snake in the grass; my hand pressed to my shoulder because of the hurt. He, on his part, had lowered his point that he might watch me more closely; and I remember that the French abbé was at his side imploring him to have done with.

"Oh," said he, "that is as Master Peters wishes. I have no cause of quarrel with him. *Dame!* it is a pleasure to me to teach him how the sword should be held. Does he wish it, we will even play the game again."

"Sir," said I, "it is my wish"—and with that I made a step to pick up my sword; but the blood gushed out of my wound when I stooped, and I fell sick and dizzy upon the green. Before I could rise again, the old abbé's arms were round about me, and he was comforting me with a voice gentle as a woman's.

"My son, my son," cried he, "look up to God, for surely you are dying."

"Oh!" cried I, "how shall I look up to God when he has killed me?"—and so saying, the woods and the men and the crimson of the sky were hid in darkness from my eyes, and I fainted.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—I HEAR A GREAT THING OF SIR NATHANIEL.

MY swoon passed quickly. When I opened my eyes again I was still pillowed upon the abbé's arm, the while Captain Goulding stood watching, he having both his sword and my own in his hand. I saw at once that they had torn my vest from my throat, and had bound my wound with a strip of linen rent from my own shirt. There was a great pain in my shoulder as though one had touched it with a glowing iron, and I was very weak in my limbs; yet it seemed to me that I was not to die, and I know not whether I took comfort or despair of this. The abbé was the first to speak to me.

"Courage, my son," cried he; "the good God has saved you. Oh, surely, you will live now."

He gave me to drink of a cordial water in a horn rimmed with silver; and when he had bathed my forehead—ay, as tenderly as a woman might have done—with a little water from the brook, he passed a word to the other, and got a gesture for his answer.

"Come, Master Peters," now cried Sir Nathaniel, "I am sorry to see you thus; but you will not hold me in blame thereby. It is but a scratch, as the abbé says. Can you contrive with our help to get so far as yonder town,—a chirurgeon shall dress you. I beseech you forgive me for the hurt I have given."

It was a kindly word, and all my anger seemed to have run out with my blood, so that I had the will but not the voice to thank him. As I live, I had never spoken so to him had he been prone upon the grass, and I ministering to him. When he had done, they gave me the support of their arms, and, being careful to go with slow steps, we gained the edge of the wood, and passed by the pickets upon the showing of the captain's bill of health, and his voucher that he would answer for my hurt being no more than a sword's thrust. The house which he had named lay a little back from the road upon the outskirts of the wood; and here he brought a chirurgeon out of Barnet, who made light of the cut I had got, and gave me good relief with a lotion of oils.

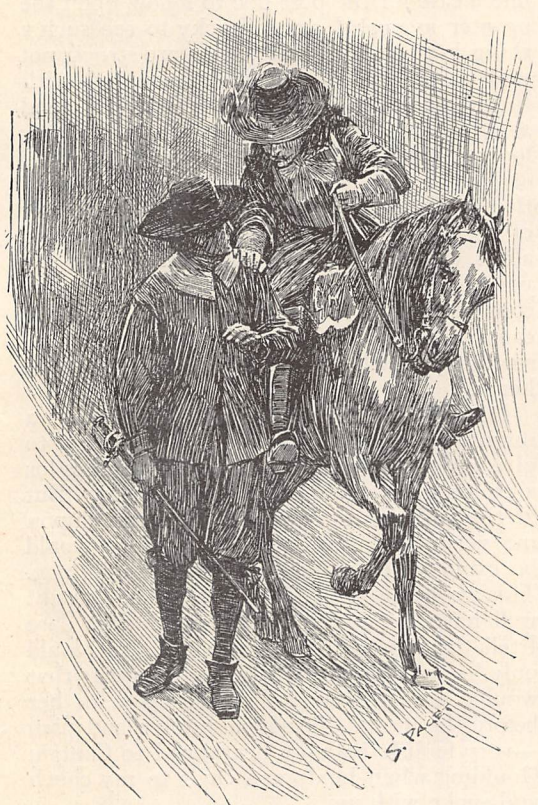
"Sir," said the fellow, "you will please to

lie the night in this house, and to make no movement which will trouble your wound. I promise you, do you but rest a while, that you shall be yourself when a week has passed. There is nothing touched to set up the fever, and you are a young man. Oh, sir, there is no drug against a sickness like a lusty and a well-kept youth. I beg you, be content to rest until I shall pronounce you factus et reductus ad sanitatem. Odds, sirs, 'tis as fine a case for the post hoc to follow upon the propter as ever I saw. Lucky to see such a thing in these days, when men are struck, not with any visible sword, gentlemen, but with the sword of the Almighty. Who shall stand against that? Nay, you answer me by your looks; yet if you would have a sure and certain preventative against the plague, gentlemen, I can even sell you one for the matter of a crown. Yon is a scratch—*medicus nihil aliud est quam animi consolatio*. Let the young gentleman lie twenty hours in the composition of melodious trifles, *nugæque canoræ*, as Horace hath writ, and his mistress shall spy neither faltering step nor weak heart."

I laughed at him upon this, for he was a mighty pompous fellow, and his promise to give us a preventative against the sickness for a crown was a ridiculous thing to hear. But at the mention of my mistress it came upon me very suddenly that little Marjory would be even then waiting for me at the cottage. This gave me so sudden a start that I might well have burst my wound again. Nor dare I tell them how it stood with me; but could only lie back upon my couch and swear that wound or no wound I would be with her before the morn. In which resolve and plan—very foolish both—I hearkened to Captain Goulding when he drew a chair to my couch and spoke with me.

"You hear, Master Peters?" cried he. "Twenty hours upon that bed and afterward where you will. Believe me that I regret this night's work. 'Twas none of my doing, as you can bear witness. And I will even tell you another thing: that I care not now, except for your own sake, whether you be free or prisoner. It is plain to me that all the talk of your coming here upon this French business was foolish talk on the part of those who mistook you for another. As for myself, I confess that I weary of this England of mine and all that I have seen and heard here. My heart is in the French city, where the heart of every gentleman must be; and God helping me, I will even cross the seas this week to return no more. But you will find my servants ready to do your bidding, and, I pray you, command them as your

own. It is well known to me in what employment you have engaged yourself since you came to Hadleigh. Forgive me if I had stood well with Mistress Marjory. You will understand without word of mine, Master Peters, that a woman's ear is not to be despised by him who embarks upon a venture needing many ears. I can jest with you upon that matter the easier since I have a wife of my



"WELL MET, HUGH PETERS."

own in Paris and three children, who might well stand with your mistress for sisters. You are a bold fellow, and your courage is very pretty. Let an old man conjure you to add a little thought to it sometimes; for the head is stronger than the sword, and will be while the world runs. I shall carry to Paris good remembrances of our meeting; nor will you, when all is done, think so ill of the man who brought you out of Epping. To-night I ride to London. Permit me, at least, to go there as one with no cause of quarrel against any man."

He held out his hand to me, and, I swear, all my hate of him changed to love upon the instant. Hurt and anger, and that which he

had put upon me at Hampstead, what were these to me when I knew that he had a wife in Paris? Lord, thought I, what a thing to tell Marjory, and to bring her to shame that she liked him a little! It were as though all my strength came back to me at the saying. I had the will to leap up from my couch and jump about the room; nor did I any longer withhold my hand, but thanked him as though he had been my own father.

"Sir," said I, "it is very plain to me that I have done wrong by you. Let there be no more remembrance of it. I will think of you often among the number of my friends. You shall not find me ingrate if ever the day come. Nay, you make me forget my pain. I doubt not, if it were fought over again, and I had the high place of the bank—but of that we will not speak."

He smiled very cunningly when he heard me; and after we had taken a little supper together, and I had thanked the French abbé for his kindness, they rode away to London, leaving me to the care of the hag that kept the house. I had never meant from the first to pay heed to the pompous surgeon; and now, when the place was still and the hag gone to her bed, I made bold to rise from my seat and to see if I could walk at all. Though I must crawl upon my hands and knees, I swore that I would cross the wood to my little wife's side. It was very sweet to remember that I might lay my head upon her shoulder and be comforted in her kiss, and feel her gentle hands about my wound. When I stood up at last, it was to find myself a little dizzy in the head and stiff in my limbs, like one who has lain long upon dewy grass. But I pressed my hand firm against my shoulder, that the wound might not gape again; and taking up my sword, though not buckling it, I unlatched the door of the house, and so came out into the strip of garden which borders upon the Great North Road.

It was a summer's night, lacking moon, but with so great a brightness of the stars in the heavens, that one might almost have seen to read print. I made sure that there would be no one abroad at such an hour, and I went boldly to the gate of the garden and so out on to the highway. There I had taken, it may have been, ten steps when someone called to me, pleasantly, and with the voice of a man who would pass me good-night.

"Well met, Hugh Peters, upon my word," cried the man. And so I turned round to find that one of the King's guards had his hand laid upon my shoulder, and that he was no other than the trooper I had seen from the window of my bedchamber at Hampstead.

And, as I live, I could think of nothing else but the cunning laugh with which Sir Nathaniel Goulding had left the room to ride away to London.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE CLOAKED MAN IS KNOWN TO ME.

THERE were five troopers with him who had taken me; he, I saw, being the captain of the company, as his trappings showed me. Whether they had just ridden up or had been halted there against my coming I knew not; nor could I think. It was as though a bolt from heaven had dropped to strike my heart dead.

"The King fears my tale no longer," said I to myself; "and so they carry me to my death." All the treacherous cunning of it, the dreadful thought that I was cut off from my little wife for ever, that I had known but one day of life in all my years, stupefied me. Not a word could I speak when the guard touched me; I had anger neither against God nor man. I was like one struck dumb by misfortune, robbed even of the mind to grieve, silent in the very weight of my misery.

The guard greeted me pleasantly, I say; nor could he understand my silence. 'Twas a common thing for such as him to make suffering a bed-fellow and death his playmate. He named me coward, I make sure, and began to have some contempt for me in his heart. He did not know that my wife's kiss was still warm upon my lips, that I longed for her then as man has never longed for anything on God's earth; no, not for gold, nor place, nor station, nay, nor life. He found me but a sorry knave; meet for the gallows, a common spy. If he gave me a kind word, it was of his pity, not of his love.

"Come, Hugh Peters," said he, "would you make me think that I have laid hands on a wench? God's truth, did I set up your face for a bogle in yon field, there would be no rooks left in all Middlesex. Take heart of it, man, and go like a merry fellow. 'Tis as easy as crack a nut any time, and all the jades in town there to see you dance. Dost fear the rope? Out on you for a craven!"

"Sir," said I, for his words stung me, "perchance I fear death no more than my fellows. If it be God's will that I must die, then I will show you whether I be craven or no. You have heard, I doubt not, that I carry the hurt of a new wound, which your usage of me has gone near to burst again. Yet could I hold a sword in my hand—but that is idle talk, for I am weak, and sick, and without friends, as you see."

It was far from me to beg his pity, I vow;

but I shall ever carry a remembrance of Captain Harry Seymour as one of a true heart and a friend. No sooner did I make mention of my wound than he sprang from his horse and stood by my side, bidding a corporal light a lantern that he might see my face.

"Master Peters," cried he very kindly, "I swear upon my honour that I knew nothing of this. You have a hurt, you say—how came you by that?"

I told him of the affair in the wood, and how that Sir Nathaniel had sold me after passing his word.

"Yet," said I, "give me the high place of the bank, and I will worst him to-morrow. He is old in cunning. I had but a lad's head, and there was one waiting for me—but that is my affair, sir. Deal gently with me for God's sake, for I have been used very ill."

"Nay," exclaimed he, "'twas a sorry trick to pass his word and then to bring us hither. Believe me, Master Peters, I have no heart in this night's work. But carry you to London I must, for to that am I sent. Let me put you upon my saddle until we be come to Barnet, and I can get you a cup of sack and a second horse. You may be sure that we find the business ill enough, and are like to remember it. They say that the town has now no grave big enough for its dead. The grass grows within the very gates. Who shall ride to London at such a time and say that the morrow will not find his body in the pit? God bear witness I am not over-given to thoughts of my condition, Master Peters, but willingly would I pay a hundred guineas to be quit of this employment."

It was plain to me that reflection upon the danger of riding into the city was no new thing to him; and the faces of the others in his company were an echo of his foreboding. I heard a low talking, and many a whispered "Lord have mercy upon us!" which was the cry in that day of them who were afflicted. But Captain Harry was quick to pass the thing by; and when he had lifted me upon his horse, he held to my leather and began to walk by my side, feigning to be merry and of a good heart.

"A plague upon all this!" cried he. "Who knows that a bolt may not drop from heaven and strike us dead before we come to London city at all? Were I in your shoes, I would hope the best from such times as these, Master Peters. For where shall you find a hangman in a city of dead men, and how will Jack Ketch wet his weasand with a drink of physike when nought else is to be had within the gates? Odds, sir, 'tis a very pretty wager to lay that you shall not hang this three

months; and I will even condition it with you—to be paid to them you name if the thing be lost, or to be got from your assigns shall it come to me."

All the guard laughed at his humour; and one they called Corporal Jack cried out that Master Harry Seymour was ever a devil in the matter of a wager; but another said, "God save us all when we be come to Holborn Bars," and to this all echoed aloud "Amen." Nor could Master Harry bring them again to merriment, but, very silent and doleful, we rode up to the inn at Barnet, and there called for the ostler.

This was about the hour of midnight, when by ordinary custom the town should have been long abed and only watch-dogs barking. But in those dreadful days all was out of the common, so that night brought neither sleep nor silence. The town was, for a truth, full of clamour and confusion when we rode in. So thick was the press of coaches and of wagons about the inn door that we must bawl over a barrier of wheels, or stand to watch serving-men run hither and thither, some with torches, some with wine-cups—all very wan and anxious like men long lacking beds. Scarce a minute went by without bringing now a horseman, now a coach up the hill where is the road to London; and Lord! to hear their tales of the city, how that the dead lay in the very gutters for want of pits big enough to hold them—the while men and women flung themselves into the waters in their agonies—was a thing to still the heart. Nor did we find it any better in the parlour of the inn itself, where men stood together in a great press—some to tell that further passage by that road was impossible—others again, very hot and excited in their talk, swearing that they would go on, by God. We saw plainly enough that we should get no shelter there; and Master Harry, though he declared that he would drive them out with the flat of his sword presently, must perforce go out to the stables and command that wine should be brought him there.

"And hark ye, my man," cried he very boldly to the landlord; "make haste to serve me, or I will even burn your house about your ears. Dost not see that I am abroad upon the King's business? Harry Seymour is my name, and, by my soul, you shall remember it long an you do not bestir."

I was sorry for that man—so did his company plague him; and what with the clamour in the street and the flare of the torches and the cries of the horsemen, I seemed to be in a world afar, beholding all things but dimly, and awake not at all to my condition. But I remember that Captain Harry led me to the

stable-yard of the inn, and was about to enter a stall there when a man, whose face was hid by a black cloak, stepped before him and greeted him very civilly.

"Sir," said he, "if you have any love for your life, I pray you will not enter there."

"And why, sir?" asked the Captain very proudly.

"Because, do your eyes follow the light of my lantern, you will even see the bodies of three men lying in the straw. Hush, put it not abroad; for what can the master of this place do when many fell dead at his door, and others are struck with the cup at their lips? God's word, ye will be well advised to get upon your horse again and to make for London with what speed you may."

I have never seen a man more astonished than Master Seymour when he looked into the stall. And I think he was frightened too, for he drew back at the word and walked some paces down the yard.

"I know not who you may be, sir," exclaimed he, "but surely you have done me a service. Could I but get a horse I would hasten on as you say—yet how shall a horse be found?"

"Captain," said the other very quickly, "I have business in London myself, and if I may ride there so far in your company, the horse that you lack shall be at yon gate before the clock strikes again."

The captain thanked him, and called his men from the parlour. But I stood wonder-struck and speechless.

For he who spake the promise to Master Seymour was none other than old Israel Wolf, whom I had left at dawn in the glade of the woods.

CHAPTER XXX.—WHEN THE GRASS GREW IN LONDON CITY.

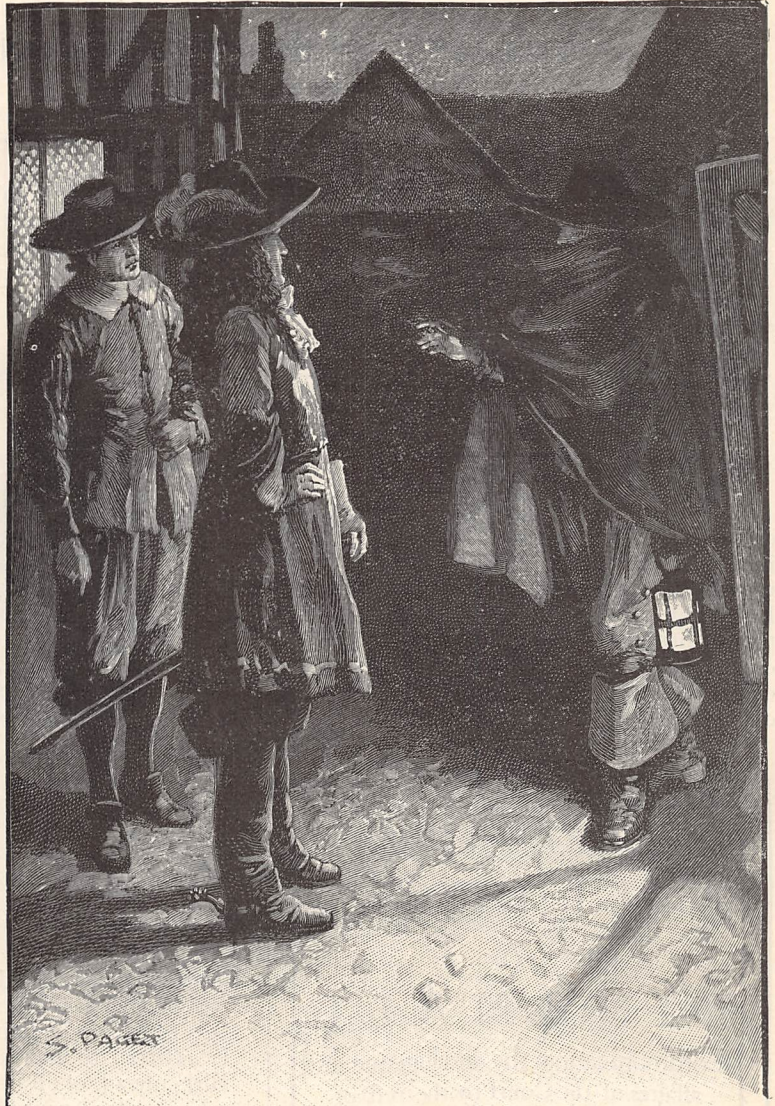
THE man went upon his errand, I say, and Captain Harry fell to pacing the stable-yard; he being now low in spirit and scarce ready with a jest even for the wenches of the inn. But so much as he lost heart did I gain it. The coming of Israel was like a gift of blood to my veins. Never once since they carried me from Hadleigh had I thought until this time of that which day would do for me. Death and the omen of death robbed my mind even of the power to think at all. I said that I was come at last to the snare they set for me. The King feared my tale of Paris no longer. He was content now to send me to Newgate, there to be tried for that same offence which had brought my uncle to the scaffold. Idle to cheat myself with any hope now that the guard had got me and

was upon the point of carrying me to that prison whence I might never hope to go forth, save it were to the place of my death at Tyburn. But now, at the instant, a great freshet of courage burst upon my heart. I knew not why; I had no thought of plan or plot. This only would I remember: that the man with the devil's face was to ride with us to London. Perchance I held him, as a child holds his father, to be all powerful in the hour of need or adversity. I care not how it was—I said ever, "Master Wolf is here, Master Wolf is here."

My new temper, you may imagine, was not to be hid from Captain Seymour. He had left me to stand by the door of the yard while he walked to and fro, but now he came up and was mighty astonished that I had rallied so much.

"Upon my word, Master Peters," said he, "a draught of sack is very pretty physike. You put me to shame with your smile—I beg you carry yourself as well when you pass by Tyburn field presently. Consider my own case—I that am lusty and bear a woman's message in my heart, what justice is it to bid me ride into the death-place to-morrow that they may put a rope about your neck? Nay, mine is the misfortune, as you must see, comrade!"

I told him that it was—very willingly, and was going on with my lack of wit to speak of many things when we heard a voice bawling to us from the road without; and all the guard being now come together, we found Master Wolf mounted upon a black horse and leading another by the bridle-rein. I had forgot all pain of my wound in the pleasure of seeing him, and I made bold to mount



"I PRAY YOU WILL NOT ENTER THERE."

without any help; but Israel himself bent over the saddle when I was up, and the others being busy with their horses, he said very softly—

"There is a pistol in the holster, Master Hugh. When you shall see me for the second time, you will know how to use it."

He said no more, but fell back to ride with the Corporal. And this was in my head to perplex me: that he should speak of my seeing him for the second time. But I held my peace; and very excited and wondering, I beheld the lights of Barnet high behind us, and heard Master Seymour's word that we should be in London city before the dawn.

(To be concluded.)

THE PRESS IN THE PROVINCES

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.



WHEN Charles II. was wandering in exile, he complained, from his safe but needy quarters on the Continent, to his harried friends in Britain that he had to get all his Scottish news from "the London prints." The time was not then to be foreseen when the press in the provinces would relatively hold as important a place in the newspaper world as that of the metropolis. And yet, paradoxically enough, it was in the provinces, and in the reign of this restored king, that the immediate parent of the oldest existing London journal was born. It was likewise in the country, and before that same seventeenth century had run its course, that there were established the two English journals, which can fairly be called newspapers, that have

survived in unbroken continuity of issue to this day.

Provincial journalism, however, had its origin even before the early dates just indicated. It is claimed that 1639 saw the publication of a paper at Newcastle-upon-Tyne,



MR. J. T. BUNCE, EDITOR OF THE BIRMINGHAM POST.

(From a photograph by Whitworth Wallace, Esq., Birmingham.)

MERCVRIVS
AULICUS,
A
DIURNALL,
Communicating the intelligence and
affaires of the Court to the rest of
the KINGDOME.



OXFORD,
Printed by H Hall, for W. Webb.
Ann. Dom. M.DC. XLII

during the troubled period that Charles I. was in the North just before the outbreak of the Great Rebellion. A *Mercurius Aulicus* is asserted to have been printed in 1642 at Birkenhead, of all unlikely places, for issue by a bookseller "near Queen's College, Oxford"; and there was a *Mercurius Hibernicus*, not in Dublin but at Bristol, in 1644. But Tuesday, November 14th, 1665, is to be marked as the real red-letter day in the English journalistic calendar, for it was then that the first number appeared of the *Oxford Gazette*, a governmental publication issued in the university city because the Court had settled there for some period after the Great Plague. For eleven weeks it had an existence; but on February 5th, 1666, it gave place by the mere force of circumstances to the *London Gazette*, which venerable but absolutely unreadable print has its terrors for certain of the lieges until to-day. Yet the provinces had their revenge, for, while the *Morning Post*, the *doyen* of metropolitan journals, dates from 1772, the *Times* from 1778, and the *Morning Advertiser*

from 1794, there is still weekly to be purchased the *Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury*, which, established in 1695, has maintained, with similar title, an unbroken issue of a full two centuries. In strict point of age this remarkable record is claimed to be beaten by *Berrow's Worcester Journal*, which, under another name, earliest saw the light in 1690. This aged but still active print proudly boasts, therefore, that it is the oldest provincial newspaper in the United Kingdom; it claims as among its special clients "the nobility, gentry, agriculturists, and professional classes;" and it may be thought to regard its competitor, the *Worcester Herald*, born in 1792, as little more than a lusty juvenile. The two earliest decades of the eighteenth century furnish similar instances of unbroken publication from Norwich, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Leeds, and up to a very few years ago did so in another example from Nottingham. And thus, from a date distinctly anterior to 1726, when the important but scarcely absorbing *Lloyd's List* first drew breath in London, and remains the oldest private news enterprise the English metropolis knows, provincial journalism has not only lived but thrived.

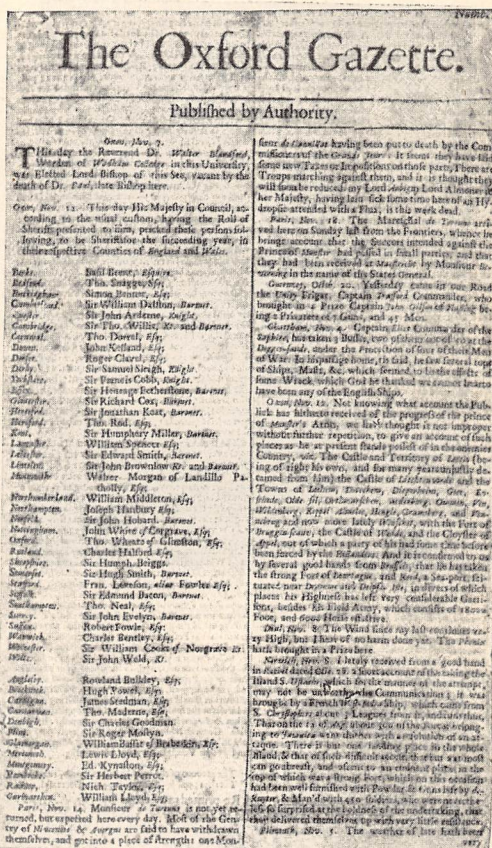
For a very long time after this early foundation, however, the country newspapers fed



MR. C. P. SCOTT, M.P., EDITOR OF THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

(From a photograph by Franz Baum, Manchester.)

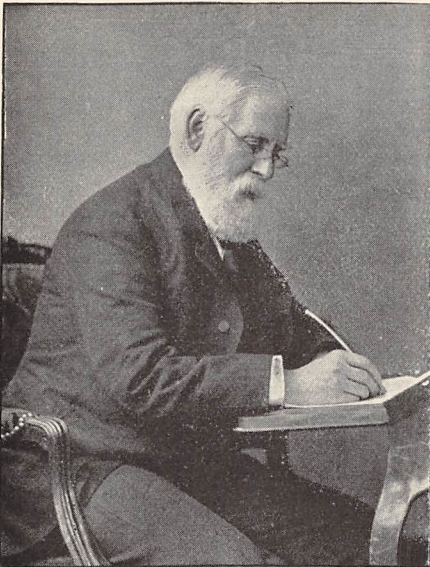
largely upon their London contemporaries. Local news was little sought for at first, and obviously the papers of the capital formed the most accessible quarry for general information. It was only gradually that this system of compilation was dropped; but with the increased facilities for communication, not



THE ORIGINAL OF THE LONDON GAZETTE.

only by train but by telegraph, it has practically vanished, and with that change has come a distinct elevation in the journalism of the provinces. Time was when the country newspaper, in regard to national affairs, was little more than the pale reflex of the London journal, in its opinions as well as its news. That state of things no longer exists; and although there still lingers in some quarters the tradition that England is governed by a few gentlemen who gather up in vapour in Pall Mall during the day the opinions they pour forth in flood in Fleet Street at night, those who know anything of the sturdy politicians of the provinces are aware that local organs of public opinion have a far greater electoral influence than any that come from the capital.

The truth of this can best be judged if there be taken as types of all that is best in provincial journalism half-a-dozen of the leading daily newspapers published outside the English metropolis. Were it possible, within the space that can be devoted to the subject, the list of six could be expanded to



MR. C. A. COOPER, EDITOR OF THE *SCOTSMAN*.
(From a photograph by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.)

sixteen or six-and-twenty; but even those which are omitted from the chosen half-dozen will scarcely object to the *Birmingham Daily Post* and the *Manchester Guardian* being taken as typical of the English provincial press; the *Scotsman* and the *Glasgow Herald* of the Scottish; and the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Northern Whig* of the Irish. While no one is likely to contend that the richest newspaper necessarily displays the ripest wisdom,



MR. CHARLES RUSSELL, EDITOR OF THE *GLASGOW HERALD*.
(From a photograph by W. M. Warnecke, Glasgow.)

or that the best advertising sheet is *ipso facto* the finest journal, it may be held, generally speaking, that influence and prosperity are in these matters closely linked. "I respect that paper," observed a leading actress of one of the best-known provincial dailies; "it makes me pay more for my advertisements than any other." And in this way of putting it there was more philosophy than, perhaps, the gifted lady thought.

Although, reckoned by years, the *Birmingham Post* is to be considered a young journal, dating only from 1857, it has the proud claim of being the first daily penny newspaper to be published in any provincial town. Under the proprietorship of Mr. John Feeney (with whom was long associated Sir John Jaffray, now retired from active public life) and the

N. 3150

GAZETTE DE LONDRES:

Publiée avec Privilège.

Depuis le Lundy 17, jusqu'au Jeudi 20 Août, 1696. V.S.

D'Edimbourg, le 13 Août, 1696.

MY Lord Murray ayant été nommé Grand Comitétaire du Roy pour présider au Parlement de ce Royaume, arriva hier au soir en cette ville; My Lord Chancelier & plusieurs Seigneurs ayant été le rencontrer dans leurs Carroles à plusieurs miles d'ici, ainsi que plusieurs Gentilhommes & autres Personnes de qualité à cheval, avec le Lord Prevost & les Magistrats de cette ville vêtus de leurs Robbes de ceremonies, les Milices de cette ville citant tous les armes, ainsi que le Regiment du Colonel Mac-Gill qui estoient rangés en haye sur le chemin, lorsque son Excellence passa pres de Muileburg.

Le Conseil Privé s'étant assemblé aujourd'hui, My Lord Murray leur a fait savoir la volonté du Roy, qui est d'ajourner le Parlement jusqu'au huitieme du mois de Septembre prochain, & en consequence de cette resolution, il a été ordonné, qu'on fera publier une Proclamation, pour requierir les Deputés au Parlement de se rendre en ce tems là, à l'Assemblée.

De Falmouth, le 15 Août 1696.

On vid hier à la hauteur de ce Havre, environ quarante voiles qu'on

croird être les Navires Marchands destinés pour les païs Estrangers, mais le vent étant violent au Sud, ils furent obligés de retourner sur leurs pas.

De Plymouth, le 15 Août 1696.

Le 13 de ce mois, le Vice-Amiral Mitchell partie de ce Port avec l'Escadre qu'il commande, pour aller à l'Ouest. Les vaisseaux de sa Majesté, le Montague, le Severne & le Medway sont venus ici du Ouest, ayant pris trois Capres François de 8, de 18 & de 20 pieces de canon; ils s'enfuyent tous au Medway qu'ils attaqua d'abord. L'une de ces Prises fut envoyée ici le 10 du courant, & les deux autres y ont été amenées aujourd'hui; Le 15, ces trois vaisseaux remirent à la voile, pour aller à l'Est; Le Trident & deux vaisseaux de guerre Hollandois enterrent ici le même jour, avec environ trente Navires Marchands & Bâtimens des Cotes sous leur convoy, allant en Irlande, à Chester & à Falmouth; Les vaisseaux de guerre le Dreadnought ou l'Intrepide, l'Oxford, le Falkland & le Virgins-Prise y sont aussi arrivés, avec plusieurs Navires Marchands chargés pour la Virginie, Terre-Neuve & autres lieux; Et plusieurs autres Bâtimens y entrent à cette heure.

De Hull, le 17 Août 1696.

Il parait hier du Humber, une Flotte d'environ

A FRENCH EDITION OF THE LONDON GAZETTE.

more than thirty years' editorship of Mr. J. Thackray Bunce, the *Birmingham Post* has made a position not only in the Midland capital but in the Midlands generally which not even the violent political storms of the last twelve years have served to shake. Entirely independent of all influences, whether of

person or party, outside its own walls, the *Post*, under the editorial guidance of the historian of Birmingham, has realised what is understood to have been its unspoken ambition of becoming the *Times* of the Midlands. It has preserved, with a rigidity remarkable in these days of flux, those traditions of "the old journalism" which demand that the opinions expressed shall be sane, the language in which they are couched chaste, and the intelligence which accompanies them true. Eschewing the more vulgar methods of attracting the attention of the million, and resolute in the determination to present to its readers a newspaper which can be laid upon every table and read by each member of the household, Mr. Thackeray Bunce and those associated with him in the various departments of the *Birmingham Post* have at least shown how success in journalism can be attained without the purveying of scandal, and without subserving the interests of truth to the transient necessities of a party, a class, or a clique.

Deserving in every way of the high praise that can be given for a sustained stand in support of all that is best and purest in journalism, whether London or provincial, is the *Manchester Guardian*. This fine newspaper, which is one of the glories of the English press, is not merely distinguished for the fulness and variety of its local intelligence, but for its desire to rival that attribute of the *Times* described by Thackeray: "She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world, her couriers upon every road." To its credit as an enterprising journal is to be laid the fact that it is not content to share with others its information as to what is passing in the great centres of the world's affairs. It has not only its own correspondent in the English metropolis; it is specially represented in more than one foreign capital; and in time of war it presents its readers with despatches prepared by those of its own staff who, having one eye on the battle-field, have the other on Manchester. Outsiders whisper with bated breath as to the distinguished personages in politics and journalism who at one time or another have contributed to the *Manchester Guardian*. The judicious always preserve a reasonable amount of dubiety about legends like these; but no one who reads this newspaper can doubt that Mr. C. P. Scott, the editor—now member for the Leigh division of Lancashire, after more than one severe fight to enter the House of Commons by another door—continues to surround himself with a staff which daily presents to the readers of that newspaper an amount and variety of information which more than one London journal of established

reputation has apparently never dreamed it possible to secure.

Forty years ago that shrewd gossip and accomplished contributor to the quarterly magazines, Abraham Hayward, wrote to Mr. Gladstone: "In Scotland and the far North the cheap papers have gained enormously on

NUM. I. THE LUDLOW-ARMS.

LUDLOW
Post-Man.
OR THE
Weekly Journal.




Being a True and Impartial Collection of the most material Transactions,
both at Home and Abroad.

FRIDAY, October 9. 1719.

GENTLEMEN,

Have here undertaken to Print a Weekly NEWS-PAPER, which I intend (with God's Permission) to Publish every Friday Morning at Ludlow, and will be dispers'd 30 or 40 Miles round, by Men employ'd for that Purpose: It is generally expected when such Things are undertaken, that some Apology should be made, and not begin abruptly; I therefore desire to acquaint all my Friends and Countrymen, and all those who will favour me with their kind Perusal of it, that I shall use my utmost Endeavours to make a True and Impartial Collection of all the most remarkable Passages, in Foreign Countries, as well as our OWN.

News-Papers, and News-Writers, ('tis true) are now-a-days, in this critical Age, under many scandalous Censures and Reflections of imposing upon the World with Falshoods; but this I have to say in Behalf of them, That the World is eager of being acquainted with the News as soon as possible; and therefore, we (to please 'em) are apt to catch hold of Reports which sometimes do not prove true. However, (lest I should be thought to side with Falshood) I'll leave that to the Judgment of the wide World, hoping some will give their favourable Opinion; and let them know that I shall Print for my Credit, as I hope to meet with Encouragement; and shall avoid all fraudulent Inventions to humour Parties, and tell the plain Truth on both Sides, without Favour or Affection.

I shall endeavour likewise, to please the Fair Sex, by inserting, (now and then) some Entertainments for their Diversion. So (hoping to find their Pleasure, by their Encouragement) I conclude, at present with the Motto of the Quack Doctor,

Read, Judge, and Try, And if I Lye,

Never believe him more; who begs Leave to subscribe himself, one that is ambitious to be believ'd

Your Favourite,

Humble Servant, and

TYPOGRAPHER

A "FIRST NUMBER" OF LAST CENTURY.

the London press; but this is more owing to the telegraph than to the reduction of the duty. Within a given radius round Aberdeen, for example, you get all the most interesting news twenty-four hours before the arrival of a London paper; and so in proportion round Edinburgh, Glasgow, etc. etc. I myself actually ceased taking in a London paper whilst I was in Scotland." If so diligent a student of the daily journals as Hayward could so refrain at the end of 1855, what is to be said of the chances of such a course now? The answer is that in the interval the Scottish newspapers have advanced by strides while their London rivals have been content to progress only by steps; and it would lower the almost Chinese pride of certain of these latter if for once they

allowed themselves to look over their own self-created Great Wall, and see how far the outer Barbarians have overtaken the metropolitan Celestials.

The wholesome discipline this would ensure



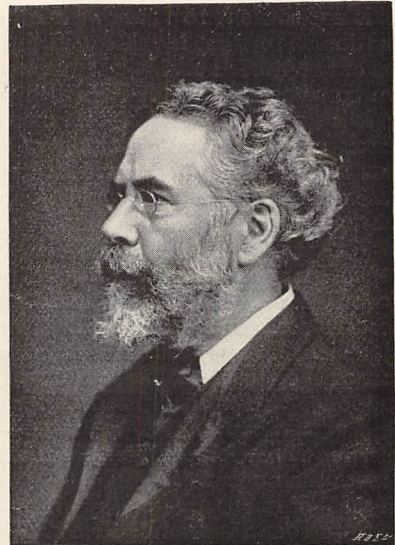
MR. W. H. BRAYDEN, EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, DUBLIN.

(From a photograph by Werner & Co., Dublin.)

could be imagined from a perusal of the *Scotsman*. That newspaper, of course, has never been ranked even by the most inveterate Cockney journalist among "the mere provincial rags" of his untutored imagination. Its influence as a literary no less than as a political organ has been great and growing ever since its establishment as a bi-weekly journal in the second decade of the present century. Among its editors have been such a renowned political economist as McCulloch (a personage not far removed from the M'Croudy so despitely used by Carlyle); such a historic journalist as Alexander Russel ("Russel of the *Scotsman*," as he will always be known); and such a typical Scotch wit as Robert Wallace, now the representative in Parliament of East Edinburgh. Under the present editorship, that of Mr. Charles Cooper, once of the long-departed *Morning Star*, the *Scotsman* has lost none of its force, though, perhaps, it has added a touch to its traditional gravity which almost approaches to dourness. And it sustains its reputation for the contents of its open correspondence columns, which are not merely of great and varied interest, but which are palpably not manufactured in the office or started with a home-made letter, printed in large type and of singular sameness in style, whether supposed to be written

by a briefless barrister or a woman of society, a struggling artisan or a clerk out of employ. In this particular, as in many another, it has a formidable rival in the *Glasgow Herald*, which, with Mr. Charles Russell as editor, has touched in these later days the highest point of both literary and commercial success it has yet reached. For fulness of reports and admirable arrangement of news, it may be doubted indeed whether the *Glasgow Herald* has ever been beaten in the provincial press; while its advertisement columns perpetually present the appearance, temporarily claimed for South Africa and "Westralia," that of a vast and virtually inexhaustible gold-mine.

When we cross the Irish Sea, it is to find a number of journals of historic renown and political consequence. There is, perhaps, no paper in these islands which possesses a longer tradition of fame than the *Freeman's Journal* of Dublin, now edited by Mr. W. H. Brayden, who, when the *National Press* was amalgamated with it some three or four years since, succeeded Mr. W. J. McDowell in the chair. The *Freeman*, as it is popularly called, has been ranged on the Nationalist side throughout its long career of not far short of a century and a half; and among its directors to-day are such prominent Irish politicians as Mr. Sexton and Mr. Dillon. It has of late years seen a rival Nationalist organ, the *Daily Independent*, with Dr. Byrne as its editor, arise and keenly contest the supremacy; while Dublin has two other morning journals in the *Irish Times*, which may be regarded more especially as the organ of the commercial



SIR EDWARD RUSSELL, EDITOR OF THE LIVERPOOL DAILY POST.

(From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)

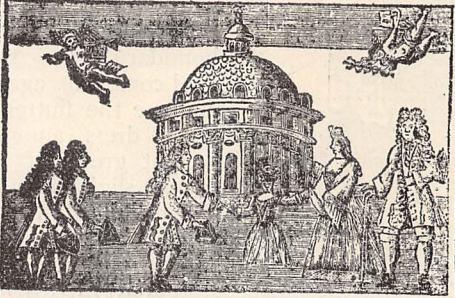
classes, and the *Daily Express*, which, under the editorial command of Dr. Patton, represents the more rigid Conservative element. But the Irish capital has to yield a certain pride of place to the great "linen city" of the North in regard to journalistic enterprise; for while the *Belfast Morning News* claims to have been the first penny paper established in Ireland, the *Belfast News-Letter* submits that, founded in 1737, it is the oldest newspaper in that country. The *Northern Whig*, of the same city, which is edited by Mr. Thomas McKnight (as it has been for the quarter of a century that has elapsed since Mr. Frank Hill exchanged an editorial chair in Belfast for one in Bouverie Street), is interesting as continuing to embalm in its title a party-name which was once so powerful, and is now well-nigh as dead as Tacker or Abhorrer, Nonjuror or Robertsman. Belfast, from the point of view of its Parliamentary representation, is politically all of one colour; but its newspapers represent every phase of the faction-fighting which has disturbed Ireland for centuries.

It is at best, however, but an imperfect sketch that can be here presented of the varied forms of provincial journalism and of the forces they embody—how imperfect can be judged from the necessary omission of details concerning such a newspaper as the *Liverpool Daily News*, with which the name of Sir Edward Russell is identified, or the *Newcastle Chronicle*, with which that of Mr. Joseph Cowen will be as perpetually associated. The *Leeds Mercury*, which gave to London the journalistic services of Sir Wemyss Reid, and the *Northern Echo*, which was not so selfish as to permanently deprive mankind of the guiding-hand of Mr. Stead, would similarly not be forgotten in any lengthened record of provincial journalism. It is to that phase of newspaper enterprise that London owes not only such publicists as those just mentioned, not even alone such men of mark as Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and such a typical journalist of the best type as the late James Macdonnell,

Stamford Mercury:
 BEING
 HISTORICAL and POLITICAL
OBSERVATIONS
 ON THE
Transactions of Europe.
 TOGETHER WITH
Remarks on TRADE.

Thursday, September 6, 1722

Vol. XX. No. II

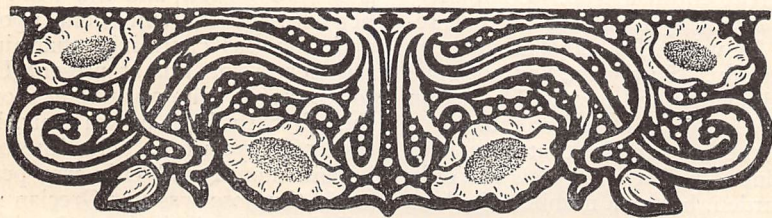


Printed by *Will. Thompson*, and *Tho. Baily*, at *Stamford* in
Lincs 1722. (Price Three Half-Pence)

A VENERABLE PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPER.

but a very large proportion of the best sub-editors, reporters, and other hard workers that the metropolitan press can boast. It is, indeed, a London journalist *pur sang*, in the person of Sir Edwin Arnold, the leading literary figure of the *Daily Telegraph*, who has celebrated in song the glories of the modern Press, under the name of Ephemera, the Tenth of the Muses. But provincial journalism can claim to have its full share in the cry of triumph concentrated in the lines which tell how its votaries are

"Never once ashamed,
 So we be named
 Pressmen—Slaves of the Lamp—Servants of Light"



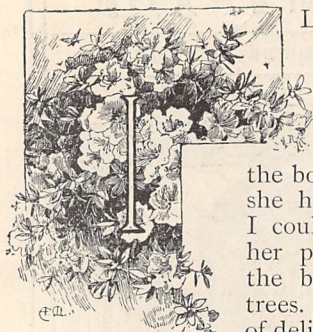
THE LOVERS AND THE BOY:

A LITTLE COMEDY.

BY ANDREW HOME, AUTHOR OF "DISTURBERS OF THE PEACE," "THROUGH THICK AND THIN," ETC.

"How sad and bad and mad it was—
But then, how it was sweet!"—R. BROWNING.

I.



LOOKED up from my dreary book and out through the open window down the long garden and across the boundary wall. Aha! she had come out again! I could see the flutter of her pink dress amongst the bright green of the trees. A slight chuckle of delight escaped me. As

though she had heard it (a thing impossible at that distance) the pink dress vanished.

My chuckle was smothered in a sigh. "This will not do," said I firmly, and down went my head over the book again.

"*Every deed conveyance assignment surrender admission or other assurance relating solely to freehold leasehold copyhold or customary property or to any mortgage charge or other encumbrance*"—and so on, and so on, down the long paragraph, and for at least the sixth time.

Now, had I got the sense into my poor head at last? I looked up, eyes fixed on vacancy, and began repeating from memory: "*Every deed conveyance assignment surrender admission or other assurance relating—relating—*"

A vision of pink amid green trees! She emerged from the half shadow on to the bright sunlit strip of grass, and began walking to and fro. She held a book, and was evidently reading. I watched her for perhaps some two minutes; then, to my grief, she turned off the grass and was lost to sight behind the great churlish wall. Completely disregarding *copyhold*, I waited for her reappearance. In vain. Full five minutes by my watch went by. Surely she had not gone in! I grew desperate and prepared for action by opening my lattice to its fullest extent.

Here I ought to explain that from this window of mine I had a good view not only of our own garden, but of a number of others lying parallel with it. Thus, next door was Wickens, the old meteorologist, who was generally pottering about with his weather-

cocks and rain-gauges. Next to him was a boy with red hair who hammered and made things, and whistled horribly out of tune. Next to him lived a dean or a canon or somebody: a gentleman with gaiters, one of the dignitaries at the cathedral. During my six days' sojourn I had pretty well exhausted my sideways point of view: but at right angles to these parallel gardens lay the grounds of a large school—a boys' boarding-school; and it was there that the demoiselle in the pink dress had daily appeared.

In half the time this explanation takes, with the aid of a friendly spout, I had scrambled to the ground. Conscience made a last appeal: Here are you, law-student, twenty-two (describing me as though I were brought up at a police-court), under the able tuition of your esteemed bachelor uncle, who has the most implicit confidence in you, and who—ahem!—is now out—

That was a fatal reminder. In a few seconds I stood before the barrier that separated our domain from the school grounds. I had walked as quietly as a mouse. Why? Let me do myself the credit to suppose that I felt ashamed of my guilty conduct.

It was an old stone wall, very thick and very high, and with bunches of wallflower growing along the top. I chose a good place; stuck my feet in some convenient niches, and got my head well over the coping.

The next instant I ducked down as quick as a bird: the demoiselle in pink was sitting on a garden-seat down below me a little to my right hand.

She was busily occupied in writing (in truth, my head was soon over the wall again); she wore no hat, and the wind played with her hair, and the sun shone upon her—and, oh! she was charming, charming! I only saw her profile, but at present I didn't wish to see more. She was one of those girls who, though with light-brown hair, have darker eyes and eyelashes. The line of her upper lip and mouth and chin was perfect. I am afraid the nose was not Grecian; it tip-tilted a little, a very little, but—do you know?—I don't mind that at all. While I looked she smiled at something she was writing, and a

dimple came in her cheek so that her side face was a perfect wonder to see.

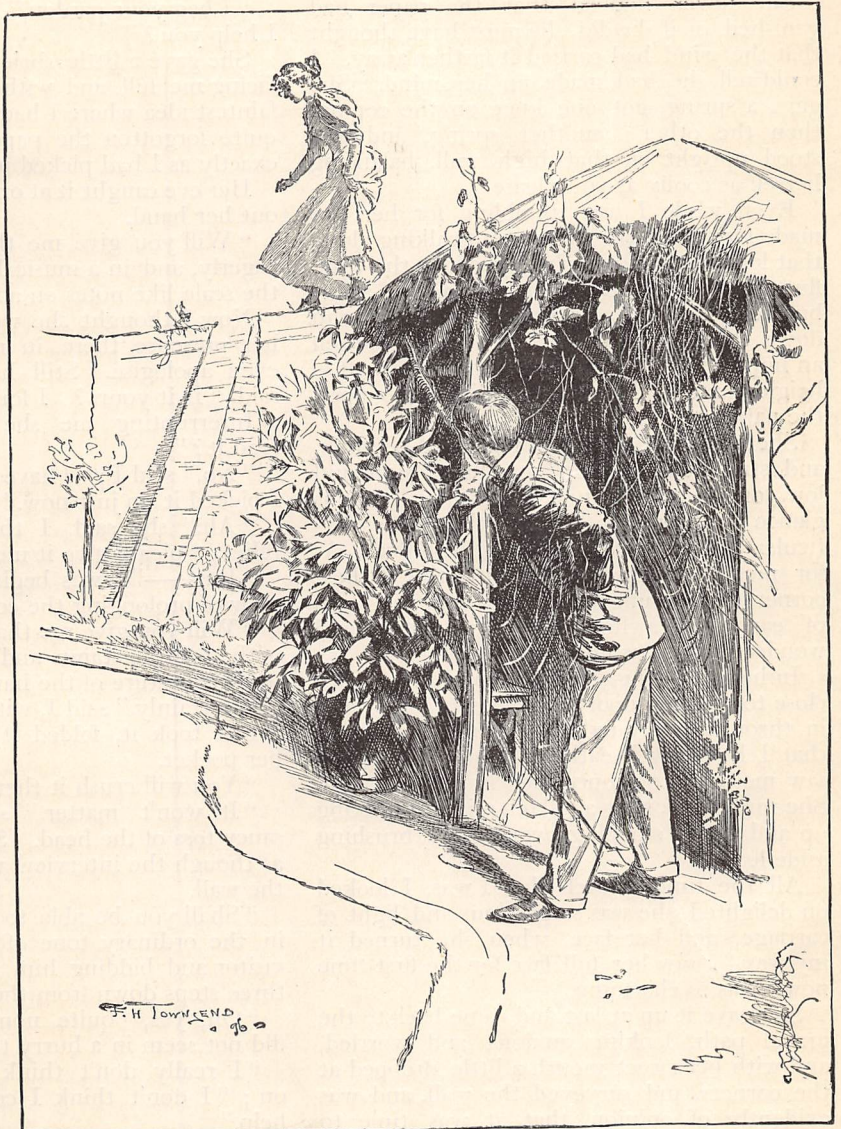
She held her paper on her knee in a writing-case, using a pencil which flew along at a great rate. One small hand kept the leaves down with some difficulty, for the wind was blowing freshly, while the other held the pencil, or from time to time pushed back her hair which would blow down over her eyes. Even as I looked (trembling all the time lest she should turn and spy me) the first sheet was full. She turned it over and took up another; and now a catastrophe happened.

The wind blew a sudden sharp puff and whisked up that sheet, twirled it in the air, and as I live, blew it clean over the wall so near me that had I made a clutch I might have caught it. It fluttered to the ground at my feet. In a second I was down beside it, had secured it, and flown under cover.

II.

Just at the corner of my uncle's garden stood an old summer-house. It was a wretched little place, completely smothered in ivy, very damp, very dark, very earwiggy. It looked romantic, but no one but a madman would have thought of stopping in it any longer than he could help: my uncle spoke respectfully of it as "the arbour."

I dashed into this choice abode, and blessed it for the first time in my life. Completely



"SHE MADE FOR ONE OF THE BUTTRESSES" (p. 890).

hidden myself, I had a beautiful view of the wall. As for the sheet of paper, when I snatched it up I saw that it was full of writing, the lines of unequal length. Poetry, thought I, but it was too dark to read in the summer-house; besides, my eyes were all for outside.

I could hear a dragging and scraping. (She's got a ladder, thought I, or else she's pulling that seat along.) The next thing she had risen waist-high above the wall; she gave a long and searching glance all round. (That's to see if anyone's looking, thought I; and here am I miserably spying!)

She never noticed that the paper had vanished, or if she did, she must have thought that the wind had carried it farther away. I could tell she had made up her mind. She gave a spring, got one knee on the coping, then the other; another spring, and she stood upright on that high wall, balancing herself as coolly as you please.

Even while I was trembling for her she made for one of the buttresses, walking along that lofty perch somewhat gingerly, the wind fluttering her dress and showing smart buckled shoes to advantage. Then she ran down the slope, thus at once giving herself an impetus and saving some foot and a half of height, and landed with a flying leap upon the path.

She gave a little laugh of relief and triumph, and straightway began searching high and low for the paper, not without an anxious glance from time to time at the house, particularly, I thought, at my open window. As for me, I crouched down into the darkest corner of my dungeon, with a fine sensation of earwigs crawling down my neck, and wondered what would come next.

In her searching she passed more than once close to the tiny doorway, and actually peered in through the tangled portcullis of ivy, so that I held my breath for fear. She never saw me, and continued her hopeless search. She must have been a full ten minutes walking up and down, stooping over bushes, brushing aside leaves.

All the time, wretch that I was, I looked on delighted, she was so gracious and light of carriage, and her face, when she turned it my way—I saw her full face for the first time now—was so charming.

She gave it up at last and came back to the gravel path, looking anxious and worried, and with her sweet mouth a little drooped at the corners, and surveyed the wall, and was evidently of opinion that it was time to return.

Now, it is one thing to jump down from a wall and quite another to clamber up again, and so mademoiselle found it. She chose the buttress and struggled up, a poor foot or two, and came down, and tried again and again with no better success. The highest she got was to clutch the coping, and one of the buckled shoes came off, and she had to get down for it. Try as she would, it was hopeless, and she gave it up as she had given up the search for the paper.

The face was quite distressed now, and the mouth drooped more than ever. Well, I could not stand it any longer; I came out. She never saw me come—she had her back to me.

"I beg your pardon," I said quietly, "can't I help you?"

She gave a little shriek and turned round, facing me full, and without, as I believe, the faintest idea where I had sprung from. I had quite forgotten the paper, which I still held exactly as I had picked it up.

Her eye caught it at once, and she stretched out her hand.

"Will you give me that paper?" she said eagerly, and in a musical voice that went up the scale like notes on a flute.

Now I thought she would try and explain her presence there, in my uncle's garden—even apologise. Still holding the paper, I said, "Is it yours? I found it——"

Interrupting me she cried, "Have you read it?"

"No," said I; "I have not looked at it since I picked it up just now."

"Ah," she said, I thought in a tone of relief; "please give it me."

"But——" I was beginning, solely with a view of prolonging the conversation.

"Will you give me that paper?" she cried, with a little stamp and with quite an imperious gesture of the hand.

"Certainly," said I, with great meekness.

She took it, folded it, and thrust it into her pocket.

"You will crush it there," said I.

"It won't matter," she replied, with a saucy toss of the head. She turned from me as though the interview were over, and faced the wall.

"Shall you be able to manage it?" said I in the ordinary tone of one showing out a visitor and bidding him mind that there are three steps down from the front door.

"Oh, yes," quite nonchalantly. But she did not seem in a hurry to try again.

"I really don't think you can," I went on; "I don't think I could myself without help."

She pondered a moment and looked me seriously in the face as though to discover if by my tone I were making game of her. Then she smiled, and leaning forward, said—

"Excuse me, you have an earwig on your coat—really, you have two on your coat. Wait!"

She broke off a laurel leaf and flicked away both the insects with such a light turn and play of her wrist that I felt they ought to be happy earwigs.

"Thank you," said I; "really I'm very sorry"—as though it were a breach of etiquette to have earwigs crawling upon one. I now perceived for the first time that my clothes were all covered with dust and flue and cobweb. Mademoiselle followed my gaze;

then our eyes met. She smiled, and I felt my face grow hot.

"Really," I began, not knowing what I said, "the summer-house is so very—" I stopped.

She caught my guilty eye and looked towards the wretched ivy-covered hole.

"Oh!" she said, with a slight change of face, "you sit there?"

"Er—yes," I stammered, "sometimes. It's very pleasant in the summer."

"It must be," drily.

"I—I have to read a great deal—and——"

"The light must be very bad."

"It is; it injures the eyesight."

"Yet you were able to find the paper. Where did you find it?"

"On the path," said I incautiously.

"What—here?"

"Yes."

"In-deed!"

Up to that moment I believe she thought I had but come from the house that minute, having picked up the paper on my way.

"Then do you mean to tell me that you went and hid and watched me, and——"

Her face had flamed scarlet now.

"I think you are a splendid jumper," I began weakly.

"That has nothing to do with it," she cried.

Then breaking off quite distressfully: "I must go home." She faced the wall again.

"Let me help you," said I.

"No," she cried imperiously.

"Why not come back up the garden and through the house?" said I maliciously. "I dare say my uncle has come in by now, and he would be very pleased to be introduced——"

Her answer to that was to turn her back upon me with an impatient gesture. She tried the buttress again and slipped down as before.

"You'll tear your dress," said I; "come and try here."

I showed her a better place—the one, in fact, where I had got up myself, though I didn't mention that. There I gave her my knee for a first step and showed her the proper niches, and she flew up to the coping as light as a bird.

"Take care you don't fall," cried I, in a tremor; but she had already jumped down on the other side and was lost to view.

At that I felt so miserable and lonely that before I well knew what I was doing, I was leaning over the coping looking down at her. She was picking up her case from the seat.

"I suppose," she said, glancing up with a curious expression that might have been either severe or playful; "I suppose you will tell your uncle—you will be sure to tell him."

"I shall not tell him," said I. "I shall not tell anyone."

"Thank you," she said, with such a gracious bend of the head that I could not believe she was mocking me; "and thank you for helping me."

"Don't speak of it," I cried. "I wish——"

Perhaps she divined what I wanted and thought it might be well to part good friends. When she had mounted the wall she had almost disdained to touch my hand, but now she came close under where I clung, and she reaching up and I reaching down, our hands met, hers giving a quick little clasp that set my blood tingling. Then she gave me another little bow, saying slyly, "Your coat does want brushing," and turned and walked quickly but sedately up the garden. I watched the flutter of the pink dress until it vanished behind the shrubbery. I waited thus far, hoping, I think, that she would look round, but she never did.

I slipped down and in half a minute was in my room again, per spout, desperately afraid lest my uncle had come in. There lay old *freehold leasehold copyhold or customary property* on the table, grinning at me.

"You old villain!" cried I. I seized him and flung him to the ceiling, and caught him and flung him up again. "What do you know about anything, you blind old bat?" I went on apostrophising the prostrate book. "You and your *customary property*, indeed! Do you know I've just met the finest girl in all the world? Do you know that I'm a different being, you old wretch, from what I was when I read your miserable nonsense last? Do you know that I've begun to live this morning?"

I stamped about the room unable to contain myself. I laughed and sang and talked aloud. For I was in love! Delicious thought—I was in love! I lost myself in delightful dreams.

"Come," said my uncle's voice in my ear, "didn't you hear the gong? Mustn't forget to feed the body as well as the mind, Arthur. *Mens sana in corpore sano*, eh?"

As I live, it was one o'clock, and I had not done a stroke of work that morning.

III.

MENTION has been made above of a certain red-haired boy. That red-haired boy is now coming on the scene. The name of this individual was Dodd, and Providence had kindly supplied him with the appropriate Christian name of Thomas.

On the very afternoon following upon that eventful morning, Tommy was attempting to establish a system of telephonic communication

between himself and a friend in a distant part of the city. This he thought could be best done by means of a kite: if he could only fly a kite from himself to his friend over the roofs and chimneys, there was the thing done. He gave me his views on the system afterwards.

What I saw from my window was that the kite rose valiantly in Tommy's garden, soared over the adjacent property of Mr. Wickens, and after a brief but inglorious attempt to proceed further, gave up the struggle and descended. It now became a grievous backslider, and returning—on the principle of the boomerang—to the hand that let it go, it fell foul of Mr. Wickens's tower, and got itself much tangled up with his weathercocks and rain-gauges.

Mr. Wickens finding, shortly after, when he took an observation, that his weathercocks were pointing the wrong way, rushed up the tower in a dreadful state of mind. Discovering the real position of affairs, he followed the trail of the string, as though he had been a tourist going through the catacombs, until he finally brought up at Tommy's dwelling, and at Tommy himself. Which shows what a fatal thing it is to fly a kite which gets into mischief.

Up to this time I had watched the proceedings with a judicial coolness. Suddenly the thought struck me: where does the red-haired one go to school? Does he, perchance, go to the same school where lives a certain demoiselle in a pink dress? At this idea I flew to Tommy's rescue. I found him in the clutches of Mr. Wickens, but I delivered such a powerful speech that I got the prisoner off, incurring an enormous liability in that I made myself answerable for his future good behaviour. We disentangled the string; Mr. Wickens was mollified; and I led forth Thomas, a free man, and without a stain upon his character, into the cathedral close.

"I say," quoth Thomas, "you're a trump. I reckon I was in an awful hole with old Wickens about that beastly kite. He was going to send word to the school, and I don't know what."

"Don't mention it," I said. Then, proceeding to business, "What school do you mean?"

"Why, there is only one," quoth Thomas, stretching his freckled face in amazement at my ignorance. "Old Hall, Reverend John Cunningham; over there." He jerked his thumb in the proper direction.

"Oh, Mr. Cunningham's the head-master, is he?" said I. "Let's walk up and down here; it's very nice in the sun. Er—has he

any family? Perhaps he has boys of his own in the school?"

"No," replied Thomas promptly; "only a daughter."

"Oh; a little girl, I suppose."

"Not she! She's as big as you. Why, she teaches me music."

Taught him music! And he stood there kicking up the gravel as if that were nothing! I was not clear yet; I must make a dash for it.

"She—she doesn't wear a pink dress, does she?" I ventured.

Tommy screwed up his eyes in the effort of memory.

"I think she does—something of that sort. I don't have my lesson till to-morrow. I'll see, and tell you. By George! I've not practised that wretched thing of Dussek's—a sonata, a beast! She's awfully dead-nuts on scales," he continued artlessly. "Can you do 'em?"

"Not I," I replied with perfect truth, not knowing a black note from a white one, "never could. I wonder if it was the young lady I saw. She's not slightly lame, is she?"

Thomas opened the eyes of wonder.

"Lame? Not much. Why, she's always doing gymnastics and things, clubs and dumbbells and things—light ones, of course," with an accent of pity.

"Ah!" said I. I considered Thomas was doing well.

"She writes poetry," he continued, dropping his voice and with a mysterious shake of the head. "The fellows know she does. We think she has 'em published and makes heaps of money."

"Very likely," said I with an inward smile, knowing the mercantile value of poems. All the time I was delighted to think how easily I was getting my information and throwing dust in the eyes of this guileless red-haired boy. I led off the conversation to cricket for a while with great diplomacy, and we lost Miss Cunningham amid "pitches," and "wides," and "runs," and "catches." But we came back again.

"Don't you ever have visitors' evenings?" I queried. "When people come to the school and you do things—you know what I mean."

"Rather!" quoth Thomas with certainty. "The fellows, some of 'em do a French play, or some rot of that sort, or lam in on the piano—only two or three do that: that's what I'm practising the Dussek thing for. Would you like to come to the next? I can get you a ticket."

"I wish you would," said I. "I should like it immensely."

"You know, I shall make a mess of that beastly sonata," said Tommy seriously; "do you think you'd better come?"

"Certainly!" I cried; "I shan't mind it you break down a bit. I say, does Miss—er—What's-her-name come?"

"Miss Edith?"

"Oh, her name's Edith, is it? Does she come?"

"Rather! No end of a swell. She looks jolly all in white."

I could have clasped him to my breast. The next moment I felt more like kicking him, for that red-haired, freckled youth, contorting his face hideously, winked upon me—actually winked—and whispered with a chuckle—

"I say, *are you in love?*"

I stared at him, first amazedly, then stonily.

"Because," he proceeded unabashed, "if you're going in to win, the fellows'll bet on you. Go in! Do!" He clutched me by the arm as the delightful thought burst upon him. "Go in and cut out old Bowles."

"Do you mean to tell me——" I began aghast.

"Ah!" he nodded vigorously in confirmation. "She's going to marry him—Walter Bowles, M.A. He's second master, and he wants to marry her and get the school from old Cunningham—d'you twig? All the fellows know it."

"But is Miss Edith engaged to this—this Mr. Bowles?" I gasped.

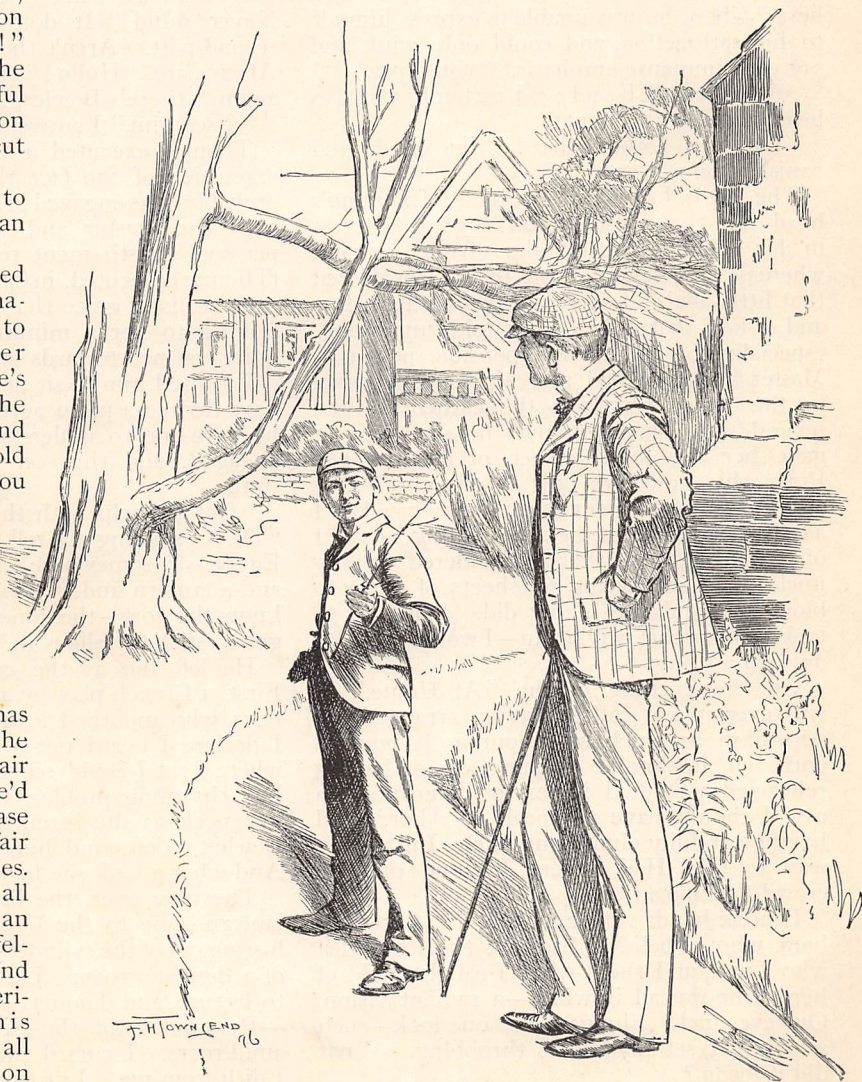
"Next door to it," replied Thomas coolly. "You see," he continued with the air of a man of fifty, "she'd do anything to please her father, and he's fair dead-nuts on Bowles. Why, Bowles does all the whacking—he's an awful beast! The fellows all hate him, and look here!" mysteriously dropping his voice, "he bets and all that—puts money on horses. The fellows

know he does. One day he left out a book by mistake for the impôt-book, and it was a regular betting-book—names of horses and all that. The fellows think he's awfully hard up, and wants to marry Miss C. to make it all right. He has some funny folks come to see him sometimes—seedy-looking beggars. The fellows think they've lent him money——"

"But Dr. Cunningham—does he know that——?" I began.

"Not he," quoth Thomas promptly; "he thinks Bowles is O.K., a reg'lar angel, and all that; but he's a beast. Why, I tell you——"

Here Thomas entered into a long account of a school row which did not greatly interest



"I SAY, ARE YOU IN LOVE?"

me, and we soon afterwards parted. His final word to me was—

"You go in and win. The fellows'll back you like steam."

IV.

TOWARDS the end of the school term at Old Hall, sure enough Tommy turned up with an invitation for his "evening." I did not wish to hurt his feelings, and I tried not to show that I was comparatively indifferent to this entertainment. I said I would try and come, but I wasn't sure. My reading must be continued—and so forth.

"Oh, you must come!" quoth Thomas. "You'll see, it'll be a lark. Old Cunningham gives jolly good grub, you bet, and there'll be no end of folks there, and—and—and—look here"—here he was unable to express himself to his satisfaction, and could only wink and say with immense emphasis, "YOU COME!"

"Very well," I said; "I certainly want to hear you play that sonata."

"Oh no, bother that!" he cried, and vanished on a broad grin.

The fact is, I could not get it out of Tommy's head but that I still took a great interest in his school for the sake of one person; whereas I declare to you that I considered that little affair all over, and repented in dust and ashes that I had ever told my secret, especially to such an irresponsible person as Master Dodd. I had met Miss Cunningham in the street or about the cathedral close several times, and you may be sure I never gave her a second chance of cutting me. Pray, why should we bow to one another at all? We had never been introduced. I admit that I could not get the young lady out of my head, and that I wandered in my uncle's garden waiting for sheets of paper to blow over, and they never did. While as to looking over that wall again—I would scorn to do such a thing.

On the evening of the "At Home," or whatever it was called, having arranged my person in as much splendour as is possible with our deplorable evening dress, having rehearsed a studied iciness of demeanour in case I should have to speak to "her," and having carefully eluded my uncle, I made my way to Old Hall, where I found quite a crowd flocking in.

I shook hands with good old Dr. Cunningham, who, I believe, had not the least idea who I was, and then—then I caught sight of her. She was all in white—a radiant vision. Our eyes met. She gave me one look—such a look. It set my pulses throbbing. What did it mean?

Others were behind me; I had to go on.

I declare solemnly that for the next three minutes I was in a dream, and no more knew where I was, nor if there were people moving round me, than if I had been sound asleep.

I woke up to find that Thomas was addressing me. Thomas was gorgeously apparelled, and wore a collar so high and stiff that it held his chin aloft and imparted to his countenance a supercilious expression quite foreign to that affable youth.

"I say," he remarked in a loud whisper, "ain't she a stunner?"

"Sh—," said I. "What a swell you are!"

"Not a patch on you," he replied genially, trying to grin in spite of the collar, the result being too horrible for words. "You're a regular toff. I say," he continued, "I can't play that Dussek; I'm too jolly excited. Never mind! It don't come on till the second part. Aren't there a swarm of folks? Always are. Hullo!" (he dropped his voice again) "there's Bowles, M.A."

"I see him," I answered grimly.

Thomas executed a lightning pantomime expressive of the fact that someone (myself probably) was engaged in a pugilistic encounter with the master and administering severe personal chastisement to him. This feat he (Thomas) executed, in spite of the collar, with such realistic grace that—I had seen Bowles talking to her a minute before—my heart quite warmed towards him.

I wanted him to sit next me, and could not have desired a more agreeable informant, but he gave me to understand he was otherwise engaged, and that on important affairs of state.

"Got to help with the lantern," he said. "Dr. C.'s going to tell about his travels in Egypt, or somewhere, and we've got slides and a lantern and two cylinders of gas—you know the sort—the limelight business. I've got to stick the slides in."

He left me as the entertainment began. First, a French play by a number of laborious boys, who mouthed it with enormous pains. I declare I heard not a single word. From where I sat I could see her across the room; her charming profile; the gracious bend of her neck as she listened to the insufferable Bowles. Confound him! He sat next her. And what a look she had given me! . . .

The play over, the lights went down, the lantern came to the fore, the gas fizzing and hissing out of the cylinders horribly reminiscent of a dentist's room; Dr. Cunningham got up to lecture, and Thomas gave us the first slide—Pyramids and the Sphinx—upside down, amid roars. I cursed the darkness, for it hid Edith from me. I groaned in bondage during our sojourn in Egypt like any one of the

Children of Israel. Only when the operator opened the lantern door on occasion to look at his light, a shaft of radiance sped across the room and touched my darling, lighting up the gracious head and sparkling on a necklace which she wore. For a moment only, this vision; then clap went the door, and we were in Egyptian darkness again. I declare that "my darling" slipped out un-awares. Yesterday I should never have thought—Bah! What was yesterday? . . .

Hullo! The lights were turned up; it was the interval, and there was a general up-rising and chattering. Tommy struggled through the crowd to my side.

"There's half-an-hour for grub and all that," he began excitedly. "But look here"—he drew me aside and whispered mysteriously into my ear—"what do you think I heard Bowles say to her just now? 'Will you please see me in my room when all this is over—that is, about half-past ten? I have

something of great importance to say to you.' What do you think of that? She looked jolly queer."

"What did he mean?" I ejaculated.

"Why, you bet, he's going to ask her to marry him; but we'll do him one. Read that!"

He thrust under my nose a scrap of paper torn from an exercise-book. In straggling pencil was written: "Please be at corner of terrass at 9.20—most impotent."

I gazed at it moonstruck.

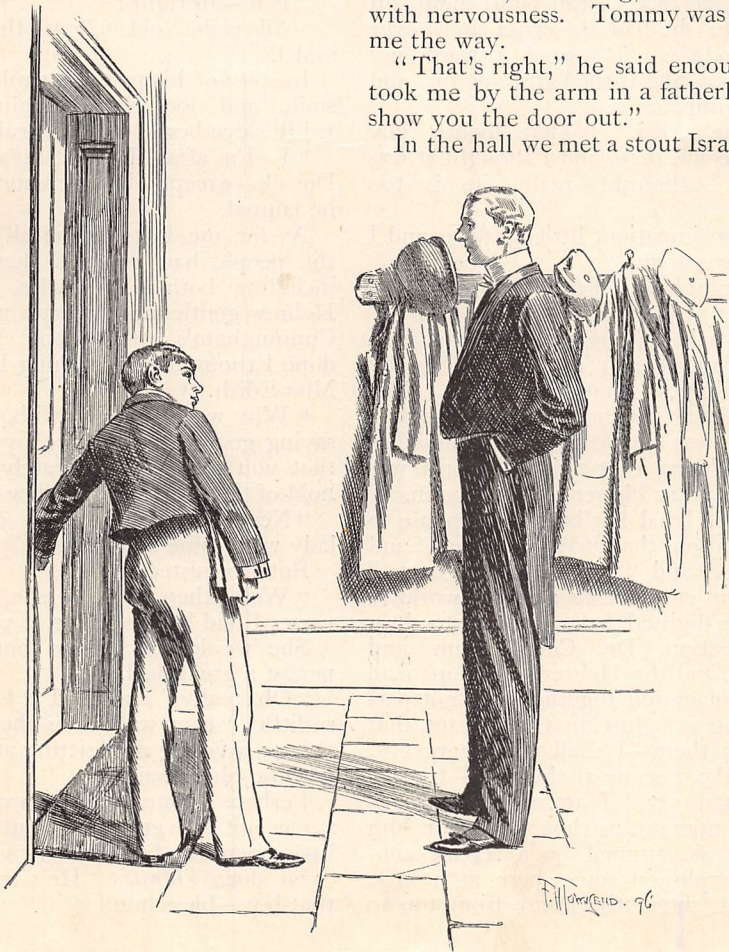
"I'm going to give her this," pursued Tommy, with great emphasis and a manifest impatience of my thick-headedness; "I'm going to give her this. Don't you twig? Now's your time; you cut in. Go in and win, and cut him out."

"But," I began, quite dazed by his intellectual nimbleness, "do you mean to say that I'm to go and—and ask—"

At seventeen minutes past nine I crossed to the door, trembling, I confess, trembling with nervousness. Tommy was there to show me the way.

"That's right," he said encouragingly, and took me by the arm in a fatherly way. "I'll show you the door out."

In the hall we met a stout Israelitish gentle-



"GAVE ME A CRITICAL GLANCE" (p. 896).

man who, apparently just entered, was asking one of the servants for "Mithter Bowlth."

"O lor'!" whispered Tommy, with a convulsive chuckle, "here's luck! Here's a grander lark than I ever reckoned on! Here's one of Bowles's money-lenders. I'll send him in; I'll take him in to old Bowles's room, and there'll be a flare-up. I must look sharp. Now, are you ready? It's through here."

He gave me a critical glance.

"I say, you know," he remarked, seriously, "your tie ain't quite straight."

"Is that better?" I asked sheepishly as I gave it a pull.

"That'll do," he said. "Here! through this door. Go in and win!"

He stretched up and gave me a pat on the back, and I went out into the moonlight. My mind was made up on one point: I would, at least, warn my darling against that mercenary villain of a Bowles. But how was I to begin? How was I to explain that—

Ah! there she was, a tall white figure in the moonlight: she had thrown a shawl over her head hoodwise. I started forward, my knees quaking. She turned and saw me, and gave a little jump.

"Oh!" she cried. "That foolish boy asked me to come here, and I thought it was for himself. I thought—really he is too foolish."

She made an impatient little gesture, and I thought she was going.

"Miss Cunningham," I cried, "wait for one moment!"

I was quite wild. I stretched out my arms towards her and began calling on her by name, and crying out that I loved her. And I cannot tell how it was nor how long I spoke, but at last she was crying upon my shoulder, and we both knew that this old world was after all a very, very blessed place to be in.

When at last I led her back in response to much protestation that "We must go," and "We *must* go," and "Really—we *MUST* go," it was like an entrance to another world to come into the lighted hall. There stood, in heated altercation, Dr. Cunningham and Bowles, M.A., and the Hebrew gentleman, all having an explanation together and not particularly liking it. Just in the instant that we came upon them—I shall never forget it, it was quite like a scene at the play—I heard Dr. Cunningham say, "I am astonished!"—and the next moment, as though to bear him out, we were all stunned by a terrific concussion: an explosion somewhere at a little distance which shook the house from top to

bottom like an earthquake; and out went the gas, and there were shrieks amid the darkness and people hurrying out of rooms and crowding together and asking what the matter was; and my darling clutched my arm and I felt valiant enough to defy fifty earthquakes.

When we could get a light and find out about things, it was discovered that nobody was much worse except a back staircase—and poor Thomas Dodd. Thomas, feeling that he had better make a night of it while he was about it, had been hankering after experiments with the gas cylinders belonging to the lantern. He had contrived a little explosion which turned out rather a big one, doing considerable damage, including the blowing of Thomas into a corner and the breaking of his arm.

When he was brought out he was just recovering consciousness for a moment. He looked up as I bent over him—I was standing there with my darling—and said, speaking in a very weak, queer voice—

"Is it—all right?"

"All right, old fellow, thanks to you," said I.

In spite of his pain, he smiled the queerest smile and looked up again, and catching Edith's eye began apologetically—

"I—I'm afraid I shan't be able to play that Dussek—except with one hand——" and then he fainted.

As for me, it took me all my time (when the people had gone, as they very soon did, including both Mr. Bowles, M.A., and the Hebrew gentleman) to explain myself to Dr. Cunningham's satisfaction. When that was done I thought of one thing I wanted to ask Miss Edith.

"Why was it," said I (this was just as I was saying good-night, by the bye), "why was it that you were so desperately anxious to get hold of that paper which flew over the wall?"

"Never mind why, sir!" cried the young lady with some archness.

But I persisted.

"Well, then," quoth she, "it was some verses I had been writing, if you must know."

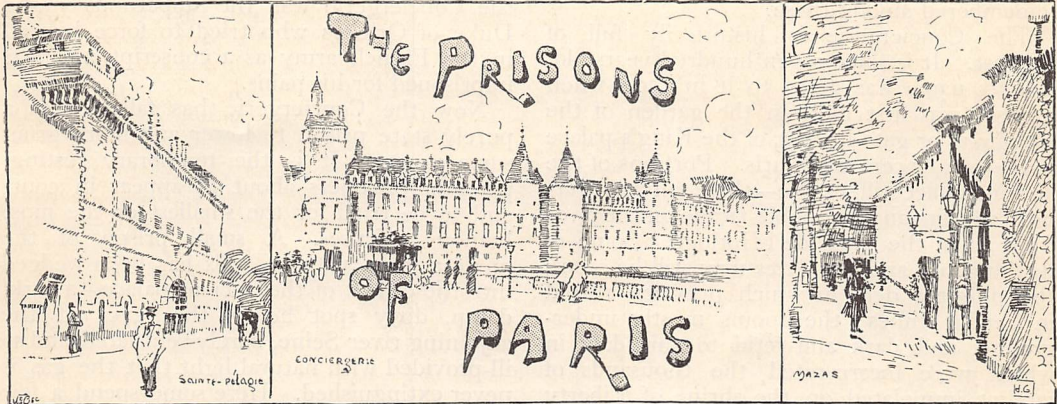
She would tell me no more and I had to persist a great deal.

"Oh, really," she cried at last, flushing ever so little, "they were lines about a very foolish thing: a young man sitting at a window."

"O-o-oh!" said I.

Perhaps some people would think the verses not so very clever, but I consider that little poem the best my wife ever wrote.

So does Thomas. He's full of sentiment, that boy—bless him!



A NOVICE AT ST. LAZARE.

THERE are in all nine prisons in Paris—six principal, three secondary. In the first rank are the Dépôt of the Préfecture, Mazas, La Santé, the two Roquettes, and St. Lazare; in the second are Sainte Pélagie, the Conciergerie, and the Cherche Midi. Every one of them has its own particular purpose, its special uses, although some of them are inter-dependent, with functions overlapping. I will deal with them all in turn—for convenience, working backward, taking the least important and disposing of them first.

The Cherche Midi—so-called after the street in which it stands, the "Seek South" Street—is a military prison only, for offenders under the military code. It is governed under the War Office by a major from the army; its warders are sergeants, its *régime* is military, and its inmates are treated as soldiers, not criminals. Sainte Pélagie is a very ancient edifice, in parts three hundred years old. It is called after that Sainte Pélagie whom readers of Kingsley will remember in "Hypatia," the dancer who was converted, lived an austere pious life, and was eventually canonised. The prison was first intended as a female retreat, but it was filled with aristocrats during the Reign of Terror. To-day it is a common gaol for offenders serving short terms of a year or less. But it was and still

remains the "literary" prison, the chosen place of durance of journalists who have offended against arbitrary press laws under the various despotisms that have forbidden plain speaking in France. It still receives a few editors and writers, but they are only minor offenders, with occasionally some politician gone wrong, even in outspoken Republican France. Time was when the Pavilion or isolated central building allotted to this class of prisoners was kept full, and many famous men found their way to it. The poet Beranger was once confined in Sainte Pélagie, so was Proudhon, and such men as Ranc, Yves Guyot, and Clemenceau.

In the old days a very free and easy discipline was maintained in the Pavilion. Its lodgers were allowed to see any number of friends, to give fêtes and parties inside, even to go out themselves without escort, but on strict parole, permitted to take an airing in the streets, pay visits, go to the theatre, all with the clear understanding that they came home to be locked up at the right time. This easy rule was much what obtained with us at the old Fleet debtors' prison. There were and are still debtors in Sainte Pélagie, but only those who will not pay judicial fines or damages.

The curious relaxations so long existing in this prison were withdrawn in 1889, mainly because they were abused. It was found that certain pernicious caricatures circulating in Paris had been prepared in Sainte Pélagie. About that time, too, a rather well-known painter imprisoned in this gaol created a laugh by asking leave to take away his cell door with him on release. He had painted a picture on the back of it which pleased him. It was in those days that the irrepressible spirits of these Bohemian inmates found a vent in the nicknames they gave their chambers. The "letter-box," "big and little Siberia,"

the "greater" and "the lesser tomb" are still remembered among these.

The Conciergerie is historically full of interest. It is some seven hundred years old, and its name was given to it in 1302, when a prison was first built in the garden of the *concierger*, or gate-keeper, of the King's palace in the *cité*, or centre of Paris. Portions of the ancient edifice still survive—three tall "pepper-box" towers and the noble façade on the river front over the Quai de l'Horloge. Some of its dungeons and *oubliettes* may still be seen; the noisome dens in which prisoners rotted in feudal times; the rooms mostly underground, and dark and fetid to this day, in which were incarcerated the thousands of victims immolated on the shrine of Liberty during the Revolution; Danton's cell, Robespierre's last resting-place, and, chief of all, the dungeon in which poor Marie Antoinette was imprisoned, and from which she walked straight to the guillotine holding her head so high, says a contemporary record, that she struck it against the low doorway. A later and less romantic occupant of the Conciergerie was Napoleon III., when, as Louis Napoleon, he had made his first abortive attempt to re-establish himself in France by landing with a few followers at Boulogne. A still more

recent and in his way illustrious inmate of the Conciergerie was the impetuous young Duke of Orleans who tried to force himself in the French army as a conscript, and was imprisoned for his pains.

Now the Conciergerie has fallen from a purely state prison to lower and more gruesome usages. It is the temporary resting-place of prisoners about to appear in court and to be tried for the smallest or the most heinous offences. A small prison of the modern type with 76 cells has been wedged into the cellars of the ancient palace—a dark, damp, dirty spot below the level of the adjoining river Seine, barely ventilated, and so ill-provided with natural light that the gas is never extinguished. Here some spend a few hours only, some a whole month. The first are those summoned in petty police cases, many of them cabmen, for the rules govern cabmen more strictly in Paris than in London, and a part of this Conciergerie was called "the coachmen's quarter"; the second are murderers and great criminals whose heads are the stake in the judicial game, and who, if not acquitted, will either leave the court under sentence of death or of long expatriation. We shall come across these unfortunate wretches directly when dealing with La



"ITS LODGERS WERE ALLOWED . . . TO GIVE FÊTES" (p. 897).

Santé and La Grande Roquette. So narrow are the limits of this little prison that it is often necessary to lodge two or more accused persons in the same cell, with very corrupting results. This part of the Conciergerie is not only a place of passage for offenders, it is also a museum, a permanent receptacle for the various tools and weapons that have been employed in criminal affairs, articles which the French call *pièces à conviction*, and which have become evidence or have helped to prove the case. There is a very heterogeneous collection: revolvers, knives, life-preservers, "jemmies," centre-bits, and false keys—enough of the latter, it has been calculated, to open every lock in Paris. Some time since these keys, which are usually sold for old iron every six months, were allowed to accumulate for two or three years, when a weight of several tons (1,500 kilogrammes) was found heaped up in a corner. A dozen detective stories from real life might be manufactured from among these curious materials.

We come now to the larger prisons, those in greater request or fulfilling more serious ends. The criminal as he passes along his dolorous and misguided road begins at the Dépôt of the Préfecture and finishes at the Grande Roquette. The first-named receives almost everyone who makes crime his profession, both as a recruit and afterwards as a veteran obstinately fixed in his bad courses. The shadow of the guillotine constantly broods over the latter, for the last penalty, the terrible crowning of a criminal career, is worked out in the dreary little square before the gates of the Grande Roquette. The whole business, of course, is transacted between these extremes.

The candidates for imprisonment, transportation, or the scaffold are brought to the dépôt in vans which have made the rounds of the police stations. These vans are identical with our "Black Maria," only the French call them the "prefect's calèche," or the *panier à salade*, the salad basket, from the shaking a traveller gets, and which is akin to the flourish a good cook gives the lettuce to get rid of all moisture before dressing the salad. The collection is very varied, and includes all of whom the police have fallen foul during the previous night: poor vagrants and drunkards, lost children, waifs and strays of all sorts, and with them undoubted evil-doers either taken in the act or very strongly suspected of crime. I have seen the contents of a van decanted, so to speak, into the inner courtyard and pass one by one through a lane formed by police officers into the great hall where the particulars and description of each are taken, and they are roughly sorted out by sexes, ages, and obvious or external characteristics. It is a sad

procession of rags and wretchedness, and suggests very strongly to the philosophic mind how closely poverty is associated with vice and crime. Very old men in the last stage of decrepitude and destitution; pale, sickly youths, whose evil countenances and impudent self-possession show that with them crime is no stigma, that they glory in their misdeeds; now and again a well-dressed well-to-do person who may be either a prosperous pickpocket or burglar in a good way of business. Yet the bulk of these are but commonplace offenders. The greater criminals, the hero of a *cause célèbre*, the murderer at last tracked down, the big thief or forger on a large scale, these are generally arrested by warrant (*mandat d'amener*, or "order to bring") and taken on at once to Mazas after a short interview with the "instructing judge." The dépôt deals rather with the rank and file, the ragtag and bobtail of daily offenders whose lapses are more misfortunes or breaches of minor regulations than real crimes.

Only here and there among the rubbish lies a nugget. The police inspector who carries out a sort of preliminary examination sometimes comes across an old friend, an old convict, a *cheval de retour* (returned horse) who has escaped from "La Nouvelle," from New Caledonia, the far-off French penal settlement in the Antipodes, or someone very much wanted for a big affair. He has a quick eye and a portentous memory this inspector, and I have often admired his readiness, his nearly unerring instinct in fixing his man. But now the process of identification is greatly assisted by the famous Bertillon system which is constantly at work upstairs on the top floor of this very same building, under the personal supervision of the inventor, or rather discoverer of the strange fact that every individual human being can be ticketed by certain unalterable bodily measurements. "Bertillonage," as it is called, has already been so fully described that it is hardly necessary to do more than remind the reader that by the process various parts of the human frame are minutely measured and recorded on a card, which by an admirably ingenious method of classification is put by to be easily got at hereafter, if required. I have sat for hours with M. Bertillon in his large, well-lighted atelier (it looks like a great workshop) filled with a great crowd—newly-arrived prisoners from the dépôt below, each in turn taking his place under the callipers or on the measuring stool, a dozen or more deft-fingered assistants, police officers, and prison warders, but all arrayed in a long white blouse and looking very much like marble masons in a sculptor's studio come, and go, busily employed

taking new measurements or making the searches among the card records. The latter, patiently accumulated for years, lie in cabinets within innumerable drawers and pigeon-holes so arranged that a search of two or three minutes suffices to bring to light the one that is required. Stupefaction, to say the least of it, sits on the face of the prisoner, who has been energetically declaring that he has never been in trouble before; that he is a man quite without criminal antecedents. He is quite taken aback when he is confronted with his own photograph, and told his real name. The measurements just taken are found to exactly correspond with those on a card already registered, and after that the most obstinate criminal surrenders at discretion. The system is never, or hardly ever at fault.

be made at the Préfecture. There is one little room set apart for the better dressed of the captures brought by Black Maria; this is called the "Salle des habits noirs," the room for decent coats, to which are sent the outwardly respectable; these favoured folk who have the privilege of being crowded to the number of thirty or forty in a very limited space are mostly clerks charged with fraud, seeming swells who are really adventurers,



THE PANIER À SALADE (p. 899).

The prison premises at the Dépôt of the Préfecture are very insufficient, and it is a blot on Paris that such a place continues to exist without improvement. Anyone almost might be obliged to pass through the ordeal of a night at the Dépôt. Mistakes have been made before now by the French police; persons of undoubted respectability and perfect innocence, foreign visitors in particular, have been arrested, and when once in custody they cannot go free until all the formalities have been fulfilled. In France an accused person is deemed guilty until he proves himself innocent, and as this principle may press very hard at times better arrangements should

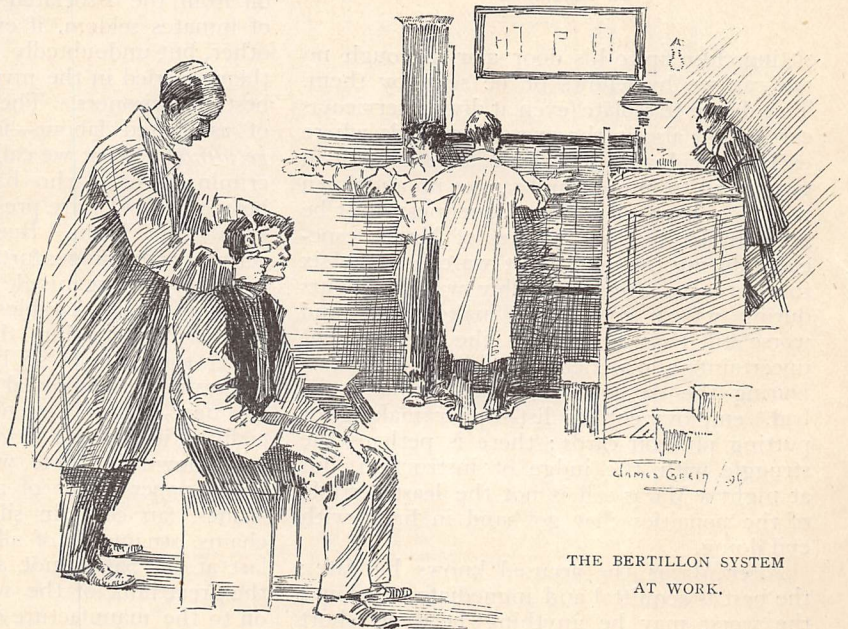
forgers, embezzlers, and the like. There are a few separate cells, seventy-six for males and as many for females, set apart for the top sawyers in crime or those brought in under a judge's order, but the rest of the day's "takings" are herded together sometimes to the number of two hundred or more in one great arched hall, with stone floors and wooden benches, a big, dark, dreary, and ill-ventilated chamber nearly always crammed with a dirty, ragged mass of wretched humanity. One or two narrow exercising yards give some relief, but in bad weather the hall is always full, and at night the prisoners lie closely packed on mattresses on the floor.

The moral contamination must be worse even than the physical; here where vice engrained meets with vice in embryo the only result can be terribly rapid deterioration. In no country has the theory of cellular separation for convicted prisoners been more warmly espoused than in France. Yet it is in the French capital that the seeds of such complete demoralisation are sown that they can never be eradicated by the most careful subsequent treatment. The mischief has been done at the *Depôt*; the horse has been stolen before the door is closed.

The prison system in Paris improves directly the *Depôt* is done with. An accused person must either be released within twenty-four hours or sent to Mazas, the "trial" prison, where all thus committed await appearance in court. The improvement means that he is now lodged alone in a small separate cell where his friends and his advocate may have access to him and he may prepare his defence. Only in certain cases he is kept "*au secret*," in absolute isolation—that is to say, seeing no one, speaking to no one; the hand of justice is thus heavy upon him, for fear he should escape conviction by planning some subterfuge or manufacturing an alibi and false evidence to support it. Whether "*au secret*" or not, he is continually harassed by the judge who "instructs" or prepares the indictment, and whose business it is, by repeated questionings, to elicit confessions or admissions of guilt. This, to English ideas, is taking an unfair advantage of him, but in France the system is carried still further, and it is the custom for the chief of the detective police to visit accused persons in Mazas once a week and talk matters over with them. I have assisted at some of these "Mondays in prison," as M. Macé, an old chief, calls them in his book on the subject. They appear quite friendly unofficial interviews; all sit cosily together, the prisoner and the police, cigarettes are produced, and the conversation is at first quite general. But woe to the

prisoner who is not on his guard; a simple hint, a word dropped casually, a change of face when some doubtful detail in the affair is mentioned, will serve to give strength to mere suspicion and perhaps complete the case. At one time a still more indefensible practice obtained; if an accused person continued obstinately dumb, he was given a cell companion, a false friend, some other prisoner known in slang talk as the *mouton*, or *la musique*, whose rôle is that of the spy to worm himself into the other's confidence, obtain revelations, then betray him to the authorities. Occasionally a disguised detective has performed this dangerous and rather disgusting duty. Nowadays right-thinking French judges are found who disapprove of the practice, and it is seldom if ever tried. The double cells used for the purpose still exist, but the association of two prisoners is generally reserved for cases where one of them shows suicidal or other mania.

Mazas, which stands in the boulevard of the same name just opposite the Lyons railway station, is barely fifty years old, but its faded grey stone-work and the abundant masses of ivy which relieve its native ugliness would give it a much earlier date. It is a nearly exact copy of our Pentonville prison, the famous "model" erected in 1842 by Sir Joshua Jebb and now imitated all the world over. Six long galleries or halls radiate from a common centre like the spokes of a wheel from the felloe, and in each hall are two floors of cells of precisely the same pattern, with yellow-washed walls. One high-barred window, the



THE BERTILLON SYSTEM
AT WORK.

regulation hammock, a cell stool on a short chain so as to be movable without making a weapon, water-can, wooden spoon, a few books, and a spittoon complete an inventory which is much the same in any modern prison. A peculiarity in Mazas and in many foreign prisons is the high altar raised above a glazed rotunda, the lower space being used as a general office and gazebo while the topmost is the chapel. Every cell door in the galleries opens towards the centre, and by this arrangement the altar can be seen by each prisoner



M. BERTILLON.

sitting close up to his door ajar, although no one can see his fellows or be seen by them. This desire to isolate (even at divine service) is carried out also in the exercising yards, where each individual has a little slice of shut-in ground all to himself, and ranges up and down it like a bear in a pit. Loneliness must be severely felt by the inmates of Mazas, especially during the long night watches, from six to six, twelve dreary, possibly wakeful, hours during which conscience makes play, and worse still than remorse is the ever present uncertainty and anxiety as to his ultimate fate. During the daylight there are books to be had, employment in list-slipper making or putting pins on cards; there is perhaps the struggle with the judge of instruction, but at night a Mazas cell is not the least terrible of the penalties that go hand in hand with evil doing.

After Mazas the accused knows his fate; the best is acquittal and immediate freedom; the worst may be anything between short

imprisonment and transportation or death. A short term must be undergone at La Santé prison, which also takes convicts awaiting transfer to the Antipodes. This prison, called after the out-of-the-way street of La Santé not far from the Observatory, is of comparatively recent construction; it was barely three years old when it lodged the few German soldiers taken prisoners during the siege of Paris, and when in the reign of the Commune General Chanzy found himself here under lock and key. It is a bright, spacious prison of pleasant aspect, with its courtyards full of trees and flowers, its cells large, well lighted, and with oak parquet floors, its workshops airy and extensive; for convenience in the transport of food and materials a small tramway circulates round the buildings; the lavatories and baths are ample, the ventilation and warming of the prison perfect.

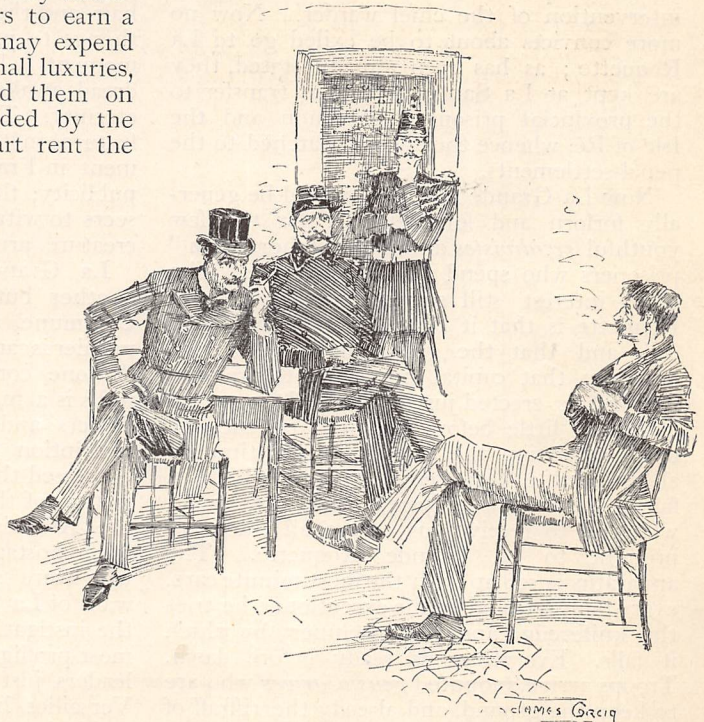
Two distinct systems of prison treatment are in force at La Santé: that of strict cellular seclusion, of unbroken "separate" confinement; and that of daily labour in association, with a single cell for each individual in which he sleeps apart. The first is applied to offenders still deemed free from the criminal taint—those in their first sentence. It is also the rule with the convicts already mentioned. It is enforced with every precaution; yet it cannot be always depended upon to prevent intercommunication, for prisoners are as cunning as Red Indians and as skilled in reading signs that to ordinary eyes are invisible. The "separate" side of La Santé is altogether cut off from the associated, and the two classes of inmates seldom, if ever, come across each other, but undoubtedly news passes between them, carried in the mysterious ways known best to prisoners. The second system—that of associated labour—is the rule with the *récidivistes*, what we call in England habitual criminals, those who have been often in gaol before, and who are presumably beyond doing each other harm. But this free intercourse certainly encourages further crime, and many a fresh *coup* is organised by the acquaintances made at the work-tables of La Santé. They are very interesting, these great ateliers in which some five or six hundred prisoners are always busily employed and at work in which the neat-handed, ingenious Parisian is especially skilful, those *articles de Paris*, as they are known in trade, which include bonbon boxes, paper boxes of all kinds, paper lamp shades, fan cases in silk and lawn, buttons, chains, ornaments of all kinds. When I was last at La Santé, not a couple of years ago, the great bulk of the workmen were turned on to the manufacture of papier-maché dolls,

and I could follow out the whole process from the first preparation of the pulp to the completed puppet painted and dressed ready for sale in the streets of Paris. It was really delightful to watch the work grow as it passed from hand to hand, brought forward by groups each concentrated upon one particular job. One set was first shaping the figure roughly, the next giving symmetry to the limbs, the next applying the first coats of enamel, and so it went on through the various stages of painting the cheeks, mouths, eyebrows, adding the eyes, the hair, and finally the clothes, whether those of a Punchinello, pioupiou (soldier), or baby pure and simple. We were presented with specimens of each type of doll. Mine I put into my pocket, and later the same day found a strange use for them when visiting the prison nursery at the female prison of St. Lazare. Here there were dozens of little ones, whose only crime was to own a mother in trouble, and these mothers, many of them evil-visaged creatures to whom vice and misconduct were unhappily all but second nature, showed for a moment in a better light as they thanked us cordially for presenting our prison-made toys to their children. There was a quaint side to the situation too, for when grave officials pay a visit of inspection to a foreign prison they are not supposed to produce penny dolls out of their pockets.

Industry at La Santé is judiciously stimulated by permitting the prisoners to earn a small wage, part of which they may expend immediately in the purchase of small luxuries, the rest is put by to be paid them on discharge. The money is provided by the contractors who for the most part rent the prisoners' labour from the administration, and make what they can out of it. We do not apply the system in English prisons, believing that the inconvenience of allowing outsiders with no real official responsibility to have free access to the prison is not balanced by the profits it makes. But the *pécule*, as these prison earnings are called, is much valued by prisoners, and is no doubt a strong incentive to effort. Nor do we in England permit the inmates of our gaols actually doing time to add to their daily diet at their own expense. In France this is carried rather far. No doubt the regular allowance is somewhat meagre; the daily rations are limited to two meals, soup in the morning

and soup in the afternoon, with a due proportion of dark coarse bread, and extras are in much request. There is a canteen attached to every prison and its list of prices is hung up in every cell alongside the rules and regulations and the prison almanack, prices that are not exactly cheap and that extend to many and various articles, such as garlic, matches, fresh and salt butter, Gruyère cheese, red herrings, onions, Spanish liquorice, cooked ham, Bologna sausage, potatoes, pepper, mustard, eggs, fresh and hard boiled.

Another prison in which considerable activity prevails is that of La Petite Roquette, the place of durance for the criminal youth of Paris, always a large contingent, for depravity is precocious in the gay city, but happily new methods, especially that of agricultural or reformatory colonies are being tried for all boys but the most perverse. A prison is the wrong place for the young, generally hardening and demoralising, while prison life with its cellular confinement, silence, the absence of fresh open air, is a cruel infliction. This prison of La Petite Roquette was first appropriated to child offenders in 1836. It can hold five hundred of them, but the number usually imprisoned seldom rises higher than a hundred and fifty, and it is in consequence a half-empty, gloomy wilderness, except where



A VISIT FROM THE DETECTIVE.

the labour of artificial flower making, recently introduced, is in progress. The buildings are grouped round a central tower which is used as a school or lecture room; the boys sit each in a separate box, or stall, with only their little heads showing above, and here they get education and religious and moral instruction. It is a dull dreary existence, without much play or pastime, although a gymnastic course has now been added as well as various industrial employments.

Immediately opposite the Small is the Great Roquette, a prison famous in criminal records as the temporary home of the worst offenders. It is still the terminus, the last stage or resting place in a criminal career. For many years it was used for all convicts awaiting expatriation, and I visited it at that time. I remember well how I was deprived of my umbrella before entering the body of the prison, lest this harmless instrument might be deemed a weapon of offence and irritate the human savages herded together in the yards. They were no doubt a truculent-looking lot, and plainly proved the wisdom of the rule that prevents the unlimited association of the worst criminal elements. The danger of this was seen at this very prison in 1886, when a serious disturbance broke out in one of the workshops, and the governor of the prison would have been sacrificed to the fury of these desperate men but for the courageous intervention of the chief warder. Now no more convicts about to be exiled go to La Roquette; as has been already stated, they are kept at La Santé until their transfer to the provincial prisons of Avignon and the Isle of Ré, whence they are despatched to the penal settlements.

Now La Grande Roquette would be generally forlorn and forsaken but for the few youthful *récidivistes* and some "short term" prisoners who spend their time there. The great interest still surrounding La Grande Roquette is that it contains the condemned cell, and that the guillotine, on the rare occasions that capital punishments are carried out, is erected just in front of the prison gates. A little before midnight on the eve of an execution the scaffolding and timbers, all painted a deep red, the knife which in falling severs the culprit's neck, the basket which is to receive his corpse, all these are brought to La Grande Roquette. The apparatus is set up with the most minute care, every joint is tested by the executioner, he tries the knife edge and the machinery by which it falls. Everything is ready before dawn. Troops arrive, mounted *gens d'armes* who are to keep the ground, and already the ruffraff of the neighbourhood realising at last what is

about to happen, collect around the sinister instrument now plainly showing against the morning sky.

It is not the custom in France to give a condemned convict long notice of his doom. He may be kept weeks, nay months after sentence, buoyed up by hope of a reprieve, always in ignorance of what will befall him, or when. He spends this period of suspense in a large cell guarded by warders, and treated with much consideration. He is not now, as was once the rule, kept in a strait jacket, unless he is violent and intractable. He is continually visited by the *aumônier* or chaplain of the prison, and he may converse freely with the attendants, who never leave him night or day, may play chess or draughts or cards with them, he may have any quantity of library books, and many in this dread situation are voracious readers, devouring from choice novels of adventure; he eats heartily, anything almost that he fancies, and he generally sleeps long and soundly to the very last. This last moment arrives when the head of the detective police accompanies the priest and the governor into the condemned cell, and one of them, the last named usually, wakes the still sleeping convict with the ominous words: "Courage, you must get up, it is for to-day." The priest adds a few words of consolation, and the executioner proceeds to the "toilette," the preparation for the scaffold, the cropping of hair, and the adjustment of certain straps and thongs to prevent a struggle at the supreme moment. Little time is lost between this dread awakening and the end, the leap into eternity. There are many painful, even cruel features in the carrying out of capital punishment in France, but its abruptness and the publicity, the permitting of heartless sight-seers to witness the death-throes of a fellow creature, are the worst.

La Grande Roquette was the theatre of another but illegal execution during the Commune, and the memory of that official murder is carefully preserved within the prison. At one corner of the garden within the walls is a marble slab, always surrounded by flowers and evergreens, on which a simple inscription asks "respect for the place that witnessed the death of the noble and sainted victims of the 24th May, 1871." These were the Archbishop of Paris, Darboy, and the other hostages held by the Communists, and who were shot ruthlessly here within the walls of La Grande Roquette. It was done at the instigation of Raoul Rigault, one of the most profligate and reckless of the Communist leaders, just when the French troops from Versailles had nearly recovered Paris. The archbishop fearlessly addressed his murderers,

promising them pardon for their crime, but he was silenced by rude and profane abuse. All met their fate exhibiting great calmness and courage. After death the bodies were thrown into the common ditch at the Père la Chaise burial ground, but later, being recovered, they were laid in the Nôtre Dame Cathedral after an imposing funeral service.

Only one prison remains to be described, Saint Lazare, the gaol for women of all classes and categories, young and old, the novice and the hardened offender, those awaiting trial, those sentenced, and those who, leading depraved lives, come under the strict administrative laws of Paris. Great complaints were at one time made, and justly, against the indiscriminate herding together of such utterly diverse elements, with the inevitable result that the purest and most innocent left Saint Lazare after only a short stay as vicious and corrupt as the most abandoned of her sex. It was once said that every girl who passed those gates was lost utterly and for ever. But this deep reproach has been to some extent removed. Great and laudable efforts have been made to separate the classes ; a number of "sides" or divisions have been created, so the new hands no longer mix freely with the old. All still have the same chapel, but the unconvicted exercise apart from the convicted. There are different hospitals for them, and if the number of cells is still few the washhouse and the workshops are used only by the criminals.

Young girls sent to prison by parents who find them unmanageable are not now received at St. Lazare, but they go to what was once called the "coachmen's quarter" in the Conciergerie ; short-termed women are sent to the central prison at Doullens ; the females accused are ere long to be retained in an improved part of the Dépôt of the Préfecture. The great difficulty with St. Lazare has been the utterly unsuitable character of the buildings for the purpose it has served so long. It is an ancient worn-out edifice which might have done for a convent, but as a prison it is detestable. With its rambling courtyards, dark, irregular buildings, wide wooden staircases, endless corridors and passages, high roofs and garret rooms, it is the very opposite of the modern prison so formal, so spick and span, yet so stiffly plain and unpicturesque. Its lofty walls bear the dates 1681 and 1682, and the present chapel, built on the very site of the oratory of St. Vincent de Paul, tells of the time when that early philanthropist inculcated the care of prisoners upon his disciples and followers. St. Lazare, in spite of the unsatisfactory provision it affords, has been the scene of many meritorious efforts at reclamation.

From the time when our estimable fellow countrywoman Mrs. Fry first came to Paris and organised a mission of combined Protestants and Catholics to St. Lazare, that prison has been constantly visited by pious and charitable ladies of all persuasions. The prison itself, like most female



THE CONDEMNED CELL.

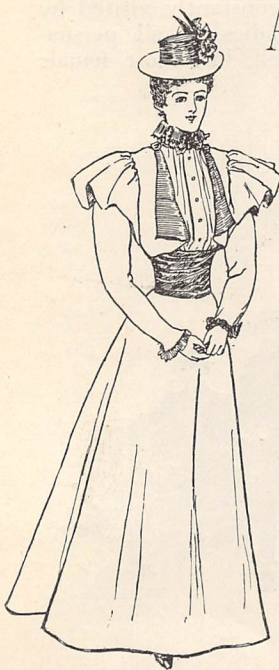
prisons in France, is under the supervision of nuns, the Sisters of Mary-Joseph, who carry out all the discipline and control. What their troublesome charges think of them may be read in an inscription in a prison cell :— "The Sisters are always good to us, even when we do them harm."

Great changes and improvements are contemplated and already started in the prisons of Paris. The most important is the building of a large and imposing edifice, which will take, when completed, nearly all the inmates of Mazas, La Roquette, and St. Lazare. The land has been purchased on the banks of the Seine, some way out of the city, and the prison is to be built by prison labour, very much on the same lines that our Wormwood Scrubbs prison was constructed on the outskirts of London.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

BUILDING OF NEW COSTUMES AND RENOVATING OLD.

OCTOBER.



BLUE SERGE COSTUME.

AUTUMN costumes ! What a cheerful ring there is about those two words when a girl has just had her allowance given into her hands, and a much coveted storm-serge, in a shade of dark blue exactly suitable to her colouring of hair and complexion, has become, in exchange for a couple of gold coins, her own peculiar property. But when the willing fingers of three friends combine with one's own in making the serge into a well-fitting costume, there is a complete satisfaction about the whole transaction very pleasant to experience.

The fashion of my costume had been decided upon some ten days earlier, and this sketch will give you a fair idea of the style chosen. It is a fancy

of mine to have new dresses made plainly, as I think braiding and trimmings will always serve to alter and renovate a dress that has worn at hem or seam ; therefore, this skirt will be severely plain, but good in shape and length, and not too full ; it will have only a front, two side gores, and two back pieces. As plain things mark the make more than fussy or muchly trimmed ones, we were most careful that our seams should be evenly stitched, allowing good turnings that, when damped and pressed, should support the stitching. For the hem we used dark blue drill—this has more stiffness and not so much weight as sateen, cutting each piece of sixteen inches depth, and making it seam to seam the same shape as the skirt, not facing it on, but running and turning it up. This gives a firmness to the edge, and also a better appearance combined with the rows of stitching at the top.

When arranging the fashion of the bodice, a chorus of voices exclaimed, "Have one of the draped wide waistbelts." So what could I do but agree to have one in dark blue silk striped with a tiny black line, but draping it on to the lining of the body, not making it up as a separate waistbelt, and fastening it across to the left side to prevent the break in the pretty fold across the front ; beneath this, and also made up on the lining, is a pretty waistcoat of buff drill, made with centre box-pleat, and fulness each side. With an eye to the future and colder days, when I should most likely require a thicker vest of velvet or corduroy,

I did not seam this one in at the shoulders and armhole with the serge overfronts, but sewed it half an inch in upon the lining, and it can be removed without undoing the seams of the bodice. With the exception of the under-arm side piece, the whole of the fitting lining at the back is covered with a seamless piece of serge ; and the draped overfronts are faced with silk and turned back like revers, fastened on the shoulders with old silver buttons.

One must follow the fashion in sleeves, so mine were cut like a close coat sleeve, and the round fulness of serge at the top drawn into the back seam a few inches above the elbow ; at the waist, the sleeve, which is fully long, is cut into tabs faced with silk, and a narrow pleating of silk inserted. In this way I manage the effect of long fancy sleeves for indoor wear, and for outdoor wear with gloves, I turn up the edge to look like a cuff of silk which is both new and pretty, and matches the style of the collar of silk—trimmed tabs turned out over the little cravat and bow of silk.

A white sailor-shaped hat of felt I have trimmed with a broad ribbon of blue, and striped it with lines of narrow black velvet, leaving the ribbon plain for the bows, and sticking in a couple of black quills at the side, as I see they wear them now.

Having already won a neighbour's confidence in our capabilities by the neat way in which we have previously made a costume for her, we found it no difficult matter to persuade her to let us remodel a brown cloth costume she had in wear last autumn. We thought out a style that she considered suitable, and here is a sketch of it. I must tell you that the old costume was made as coat and skirt in the fashion that one of the girls pertly terms the "national uniform." Truly it was universally worn last year, and most useful and comfortable it was to wear. To make the dress look as fresh as possible, we unpicked all the seams and smoothed them out, and cut each piece of the skirt to our new pattern, which has a front and three gores each side, with a seam up the centre of the back. Folding the front piece



A REMODELLED BROWN CLOTH.

exactly double, we placed the straight edge of the pattern to this fold and shaped it off to the waist, in this way we took each side gore—placing the centre of the pattern straight up the grain of the material; but the back piece of the old skirt was made out of one full width, so we had to cut this down the centre, fold it together, and cut the two halves at once, joining in a small gore at the hem to give it the proper width (the piece cut off at the waist supplied this). These two back pieces we lined throughout, but the others only to the depth of twenty inches, making a deep hem of brown linenette, and sewing a bias fold of velveteen as a guard to the edge. Having trimmed the two front seams with a galon or braid of twisted brown cord worked in bronze beads, put in the pocket, and tacked the fulness at the back and edge of the waist to a folded piece of black tape to keep it from stretching, we fitted the skirt on, pinning it to the band where it was to be sewn. There being no basque to the bodice, only a little pointed back, the skirt had to fit perfectly around the hips, and we did not shirk the trouble.

Another girl and myself had the cutting and making of the bodice to do; we had $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of brown grosgrain silk for lining, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of striped sateen for sleeve lining. In tacking out the back, I had to put two side pieces in place of the broad one in the jacket; these, with management, I cut out of the back of the deep jacket basque, and from the front of the same cut the overfronts or zouaves, and faced them with Surah. You will, I think, admire the pretty way these are ornamented with little tabs and buttons, the small turned-back corners at the neck giving a dainty finish to the shape. The vest of brown Surah silk I made to fasten in the front fulness with a couple of hooks and loops free of the bodice, which is well fastened with closely sewn hooks and eyes.

The belt that crosses the front from seam to seam, where it is finished with a row of small buttons, is made shaped to the figure with a dart seam, and trimmed with rows of galon fastening at the left side with hooks to the loops at the edge of the seam. The sleeves have three sets of two rows of galon ending beneath a strap and button at the seam.

One of our old friendly girls called in to see us and have a chat; naturally, the topic was dress, we expressing our genuine admiration for the stylish little cape of fawn cloth she is wearing, with its handsome collar, strapped seams, and double-breasted front. You will find that our little artist has made a sketch of it, which will help us, as we are promised the pleasure of copying it for ourselves if we so wish.



CAPE IN FAWN-COLOURED CLOTH.

BIZZIE BEE.

Paper patterns in three sizes of either skirt, cape, or bodice, at 6d. each. Address, BIZZIE BEE, c/o Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. Patterns will in all cases be sent with as little delay as possible, but an interval of two or three days is inevitable.

AMONGST FLOWERS, BEES, AND POULTRY

OCTOBER.

THIS is the great month for bulb planting, except perhaps in the case of the late-flowering tulips, which give finer blooms from well-ripened bulbs put in during the first fortnight in November. Plants for spring flowering should be put in now, as tender summer bedders must no longer remain. Put in rose cuttings early in the month, transplant evergreens, and plant trees and shrubs. It is not well to leave this work too late.

Ground intended for fruit trees must be prepared at once. Select a few kinds only, not a large number. It is better to have one tree of a fine apple, such as Lane's Prince Albert, or the delicious Cox's Orange Pippin, than a hundred worthless varieties. Continue to gather fruit as it ripens, storing it in a dry cool room.

Earth up late celery at once, and bank up the sides of the rows to throw off damp, so fatal to this root. Take up beet and carrots, and gather all tomatoes not ripe, for none will ripen on the plants after this.

Remove all tender green-house plants, placed

outside for the summer, under cover, chrysanthemums in particular.

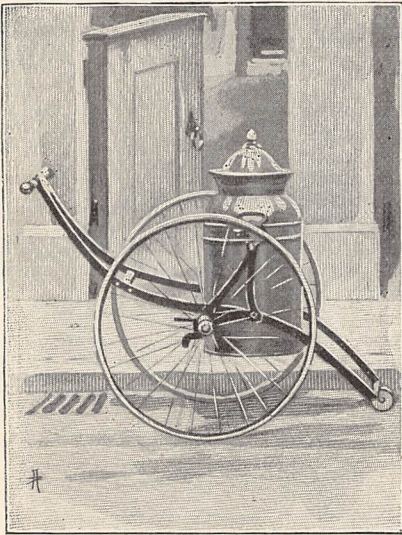
PREPARING BEES FOR WINTER.—We must think now of preparing our colonies of bees for the winter. One must secure an abundance of sealed stores, a quantity of young bees, a prolific queen, and well ventilated, but not draughty, hive. Remove enamel cloths from the hives if they have been used, and scrape the propolis from the top bars before putting on the winter coverings, which may consist of sacking doubled with felt over it. Cleanse floorboards and put dry ones in the place of those that are damp, but be careful not to disturb the bees unnecessarily.

NOTES ON POULTRY.—The successful poultry-keeper will now have a fine batch of young pullets in his yard, and very few old birds, those for breeding next year. The fowl house must be agreeably warm, well ventilated, and the pullets kept indoors in the early morning when the weather is wet and cold. Give a hot breakfast, and mix a few scraps of meat with the meal. Buckwheat or hard English wheat should be the afternoon meal.

The GATHERER

An Illustrated record of Invention Discovery & Science.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.



A Milk-Carriage.

The milk-can or "churn" on wheels which we illustrate has won the favour of experts and milkmen. It is made of steel and mounted on bicycle wheels, combining strength with lightness. It runs easily and stands firmly, and is constructed of two sizes, one to carry 8 to 12 gallons of milk, the other 14 to 16 gallons.

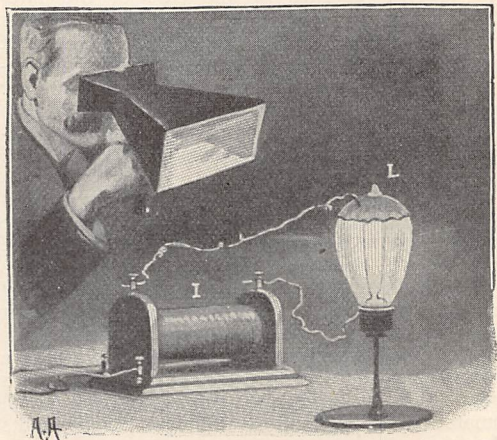
A Home-made Röntgen Apparatus.

The spread of the Röntgen method of taking photographs of unseen objects, such as the bones of the living hand, is much checked by the expensiveness of the apparatus required for the purpose. Readers may, therefore, like to know that Mr. MacNeil, of New York, has succeeded in taking very good radiographs of the kind with an ordinary electric incandescent lamp in place of the Crookes vacuum tube. His arrangement will be understood from our illustration, where L is the lamp on a wooden stand, I is an induction coil excited by a battery, not shown, and connected to the terminals of the lamp. The box held in the hand is a fenoroscope of Edison, already described

in THE GATHERER, by which the Röntgen rays can be seen. The lamp is of the Sawyer-Mann type, and made of lime or German glass. The top is covered with aluminium foil to make one terminal, and the wires of the filament form the other. When such a lamp is excited by the induction coil it emits Röntgen rays and is capable of taking radiographs. We may mention here that these rays have been used to detect the adulterations of saffron with mineral matter; and they will be found useful in other cases where minerals are employed to adulterate vegetable matter, as the minerals cast a strong "shadow."

Loder's Gazelle.

Sir Edmund Loder has solved a very difficult problem, and his name is justly associated with the pretty little animal, for which he searched so persistently, and which he was so fortunate as to discover. The first specimen ever brought alive to this country is now in the Regent's Park Gardens, having been presented to the Zoological Society by Mr. Birdwood, of Cairo. About twenty years ago Sir Edmund purchased some gazelle horns, of an unknown species in the bazaar at Biskra. All the information he could glean from the Arab dealers was that the horns belonged to a gazelle that lived



A HOME-MADE RÖNTGEN APPARATUS.

on the sand, and this was confirmed by the French name, which means "sand gazelle." In 1893, Sir Edmund, with a friend, undertook a camping trip in Algeria, to discover the home of this animal, and, if possible, to obtain specimens. After they had travelled south from Biskra for several days a

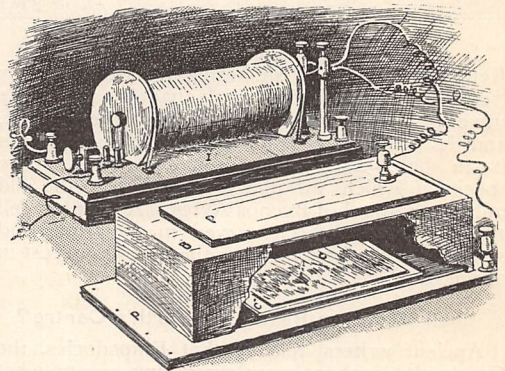
or small planets to the number of four hundred or more, which have been ascribed to the explosion or shattering of a larger planet, but are perhaps the result of a nebular ring which has not consolidated into one body. Owing to certain variations in the movement of Mercury, it has been supposed that

one or more unknown planets lie between Mercury and the sun. Indeed, one astronomer believed that he had seen two such planets crossing the disc of the sun, but his observation has not been confirmed. Professor Newcomb, the distinguished American astronomer, has been studying the secular variations of the orbits of the four inner planets—Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars—and has been led to conclude that they can neither be accounted for by the existence of "intra-mercurial planets," such as we have been considering, nor by the meteoric matter in space, which, by reflecting the solar radiation, is believed to cause the "zodiacal light," nor by a deviation in the ordinary laws of gravitation. The only thing which, in his opinion, would explain the perturbations is a ring or zone of planetoids outside of the planet Mercury,

having a total mass from $\frac{1}{50}$ to $\frac{1}{300}$ of the mass of Venus.

Electro-photography.

Some interesting experiments which have a bearing on the great scientific question of the hour—that is to say, the nature of the Röntgen rays, and of electricity in general, have been made by MM. Jules Robinet and Auguste Perret. They will be



understood from our illustration, which represents a small cardboard box (B) with its side cut away to show a photographic negative (C) lying on a fresh photographic plate (C'). The box is placed between two metal plates (P P) having terminals connected by wire to the poles of an induction coil (I), giving sparks $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch long. Now, if after the coil is excited by the electric current for ten or

LODER'S GAZELLE.

negro camel-herd came to the camp and offered to take them to the country where these gazelles lived, among the rolling sandhills; but told them they would not be able to camp very near, as there was no water for the horses and pack animals. Indeed, according to Sir Edmund Loder "this gazelle can never drink, as there is no water in the country at all, except in the comparatively deep wells dug by the natives." At last a fine male was shot, and upon the skin and skull the species was founded by Mr. Oldfield Thomas, of the British Museum (Natural History). Several small lots were afterwards seen by the party, but there was no chance of another shot. The great point of interest about this gazelle is its modification for desert life. Its light buff colour—far paler than that of any other gazelle—renders it inconspicuous; while the deeply-cleft, wide-spreading hoofs enable it to traverse the soft-yielding sand with great speed. Our illustration, from a photograph from life by Mr. C. Kearton, will give our readers an excellent idea of the form of this animal, which stands about two feet high at the shoulder. Those who visit the Zoological Gardens to see the specimen should compare its hoofs with those of Speke's antelope, and also with those of the reindeer—the same contrivance being found in all three. In Speke's antelope the hoofs spread out to support the beast as it walks over swampy ground, as do those of the reindeer to bear it up when travelling over the snow.

A New Zone of Asteroids.

It is well known that between Mars and Jupiter in the planetary system there is a belt of asteroids

thirteen minutes the photographic plate be developed, it will be found to show an excellent picture of the negative which had been lying above it. The photographic action appears to have been due entirely to ether-waves set up by the sparking of the coil, and the greater the number of waves set up in a second the shorter the exposure to give a good picture. Copper and lead plates are effective, but not iron or nickel plates, and they should be far enough apart not to yield a spark between them. Obviously, this new method of copying photographs—which, be it said, gives a very soft tone to the picture—might be useful when the light is bad, or even in the dark.

The Giant Tree of the Pampas.

As the sandy desert of the Sahara has its palms, so the grassy plains or "pampas" of the Argentine



Republic have their sheltering tree, the solitary "ombu," which affords a thick shade to the weary traveller. The trunk of the ombu is very thick, and its roots extend for a great distance from it—in some cases for at least 200 yards. The specimen which we illustrate grows at the old military hospital of Buenos Ayres. A hole or cell 15 feet wide has been carved in the trunk, and serves to hold three beds for the sentries to rest in during the heat of the day.

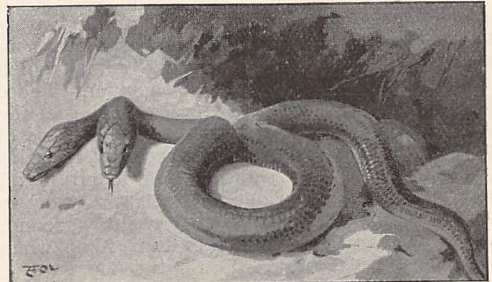
Shall We Ever Reach the Earth's Centre?

Ancient writers tell us that Empedocles, the Greek philosopher, knew everything except what was going on in the bowels of the earth, and, being unable to restrain his scientific curiosity, or piqued at his ignorance in this respect, took a "header" into the crater of Etna, in order to find out. This happened in the year 405 B.C., and ever since the wish to penetrate the mystery of the earth's interior has buzzed and fluttered as a "bee in the bonnet" of mankind. Jules Verne has given

expression to it in a romance which describes the adventures of Professor Otto Lidenbrock, who descended into the crater of Hecla and ascended to the upper world again by the crater of Etna. Some fifteen years ago, as Sir Frederick Bramwell has informed the writer, a project of boring downwards to the earth's centre attracted the attention of the late Sir William Siemens, who thought there might be something in it. Quite recently M. Berthelot, the well-known chemist and sometime Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, proposed to bore down some 10,000 feet in order to tap the central heat of the earth and apply it to industrial purposes. Obviously, too, it might be possible to attain fresh stores of useful minerals, such as metals and gems, in this way. The drill, with cutting points of diamond—or, better still, the new compound of boron and carbon, which is harder than the diamond—as well as blasting-powder, afford us the means of boring to a great depth; but evidently the time is not quite ripe yet for the attempt. Perhaps when our stock of fuel and other sources of energy are more exhausted, it will be made. Meanwhile, Lieut.-Colonel Hennebert, a French engineer, has pointed out that at a depth of 8,750 metres—say, 30,000 feet—the pressure of the atmosphere will be three times what it is at the earth's surface, and more than the human body can stand with impunity. At a depth of five or six miles below the surface, as at the same height above it, man begins to suffer. It follows that unless he protects himself from the outer atmosphere in a closed vessel containing an atmosphere suitable to him, man will not be able to descend very far towards the earth's centre. It may be added here that Professor Mosso, of Turin, has found the breathing of a healthy man practically unaffected at a height of 20,000 feet above the sea. He himself did not suffer in his breathing when the pressure of the atmosphere was as low as 34 centimetres (about 14 inches) of mercury, but panted very much when it fell to 30 centimetres (12 inches).

A Two-headed Snake.

Benjamin Franklin compared a man with two interests or policies to a snake with two heads,



which pointing in different directions were like to catch in the underwood. That his simile was not altogether fanciful will be seen from the drawing,

which represents a double-headed snake killed on the "Forest Hall" estate of Mr. Newdigate at Knysna, South Africa, while fighting with a cat. The snake is of a dark brown colour with lighter rings, but the heads are black. It is a half-grown specimen of a non-poisonous variety, and about 8 inches long. Mr. Bancroft has also recorded the discovery of a dark brown two-headed rattle-snake 15 inches long.

The Temple of Zoroaster.

For 2,500 years the Guebres, or fire-worshippers of Asia, were in the habit of making pilgrimages to the celebrated temple of Zoroaster, their prophet. This holy shrine, although deserted by the Parsees, is still in existence. Formerly a flourishing monastery, it has come into the hands of the Russian Government, who preserve it as an interesting relic. It is situated in the mineral oil district of Baku, on the Caspian, and the religion to which it is dedicated seems to have taken its rise from the mystery of the hydrocarbon gas which impregnates the soil of the region and readily ignites. Our illustration shows the temple as it is to-day. It consists of a large square courtyard, surrounded by small chambers, formerly the cells of the monks. The square tower in the centre, from the four corners of which flames ascended, was a crematorium, where the remains of the faithful devotees were consumed; and the larger tower on the right was the residence of the chief priest, and enclosed a chapel cell, where the eternal fires burned on rude stone altars.

Going to Sleep.

The fact that in Algeria there are very few maladies of the nose, ears, and throat, has caused Dr. Madeuf, an eminent French physician, to inquire into its cause, and he has found it due in a large measure to the practice of Arab mothers, who train their children to sleep on a hard bed with one or two coverlets for bedclothing, and to lie on their sides, not on their backs. It can easily be shown that the right side is preferable to the left for a person to sleep on. For one thing, the action of the heart or liver is not impeded in any way by the pressure of the body when one lies on the right side. Dr. Madeuf seems to think that sleeping on the back is worst of all. If there is any irritation of the mucous membrane of the nose, it is apt to extend to the ears and throat when one sleeps in this position. Moreover, one is very prone to breathe by the mouth, which is neither a healthy nor a seemly habit. The doctor, therefore,

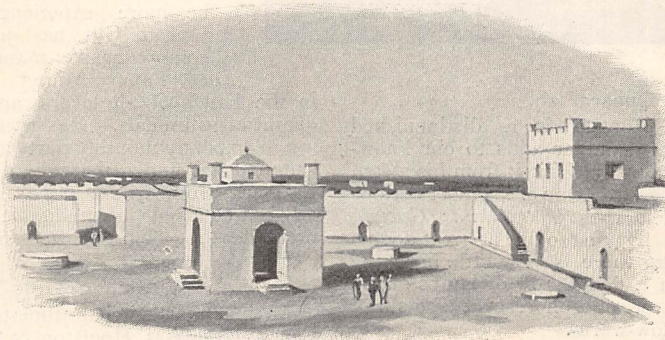
counsels all mothers to accustom their children to hard beds and to sleep on their sides—above all, on their right sides. The habit formed in infancy will be useful to them in their way through life, and probably save them from more than one illness. The common habit of sleeping after a meal has lately been the subject of experiment by a German physiologist, who, by means of chemical analysis and medical examinations, has discovered that it tends to promote "acidity," or sourness of the stomach, and also to weaken the movements of the stomach which assist the process of digestion. On the other hand, to lie down after a meal without falling asleep assists these movements, and does

not favour the production of too much acid. It follows that, while one should rest in a horizontal position after a meal, one should not go to sleep—a result which agrees with common experience.

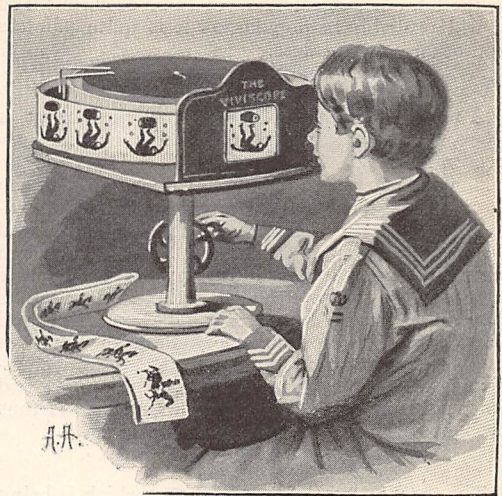
Ribbed Window Glass.

It has been found by experiment that ribbed

window glass is far preferable to plain glass for the glazing of factories. The ribbed glass gives a much better illumination inside; and if the fact that it obscures the view is any objection, the lower part of the windows can be glazed with plain glass.



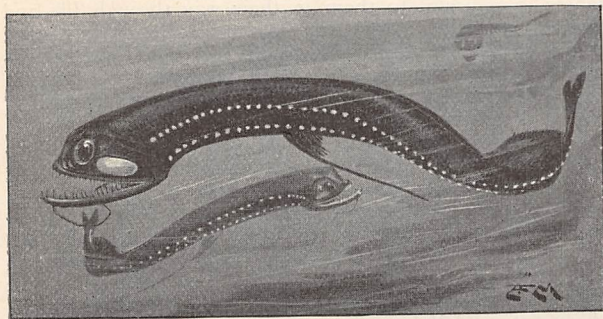
THE TEMPLE OF ZOROASTER.



The Viviscope.

The amusing scientific toy which we illustrate is an improvement on the earlier zoetrope, or "wheel of life." Coloured pictures on an endless band of paper are whirled rapidly past the eye by turning the wheel as shown, and, being blended into one by

the eyesight, give an impression of life and activity to the figures.



A Queer Fish.

The Prince of Monaco is a distinguished naturalist who every summer adds to our knowledge of the deep sea by dredging it from his steam yacht, the *Princess Alice*. One of his most curious discoveries of late is the *Photostomias Guerni*, which we illustrate. Having to live at great depths of the Atlantic, where there is very little light, the fish is provided with a double row of lamps in the shape of luminous or phosphorescent spots not unlike that of the glow-worm.

Electricity and Loss of Weight.

M. D'Arsonval, the well-known French electrician, has made the interesting discovery that the weight of certain animals, such as the guinea-pig and rabbit, can be much reduced by enclosing them in an open spiral of wire through which powerful currents of electricity rapidly changing their direction are passed. Whether the discovery will become the germ of a method of reducing obesity in the human subject has yet to be seen, but if so it will probably be popular, as it is quite painless and otherwise harmless.

An Automatic Disinfecter.

A new disinfecter for use in flushing cisterns is Lee's Automatic Disinfecter, which has recently been patented. The apparatus consists of an enamelled metal cylinder, which contains fifteen hundred charges, and requires no skilled adjustment. All that is needful is to remove a tiny wad from the perforated top of the bottle-neck which surmounts the cylinder, and then sink the cylinder as it is in the flushing cistern. The inventor claims for his apparatus that it supplies a measured quantity of disinfectant every time the flush is used, and that by its use no waste of the disinfectant is possible between flushes. A simple and efficacious preventive of dangerous disease is thus brought within reach of every householder.

Some New Books.

The deep and widespread interest which is being taken in the sufferings of the Armenians should secure a large number of readers for Edna Lyall's story "The Autobiography of a Truth," which is published by Messrs. Longmans. The hero of the tale is himself an Armenian, and the trials through which he and his companions have to pass are only too realistic. This is a story with a purpose,

but both story and purpose are good. From the same publishers we have received a handy and workmanlike little volume on "Botany for Beginners," by Mr. Henry Edmonds, B.Sc., which is to be heartily commended.—Mr. Fisher Unwin sends us "Monsieur Paulot," a quaintly dressed story of French provincial life by Sir Herbert Jennings. There is a wonderful development of plot in the story for a work of such moderate compass, and the picture of non-Parisian French life is most fascinating.—In our experience only boys keep white and other "fancy" mice, but there must be more experienced fanciers. Mr. Upcott Gill has just issued a most comprehensive manual on the subject of "Fancy Mice," which should be

in the hands of all lovers and keepers of these quaint little animals.—Messrs. Cassell are publishing in sixpenny monthly parts a new and exhaustive vade-mecum under the title of "Cassell's Family Lawyer," from whose pages may be had good advice, couched in intelligible phrases, and with no unpleasant "bill of costs" to follow.

A Kitchen Time-Table.

An ingenious kitchen time-table has just been issued by Messrs. Houlston & Sons, which will be welcomed by young housewives, as it gives at a glance the time necessary for cooking fish, meats, poultry, vegetables, baked and boiled puddings, as well as the average quantities required for three persons. The particulars are plainly printed on six cards which fit into a cloth case, and this is designed to hang or stand in the kitchen.

"A Puritan's Wife."

Readers of Mr. Max Pemberton's story, who have followed the fortunes of its hero and heroine while the story has been running through our pages, should know that the story is now published by Messrs. Cassell in a separate volume, with sixteen of Mr. Sidney Paget's illustrations.

Claims already Paid.

Our readers have not been slow to take advantage of the Free Burglary Insurance offered to subscribers. We go to press with the holiday season only half-finished, and the evenings still fairly light. But the "enterprising burglar" has been—enterprising, and in two cases compensation has been paid, the recipients being,

MR. W. J. WRIGHT	...	...	Denmark Hill.
MR. J. CHISHOLM	...	...	Fratton.

The conditions under which this free insurance is offered are clearly stated in our advertisement pages. Should any readers who have complied with these regulations be so unfortunate as to become the victims of "cracksmen," they should lose no time in communicating with the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation.

Summary Competition.

The postcards are now under consideration, and the Editor hopes to be in a position to publish the award in the next number of the MAGAZINE.



"THERE WAS A MÊLÉE."

See "A PURITAN'S WIFE" (p. 927).

PUNCH AND COUSIN JONATHAN.



Punch, March 14, 1840.



THE intervention of the Comic Press in international criticism, and still more in international dispute, does not necessarily import good-humour into the discussion. The humour may possibly be good, yet it is more likely to be ill, for wit and satire are almost certain irritants, and salt rubbed into the sores of a wounded national pride stings none the less because it is labelled "Attic."

As moderation is the virtue of the serious journal, so tact is the quality proper to the comic paper that pretends to respectability and aspires to the exercise of power and influence for good. It is only in proportion to its self-restraint that a humorous paper can

hope to make itself felt, as well as heard, in times of difficulty; and it is much to be doubted whether Douglas Jerrold—Thackeray's "savagely little Robespierre" of the early days of Napoleon III.—were he alive to-day, could have been trusted with a free and independent pen in dealing with the recent American crisis.

On the other hand, we have seen in Mr. Punch's attitude within the year gone by a sense of responsibility rarely displayed in his more ardent youth. With the quiet judgment of the comedian who continues to act and laugh while the audience are crying "Fire!" he preferred for a time to relegate the main question to his "Cartoon *Junior*," declining to invest the incident with the exaggerated importance that, in his opinion,

would be implied by Sir John Tenniel's leading page. He gently chaffs the American on his partisan view of "arbitration," and on his political motives; he good-humouredly exaggerates the Monroe Doctrine into "everything everywhere belongs to US—i.e. United States;" he helps with his pencil the cause of peace, and declares—

"*Punch* does not mean joining the fussy or frantic,
He sends a gay greeting across the Atlantic,
A blend of the loving and larkish."

From the outset, *Punch's* attitude towards the United States has, broadly speaking, been clear and unmistakable. Inimical, or at the least suspicious and distrustful, from the beginning right up to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the journal then performed a *volte face*—through the consciousness and memory of a great wrong done to a great and good man. And thenceforward, with but few intermissions, the remorseful *Punch* stretched out

his right hand in loving and fraternal friendship to the nation he had long misunderstood.

In the original prospectus of *Punch* it was severely declared that the Paper was to be devoted in part to what are known as Yankee yarns and tall stories—to "the naturalisation of those alien JONATHANS whose adherence to the truth has forced them to emigrate from their native land." That Americans were not popular in London in the 'Forties is manifest from the bitter attacks on American honour that were common in *Punch* and went unreviewed elsewhere. In comparison with the inhabitants of the United States, it would appear, Ananias and Autolycus were men of rigid truth and punctilious honesty; and *Punch*, as the champion of these (and of all the other) virtues, lost no opportunity of flinging his stone at the alleged miscreants.

This sentiment of angry scorn was intensified in *Punch's* third year, when, in the spring of 1844, a State debt was repudiated by Pennsylvania. An anonymous contributor to the paper, signing himself "C. G."—one of the few writers in *Punch* who have been permitted to initial their verses or articles—sent in a scathing criticism on the event, in the form of a poem of four-and-twenty stanzas, entitled "A Letter from Pennsylvania" (*Punch*, Vol. VI., p. 31), of which the following verses are perhaps the most striking:—

"Freedom!"—and do you dare
to send

In taunt, ye British slaves,
Words that ye cannot comprehend,

To us, across the waves?

* * * * *

Then bluster on! We do not heed
The wrath ye idly kindle;
Our lot were base as yours, indeed,

Were we not FREE—to
swindle!

* * * * *

Our law is Freedom! Ease our
aim,

Spitting our recreation,
Chewing our right;—our motto,
'Fame,

Wrong, and Repudiation!"

* * * * *

Farewell, friend Bull! our trade
is gone,
Our credit's hardly better,



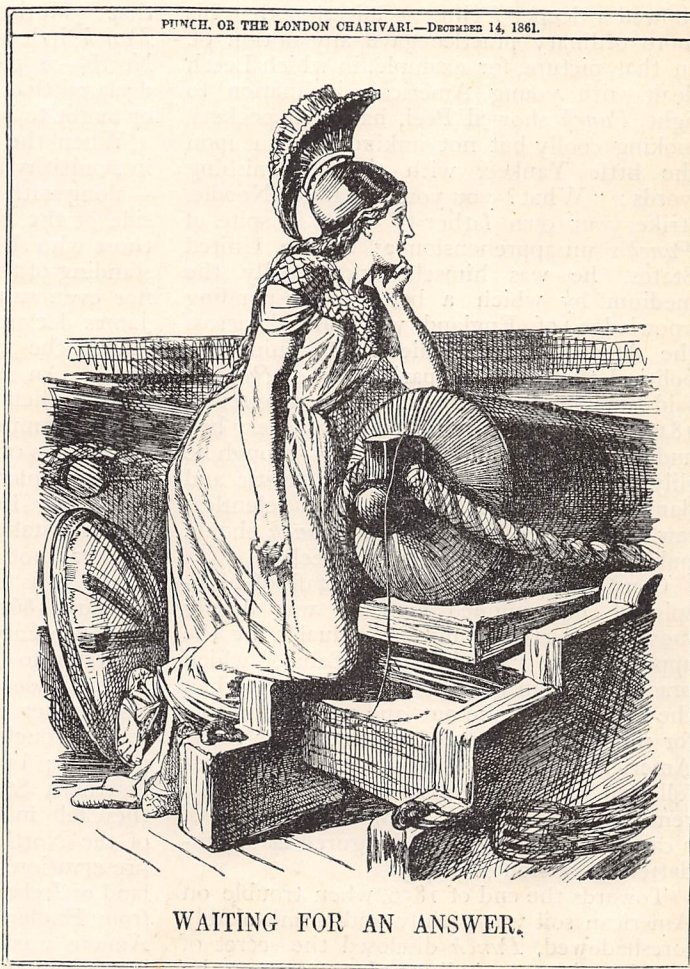
But still, I guess, the game we've won
Whilst we remain your Debtor!"

In the following year another incident, unimportant enough in itself, occurred to ruffle still further the embittered *Punch*. In the course of a laudatory article which appeared in the *Boston Atlas*—in which, notwithstanding its friendliness, *Punch* swore he smelt treason—it was stated that several of the Jester's staff, dissatisfied with their remuneration, were about starting a journal of their own, "leaving *Punch* to its fate."

Douglas Jerrold replied with stinging violence, savagely attacking the American press in general and the *Boston Atlas* in particular. He denounced the London correspondents of American papers indiscriminately as "biped vermin," and declared that "the *Boston Atlas* has one of these animals in its pay." The journalist at whom Jerrold aimed his darts of abuse replied with spirit in the *Great Gun*—a paper which at the time claimed to be, and in a measure doubtless was, *Punch's* principal rival; but as he could neither substantiate his original statement nor explain away the several errors of his article—and as, moreover, he was no match for Jerrold in brilliant power of vituperation, though yet not at all a mean antagonist—his efforts had little effect in converting *Punch* to the formation of a juster and more genial estimate.

Then the long-standing difficulty of American publishers and English copyright—destined to be settled, in a fashion, half a century later—was already a burning question; and Leigh Hunt's declaration that American literary piracy, as it was considered, was "all right and proper and free-born, and slaveholding and go-a-(nother man's) head," was warmly applauded in Whitefriars as a wise and witty definition. *Punch's* prejudice, in short, was deeply-rooted, and to him the word "American" was as clearly synonymous with lying and cheating as "Jewish" represented to him the equivalent of tailoring,

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—DECEMBER 14, 1861.



WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.

sweating, money-lending, and sponging-house running. The matter was a serious one, as Ticknor himself bore witness. "I am much struck," he wrote to Sir E. Head, "with what you say about the ignorance that prevails in England concerning this country [the United States] and its institutions, and the mischief likely to spring from it. . . . From *Punch* up to some of your leading statesmen things are constantly said and done out of sheer misapprehension or ignorance, that have for some time been breeding ill-will here, and are likely to breed more." How truly might these words be applied to things said and done ever since, which have not been without effect in bringing about recent events!

Notwithstanding all this, it is probable that *Punch* was never entirely serious in his attacks; or, perhaps, he intended to level them rather against particular communities than against the nation at large. Such a view is suggested by the cartoons in which, at rare intervals, he

showed a deeper feeling of affection than his more ordinary practice gave any notion of. In that picture, for example, in which Leech dealt with young America's inclination to fight, *Punch* showed Peel, hands in pockets, looking coolly but not unkindly down upon the little Yankee, with the admonishing words: "What? you young Yankee-Noodle, strike your own father!" Yet, in spite of *Punch's* misapprehension as to the United States, he was himself undoubtedly the medium by which a better corresponding knowledge of England was carried across the Atlantic. "The gaieties of genius, the political, the social, the parietal wit of *Punch*," said Emerson in his speech at Manchester in 1847, "go duly every fortnight to every boy and girl in Boston and New York"—though he slyly added, some years later, the caustic and damnatory faint-praise that "the relentless law of averages ordained that *Punch* should publish a real joke once in two weeks."

Constituted as was *Punch's* staff of high-spirited, high-minded men, it was deeply moved, collectively and individually, by the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which practically shaped *Punch's* later policy when the Civil War broke out, and was responsible for much that appeared in the paper in its American relations for several years that followed. On one occasion, too, it will be remembered, the book supplied the subject of a cartoon, in which Disraeli figured as an unflattering version of Topsy.

Towards the end of 1856, when trouble on American soil was plainly and unmistakably foreshadowed, *Punch* disclosed the secret of his American prejudice. In a cartoon he portrayed the North and South as twins—a sort of Jekyll and Hyde combination—of which the former was the very embodiment of Good, and the latter, Vice incarnate; and he pointed out the disastrous result that would assuredly ensue as a consequence of any struggle *à outrance* between the two:—

"How all the despots would rejoice
Should you break up and fail;
How would the flunkys' echoing voice
Take up their masters' tale.
'Free Institutions will not do!'
Would be the cry of all the crew."

Not many days later the United States sent back to England the Arctic ship *Resolute*, which had by them been recovered; and *Punch's* heart—and with it England's—was deeply touched by the graceful act. In a cartoon commemorating the event, Jonathan was styled "a good boy with his heart in the right place;" Britannia wished him a Merry Christmas and many Happy New Years, and—reverting to the parental refrain—declared

that "Mother and child are doing well." *Punch*, indeed, was very well pleased with the North—as pleased as when in later times he declared that the *true* "United States" were, or ought to be, America and England.

When the Civil War broke out, *Punch*, as in sympathy bound, threw his weight at first—along with English public opinion—on the side of the North; though it is asserted by those who should know best that his understanding of the question was neither profound nor even superficially complete. Mr. Henry James declared that the cartoons before and during the war were "issued under an evil star." An American writer, Mr. Parton, is more explicit:—

"In common with John Leech and the ruling class of England generally, Mr. Tenniel was so unfortunate as to misrepresent the Civil War in America. He was almost as much mistaken as some of our own politicians, who had not his excuse of distance from the scene. His 'Divorce a Vinculo,' published in January, 1861, when the news of the secession of South Carolina reached England, was too flattering to the North, though correct as to the attitude of the South. 'Mrs. Carolina Asserts her Right to "Larrup" her Nigger' was a rough statement of South Carolina's position; but we cannot pretend that the Northern States objected from any interest they felt in the coloured boy. On the part of the North it was simply a war for self-preservation. It was as truly such as if Scotland or Ireland, or both of them, had seceded from England in 1803, when the Peace of Amiens was broken, and the English people had taken the liberty to object. Again, Mr. Tenniel showed good feeling in admonishing Lord Palmerston, when the war had begun, to keep Great Britain neutral. 'Well, Pam,' says Mr. Punch to his workman, 'of course I shall keep you on, but you must stick to *peace-work*.'

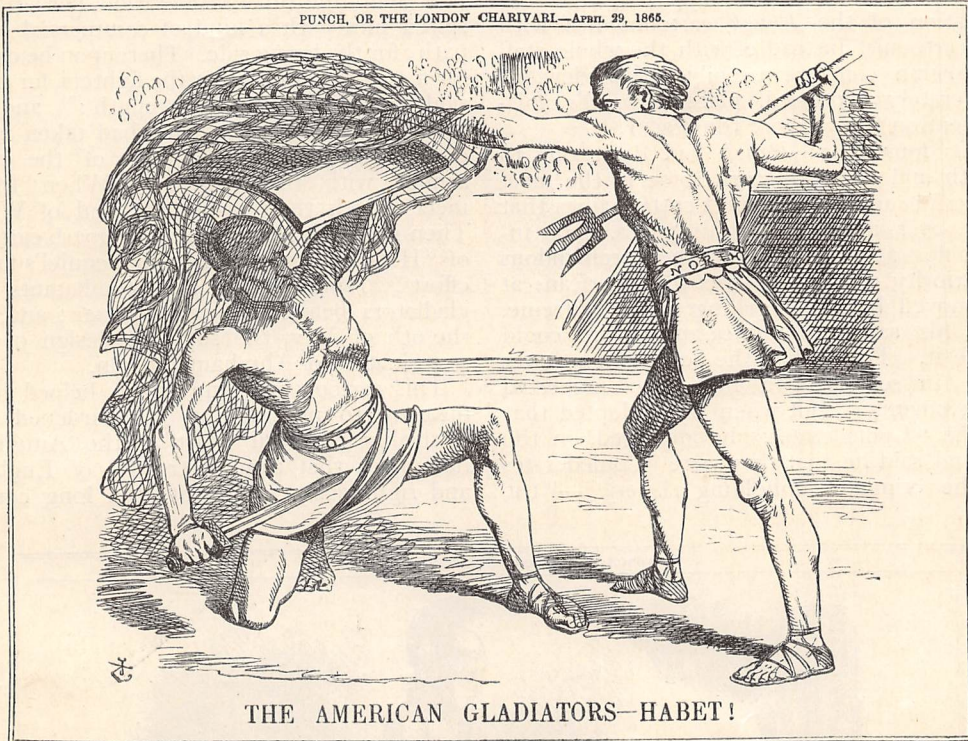
"Nor could we object to the picture in May, 1861, of Lincoln's poking the fire and filling the room with particles of soot, saying, with downcast look, 'What a nice White House this would be if it were not for the Blacks.'" [This was the first picture of President Lincoln, and represented him with a clean-cut intelligent face, which later on was shown as a compound of malice, vulgarity, and cunning.]

"But from that time to the end of the year," continues Mr. Parton, "all was misapprehension and perversity. In July, 1861, 'Naughty Jonathan,' an ill-favoured little boy carrying a toy flag, addressed the majesty of Britain thus: 'You *shan't* interfere, mother—and you ought to be on my side—and it's

a great shame—and I don't care—and you *shall* interfere—and I won't have it." [This, of course, had reference to the divided state of public opinion in the States as to the attitude England should adopt.] "During the Mason and Slidell *imbroglio** the Tenniel cartoons were not soothing to the American mind. 'Do what's right, my son,' says the burly sailor, Jack Bull, to little Admiral Jonathan, 'or I'll blow you out of the water.'

'Don't fire,' says the coon; 'I'll come down.' And accordingly Mason and Slidell were speedily released.

"In a similar spirit most of the events of the war were treated; and when the war had ended, there was still shown in *Punch*, as in the English press generally, the same curious, inexplicable, and total ignorance of the feelings of the American people. What an inconceivable perversity it was to



Again, we have a family dinner scene, John Bull at the head of the table, and Lord John Russell the boy in waiting. Enter 'Captain Jonathan, F.N.,' who says, 'Jist looked in to see if thar's any rebels he-arr.' Upon which Mr. Bull remarks, 'Oh, indeed! John, look after the plate-basket, and then fetch a policeman.'" [This was in allusion to a supposed claim on the part of Mr. Seward of a right to search ships for rebel passengers.] "Then we have Mr. Lincoln as a 'coon' in a tree, and Colonel Bull aiming his blunderbuss at him. 'Air you in earnest, colonel?' asks the coon. 'I am,' replies the mighty Bull.

* Known as "the *Trent* outrage," by which war between England and the Federals was rendered likely, and was only averted by the firm demand for reparation by the English Government, conceded, after an anxious three weeks, by the North.

attribute Mr. Sumner's statement of the damage done to the United States by the alliance which existed four years between the owners of England and the masters of the South to a Yankee grab for excessive damages! In all the long catalogue of national misunderstandings there is none more remarkable than this. Mr. Tenniel from the first derided the idea that any particular damage had been done by the *Alabama* and her consorts; certainly, there was no damage, he thought, upon which a certain claim could be founded. 'Claim for damages against *me*?' cries big Britannia, in one of his pictures in October, 1865. 'Nonsense, Columbia; don't be mean over money matters.'

"All this has now become merely interesting as a curiosity of misrepresentation. The American people know something of

England through her art, her literature, and press ; but England has extremely imperfect means of knowing us. No American periodical, probably, circulates in Great Britain two hundred copies. We have no Dickens, no Thackeray, no George Eliot, no *Punch*, to make our best and our worst familiar in the homes of Christendom ; and what little indigenous literature we have is more likely to mislead foreigners than enlighten them."

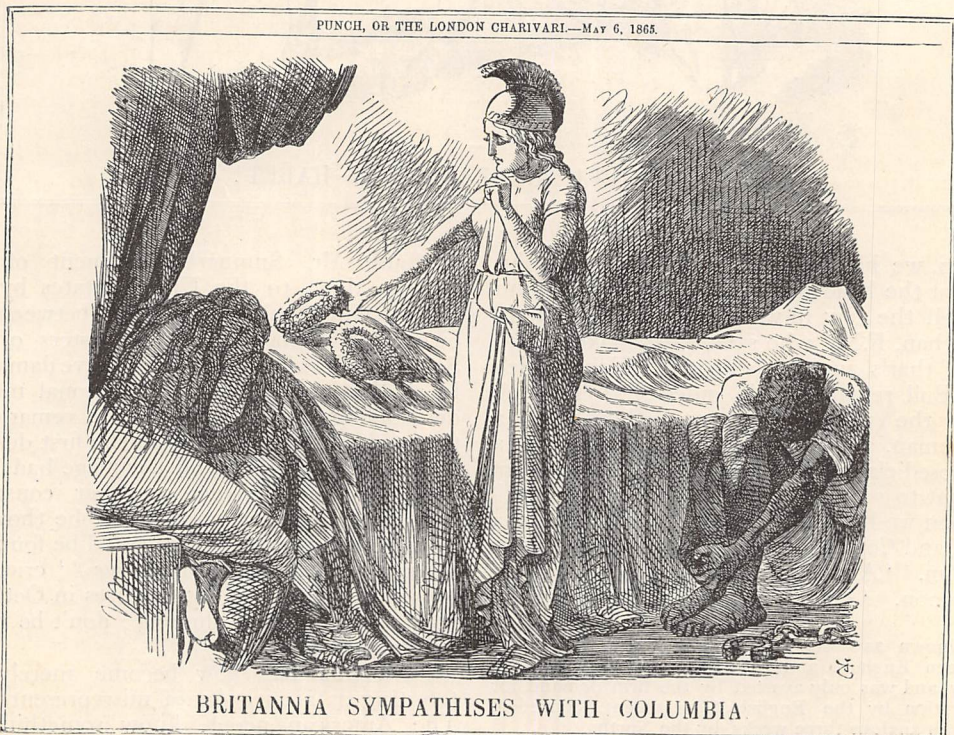
Thus wrote Mr. Parton in 1878 ; and except for his mistake in supposing that the initiation of the *Punch* cartoons lies with the cartoonist instead of with the whole staff in solemn conclave assembled, his view, so moderately expressed, places *Punch's* misconception fairly before the reader.

For four years *Punch* had dealt out to North and South in turn some of the most powerful cartoons and most cutting lines that have ever appeared in his pages. His invariable assumption of the tremendous superiority of England was to Americans at all moved by them galling in the extreme, and his satire as unpleasant as he could make it. Thus, when the secessionist States were in search of a name, he suggested "Slaveownia ;" but when they adopted that of the "Confederates," he approved, on the ground, said he, that they were "Confederates in the crime of upholding slavery"—"the

just and holy cause of slavery." When General Beauregard declared, in his proclamation to the South, that "unborn generations would arise and call them blessed," *Punch* averred that with their proverbial inaccuracy the reporters had omitted the concluding word—"Rascals."

But the Jester tired of the war before the belligerents did ; partly, perhaps, because of the grave hindrance imposed by it upon our cotton-spinners in their supplies, through the blockade—and this consideration, perhaps, inspired him with a kind of commercial sympathy for the losing side. Thereupon he called for a separation between the fighters, for now, said he "dis-Union is Strength ;" and he hailed the fraternisation that had taken place of negroes bearing the flags of the rival armies, with the epigram, "When Black meets Black then comes the end of War." Then in April, 1865, came the superb cartoon of "Habet!" one of Sir John Tenniel's finest efforts, representing the combatants as gladiators before the negro Cæsar ; and, on the 6th of May, the supreme design of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

This cartoon was one which helped in a measure to melt for us the hardened and justifiably resentful heart of the American nation, at that time distrustful of England and righteously indignant at a long course





of insult and misrepresentation. It was an affecting picture of Britannia's tribute and of *Punch's amende honorable*, entitled "Abraham Lincoln: Foully Assassinated, April 14th, 1865." The long poem which accompanied this picture was not only a very complete and a very touching and generous recantation of former misunderstanding and wrong, but it had the ring of true sincerity and loving sympathy—so true that the sound of it is even yet not forgotten; indeed, a Boston writer has lately declared that *Punch* is chiefly remembered and respected in the States for these verses of Shirley Brooks, addressed to the American nation in its great bereavement. They take highest rank amongst poetry of their kind—rugged enough and incomplete, no doubt, but coming straight from the heart, and speaking to a mighty nation with humility, with emotion, and deep sincerity.

From that time forward *Punch* took seriously to heart the lesson he had taught himself, and his relations with Uncle Sam were thereafter of a very different and a far more cordial kind. He had his misunderstandings, of course, and has them still—what nation judging other nations has not? But they have consisted chiefly in the presentations of curiosities of American life, as though such illustrations were ordinary and characteristic scenes and natural phases: but

otherwise his influence has been steadily for conciliation and kindly feeling. One need but compare the cartoons of the American comic press with those in our own to see that the misrepresentation and jealousy which once disfigured *Punch's* comment on international affairs have apparently crossed the Atlantic and there struck root; and it is not for us to complain if American cartoonists have bettered the example unhappily set on this side in days for ever, it is hoped, gone by.

But *Punch* has learned his lesson, as he should; and, setting his face against the iniquity of racial hatred and mistrust, and against all such examples of effervescent folly as the world has lately witnessed, has used his good judgment, good sense, and good heart to soften the asperities of life. By preaching the necessity of cultivating a truer acquaintance with friends and neighbours, and of drawing more kindly inferences from the knowledge thus obtained, he will carry to their logical conclusion the principles that guided Mayhew, Thackeray, and Shirley Brooks, and all the best spirits in *Punch's* band, from Leech and Lemon to Tenniel and Burnand.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

* * We are indebted to Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co., the proprietors of *Punch*, for their courteous permission to reproduce the cartoons which illustrate this paper.
ED. C. M.

A PURITAN'S WIFE

by Max Pemberton

CHAPTER XXX. (continued).

THERE were many folks abroad upon the road to Finchley—both horsemen and poor families in their waggons. This was the season when the rich had for the most part gone their ways, as far as might be, from the sickness; but the poorer people, willing to stand by their affairs until all hope of trading was taken from them, were but now beginning to flee the pestilence. Nor do I think that we overtook one traveller who had his face toward London. It were as though a great battle had been fought at some place by the hills of Hampstead, and that these were the refugees we now hopped upon, making what escape they could from the pursuing armies behind them. Not a word did they change with us; no, not a

man, woman, nor child among them. If they had any surprise that men should be so bold as to go into the death place they had quitted, so well did they keep their eyes to the north that they never spake it. And it was woeful to see the line of dead that lay in their path: here a man stark and stiff in the very hollow of the way; there a horseman with foot yet in the stirrup, but hand that would never draw rein again while this world should be; or anon, a woman walking very quickly, and crying to her folk that they should not forsake her, the while they commanded her to stand off the waggon, and even threatened her with their cudgels. Lord! it was a dreadful thing to behold—this visitation which could rob us of our natural wills, and so change men—ay, and women too—that they were become like the very beasts of the field.

You may imagine to what a depth of foreboding sights such as these carried my companion and those who rode with him. He, who had railed upon me that I feared death, was now brought so low himself that he had no word for his tongue; but must go very

silently like one dreaming an ill dream at the first waking from sleep. Twice I spake and had no answer from him. Odd, I vow, that I, who had as much to fear from the plague as any of them, should find no thought of it in my head. God knows, that what danger of the visitation I had brought upon them, I must share with them. Yet I rode the whole way making naught of all I saw, but content only to remember that Israel was of the company, and had spoken of my seeing him for the second time. This, perchance, was a solace of my exceeding folly. Had I been patient a little while to reckon upon my standing, it must have come to me that one man, whatever friendship he had for me, could but lose his own life did he set himself against the King's men who then held me. But of this I would not think; nor had I any care to remind myself that as soon as we were within the city Master Seymour might add to the number of his troop whenever it pleased him so to do. If there were any weight of gloom upon my heart, I set it down to the recollection that my dear wife then lay at the waiting-place in Hadleigh Woods, knowing not how it was that I turned from the gift she offered me of her love. And I prayed in my heart that I might hear her voice again, even if it must be on the morning of my death.

Well or ill, the image of my mistress seemed in the air wherever I looked that night. The very stars shining down upon the city of death were, I said, the heavenly lamps upon which her eyes might even then be turned. I pictured her, in my fancy, running a little way out in the woods to seek for me, yet not far, because of the sights therein; or crying, "He will come when the clock has struck"; or telling herself that I surely loved her, and that misfortune kept me back. There was a conceit in my heart that tears would be warm upon her cheeks, and, God knows, I would have given half my years could I have come silently to kneel by her and bid her weep no more. But this was a dream born of the stillness of the night, and the darkness of the road, and that gulf betwixt mind and body which meditation may open. Nay, so

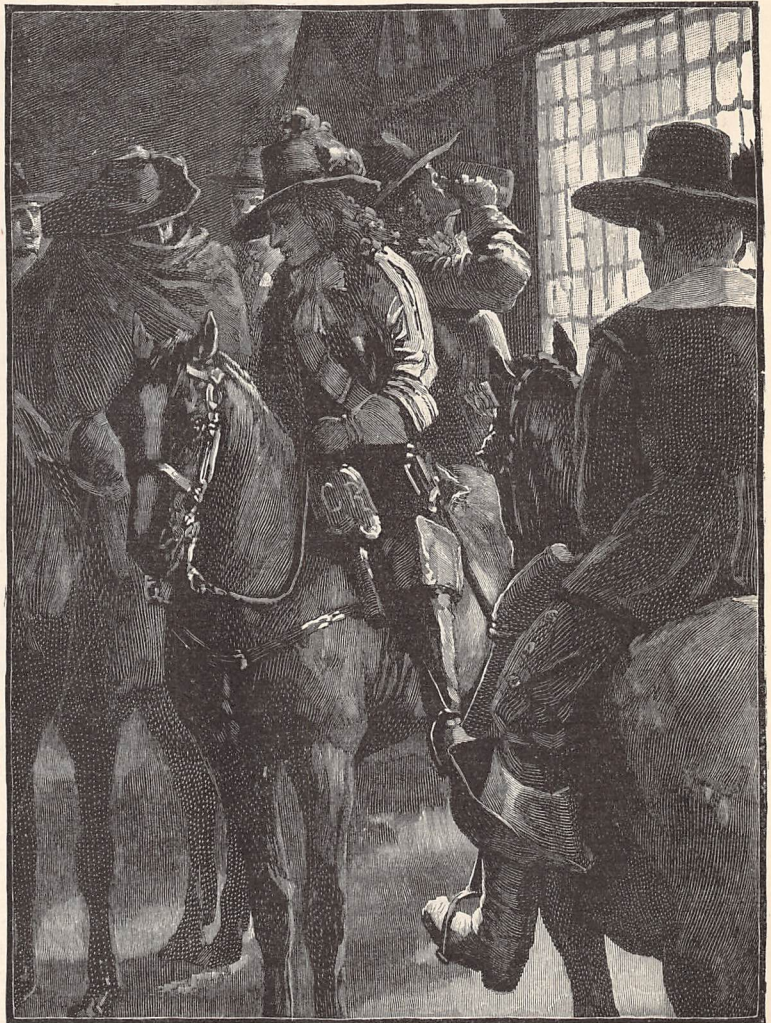
truly was I, in my thoughts, at Hadleigh, that I forgot all—even my own peril, the men I rode with, and the pain of my wound. The poor folk in the coaches and waggons were no longer the cause of word or wonder to me. The gentle sway of my horse's body, the sweet air of the night, lulled me to a sleep which was not wholly a sleep, but only a resting-hour of the mind dulled already by the heavy burden of misfortune. And I might even have ridden into London so, oblivious of all about me, even of old Israel, but for a sudden call from one of the troopers, who craved Master Seymour's leave to get a cup of sack at the tavern by the parting of the ways. This man's voice I heard, at the first, like a sound droning afar; but anon a bright light flashed in my face and brought me to an awakening. Then all my vision turned to darkness; and I remembered that I was a prisoner upon the road to Newgate jail.

We had all come together again at this place, which was no other than the inn where Master Wolf and I had seen the man in the waggon, and crossed a word with the Constable of Finchley. A lusty beating upon the door of the house brought the landlord out very quickly to serve the soldiers; and while we stood in the aureole of light which fell about his window, I observed Israel deep in talk with Captain Seymour. But to me he spake no word, nor did I expect it. Nevertheless, I was mighty astonished presently when he gave a "Good-night!" to the corporal, and, setting spurs to his horse, galloped fast in the direction of Hampstead. I had thought surely that he was to go with us into London; and when he rode away thus, he seemed to take with him all that had upheld me through the night. Nay, I could

have cried after him, imploring him of his pity to bide with me yet; but so swift did he go that he had turned the bend of the road, and was hid from sight while the silly word was shaping upon my lips. I was still deep in my wonder when I remembered very suddenly, and to my confusion, his saying that I should see him for the second time, and would know, when he came, how to use the pistol which lay ready in the holster. And this brought me to such a new hope and excitement that I could scarce sit still upon my saddle.

"Master Seymour," cried I, bubbling over with talk, like men wild in a notion will, "does yon fellow carry so little that he would bed with the footpads of Finchley?"

"God's word!" exclaimed he, looking at the cloud of dust which yet whirled above



"I OBSERVED ISRAEL DEEP IN TALK WITH CAPTAIN SEYMOUR."

the road, "I doubt not that he is own brother to them. Yet we are the better for his company by the horse you ride; and that is a guinea's worth, Hugh Peters. I am told to inquire for him at the Sign of the Ship in Temple Bar Without. 'Twould be a sorry gentleman of the road who would waste his time with such a fellow. Didst see how he covered his knave's face? Nay, surely 'tis a gallows bird we have escorted, and in the King's name, too!"

"Sir," said the corporal, who was now at my side, "'tis no gallows bird, but a plain honest gentleman who goes covered for fear of the sickness. He has an affair which presses in the village of Hampstead, and would be there before the dawn. He bids us ride in to the city by the Tyburn Road, and so to Holborn, where, he says, we shall be like to pass the dead-cart by, and the pits they have lately digged. 'Tis a fair word, and God grant we may profit of it. Odd that five must die because they would hang one. Yet it will come to that, Master Seymour, if the Lord show us no mercy this night."

He spoke very dolefully; and I could see his fellows waiting for the captain's word, as though he would go back now at the last. But he was no faint heart; and when the corporal had done, he turned upon him with a loud oath, swearing that he would shoot the first man who made mention of the sickness again.

"What?" roared he, "you would have them cry upon Harry Seymour that he turned from the spots like a wench from a bogle. Out on you for faint hearts! And you, Jack—God's truth, they shall drum you through the regiment with a farthingale about your boots. Wouldst cry oranges at the Duke's house, man? Forsooth, you shall make a merry jade presently!"

The corporal hung his head when Master Harry rated him so; and the others being brought to obedience at the word, we fell in again, and began to go all very close together toward the common of Finchley. We had taken the eastern road at the junction, since this would carry us out in High Street, and so to Holborn Bars; but the nearer we drew to the city the more plainly did my companions show their displeasure. It was very clear now that Master Seymour, whatever his words, carried little pleasure in his heart. As for me, I was in a better mood than ever I had been from the beginning of it. The hurt of my wound and the gloomy looks of my companions were of no moment to me. By what right instinct I know not, nevertheless it was in my head that old Israel would

not have ridden away without good purpose. I began to wish exceedingly that I might behold the lights of the great city herself. There was a strong desire in my heart that I might be among many men again; up and doing, with the clash of swords in my ears and a horse at the gallop to carry me. The secrecy of Master Wolf's departure was like physike to my brain, working upon me until I had the impulse to cry out aloud, or to lash my beast, or to talk incessantly of any trivial thing that came into my mind. Even Captain Seymour observed how changed I was, and must remark upon it.

"Come, Hugh Peters," cried he, when we had left the village of Finchley some way behind us, "I begin to think that I have done you a wrong. Odds, man, I shall tell them that you carried yourself like a very pretty fellow. And why not, I ask? Nay, we are as like as not to go into the pit before you, and that without any King's warranty. Look at yon light in the sky. God's truth, I love a beacon as well as any man, but I would give a hundred guineas if I might pass those fires by."

I knew well what he meant, for the sky above the distant city was red and lurid, as with a running of blood before the heavenly throne. These were the days when they had lighted great fires in all the streets of London, if possible to burn out the pestilence from the air; and now we beheld their radiance of scarlet upon the great arc of the heaven above us. It was a moment of awe, indeed, when we halted for a spell and looked down upon the mighty pit of death as into the very shades of hell itself. The lamps of London twinkled now in the windows of a thousand houses. We could observe from the hilltop the spot where Paul's lay; and it seemed to us that a terrible scorching wind was breathed out by the city, to come hot and burning into our lungs and to fill us with the pestilence. I wondered no more that my companions feared to go into that dreadful place; and I began to think of naught else but the raging death below and the cries then winging up to God from unnumbered tongues soon to be stilled until the eternal day.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT.

WE came into London past Tottenham Fields and the booths of the players, then gone to decay and to sorry desolation. Like men who had looked to behold very dreadful things, we were a little surprised at the first to find the city so still in sleep—for there were no fires lighted in these parts, nor were

any watchers abroad in the night. Indeed, we rode a mile toward St. Giles before we saw anything which so much as told us that they had sickness in the town; and then it was but a house, all shut up and dark, yet showing a red cross upon its door, and the words "Lord have mercy upon us" writ there. We passed it quickly, turning to the Tyburn Road where my companions, who had begun to take heart a little, drew rein suddenly and cried one to another that they must find a better way. There was a great fire lit here, and men and women drank round about it; the while a cart was halted at the place, and the driver asked of them if they had any dead. It turned me sick in my head to see this cart quite full of bodies, not one of them so much as wrapped about with a shrouding; but all pitched together like dumb beasts in the slaughter. And it was worse to see the indifference of the common folk—how they continued at their bout and wickedness, no man seeming to remember that God might call him upon the instant to the throne of the heavenly judgment.

We had come into the city, I say, and had begun to think that they had told us an idle tale of its condition; but that opinion was soon changed. Every step we took now toward the gates carried us to some new and dreadful sight, the like to which mine eyes have never beheld—and, God grant, may never see again. There was scarce a house in all our way down Holborn Without-the-Bars that had not the cross upon its door. We heard the tinkling death-bell at every corner; the grey dawn-light showed us men and women—ay, and little children too—all awake, as though they must know sleep no more until the sleep of death should come to them. And, as if this were not enough of itself to wake us, we came often upon some poor wretch that had fallen down dead, even as he walked along the street; and having none to tend him, lay all stiff and cold upon the side walk, or out in the hollow of the road itself for any coach to crush his body. Many a time that night did I hear a fearful cry come out of some house; and following

upon it, watch the flight of some sick man, who would run from his bed, and be held by none from going stark naked to the streets—ay, even so far as the waters of the river, that he might cast himself therein. Once, indeed,



"BEG HIM OF HIS PITY TO SAVE HER FROM THE GRAVE."

a poor girl, wild in agony with her pains, came running out of a house by Gray's Inn Walks to lay hands upon the bridle of Master Seymour's horse, and beg him of his pity to save her from the grave; but he beat her off with the hilt of his sword, and, Lord, his face was turned white like stone, and I could see his hand trembling upon his rein.

"My God, Hugh Peters!" cried he; "did you see that? She breathed into my face,

and her hand touched mine. What can save Harry Seymour now?"

I could not give him any helping word, and Heaven be my witness that I was in no better state myself. What with the pale light of morning, and the dreadful crosses upon the houses, and the silence of the city (save for the cries of them in pain and the woeful ringing of the bells), it seemed to me that I had come down into a very pit of death, whence I might never go out, save it were to the pits then digged for the mighty multitude of bodies. God knows the things I saw and heard turned me sick and giddy, until I went near to falling from my horse. For this was a city stilled and stricken dumb in agony, a city where there was no thought of to-day, nor to-morrow, nor of the years after; a city where no coaches rolled—nay, nor lovers talked, nor fathers thought of sons, nor sons of mothers; but all turned one from another, saying surely that the end was now, and that God would speak presently, and the curtain of heaven be drawn back. Never once in this woeful ride did I remember that we were now within sight of Newgate jail, and that they would carry me thither before the sun was up. My mind would dwell upon nothing but the horrid recollection that I might have taken the sickness from the woman who laid hands upon Master Seymour's bridle. I began to tell myself that I should cry out presently as she had done, or to ask if I had not the spots already on me. God! the very thought turned my blood to fire and sent me reeling in the saddle.

We were descending the hill to the church of St. Andrew Within-the-Bars when this foreboding came to a head; but anon, so soon as I could see the white stones of the prison of Newgate, I fell, of a sudden, back to a remembrance of my journey and of that which it boded for me. My wonder at all I saw in the city had been so great that never once until this time had I asked news of Israel, or recalled his words at Barnet and the promise that I should see him for the second time. But the thing now came back to me like a sudden blow upon my heart. The great jail, lying but the half of a mile from us, loomed up above me like some mighty fortress, wherein no voice of pity should be raised nor prayer be heard. "Nothing now," said I, "can keep me from the punishment that they have willed me to suffer. All the city will point the finger at Hugh Peters and tell how he is to be hanged before the month is done." I knew that they had named me for a French spy; ay, that they desired my death exceedingly. Since old Israel was

gone, I stood alone among them, with none to stretch out a hand to me nor to believe my word; but only to say that I deserved to die. This latter thought drove me to a sort of madness. I swore by God that they should not carry me to Newgate, though I died at their feet in the road. I began to upbraid Master Wolf, declaring foolishly that he had sold me. An overwhelming impulse to strike one blow for my life possessed me like a fever. God knows to what folly I had not come if our ride had been straight on to the gates and to the lanes of the prison itself. But that was not to be. I, who had merited nothing of my God but to die for my sins, was now to learn of His surpassing mercy and love. For He carried me forth in the moment of my greatest peril, as you shall see presently—ay, and no miracle that was ever heard of was more wonderful than the thing which I saw there at the foot of Holborn Hill, at the very moment when we stood upon the threshold of the prison.

It was full light now but a morning of cloud and heavy air, there being no sun, though the hour for his rising was come. We had got so far as the bridge across the Fleet when the thing happened. There is here, as all the world knows, a great number of booths and fairs; Fleet Market, which is ever full of low fellows and the worst sort in the town, being upon our right hand; Snow Hill standing up before us. We held back our horses almost to the walk, for many men moved upon the bridge above the dirty river; and the tavern where the barge-men congregate was now awake to the day and exceeding noisy. Master Seymour himself, who had begun to tell me to be of good courage for the hour was come, broke off in the word to learn how he might pass the press of waggons and carts, of which there were a full score in this very place. As for me, my ears were deaf to all that went on; the prison itself stood up before me; my eyes were set upon it as upon some haunting vision of the night. It was just then, while Master Seymour was crying to the waggons to draw aside, that I beheld the wonder—sudden and quick and bewildering like a flash of fire in the heavens. I heard a great shouting come up from the wharf by the river; a crying of many voices like the roar of a multitude. Anon, while the roaring was still in my ears, three men, half naked and dripping wet with the water of the river, came flying out of the tavern, bidding all to stand from them since they were surely struck. It was a horrid apparition, I swear, the naked figures with their long beards dripping upon their white breasts and their eyes staring as though some

devil pursued them. Nor did they seem to know whither they were running, for they came headlong toward our troop; and one of them, catching at the bridle of Master Seymour's horse, roared to him to get down, for, by God, said he, he was bent upon riding to hell, and that quickly. Never did I see in all my life a man so frightened as the captain when this poor wretch, hot with the pains, laid hands upon him and began to drag him from his horse. Neither could the others of the troop help him, for two of them were in like straits; and a great multitude, crying to us for God's sake to strike the madmen down, was now gathered at the inn door, and began to press upon us—a horrid crew of butchers and ship's men and keepers of the booths, all stinking with wine and like to nothing but roaring beasts of the forest. Never in all my years did I hear anything to pass the bellow of their voices, nor see faces so savage, nor men so fierce. Mocking, cursing, fighting, they split up our little company as twigs may be blasted with a gun. For one moment I saw Master Seymour slashing at them with his sword; I heard the corporal call out that he was surely a dead man; there was a *mêlée* wherein you beheld many upturned and angry faces, and horses plunging madly, and the bright habiliments of the troopers, and, above these again, the gables of the silent houses with here and there a woman looking down upon the brawl. These things I saw in a flash, as one sees a house in the instant of lightning; but while the thing was still hot and going, someone clasped me firm about the waist and dragged me from my horse. There was a whisper in my ear that I should be silent and say nothing—they carried me swiftly into the tavern and to the garden beyond; and then, setting me upon my feet, the man who had me cried—

“Master Hugh, I have come for the second time, and will leave you no more.”

As I live, it was old Israel who spake the word. Nor could I answer him for very surprise of it. The whole thing had come so suddenly; the din and confusion in the street were so violent, the sullen faces about me so savage, that I stood for a moment like a hunted man who haps upon a parting of the ways. But this was no hour for wonder; and scarce was I upon my feet when Master Wolf bade me follow him and began to run down by the river side and into the very heart of the market. You may be sure that I did not delay to do his bidding, but fled with all the strength I had—ay, and so swiftly that some devil seemed in my feet. Lord! it was an hour to live, we flying like two that had wolves upon our heels, now doubling by the

booths, now through the filthy dens which the butchers kept, now back again to cheat them with the ruse, now turning aside to avoid those places where the bodies of the sick lay; but on—ay, for our very lives, on while the sweat rolled in heavy drops from our faces and our limbs went near to giving under us, and our feet were cut with the stones; on through the alleys and the lanes, past the bridge at Ludgate, past Bridewell to the very river's bank itself. Thereafter I know not how it fared with us. I had such a hurt to get my breath that fire seemed in my lungs; I remember that I saw old Israel running over the mud by the water and calling to a man that stood by a boat there. For a spell, I saw Paul's and the spires of the Minster Church; I can mind me that my feet sank deep into the mud of the bank, and that the air from the water blew very sweet upon my forehead. I know that I came up to the boat at last and tumbled headlong into it, lying there like a dead thing and telling myself that it would be good never to rise again.

“Let me lie, for God's sake!” I cried to them; and so, aching in all my limbs, with my clothes torn and the sweat thick upon my face and the wound in my shoulder burning with pain intolerable, I felt the boat rock upon the waves, and knew that we were free upon the water. Yet, heaven judge me lightly, if it ever should be again that I must buy my life at such a price, then God bear witness how willingly I would die.

CHAPTER XXXII.—ISRAEL TELLS OF A GREAT JEST.

THE boat was rowed out into the river, I say, and being come to the deep water, we found that a barge lay there waiting for the tide to carry her up toward Richmond. I had recovered a little by this time, and made haste, as Israel wished, to get into the cabin of the ship, while the man roped up his little boat and set to work with a great sweep to bring us out of that bight and beyond the Parliament house at Westminster. But it was not until Paul's had passed from our sight, and we, with infinitely great labour of the man, were come almost to the Bishop's Palace, that Master Wolf would so much as quit the deck or speak with me. Only when he found that there was no pursuit upon the water did he command the fellow to do the best he might, and himself begin to tell me his news.

“Master Hugh,” cried he, “I have been in many a pretty affair in my life, but never did I see anything like yon. That a troop of the

King's guard should run away from three butchers of the Fleet is a thing to tell in all the town. Word of God! they ran like rabbits from a dog."

"Nay, Israel," said I; "and well they might. Were not the three you name all stricken with the sickness?"

"Master Peters," cried he, very merry, "I will take leave to tell you that there was not a sick man among them. They did but leave their smocks in our hands the while they dipped their faces in the Fleet. Holy Job! they have as much sack in them as would fill a barrel. Didst see Master Seymour's face when Tom Robertson took him by the throat? 'Twas as good as Joe Haines at the Duke's House—ay, and nothing ever writ hath made me laugh so well."

I was mighty astonished at this, as you may think, and I begged him to make it a little more plain to me.

"Lord!" said I, "it is a thing not to be understood by me, Israel. How say you: they were not struck at all? Oh, surely the town shall laugh at them presently."

"Ay," said he, "there shall be a laugh heard from Lud Gate to the city of Oxford if I have any word in it. Yet I doubt not, Master Peters, that a laugh would help us but a little way upon our road had we no other equipment. I have thought of that, and you shall learn from another when we be come to Richmond what plan I propose, and how it may serve you."

He fell to great gravity now as he would sometimes; but after a spell he said—

"Nay, but it shall help thee well, lad—thee and my lady; and some day, perchance, thou shalt learn to remember Master Wolf, and to think kindly of him as one that was thy friend."

"Israel," cried I, "speak not so. Art thou not my friend—ay, the best that man ever had? Distant be the day when I forget thee, or hold thee in aught but a remembrance of my love. Nay, I have no other friend in all the country."

I spoke from my heart as ever I did to Master Wolf; and was mighty content to tell him of my gratitude. Well to have shame if I forgot what he had done for me.

"Lord!" said I, "what a day that would be did I lack love of thee, old comrade, who hath stood by me in this the hour of my darkness when all the world was turned from me. For surely it is an hour of peril, Israel, and this is but a breathing space. Dost think they will follow upon the water?"

"Master Hugh," said he very plainly, "if I had thought that, would I be here upon this boat? You know that I would not. Nay, I

will wager that they are even now beating the market for you: the while soldiers ride out toward Tyburn and Whitehall. Dost give Master Seymour any credit of his wits? Out on the estimation! He is but a poor rogue that hath not the brains of a little child. When I fell in with you upon the road to Finchley last night, I knew well that I might snatch you from those fellows as easy as crack a nut. Didst not hear me tell the corporal that he had but to look in the face of a man that was struck to find himself in the pit directly? Lord! he had a woman's ears for the tale; and when Jack Atkins touched him this morning no woman ever wailed so. But it would have done little good to have carried you no further than the Fleet Bridge; and so I thought of this boat, in which, under God's providence, Master Hugh, we will even pass the bounds, and be set down this night where no King's men shall look for us."

It was a great thing to hear, and I had such gladness of it that I clapped my hands when he had done; though very foolishly, since did I reflect upon it a little I must remember what small hope there was that his word would be justified, or that we should ever pass by the search which would follow upon my flight. For the matter of that, I had little desire of my liberty if it should not carry me to the arms of my dear wife, who lay waiting for me in Hadleigh Woods last night; and must now, I thought, be sore hurt that I had not come to her. And of this I spake to him; though he had no consolation for me, but was very sly and cunning.

"If you will have a little patience, Master Hugh," said he, "we will venture the acquaintance of some young waterman who shall carry us swift to Richmond. Odds, man, there is many a wench in that town—and what would you? Dost show no thankfulness that you are brought out of yon peril? As I live, another quarter on the clock would have seen you in Newgate but for me and them that aided me."

"Well said, Master Wolf," exclaimed I; "yet what is that to me if I may not see my lady again? You know well she was a wife to me in the woods of Hadleigh."

"Oh!" said he mighty loftily, "as for that, it is no affair of mine, Master Hugh. Bear with it, I beg of you, until this pursuit be done, and we have horses under us once more. And if you be advised by me, you will make haste to get a little food, for we are like to go far upon our hunger when we be come to the bank again."

I could make nothing of his saying, nor of that perplexing secrecy with which he

tormented me. But I was far gone in hunger now, and very glad of the food which the bargeman offered us; though it was but coarse meat and biscuit, and cordial water very strong to the stomach. It was well to have Master Wolf's word that I might come on deck again, for the cabin was exceeding hot, and stunk mightily with an ill odour of fishes and oils which overpowered me. But up above it was pleasant enough; the full morning sun now shining brightly, and the water rippling with glad music of its waves upon our rounded prow. I saw that we had passed Whitehall now and the place at Chelsea where the King and my lords bathed often in the river—he being a right good swimmer, as all the world knows. Thereafter we could see the rushes, thick and green upon the banks at Chelsea; and the house of my Lord of Cheyne, with the palace of the Bishop (my lord of Winchester), and other great houses, all very noble; yet none more so than the manor at Fauxhall which my lord of Worcester hath bought lately to make a college of artisans. In the observation of which things, and brought to new strength by the fresh breezes of the day, we passed an hour very well, though our eyes were often upon the water behind us; and Lord! I thought every minute to hear a clamour upon the bank, and to see the King's men waiting to take me with a wherry. But we saw none, save a few who lived in barges for fear of the plague, and here and there a camp of poor men and women set out in the fields. And so it was to Putney village, where I learned that we had done with him who rowed us.

"He is an honest fellow, and I have given him that which will tie his tongue," said old Israel, who had hailed a wherry from the steps. "It is now time that we went with more haste, lad, for one waits for us, and I like little to delay. Dost see yon fellow in the orange livery?—he is even going to show us his skill so far as Richmond. There, Master Hugh, we shall find horses for our legs and go like decent folk once more."

It was upon my tongue to ask whither; but the boat had now come up to us; and after that the two—he who rowed the barge and the fellow in the orange coat—had passed a word, very bawdy and ill to my ears, we made haste to take our places, and soon were carried swift by the oars and the tide toward the village of Mortlake, and thereafter to Kew. It was two of the afternoon when at last we beheld the inn at Richmond, and were brought there to find that the landlord looked for our coming, and was all ready to further our intention.

"Sir," said he, "the horses wait but for bridles, and if it be your wish, you shall set out upon the instant. Yet I have a barrel of good French claret in my cellar, and a loin of beef which you shall not better between here and Portsmouth. You may very well see the sun down upon that, gentlemen, if you can bide so long."

"It is well done, Master William," said Israel, as he led the way to the kitchen of the house. "For myself, let me ride in the cool of the night when I may, and a plague upon all your sunny roads. Haste to bring your claret, friend, that we may join you in praise of it; and if you have beds, we will even sleep an hour. Odds, man, we ride to the King, and perchance will whisper to some of the great folk there that they would do well to come with their wenches even to the Sign of the Jolly Waterman at Richmond."

The man went off in great haste and pleasure when he heard this; but I laughed to think that old Israel had tricked him so.

"Oh," said I, "that is a pretty tale to tell—Hugh Peters to see the King."

"Nay," cried old Israel, "you shall like the tale better presently."

It was vexing, I swear, that he should have hid so much from me, both of his intention and his plan; but I had been wanting sleep for nigh twenty hours now, and was so gone in fatigue that scarce I had lips for the wine when the good fellow brought it. Expectation and doubt and peril had sustained me to this time; but no sooner was my head laid upon a pillow than I tumbled into a deep sleep, from which no man came to wake me until the sun was sunk and the moonlight rippling upon the silent river. It was full eleven of the clock then, and old Israel was already booted and up for the ride (God knew whither), as anxious and full-headed a man as I have known in all my life.

"Come, Master Hugh," said he, "the affair grows in haste, and we must not tarry. There is one waits for us in Uxbridge, who will give us good welcome. I beg you bring despatch to your assistance, and dress quickly the while I look to the horses. There is meat in the parlour, and you will do well to ride on a full belly. Nay, I know not if we shall eat again until the thing be done."

I was well awake now, and refreshed exceedingly; and I hastened to do as he had willed, setting to the meat with mighty relish, and finding the French claret as good as any apothecary's drug. He, meantime, had led the horses to the door—a great bay for himself, and a shapely grey for me. Neither had he forgot our need of arms, for I observed

two swords in his hand ; and the ostler who held the horses was putting pistols in the holsters when I came out. It was wonderful to me, who knew nothing of his purpose, to see with what deliberation he ordered all things : swift, and yet no overlooking ; with quick hands, and yet ever sure. So well, indeed, did he contrive it, that the church clock had struck but a half after eleven when we rode out of the yard and went clattering through the shuttered streets of the village until we struck the road to Hounslow and the confines of the bush-brown heath that lies about the town. And once past there we had a fair road before us ; for it was to Uxbridge that we turned.

We went fast, I say, two black figures upon the moon-white road. Our horses were fresh, and willing of the night ; we carried the strength of sleep in our limbs, the pleasant burden of hope in our hearts. It was to me like a very gift of God to think that the great and awful city lay far behind me ; that I had been brought out of that pit of hell to breathe the sweetness of the night, and to look upon the meadows once more. I cared nothing for the yesterday that was past or the morrow to come. My mind lay under a spell, refusing to plague me with any thought of why or whither. I cared only that I was upon the road again ; out upon the broad grasses of the heath ; a free man to speak and carry myself like other men. There was no desire in my will to question Israel, nor to converse with him ; well enough to dream an hour, if thereby an hour of content should come.

This I said while we drew near to the village of Uxbridge, and heard a clock make it one of the new day. It had been in my mind that Master Wolf knew some good place of hiding for me in that village ; and I was upheld in this hazard when, having ridden through the little street of the town, he turned to his right and began to follow an avenue, exceeding dark and narrow. Long before we were come out of this, a watch-dog voiced a warning of our approach ; and when we turned the bend and could see the house to which the path led, I observed lights shining from windows ; and, anon, someone came running out to us—but first to me. Lord, that I should write it ! For who else but my beloved wife did I behold standing there, and calling to me so sweetly that tears gushed up in my eyes and I was dumb for my exceeding love of her.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—I LEARN THAT WE RIDE TO THE KING.

"HUGH," she said, "dear Hugh—oh, how I have waited for thee ! And now I

touch thy hand. Oh, God be praised, who has given thee back to me !"

I saw that she was all carried away by her love as she had never been in our lives before—no, not since the day when first she kissed me. It was a glad thing for me to learn that I was held in so much love by her ; and when I leaped from my horse to take her in my arms, I seemed to harvest affection of her lips, holding her so close that her heart beat upon my own.

"Dearest wife," cried I again and again, "surely the Lord Jesus hath heard my prayer, and I am come out of the valley of death to forget all in this exceeding happiness. Nay, draw not back from me, sweetest, for I love thee ; God knows I love thee as man never loved woman yet."

She suffered me a little while ; but afterwards she withdrew herself very coyly from my embrace, and must go running up to old Israel to kiss his hands and tell him that she would never forget him while her life was. I liked not to see her so kind toward him ; but when I remembered what he had done for us, I made haste to join my thanks to hers.

"Surely," said I, "but for thee, old friend, we had never known this hour. The Lord be praised ; this is the gladdest day Hugh Peters has lived in all his years. And how shall we thank thee, Israel?—ay, what thanks can be given to him who hath wrought such a work of his exceeding love?"

I said this, and took his hand as my lady had done ; but he, overborne by our affection, hushed us with a gesture.

"Nay," cried he, "ye are like two children a-maying in the woods, and ye see not the storm which broods upon your pleasure. Bide yet, I beg of you ; nor speak to me of thanks until we be come to Oxford and have the King's permission."

"To Oxford?" cried I, for this was the first I had heard of it.

"Ay, surely, to Oxford, Master Hugh, where we must be as soon as the day. I doubt not you will find my lady all ready for the venture ; and, if I may speak, the sooner we set out upon it the better shall we fare therein."

"'Tis well said," exclaimed Marjory, now falling to some gravity ; "if we be not at Oxford to-morrow, we are like to get little good of the going. As for me, I am ready upon the instant. You will find the horses bitted—and all else as you have commanded, Master Wolf. It needs but to get a cup of wine and to learn if he who was hurt is able to go so far."

"Indeed," cried I, much vexed to hear that she knew of my hurt, "'twas but a flesh

cut in the shoulder. If it were fought again to-morrow, I doubt not that I would have a good tale to tell. You must understand, Marjory, that he had the high place of the bank, which carried the advantage, as any honest man will admit. Yet I make sure——"

I would have said more, to let them know how it was that the man out of France had

intolerable to me to have them standing there in observation of me, and very willingly could I have given both of them a box upon the ears. But Master Wolf now came in with his word, and mighty serious to my relief.

"Mistress," said he, "do you, I beg, persuade Master Peters, as I have done often, to drink a cup of wine quickly and cloak his curiosity until we be in Oxford. The night



worsted me; but she commanded silence with a kiss upon my lips, and bidding Master Wolf to follow, she led us to the great room of the house, where supper was set, and two servants, mighty fine and overbearing, waited our pleasure.

"You must know, Hugh," she said, "that this is the house of my kinsman, Sir Allen Apsley, who was always a true friend to me. When I learnt from Master Wolf that they had taken you, I rode hither, being well assured that he would bring you out though a hundred of the guard held you. We shall find none to spy upon us in this place; though, if God be willing, we may laugh at our enemies to-morrow."

"Marjory," said I, "you speak still in riddles; for how shall any man help me that am a felon fled from the prison gates? Well may you keep your secret if you have no better plan than this idle affair you name to me! Think you that the King will listen to Hugh Peters? Nay, it is a folly not to be borne."

I spoke with some heat so that she laughed at me and the great serving-fellows looked one at the other very silyly. Lord! it was

"I THOUGHT EVERY MINUTE TO HEAR A CLAMOUR UPON THE BANK" (*p.* 929).

goes swift, and the day will be to our undoing. I beseech you remember our condition and all that must be done before we better it."

"For a truth you speak well, Master Wolf," said she; "the horses shall be brought upon the instant, and as for Master Hugh, I promise you he shall not put another question until we behold the lights of Oxford."

It was pretty to see how well she could put her hand upon the fire of quarrel and press it out. I loved her the more when she appeared to command me; and full well I knew that Israel was not the man to carry me to the King should harm come to me thereby. "If," said I, "my questions plague them, I will even be dumb to the end of it." Yet never was a fuller hope mine or so tender a gladness as when I rode away from the house at Uxbridge and turned my horse's head towards the town of Wycombe and the great hills which barred the road to Oxford.

The night had fallen very dark now with white mists in the meadows and mounts of rolling cloud shutting the moon from our sight. We were in all a company of five, two servants following my mistress, and old Israel going before us, very silent and melancholy as though foreboding sat heavy upon his mind. But we two, who shared nothing of his thoughts, were very willing to ride side by side, often clasping our hands or suffering our horses to come close that we might whisper some new word of our love. Anon, however, Israel began to press forward at the gallop, and for near two hours we rode very fast; until, indeed, we made the town of Wycombe. Dawn was showing in the sky when we baited the half of an hour in the inn; but we were across the great hill when the sun was yet low in the heavens, and the bell of a parish church struck eight of the clock when our little company, sore dusted and with steaming horses, set glad eyes upon the spires of the fair city and knew that our journey was done.

Until this time Master Wolf had spoken rarely to us; but so soon as we were in the High Street of the town and had begun to observe the schools and chapels and great colleges of learning, he turned to my mistress and began to make mention of the business which had carried us so far.

"My lady," said he, "here is the letter of which I spake. It will be well if it can be carried to the King while the day is yet new. Say naught beyond that which is writ there, unless you of your love shall choose to remember my name and to be of any service to me. You will know where to find me when the work is done. Tell them who ask that Israel Wolf waits the King's pleasure at the Sign of the Mitre. I bid you delay not lest others be before us. Nay, here is the inn; and, if it please you, I will hasten to learn how best you may come at his Majesty."

He gave her a letter when he had done, and leaving us at the door of the tavern, he was away perhaps the quarter of an hour. Yet, on my part, I took heed neither of his coming nor his going. I seemed to stand in a new world, a world full of noble people and scholars in their gowns, and doctors, very learned, and jades rolling in their coaches; a city of churches and spires and domes—gay in the sunshine; yet withal a world upon which there breathed a spirit of knowledge as of God's best gift and token of His love. All the yesterday of tribulation went winging back to the confines of time's obscurities. A wizard might have carried me—ay, even out of jail as the Lord carried His apostle, to set me here with my wonder. The steeples towering above me were as spires conjured

up from the very earth to cheat me; the bells ringing spoke a message like a message from the city of enchantment. Nay, I swear that I forgot even my dear wife at my side, but, spell-bound in surprise and dreaming, I lived a life in those moments.

Master Wolf was away from us it might have been while one quarter struck upon the clock of the Cardinal's college. When he came out, he was still in talk with the master of the house, and both walked up to us very full of news.

"You are in fortune's way; do you seek the King, my lady?" said the stranger. "He bides here but another day and will ride away to Milton at the dawn. He is even now gone to walk in the meadows which lie behind the great church. I doubt not you will find someone among the company who will befriend you in an audience should you ride there upon the instant."

"Ay," said old Israel, "and since I hear that my Lord Buckhurst is but just passed, you will do well to press on at once. Never was his Majesty known to turn from a pretty face; this day, I make sure, shall not find him changed so much. You will not forget, my mistress, that I wait his Majesty's pleasure here in this house. Nay, he is like to send for me quick enough when he has read yon letter."

We did not understand the meaning of this saying then, when he delivered it at the inn door; but very excited both, and conscious that he had some affair of moment in his mind, we rode away to the door of the Cardinal's college and there left our horses. I was afraid at the first that they would never let us pass; but after we had stood awhile in disputation with the keeper what should happen but that my Lord Buckhurst came up, and he, knowing my lady well and mighty pleased to see her, offered his services upon the instant.

"Mistress Marjory, as I live!" exclaimed he. "Nay, his Majesty shall thank me for the tidings. Odds, he has heard but poor news of you this month past. Yet he has not forgot your pretty face, I dare swear. I will ask audience for you at once, if this good fellow, who does not love me, I think, will make acquaintance of the porter while we be gone. Saw ever man a rogue so fierce?"

"Sir," cried I, "an we had not come upon an affair of some importance, I would even make you take back that word. Though you had all the gold in the country upon your stomach, you should make haste to learn that I can handle a sword very prettily——"

"Tut, tut," said my lady, laughing very merrily, "wouldst fight the gentleman, Hugh? Put down your hand, silly boy, and anger not

one I love so well as my Lord of Buckhurst. He is even going to carry us to the King. Wouldst have him say that I am wedded to a bumpkin who has no manners for his guerdon?"

My lord drew back at this, and looked at us both as though we played a jest upon him. It was not to be hid from me that Marjory coloured when put to the ordeal; and Lord! thought I, it is for shame of me. God knows, I had some little shame myself that my clothes were so ill and dusted from the ride—yet that she should colour because the world knew of her love was a thing not to be borne. Nay, I had the impulse to turn away from her and go—I knew not whither, save it were to some place where she should never hap upon me; no, nor be put to confusion for her love of me. But she, of a sudden remembering herself, took my hand very prettily in hers, and faced my Lord Buckhurst with all that great courage which has been my abiding pride since the day when first I knew her.

"My lord," said she, laughing no more, "you were ever a friend to me. Never had I the need of your friendship as upon this day. Take me to the King that I may speak a word for him I love—do this, and you shall find none more grateful in all the city."

"Mistress," said he, and his voice was now very kind, as of one who had a great regard for her, "I will even carry you to the King at once; and to your word my own shall be added."

He bowed to her with a fine air which put me to envy; and bidding us follow at his heels, he led the way by the great court, and afterwards to the gardens themselves, very sweet with flower and shade, and trees grown old in leaf, and silent places where lovers now thrust forth the scholars, and themselves were busy with the book of good amours. But the King was not here; and we went on yet until we were out in the open meadows, and had the river in our view, and great acres of green grasses, and the buildings of the college upon our left hand. Here we espied at a distance a company of fine folk, both men and women: the sun being bright upon the silver and gold of their vests and swords, and their plumes waving like boughs in the wind of morning. I perceived plainly that his Majesty must be among the number of these; and for the first time there came a great awe upon me. "God!" said I, "he will remember that I hunted him at Worcester, when he was an outcast, and I the first among them." And Lord! it was an awful thing to tell myself that I had lusted for his blood in the olden time—I, the farmer's son, that was now but a worm at his feet. God knows I had

the impulse to draw back, though it were at the ultimate moment of our emprise; but a remembrance of the soldier's heart that once had beat under my corselet upheld me. I knew that I had wrought then such things as the Lord had commanded me; and if I had been the enemy of Charles Stuart, it was God's will which set enmity in my mind. "Nay," said I at last, "let him do what he will, and I will show him what the Lord-General hath taught me, King though he be." There was upon me in that moment a breath of the spirit of him I had loved and followed—of him that made my arms like bows of iron and poured into my heart the fire of his own courage—a fire burning strong in battle to scorch the enemies of God. I began to remember again how poor and worthless were all these baubles to cloak the wickedness and the weakness of them who now flaunted their sins before my country, and cried to all the world that this was merry England. "Oh!" said I, "that none should be found in this day to bear the Lord-General's sword, and bid us up in the Lord's name to put evildoers to their punishment, and to make this my country merry indeed in the gladness of her righteousness!"

All this passed in my impulse, I say, and held me silent while the gay company approached. Had they offered me a kingdom for the word, I could not have said aught to better myself in that moment. For a truth, I stood like a dumb man, seeing the people and yet not seeing them. I can mind me that there were several that I knew in the throng: my Lord Lauderdale in a suit of grey and silver, very fine and sparkling; Sir George Carteret ill dressed in a coat of black, but no lace upon his stomacher; Master Harry Sidney—him that they declared to be in love with the Duchess—wondrous fine, in a white dress with gold wrought upon his vest; my Lord Brouncker; my Lord Sandwich—these and many others, with a dozen noble ladies and jades, very merry, but odd-looking, with their hair combed up like towers, and mighty spreading skirts whereunder you could perceive rich laces and other robes white and brodered. All these I beheld, and in the midst of them Charles Stuart himself, gay of the morning, with a suit of violet silk sitting shapely upon him, and a falcon at his wrist, and full of talk for all about him. Nor did he, I think, spy us at once as we stood there, confused and hesitating, beneath the shade of a great oak-tree; but came on regardless of us until my Lord Buckhurst stepped before him and began to make his purpose known. Scarce, however, had he

said two words when the King turned his eyes toward us, and, observing little Marjory, advanced swift to meet us.

"God's life!" said he, "whom have we here? Why, 'tis our little runaway come back with a footpad. Nay, rise, little mistress, for we give you good welcome."

I burned to tell him that I was no footpad but an honest yeoman's son whom he had once feared exceedingly; but my tongue refused me, and somehow—I think that they pulled me—I found myself kneeling before him; a thing I had sworn never to do, yet now did mighty foolishly and with ill grace. As for my dear wife, she made courtesy sweet to behold; and then the fine folk standing all about us, most curious and laughing, with the sun falling strong through the leaves of the tree, and the spires of the beautiful city standing out clear in the morning air, and the river all silvered and shining below, little Marjory spake gently to the King.

"Your Majesty," she cried, "there was a day when you said of your good will that aught I asked of you should be given unto me. I make bold to kneel before you, and to remind you of the bond even to this—that my husband shall find favour in your sight both for your love of me and for that service which is told in the letter I bear. Nay, your Majesty, read, I beg, for these are matters of life and death, not to be hid from you any longer!"

She spake wondrous sweetly, her fair face all rosy with the breath of morning, and her breast telling plainly how her heart beat. For my part I could say nothing; but, abashed and silent, I watched the King while he took the letter—not with any fixed purpose, but idly and indifferently, looking in astonishment both at my wife and at me, the while the gay folks were all a-titter and undisguised in their amusement thereby.

The King, I say, took the letter, and, holding it with seal unbroken in his hand, he cried—

"St. Louis! what a tale is this! Nay, sweet, how shall an affair of importance bring me so pretty a messenger? Say, rather, that yon rogue has tried to do thee a hurt, and that I am to have him hanged upon the instant."

They all made haste to laugh again at this; but my lady, with a wondrous tenderness for me, at which I loved her the more, was quick to make her mind known.

"Oh, your Majesty, speak not so—for 'tis Hugh Peters who kneels to you, and he was husband to me in the days long ago. And if he must die, then, indeed, am I content to die with him!"

She shamed them with the speech. Even Charles Stuart was moved thereby, and mocked her no longer; but put out his hand to her and drew her near to him.

"Surely," said he, "I will pardon half the rogues in the kingdom sooner than see tears in those pretty eyes. Come, little one, we go to breakfast. Make bold to walk with us a little way the while we have your story. And as for your paper—let my Lord Buckhurst read it that he may pen us a comedy against the day we ride to London."

My lady was frightened at this.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "if you love your life, command that yon be read upon the spot, or they will surely kill you. 'Tis a very great matter writ there—and he that wrote it is the best of men."

There were murmurs from the great folk now, and all gathered close about the King, while Sir George Carteret broke the seal of the letter, and he and my Lord Buckhurst read it together. When they had done they spoke to their master in low voices; and many being come round them to have the news, my Lord Sandwich cried presently—

"Where shall we hear of the fellow that hath written this?"

"He is at the Sign of the Mitre, where your Majesty shall find him until sunset," answered my lady.

"Then let him be taken at once," cried my Lord Lauderdale, who turned to the King for his orders.

"Not so quick, my lord," exclaimed Charles Stuart; "it may even be that all he says is writ of his honesty. They will never kill me to make James their King."

"Sire, is that wise?" said my Lord Buckhurst. "This man, who admits that he was to be their instrument, may even be come to Oxford upon their business."

I had listened to all this in wonder, for I was slow to perceive that old Israel had made some great confession in his letter. But while they talked, I began to understand the thing and to remember how he had spoken, very covertly, of Sir Nathaniel Goulding and of work he would do. "By God," said I at last, "the man of France meant to kill the King by the hand of Master Wolf, who now hath staked his life for ours. Oh, Master Wolf, Master Wolf, what a love is this!"

The thing came to me like a voice from on high—both the understanding of Israel's purpose and the intention to lay hands upon him. And thereafter I could keep silent no more; but, throwing myself at the King's feet, I cried—

"Sire, oh! for God's sake, think not ill of Master Wolf. Has he not come here to warn



"SIRE, HE LOVES YOU WELL."

your Majesty when he could have betaken himself—ay, where no King's man could have happened upon him. Sire, he loves you well. There is no sword like the sword of Israel Wolf in all the world, no, nor heart so brave, nor courage so good. Will your Majesty turn from such a one? Nay, surely, take my life for his; I that am outcast from the world. Oh, sire, it will be good to die if the life of Israel Wolf be given to me."

They heard me in a great silence, the King much impressed, and little Marjory looking down upon me very sweetly. I heard a whispered talk among them, and presently his Majesty spake to me.

"So this is Master Peters," cried he—"a pretty fellow to answer for any rogue. Nay, I like not thy looks, man—yet I dare swear thou hast an honest heart."

"Your Majesty," cried I, "do you but command me in aught, and you shall learn whether I be honest or no. What I speak now I speak of my affection. Oh, for the love of God, let no harm come to Master Wolf!"

There was more talk among them now, and my lady, being moved to great grief, fell out of a sudden in sobs and weeping. Nay, she made bold to kiss the King's hand, and I saw her tears running upon it.

"Your Majesty," cried she, "you did not love to see me hurt in the old time. Surely you are not changed toward me so much."

"God's life," cried the King, "you speak a true word, little mistress. Let us go now to breakfast, and when that is done we will take counsel upon this affair. Command that Master Wolf wait upon me at Magdalen College. I promise that no hurt shall come to him, and if he prove honest, we shall know how to thank him."

I heard the promise with a surpassing joy. Nor did I care that my wife was carried off by them to breakfast at the college; but, being strong with a great gladness, I ran back to the inn, and began to call loudly for Master Wolf.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

HE had been looking for my news mighty anxiously; and now when I told him all that had come to pass and bade him set out for Magdalen College at once, he had no mistrust of the venture.

"'Tis as simple as the hour upon the clock," cried he. "I doubt not I shall make it plain to the King, Master Peters. Nay, thank me not at all. Sufficient that you hold me your friend . . ."

"Israel," cried I, "there is no friend like thee in all the world. Yet I am dumb upon it to my shame. Things are misted to my eyes, and I have naught clear before me but this—that thou art in peril. Oh, surely, they shall not harm thee, Israel!"

"Master Hugh," cried he, "fear not at all for me, neither for my life nor my deeds. Odd were it that I, who have borne my burden against the world since the day my mother died, should turn now from a score of men that have lace upon their stomachs and the hearts of women 'neath their cloaks. God's word, I would best the city for a sack of ale and think naught of the achievement. Well enough that I should tell them how they stand, and what manner of man this Nathaniel Goulding is, to set up the Pope's religion among them and to make James their King."

"Ay," cried I, "that is a great tale to tell; and you have proof, old Israel?"

"I have the letter writ by Captain Goulding now two months gone. Therein it is set down how that the time is ripe to strike the blow, and I am bidden to be their instrument. Charles Stuart was to be taken the while he rode to Windsor; the friends of the Duke were to be ready upon the instant to proclaim him, with Louis of France and the Pope of

Rome at their backs. Thinkest thou that I would put my hand to such devil's work? God be my witness, I would the sooner cut it off."

"Was it to this end," asked I, "that the man came out of France?"

"Not at the first; but only when the business of the French alliance was in peril. He believed that thou hadst wind of the mischief and knew from thy kinsmen in Paris of his intent. Thereafter he set out to hunt thee—yet dared not to kill thee because thou wast Mistress Marjory's friend. I doubt not he used her well, both to have information of that which passed at Whitehall and of all that concerned thy life."

"Lord," cried I, "that thou shouldst make me see it all so, Master Israel! 'Tis as clear as a play—yet I doubt not that they will lay hands upon him."

"Nay," said he, "the man who would put hands upon Sir Nathaniel Goulding must even go to Paris for the purpose. He took ship the day they took thee, Master Hugh."

"Would to God I had killed him!" said I. "If the high place of the bank—but that is known to thee, Israel. Go now to the King, and Almighty God be thy shield in this hour."

It was mighty astonishing to me to perceive how slow Master Wolf was, both then and at other times, to discern peril in his path. Never was there man so bold in an emprise or so ready to make naught of his own life. He set out now to Magdalen College as merry as a jester at a fair; nor did he once remember my word that they had willed to put him under arrest.

"Leave me to myself, lad," cried he; "there is no prison in Oxford city to hold Israel Wolf; no, nor jailer. You shall see me again within the hour."

It was good to hear him speak so, and I believed him; being content now that he should go; yet looking expectantly to see him return with my dear wife. But the hour passed, and upon that, another; and I saw nothing of them and must pace the street wearily, telling myself a hundred foolish things—that they had taken my mistress from me and never again should I behold her. Indeed, it was four of the clock, and I was sick with fatigue and waiting, when at last a coach rolled up to the door of the inn, and I beheld, to my surpassing joy, little Marjory within it, and my Lord Buckhurst and another, very fine in a dress of violet. Lord! it was gladness to find a laugh upon my mistress's sweet face and to perceive the merriment of old time in her eyes—even the jest upon her lips.

"Dearest Hugh," she cried, running up

gladly to me, "they are to carry thee from the city upon the instant. Art not glad?"

"How?" said I, "they carry me from the city——"

But she lacked answer for her laughing; and presently, my Lord Buckhurst coming up, they all set to plague me; one saying that I must ride to Paris forthwith; another that the King willed to send me to Bergen, whereat I must spend ten years before they would hearken to the tale of my marriage. We were in the very midst of this when we heard a clatter of hoofs in the street without; and whom should we see but the King himself and a great cavalcade with him; and many coaches and the Duchess and other jades, slyly peeping from the windows at the gallants about them. To my wonder, they all drew rein at the door of the inn, and Sir George Carteret calling for me, a thing I had never waited for if I had lived to be a hundred—I found myself presently standing before his Majesty and he speaking to me mighty seriously.

"Master Peters," cried he, "I owe you no love, nor can I find any for you. Give your gratitude, then, to those who have earned it, and especially to your dear wife, whom we hold in our affections. I take a great burden upon me in doing this thing; but for her sake, and the service which your friend Israel Wolf has done me, I now remember you and am even going to pronounce your pardon. Your father's house at Warboys yet stands, I think. Carry yourself there, I command you, and let none in London hear so much as a word from you until the year be done. My Lord Buckhurst knows my wishes in this matter. Harken to him then; and when they speak of your King, see that no evil word is found upon your tongue."

He waited neither for my thanks nor my assent; but permitting Mistress Marjory once more to kiss his hand, and saluting her very affectionately, he set spurs to his horse and passed from my sight. Long I stood watching the gay cavalcade as it followed him out of the city; but when the last coach was no more to be seen, I turned round swift to hold my mistress in a sweet embrace.

For the night of my years had passed, and God of His mercy had given me the day.

We left Oxford at the setting of the sun; my lady and I, with the two servants that had followed her from Uxbridge. Glad words of happiness were upon our lips; the glory of the sinking day flushed in our hearts and warmed them to our surpassing love. There was this only to trouble us—that we

perforce had quitted the city without word from Master Wolf.

"Though I would well have given him some new token of gratitude," said my lady, "I doubt not that he is content with the King's favour. 'Twas a promise to me that no harm should come to Israel Wolf."

"Sweetheart," said I, "let that be a name held fresh in our affection while we have life. God knows if ever I loved one as I love Master Wolf. Nay, I look for the day when he shall come to us at Warboys, to be for ever with us; he and Master Ford, and them that stood with me in this evil time. Ay, to tell Master Ford of this day's work!"

"Dear Hugh," cried she, "it is good to hear thee talk so. Draw close and tell me that thou art content."

I told her as lovers will; kissing her hand often, and holding it still even as we rode. We had left the city now, and could see it shining as with fires in the valley below us; the sun striking its towers with a full light of crimson, and all the buildings rising up nobly in the golden setting. But our road lay to the north; and when we had ridden to the parting of the ways, whereat you turn westward to London, we espied a horseman coming after us at the gallop. It was no other than Master Wolf himself; and when we saw him, we were back upon the instant to overwhelm him with our words of love.

"God's blessing be upon thee, old Israel," cried I. "Surely we have hungered for news of thee, and knew not how it was that thou didst not return to the inn. But now we have thee, and no more——"

He hushed me with his hand, the while he reined his great horse with labour, and made it clear that he was pressed.

"Master Hugh," said he, "I go to Paris upon the King's business. When I come back, you shall hear of me; you and her you love, and those that will come presently to be held in new affection of you. Nay, trouble not at all about me, for this is my day. The King hath entrusted me with an affair of great moment, and I look to profit thereby as I have never done in all my life. You shall hear of me from Paris presently, and of great doings. I give thee farewell, lad; but thy love is in my heart, and black be the day when I forget thee."

He would hear no more of our protestations, but stooping to kiss my dear wife's hands, he galloped away presently toward London, and was lost to our sight.

And, God knows, I prayed in my heart that he would come back to me once more to be my friend through all the years.

THE END.

CASTAWAYS ON EAST SPITZBERGEN.

A narrative of the singular adventures of four Russian sailors, who were cast away on the desert island of East Spitzbergen, etc. By P. L. Le Roy, translated from the German Original (s.l. et d.) [London, 1774].

BY SIR WILLIAM MARTIN CONWAY.



"SHE WAS BLOWN EASTWARD AND ENCOMPASSED BY ICE."



IN the year 1743, about the month of May, a vessel sailed to Spitzbergen for the whale or seal fishery. On the ninth day after sailing from Archangel the fair wind changed, and she was blown eastward, and after some days was encompassed by ice and placed in a position of great peril about two miles from the shore of East Spitzbergen. Expecting the destruction of the ship, the mate Alexis Himkof, his godson Iwan Himkof, and two other sailors, Stephen Scharapof and Feodor Weregine by name, prepared to land and search for a hut, which they knew had been built by countrymen of theirs with a view to wintering in those parts. It was determined that if the hut could be found the ship should be abandoned.

The four sailors provided themselves with such things as were necessary for their use during the few days they might be away from the ship, for they had to travel over piled and broken ice for two miles to the shore. They took a musket and twelve rounds of ammunition, an axe, a small kettle, a knife, a tinder-box and tinder, about twenty pounds of flour,

a bladder of tobacco, and each man his wooden pipe. They soon discovered the hut about a mile and a half inland. It was 36 ft. long, 18 ft. high, and 18 ft. wide. It contained a small ante-chamber about 12 ft. broad, which helped to keep the cold air out of the main chamber. In the latter was an earthen Russian stove without chimney.

Next morning they returned to the shore, and were horrified to discover that ice-pack and ship had been carried away, and the open sea confronted them. The ship was never heard of again. They immediately set to work to patch up their hut by help of their axe and the driftwood, of which they found a considerable quantity on the shore. Their twelve rounds of ammunition procured for them twelve reindeer, with which they started housekeeping. The only vegetable product of the island was a little scurvy-grass.

Amongst the driftwood they fortunately found fragments of wreckage which provided them with some boards as well as with a long iron hook, some big nails 5 or 6 inches long, and other bits of iron. They also found a piece of fir root which only required to be trimmed with their knife to form a handy bow.

By heating the hook and working at it with a nail they made a hammer of it. With

a large pebble for anvil and two reindeer horns for tongs they next forged two nails into spear-heads and fastened them into wooden shafts with thongs of reindeer skin. Thus equipped, they sallied forth and slaughtered a white bear after a most perilous fight. His flesh gave them food, and out of his tendons, which they discovered how to split, they made cords which served them for bowstring and for tying on to wooden shafts small iron arrow-points which they made in the same way as the spear-heads. With these arrows, during the years of their imprisonment, they slew no less than 150 reindeer, besides a great number of blue and white foxes. Of bears they killed in all ten, nine in defending themselves from attack and the one above-mentioned. Such was the entire supply of food on which these men subsisted till August, 1749—a period of six years. They smoked some of their meat, but ate most of it raw, for they had to husband their fuel. It was this plentiful supply of raw meat and fresh blood, coupled with their active life, that preserved three of them from scurvy. The fourth, Feodor Weregine, who was an indolent man and, moreover, refrained from drinking reindeer blood, was attacked soon after arrival in the island, and died of scurvy shortly before the others were relieved.

To keep their fire continually alight was a prime necessity, for, their supply of tinder being exhausted, if it were to go out they would be unable to relight it. They therefore determined to make a lamp. Nearly in the middle of the island they found some earthy clay of which they fashioned a rude

pot. They filled it with reindeer fat, and used some twisted linen for a wick. When the fat melted, however, it oozed away through



"OF BEARS THEY KILLED NINE OR TEN."

the sides, which were too porous to hold it. So they made a new lamp, dried it thoroughly, and then heated it red hot, and quenched it in their kettle in a mixture of flour and water boiled to the consistency of thin starch. They covered its outside with linen rags which had been dipped in the paste. This contrivance succeeded, and the lamp held oil; they accordingly made a second for fear of accidents. For wicks they used a small quantity of oakum and cordage washed up with the driftwood, and tore up their shirts and undergarments. The supply thus formed lasted as long as they were on the island.

They made clothes out of skins, which they soaked for several days in water till the hair could be pulled off, and then rubbed dry with their hands and afterwards thoroughly greased and rubbed. They made needles out of bits of iron and wrought them with considerable skill, as was vouched for by those who saw them on their return to Europe. Sinews served for thread. In summer they wore jackets and breeches of skins, and in winter long fur gowns with hoods.

They described the island as having many mountains and steep rocks of a stupendous height constantly covered with snow and ice. Its only vegetation is scurvy-grass and moss. About the middle of the island they found the "fattish loam or clay" above referred to. There are no rivers but many small rivulets. As for the weather, they said that from about the middle of November to the beginning of January it generally rained hard and continually, and all that time the cold was



"THEY MADE A HAMMER OF IT."

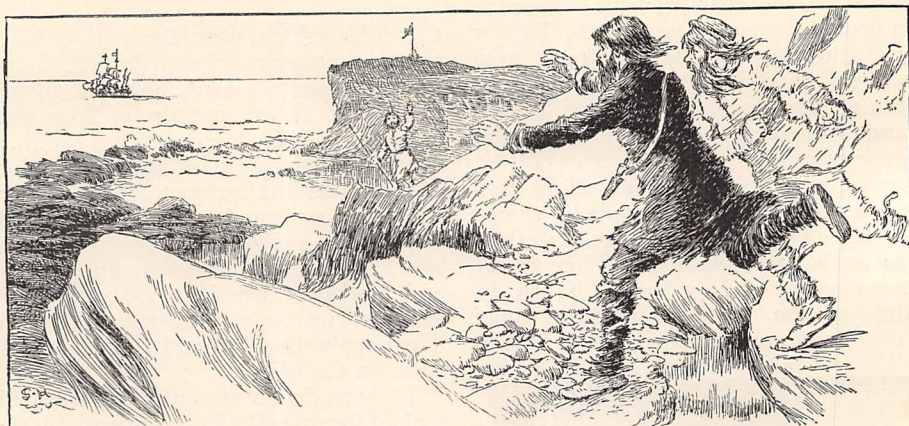
moderate. After this rainy season severe cold prevailed, especially when the wind was from the south. They only once heard thunder.

Shortly after the death of Weregim the survivors in August, 1749, were rejoiced by seeing a Russian ship, which had been carried out of its course to West Spitzbergen by contrary winds. She was driven close to shore just opposite the hut. The men on board saw the fires and reindeer hide flag of the castaways, and came to anchor near the shore. The three men agreed with the master of the ship to give them and their goods a passage to Russia in return for their work on board and a payment of 80 roubles. They had accumulated 2,000 lb. weight of reindeer fat and quantities of hides. They brought off also the poor tools by whose help they had been enabled to keep themselves alive.

They arrived in safety at Archangel on September 28th, 1749. Alexis Himkof's wife was present when the vessel came into port,

and immediately recognised her husband. She was so overcome with joy and eagerness to touch him that she fell into the water and was nearly drowned. All three men on their arrival were strong and healthy. They could not reconcile themselves to eating bread nor to the use of spirituous liquors, of which they had been so long deprived.

The account of their adventures was noised abroad, and attracted much attention. Alexis and Iwan Himkof were sent for to St. Petersburg, and took with them the tools they had made on the island. Their story was carefully examined by several persons, who became convinced of its veracity. It was written down and published in German by P. L. Le Roy, Professor of History and member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg. The pamphlet had a wide circulation, and was translated into English, French, Dutch, and (I believe) Italian, and published in numerous editions. From it the foregoing relation has been abstracted.



"THEY WERE REJOICED BY SEEING A RUSSIAN SHIP."

A FAIR CORRESPONDENT.

HER letter finished—she has laid
Her pen aside, and, half afraid
Of something written, vain or wrong,
The fond eyes search it long and long,
While smiles of lovely meaning grace
The youthful beauty of her face.

I mark—a vision sweet and fair—
The rapt, intent, and wistful air,
And strive to guess what thoughts engage
The heart whose language thrills the page,
Where love, that breathes in every word,
Each simple line with life has stirred.

"My Dearest," it begins! and see
It ends, "Your own, true Marjory."
This much, no more—what comes between
I must not tell, though all unseen,
By happy chance, I lean above
Her chair, and read these vows of love.

I find the old, old story here,
For ever new, for ever dear!
How many maidens—fair and bright
Like Marjory, with hearts as light—
Are writing thus, from day to day,
This old, old story, none can say!

J. R. EASTWOOD,

LOVE'S LABOUR'S HIRED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAGEDY IN GREY."

I.



ADY MACIMROD was in great distress, as was natural in view of the fact that she possessed a daughter. But Ina Macimrod went further than being merely a daughter—which in itself is surely sufficient; she had the

presumption to be very young, very pretty, and very sentimental, with singularly little sense of the dignity attaching to a purchased title. Now Lady Macimrod herself was vastly impressed with her husband's rank; she knew what years of grubbing among the dust of iron-works had gone to the making of Sir Cameron Macimrod, Bart., and she unconsciously respected that which she most wished to forget. So it came about that the family abandoned the town which had been the making of them, and with it as many of their provincial Scotticisms as were willing to be left behind. Sir Cameron purchased a country seat in Berkshire and a house in town, and their first London season brought about that intractability in the *débutante* Ina Macimrod which was wormwood to her good mother's heart.

For Sir Cameron cared for one thing in the world more than for iron—painting, to wit. Ever since the days when he was compelled to drop smoking, in order that he might save the shilling open-sesame to picture galleries and exhibitions, he had evinced a passion for art which was little short of a mania. And so, with the layman's assumption that a painting has necessarily much to do with the character of the artist, he was always eager to admit to his house any brushman—recognised or otherwise—who gave proof of capacity for good work. Hence it fell about that Jack Lavrene, a clever young idealist, whose idealism kept the doors of impecuniosity fast locked upon him, became a frequent and welcome visitor at No. 6, Prince's Gate. Lady Macimrod demurred—Mr. Lavrene was too picturesque—but her husband, tractable as a domestic ox in other matters, was firm upon all questions touching his artistic friendships. Jack Lavrene, with cheery and untiring good-will, made hay while his sun shone, and before the end of her first season Miss Ina Macimrod was secretly engaged to the man of impecunious ideals. Her mother, though she did not guess the full extent of the mischief, was growing more and more

alarmed by the evident *attendrissage* that existed between the two young people; and she was consumedly anxious that the end of June should arrive, and with it their departure for country solitudes. Lady Macimrod's ire was great, therefore, when Sir Cameron informed her, in the most casual way, that young Lavrene had accepted his invitation to join their party in Berkshire during the first week of July; she strove hard against the unavoidable, and finding that further overt opposition was useless, she set herself to the devising of strategic measures. To this end she called one afternoon upon a bosom friend, and was fortunate enough to obtain a quiet teacup chat with her on the topic of Miss Ina's girlish infatuation. And the bosom friend came straightway to her relief.

"Why not put the case in the hands of Hart, Hymenard and Hart?" she asked.

"Put the case—what do you mean?—I never heard of Hart, Hymenard and Hart," said Lady Macimrod perplexedly.

"What! Not heard of the Whiteley of Matrimony? I thought everyone knew Mr. Bedivere Hart by this time. He is quite the success of the season—quite a lion in his way. Now let me explain it all to you. Mr. Hart—who happens to be a friend of mine—lost every penny he had a few years ago, and from being a popular club-man sank to the necessity of making his own bread-and-butter. Just in the nick of time he chanced to see a humorous paragraph in the *Daily Telegraph*, or one of those papers, which bewailed the increasing number of young men of culture, good education, and irreproachable manners who were reduced to the straits of cab-driving and other like employments. It went on to say—the paragraph, I mean—that there was a fortune waiting for some enterprising man who would establish a *cutting-out* business."

"What, tailoring?" asked Lady Macimrod innocently.

"No, you foolish old dear!" laughed her sprightly friend. "A *cutter-out* is a young man or young lady employed by parents to break off undesirable connections. Take the case of Ina, for instance: you go to Mr. Bedivere Hart, tell him the details of the affair, and he supplies you with a *rival*."

"But I don't want a rival of Mr. Hart's choosing. I want to free Ina from the attentions of Mr. Lavrene."

"Of course you do. But I haven't explained enough. Mr. Hart, you know, directly he saw the article, realised that he had got a magnificent chance; he at once put into sober practice what had been originally a frivolous suggestion, and he is now making thousands a year. The members of his staff make love by profession, just as vocalists sing by profession, or authors write; they are artists in love methods, and in nearly every case they prove themselves successful rivals. Then when their love is made, and their object attained, they receive their cheque and discreetly retire to fulfil their next engagement. It is all so delightfully simple!"

Lady Macimrod, dazzled by the novelty of the thing, fell an easy victim to her friend's persuasions, and she left that afternoon under a promise to proceed at the earliest possible opportunity to the offices of Messrs. Hart, Hymenard and Hart.

"I will write to Mr. Hart this evening," said her friend at parting, "so that he will be sure to see you without delay. His time is terribly filled up, but he always behaves in the nicest, most considerate way towards any friend of mine."

Lady Macimrod allowed no doubts to dim her new-found hope, no feeling of reluctance to suggest delay. The next morning found her carriage in front of the spacious Piccadilly offices of Messrs. Hart, Hymenard and Hart. She was ushered into an elegantly furnished room on the ground floor, and the brown and gold footman took her card with an air of calm indifference, which seemed singularly out of place in one who served so roguish a vagabond as Boy Cupid. The man returned at the end of a few moments and informed Lady Macimrod that the senior partner would be delighted to place his time at her disposal. She followed him up the broad, thickly-carpeted stairs, along a corridor, and thence into the private room of Mr. Bedivere Hart. The senior partner rose from his desk as she entered, murmured a "Lady Macimrod, I believe," suavely bowed her into a chair, and entered on a minutely exact description of the weather, the forlorn aspect of London towards the end of the season, and other momentarily commonplace phenomena.

Lady Macimrod, who had experienced a sensation of vague discomfort while waiting down below, suddenly found herself quite at her ease. Mr. Bedivere Hart's serenely elderly appearance, his soft, persuasive voice, his entire assumption that a visit of this kind was the most natural thing in the world, all operated to dispel a certain sense of untowardness, which could not otherwise have failed to

make itself felt in the conduct of an affair so delicate and ultra-personal.

"He could not be more comforting if he were a consulting physician," murmured Lady Macimrod, as she responded to the senior partner's prattlings.

"I think my client will be disposed to pay the higher scale of fees," whispered the senior partner to his well-cut beard of iron-grey.

He pulled his chair up closer to Lady Macimrod, and washed two deprecating hands in airy fluid.

"You are disposed to honour me with your confidence?" he began.

Lady Macimrod bowed. "I feel sure that you can help me in a matter that is causing me much trouble. My daughter——"

She paused, and Mr. Bedivere Hart filled in the hiatus with soft, apologetic periods. "I understand, I understand, Lady Macimrod. Your daughter has—ah—misplaced her affections, and your maternal anxiety on her behalf—quite so, quite so. I think you will find that your confidence is not misplaced. Ahem—may I ask what are the precise circumstances of the case?"

Lady Macimrod made a plain statement of fact, with Scotch straightforwardness, and the senior partner purred sympathetically.

"A difficult case—a very difficult case, my dear Lady Macimrod," he said at last; "yet you need not despair. In its more important details it coincides almost exactly with an affair which the Duchess of A—— has lately entrusted to my care. The duchess has only this moment left me; she came to me, with tears in her eyes, to say that her daughter was already on the high road to recovery, and that she had no longer any doubt as to the ultimate issue. This is, of course, entirely between ourselves; I rely on your secrecy in the matter."

He paused impressively, noticed that his client had swallowed the ducal bait with becoming eagerness, decided that the highest fees would be cheerfully paid, and crossed over to his desk.

"Pardon me," he resumed, turning the leaves of a vellum-bound volume with unobtrusive haste; "pardon me, but I must take down the details in my case-book. It may seem a little crude to set down these emotional difficulties in black and white, but it is necessary, very necessary. And, after all,"—with an engaging smile—"your physician would do exactly the same, would he not?"

Lady Macimrod acquiesced: the sentimental aspect of the proceeding did not trouble her, but the business-like, practical attitude of Mr. Bedivere Hart affected her very agreeably. Meanwhile the senior partner was

plying his quill, and murmuring like a brook in spring.

"Miss Ina Macimrod, eighteen, dark, sentimental—ah, *excessively* sentimental. Common-sense as yet undeveloped.' Common-sense, Lady Macimrod, is the one drug to which we pin our faith. Unhappily, though, it is not to be obtained at any chemist's, and in these romantic attachments we have to set a thief to catch a thief. 'In love with an artist—young, long wavy hair, eyes that ape the unfathomable; is to spend a few weeks in the same country house with her—paint portrait—country solitudes and after-dinner rambles in the garden imminent.' H'm, h'm. Quite so. Most exceptionally difficult circumstances. Will tax our resources to the utmost. H'm. Set a thief—"

"Now, what do you mean by that, Mr. Hart, if I may ask?" broke in his client.

The Whiteley of Matrimony beamed upon her.

"Just this, my dear lady: our only hope is to set another long-haired, poetic being in the path of true love, and let him wean the maiden's heart away. A more solid man would have no chance with so young and sentimental a girl. I have my eye upon a youth who will exactly meet all the requirements of the case; tall, slim, with an air of passionate tragedy, a soft touch on the violin, a sympathetic tenor voice, and an intimate knowledge of Swinburne and Shelley. Yes, yes; Mr. Eric Vandom is just the man for the part."

The well-defined eyebrows of Lady Macimrod arched themselves in ominous fashion; the corners of her hard mouth took an icy downward curve; her nose seemed to scent battle in the luxurious air of Mr. Bedivere Hart's private room.

"But, I fear—you see, I have had experience of *one* young man of that kind," she dropped parenthetically.

"And you are afraid that Mr. Vandom will—ah—"

"Precisely. If he does not win my daughter's heart, his coming will be useless; if he does succeed, who is to say that he will not take advantage of her innocence, just as the other one did? One can never trust a man with a tenor voice and a tragic air."

Mr. Hart robed himself in dignity.

"You forget, Lady Macimrod, that our firm could not exist for a month—for a day even—if it were not careful to choose men of unblemished credentials. Mr. Vandom is a 'Varsity man, of excellent family, and of undoubted gentility. Once he perceived that Miss Macimrod's affections had well set in his own direction, he would leave the house promptly and for ever; he would not commit himself, and he would be careful to leave no trace behind. Besides, he has—it is a *sine qua non* with all our staff—he has suffered irremediable blight; he has loved and lost, and has proved Shakespeare's dictum by the fact that he is at the present moment making a far larger income than he could have done, had he not loved."

The senior partner had merged his dignity into a conclusive, penetrating smile; and Lady Macimrod let her fears and her prudence drift away together.



"YOU MAY ABUSE HIM AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE" (p. 945).



"HE WAS FULFILLING THAT MISSION BEYOND WHAT WAS DEMANDED OF HIM" (p. 946).

"I will put the case into your hands, unreservedly," she said, rising.

Mr. Hart bowed with self-respecting gratitude.

"There is one other point," he said. "We prefer in these cases to have two strings to our bow, if possible. Would it suit your convenience that we should send down *two* of our staff to your place in Berkshire?"

"Certainly, if it were necessary; but—but I do not quite understand."

"Well, you see, supposing that Mr. Vandom should fail in his undertaking, there is still another way of escape open to us: we might contrive to steal the affections of Miss Macimrod's artist lover."

"Ah, yes; I had not thought of that!"

"As, on the other hand, our young men

are drawn from the ranks of the Universities and the county families, so our young ladies are all daughters of impecunious aristocrats. If, now, I were to send down to Berkshire a certain pretty Honourable, who is at present disengaged, she might work havoc on the feelings of Mr.—er"—with a glance at his case-book—"of Mr. Lavrene. Do you follow me?"

"Send her, by all means," responded Lady Macimrod.

Of course," murmured the senior partner, with the door in his hand—"of course you will be careful to warn your daughter against Mr. Eric Vandom?"

"Warn her *against* him?"

"Most certainly. A young girl never has any interest in a man who is not forbidden. It is a mere matter of policy—an innocent *ruse de guerre*. Can we rely on your co-operation?"

So Lady Macimrod descended the roomy stairs, and it was not until she was half way towards home that a cloud of regret obtruded itself upon the sky which Mr. Bedivere Hart had so successfully brightened for her.

"I suspect your tragedy young men," she murmured grimly; "but I cannot draw back now. And, after all, one is probably no worse than the other."

With which comforting reflection she sank back among the cushions of her carriage, and left Fate to work its will on her.

II.

THE first week of July had come, and Ferrine Court, Berkshire—Sir Cameron Macimrod's country house—was tenanted by three visitors who deserve mention, and a few others who do not.

Lady Macimrod, now that Mr. Eric Vandom had definitely become her guest, was growing more dubious than ever of the wisdom of her venture. The Hon. Gladys Mortimer, the pretty blonde who represented the second string to the bow of Messrs. Hart, Hymenard and Hart, caused little consternation to her hostess—rather the reverse, in fact, because, in the first place, her mission was to ensnare that worthless reprobate, Jack Lavrene; and, in the second place, her manners, her prefix, and her charming art of conversation all

rendered her a welcome addition to any company which had tied itself by the heels in the midst of country loneliness.

Yet Lady Macimrod, though she doubted her enterprise, was not the woman to meet failure half-way; she was resolved to fulfil her promise to Mr. Bedivere Hart, and to do everything in her power to aid and abet the professional suit of Eric Vandom.

"Ina," she said to her daughter, at an early hour of the day on which Mr. Vandom was to arrive, "I want you to walk round the garden with me. I have something to say to you."

"Yes, mother," responded Ina, with the air of one who knows what is coming and who is anxious to get it over.

"It is about Mr. Lavrene," began Lady Macimrod, taking the other's arm.

"Go on, mother," said Miss Macimrod, with a backward motion of the head that indicated rebellion. "You may abuse him as much as you like, and I shall just have to try and forgive you."

The mother smiled sweetly upon the daughter.

"My dear child, nothing is further from my thoughts. I have been thinking the matter over a good deal lately, and have come to the conclusion that it is not Mr. Lavrene's fault that he is so horribly poor. You care for him, and he is an exceptionally worthy young man in everything but income. Perhaps—well, dear, if you have really set your heart upon it, I will not make any objections."

Miss Ina Macimrod's eyes opened wide; then they clouded. She could not understand it at all, but the fact remained that her girlish ardour felt a sudden coldness run down its spine: the prospect of marrying Jack, which a few moments ago had been so enticing, now seemed to her oddly like a peach with the bloom rubbed off.

"That is very nice of you, mother," she observed, in unenthusiastic accents. "How dull it will be to be kissed without fear of rebuke!" she whispered to herself.

"But I do want to warn you, Ina, against a Mr. Vandom who is coming down here for a week or two."

Miss Macimrod promptly pushed Jack into a musty corner of her mind, and Mr. Vandom assumed the delicate hues of a new forbidden fruit. "Is he very, very bad?" she queried innocently.

"Yes, *very* bad. Your father, you know, is so apt to forget the character and look only at the surface. I think I had better tell Mr. Vandom—and, indeed, everybody—that you and Jack are definitely engaged."

"I wouldn't do that, mother dear," put in Miss Ina Macimrod quickly.

"But, really, Ina, I thought——"

"Yes, but we *are* young, aren't we, after all? And we might change. And—and—promise me you will keep it a secret for a little while longer!"

So Lady Macimrod, when she met her husband later in the day, was very well pleased with herself: she had taken Mr. Bedivere Hart's advice, and already it was bearing fruit. How could she have doubted the sagacity of that worthy man's scheme?

"I have good news, my dear," said Sir Cameron, in his hearty voice. "Dick has wired to say that his continental trip is postponed, and that he will be here by the 5.15 train. It will make all the difference to the old place, having the young rascal about."

Lady Macimrod's face fell; "the young rascal" was her only son, who had just completed his course at Oxford, and who was destined, in the maternal eye, to marry a duke's daughter at the least. She had congratulated herself that the lively and impressionable Dick was to be well out of the way of the pretty Honourable who was staying here; and now—well, she must hope for the best.

As it happened, Dick and Mr. Eric Vandom arrived together in the dog-cart; they had travelled down in the same railway-carriage, had learned each other's destination, and seemed to be already on the best of terms.

"I bar long hair, dad," said Dick to his father, in a stage aside, as they all stood in the hall. "But your latest *protégé* seems to be a rattling good sort: knows short slip from mid-on, anyhow, which these poetic beggars, nine out of ten, don't."

"Ah—certainly," murmured Sir Cameron nervously. Truth to tell, it went to the heart of the honest Scotchman to deceive his own son, and he bitterly regretted that he had connived at his wife's duplicity. But Sir Cameron was merely a husband, and he held his peace.

So Mr. Vandom, entering on his labours with conscientious promptitude, found his course a singularly tranquil one; his patient beamed large-eyed interest on him from the start, and he felt almost annoyed that he was to have no opportunity of drawing upon any but the elements of his art. A mere drawing-room ballad was sufficient to touch the heart of Ina Macimrod, and his Heine-Schubert battery, upon which he prided himself, was not called into requisition; then a few stanzas from the minor poets, which he regarded as preliminaries of a trifling kind, so moved her

that Swinburne and Shelley sank affrighted into the background.

"They might have sent down a junior for this kind of work," muttered the cutter-out to himself at the end of the third day. "I can leave in a couple of days at the outside. Of course, my cheque will be there all the same, but I wish there had been a little more professional interest in the case."

But that very night a scene had been enacted between Miss Macimrod and Jack Lavrene, which afforded the cutter-out an interest greater than he had sought. Jack had contrived to entice his lady-love into the garden after dinner, and he had been tender, tragic, and abusive in well-ordered succession; he had offered to release her from her engagement, and the prospect of losing him had restored to him much of his old-time glamour in the eyes of Ina Macimrod. She refused to give him up, and she allowed him to kiss her hand in the dusk of the copper-beech that overshadowed the terrace.

Hence it chanced that, when Eric Vandom returned on the morrow to his professional labours, he found the maiden cold, distant, and *distracte*; and Mr. Vandom felt a sudden heart-pang that had not any well-recognised connection with his duties.

"You were not like this yesterday," he blurted out, with unprofessional spontaneity.

Miss Macimrod's eyes became interested in the woodwork of the arbour in which they were sitting. "N—no; but yesterday was—yesterday," she said with maiden inconsequence.

"But you are you, whether it be to-day or yesterday," murmured the cutter-out softly.

"And you are you; I wish you were Ja—I mean——" said the girl, and dropped into confusion.

Eric Vandom tried to feel glad that the "case" was at last proving worthy of his steel; but instead, he felt insanely angry. "You have been playing with me, then?" he said abruptly. "Ja—with the dash—is—is your lover?"

"Who gave you the right to catechise me?" she flashed out.

"No one," he responded humbly. "I am a fool."

"Oh, no; not that!"

Then a pause ensued, which Miss Macimrod finally broke; the cutter-out had never felt so destitute of ideas since first he joined the staff of Hart, Hymenard and Hart. "I wonder what you are, really," the girl murmured dreamily; "you look so deliciously romantic. I believe—I believe—you are a poet."

Vandom smiled.

"Not quite that, though I am something of the kind."

Her eyes looked into his with frank curiosity.

"Fiction is my profession, you know—polite fiction," he added.

She clapped her hands excitedly.

"And you have written real, printed books? Do tell me what they are called, and I will make father get them down from Mudie's."

"I don't think I can tell you," murmured the cutter-out. "It is a secret."

Then Miss Macimrod remembered Jack, and she bethought her that she was exhibiting unmaidenly eagerness. Her eyes fell, and a rosy blush made free with all her face. Eric Vandom looked on the blush, and loved it; his hand went in quest of hers, and, somehow, it did not occur to either of them that such dulcet contact need be broken over soon. Nor did it strike the cutter-out that his feelings were too mixed to be strictly professional: he seemed to remember nothing of the mission that had brought him here, though, indeed, he was fulfilling that mission beyond what was demanded of him.

"What a soft little hand!" he murmured.

This was on Tuesday, and Ina Macimrod did not feel particularly anxious to look Jack in the face after the arbour scene. Her relief, therefore, was great when, on Friday, Jack came up to her with a sheepish air.

"Er—Ina—I have something to tell you," he stammered.

"Yes, Jack?"

"I—I—well, of course I'm a cad—but you seemed so keen on Vandom——"

"I'm not. I hate him!" put in Miss Macimrod, with untruthful vigour.

"You don't seem to, and you would never give me a chance of seeing you alone; and—well, I might as well tell you, and have done with it—I'm head over ears in love with the pretty Honourable."

The girl gave a sigh of relief.

"You—you don't mind so very much, do you, Ina? We can be friends all the same, can't we?"

"Yes, the best friends in the world, dear," assented Miss Macimrod cheerfully; "and I'm so glad you told me. I was wondering how to let you know—that Eric and I are——"

But Lady Macimrod broke into the conversation at this stage; and her daughter's sentence had to be finished, by proxy, at a later period of Mr. Eric Vandom's stay in Berkshire.

Now, whether there was some subtle quality in the atmosphere surrounding Sir



"I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU TO-MORROW IN PRIVATE, LADY MACIMROD" (p. 948).

Cameron Macimrod's country seat—a quality that emasculated the conscience and enfeebled professional ardour, I cannot say; but certain it is that the two members of the staff of Hart, Hymenard and Hart, who were at present enjoying the shelter of that hospitable roof, held sorrowful self-converse one night in the third week of July, in the solitude of their respective chambers.

"It seems beastly dishonourable, but I can't help it," muttered Eric Vandom, pacing up and down the floor; "if the firm *will* send me to play it low down on the dearest little girl that was ever made, the

firm must take the consequences. I declared I was broken-hearted, when I sent in my testimonials to Bedivere Hart, and I honestly thought I was. Well, I was mistaken—or, any rate, Ina has patched up the rents so prettily that the minutest eye could not perceive them."

He ceased his soliloquy, and traversed the space between the window and the door seven times; then he spoke, in a language that was neither of Swinburne nor Shelley, but was instinct with the vigour of a young Englishman in love. "I'm to leave just when I see happiness straight ahead of me, am I? Then

I won't! Hart, Hymenard and Hart can go to the dickens, and I'll propose to my darling to-morrow. It's a low profession, and I'll have no more of it; the stealing of hearts is just as much felony as the stealing of anything else."

Wherewith he tumbled into bed and slept with a quiet conscience.

The Hon. Gladys Mortimer, meanwhile, was standing at her window, watching a full moon play hide-and-seek with the shadows on the lawn.

"It may not be right," said the pretty blonde dreamily, "but love's conscience is highest after all. I ought to leave to-morrow—I have succeeded woefully with poor Mr. Lavrene—but how can I, when Dick Macimrod is so awfully, awfully in love with me? I shouldn't have allowed it, and I am a wretched little sinner; but what can one do when he kisses so sweetly?"

And Miss Mortimer, too, glided between the sheets, and slept with a feminine conscience.

And now it will, I think, be perfectly clear that there was something in the air of Ferrine Court, in the goodly county of Berkshire.

"I should like to see you to-morrow in private, Lady Macimrod," said Eric Vandom, as he held open the after-dinner door for his hostess.

"I should like a chat with you to-morrow, mother," said Dick Macimrod, when they joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

"It sounds like one of those horrid modern comedies," murmured Lady Macimrod, plaintively; "first one comes and whispers that he wants a confidential talk, and then another; and everybody will come out from different doors, and—yes, of course, my dear boy; can't you tell me now?"

"Well, yes, I can," said Dick constrainedly; "but you won't like it, you know, and—I want to put it off."

Lady Macimrod grew anxious. "You had better tell me now, Dick, under cover of the music. Come, confess!"

Dick shuffled his feet, glanced at his mother, then caught an encouraging beam from the eyes of the Hon. Gladys Mortimer. The encouraging beam nerved him to a task by no means easy. "I'm engaged to Miss Mortimer," he said, blushing crimson.

But his tremors proved to have less excuse than he had expected. Miss Mortimer had contrived to win her way into Lady Macimrod's heart, and "Honourable" was, after all, a very pretty title. So my lady affected severity and ended with congratulation.

"It is good to have Dick settled, after all,"

she said to her husband that night; "with his disposition, and his good looks, and his taking manners, we don't know what harpy he might have fallen a victim to. Mr. Vandom wants to see me in the morning, by the way; doubtless he considers his duties fulfilled, and I must say I think it time he was going. I don't want poor Ina to have more heartache at his departure than is absolutely necessary. Will you write out the cheque after breakfast, so that I can have it ready for him?"

"With pleasure, my dear," said Sir Cameron briskly. He was glad that this dubious love-professor was so soon to disappear from his neighbourhood.

Lady Macimrod went into the library the next morning, in excellent spirits, to meet Mr. Eric Vandom. The interview need not be detailed; suffice it to say that Mr. Vandom's hostess received a rude shock, and that she turned upon him like a lioness at bay.

"It is preposterous!" she cried. "It is an outrage upon all laws of hospitality, of honour, of—of chivalry!"

Eric Vandom bent his head. Then he looked up, and met the other's polemic gaze straight and fair. "It is all that," he said, "but—I am in love!"

"And you seem proud of your shame, Mr. Vandom?" put in his hostess bitterly.

"Upon my soul, Lady Macimrod, I am; I can't help it!"

A silence crept out of the corners of the room, and covered those twain as with a blanket of snow. In the midst of the silence a gentle tap sounded at the door, and a footman appeared; he carried a salver, and on the salver was a telegram addressed to Eric Vandom. The cutter-out opened it absently, with apologies to Lady Macimrod; he glanced at the scrawled message, and a sudden fire leapt into his face. He handed the telegram to his hostess.

"Read that!" he cried excitedly. "It sounds like a novel; but in sober fact I've had twenty thousand a year left me!"

"My dearest boy," murmured Lady Macimrod, as they went in search of Sir Cameron, "how happy Ina will be with you!"

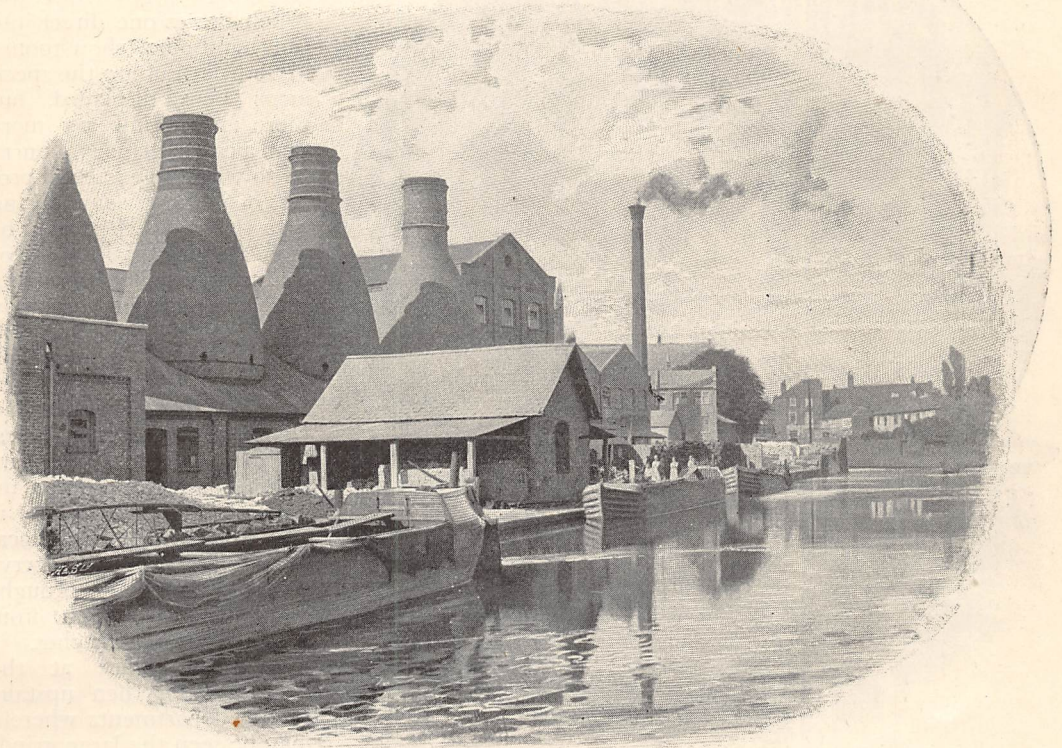
The firm of Hart, Hymenard and Hart has lost two invaluable members of its staff. But that cannot be helped. Someone always has to suffer in these cases, and Jack Lavrene shares the thankless office of scapegoat with the Whiteley of Matrimony.

But Lady Macimrod is entirely grateful for the assistance rendered to her by Mr. Bedivere Hart.

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

PORCELAIN : HOW IT IS MADE.

BY MARY SPENCER WARREN.



PART OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS, WORCESTER.



NE of the most interesting British manufactories it is possible to visit is that of a porcelain firm, so numerous, varied, interesting, and artistic are the processes. The oldest, and for beauty of production the most cele-

brated in England is the one known as the Royal Porcelain Works, Worcester. Nearly one hundred and fifty years ago it was founded by Dr. Wall, an artist, a physician, a chemist, and a university man of much celebrity. I need scarcely remind the average reader that the potter's art is very antique. We have drawings of various processes which date back nearly four thousand years—taken from tombs of the ancients, and evidence of beautiful work by the early Chinese, Japanese, and Romans. Mention of it is made in the Bible continually, the most explicit being in the eighteenth chapter of Jeremiah. The art, in fact, has been assiduously pursued at all periods of

the world's existence, flourishing exceedingly in the Middle Ages in Holland and France (with which later country the name of Palissy is indissolubly connected), and being brought to much perfection in Saxony and Italy.

Ancient pottery, as a study, is an extremely interesting one; and one celebrated writer graphically describes "the sensitive clay in the hands of the potter, exhibiting the most subtle expression of the actor's will, and presenting to us the mind and character of ancient peoples who have left no other trace behind."

Fascinating as this study may be, however, it is with the modern manufacture I now purpose dealing; and therefore, ask and obtain permission of the managing directors of the works I have already named, securing thereby an intellectual treat, an insight into the process from beginning to end, and a certain knowledge of materials used in the art. Such I will now endeavour to make my readers acquainted with.

The special production of these works is



THE POTTER'S WHEEL.

vitreous and ivory porcelain, the latter celebrated throughout the world; also there is the fine porcelain, terra-cotta, majolica, etc. The decorations are modelled and coloured golds, enamels, Oriental Renaissance, perforated, Raphaelesque, jewelled bronze, etc.

The Royal Porcelain Works are situated in close proximity to the picturesque old Cathedral, and occupy a large space of ground. Very little of the old building is left, the greater portion of what is seen having been erected since 1840, and the present company having very considerably enlarged and improved the premises. The photograph at the head of this paper shows only a portion of the works; no entire view can be obtained except from the summit of the Cathedral tower, and the great height of this of necessity dwarfs the size. Here you will notice the river, by means of which much of the material used is carried to the works; then some sheds backed by a portion of the works, and what would be to the uninitiated a series of queer-looking chimneys, but that are in reality kilns, the purpose of

which I shall presently explain.

The principal entrance is *via* some massive gates and across a large courtyard, which brings one direct into the handsome show-rooms. Most beautiful are the specimens here displayed, but there is no time for more than a casual glance: I hurry on to witness the actual process of making, commencing with the mill. Here may be seen the materials used for composition, these consisting of china stone and china clay from Cornwall, fire-clay from Broseley and Stourbridge, felspar from Sweden, marl and flint from Broseley and Dieppe, and calcined bones, both English and American. Chemicals are, of course, an important item. Thus it will be seen that no local material is used, nearly everything having to be brought long distances, even from South American ranches.

A brief glance at the engine-house, then upstairs to two departments wherein may be seen the large grinding pans at work; these, which thoroughly grind and mix every substance used,

are lined with hard stone, and have an upright shaft in the centre with radiating arms moving the runners or grinding stones. The materials are placed in these pans together with some cold water, the mill is then started, and kept running until every particle is reduced to the substance of thick cream. I may add that while some materials are ground in twelve hours, others take as much as six days. It is finally all put through a sieve of silk lawn, with about four thousand meshes to the square inch. This will give some idea of the great fineness which has to be obtained. The pans for preparing glaze are of just the same formation, the glaze being made from lead, stone, borax, etc.; these, however, are first put in a frit kiln, where they melt and emerge looking like solid pieces of glass; these then run direct into water and are ground, often taking ten days to secure the necessary finish.

In the clay shed may be seen a large amount of pulverised clay. Then comes the mixing or slip house; here the mixing pots receive from

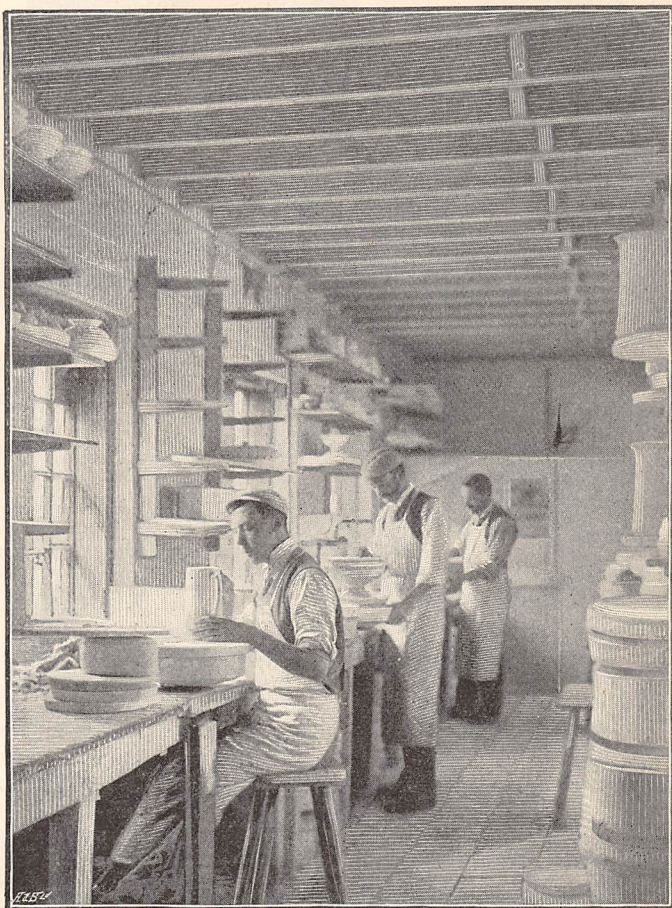
pumps the ground materials, which from the vats pass through machine-worked sieves. It is then pumped into the press, this being formed of a number of separate chambers, linen-lined; hydraulic pressure is brought to bear, which forces out the water, and leaves a paste of thick consistency. This is then put into a vault, where it is frequently beaten and turned about much as a baker treats dough.

Our second illustration shows the potter's wheel, used more especially for vases, cups, and bowls. This is the oldest mechanical contrivance used in the potter's art, and is a most fascinating performance; the clay is so plastic that cups and vases are formed before you can look round. The thrower receives from his assistant a lump of clay, places it upon the lathe at the head of the wheel, and presses it with his two hands. The circular movement causes the clay to rise in the form of a cone; this he then depresses, and allows it to again rise until ready for fashioning. This is done by inserting the thumb and finger of one hand, and moulding the shape with the other, the wheel all the time performing quick revolutions. Modern inventions have introduced steam for the motive power, but the action has to be regulated by the foot; with this exception, the apparatus is exactly the same as used by the ancient Egyptians. At one time *all* the hollow pieces were made on this wheel, but now many are made in moulds, so that the articles may be embossed with a minimum of labour. When the articles have left the moulds and the thrower respectively, they are then passed to the turner's hands, who fixes them upon his lathe, finishing the edge and feet, thus completing the form. Then they go to the handler, who has previously made his handles in moulds; he then fixes them to the cups or vases with liquid clay. The burning—to which I shall come presently—firmly unites the two; and it is said that the handle is really the strongest part of the article.

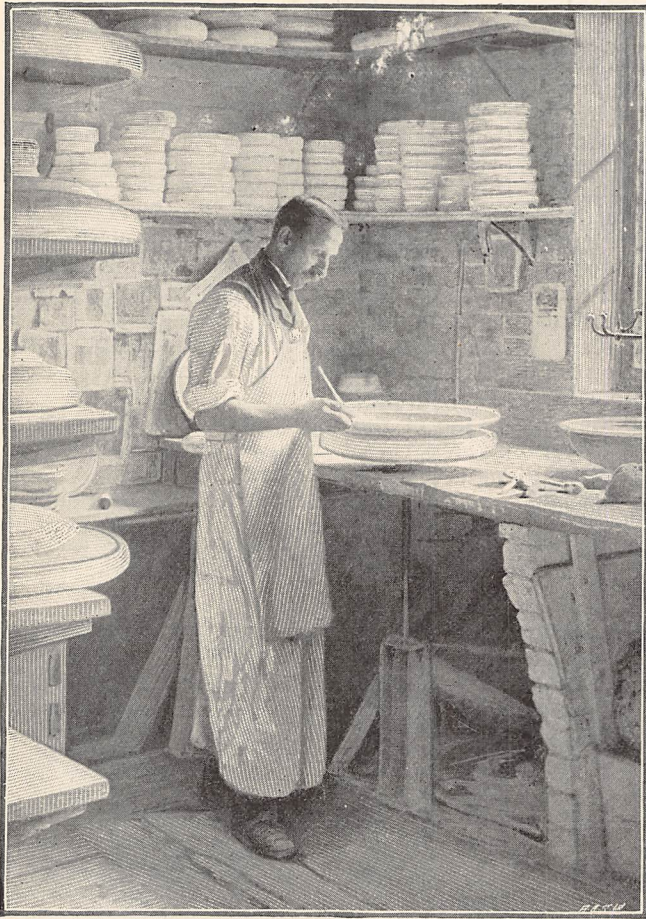
Now for a few words respecting plates and dishes, technically known as "flat pressing." For this process the clay is weighed, to insure accuracy of size and weight;

it is then beaten out into flat circles and placed on the plaster-of-Paris "form moulds," these latter in their turn being fixed on horizontal lathes. First the clay is firmly pressed with wet sponges while the lathe revolves; then a large knife is drawn across the surface (which keeps it from cracking in drying), then worked round the edges with a profile. It is now ready for the drying stove, into which it is placed, mould and all, the heat afterwards producing the separation. Covered dishes, basins, tureens, etc., are all made in moulds, to which they are carefully pressed with a wet sponge, the moisture allowing the clay in a short time to contract so that the piece can be easily taken out.

One of the most interesting departments, perhaps, is that of the casting or figure making; the modeller first building the figure, which is then cut into pieces to be moulded. Many of the more beautiful figures are cut up into as many as thirty pieces, *each separate part being put into a different mould*. I may



HANDLERS,



FLAT PRESSING : FORMING DISHES AND PLATES.

say that it is not a clay substance used in this process, but a liquid similar to cream in consistence ; this is poured into the moulds in the first place, and left to stand until sufficient of it has adhered, the remainder then being poured out again. In a few minutes it is sufficiently firm for the workmen to handle. Each separate piece is then arranged on a plaster slab, any superfluous clay trimmed from each one, and liquid applied to any parts where necessary. The parts are then re-fitted by means of the liquid slip until the entire figure is rebuilt, a camel's hair pencil being brought into requisition to clear the joins. The figure has then to be propped or built round with pieces of clay ; and it is ready for the oven. I may add that every figure must of necessity be made larger than the actual size required, as so much shrinkage takes place in the after processes. This, often ranging from fifteen to twenty-five per cent., is one of the greatest difficulties to be contended with.

It arises principally from the loss of water, and is greater in porcelain than in earthenware ; but it is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that with such skilled workers as are here employed the accurate judgment given by long practice considerably reduces any likelihood of error.

The various articles of which I have spoken are now ready for the baking, and are taken to the placing house, where are piles of seggars of every imaginable size and shape. They are entirely made of fire-clay, and are impervious to heat. Into these seggars the articles are put : cups and bowls in oval ones, ranged on china rings to keep them straight ; and plates and dishes in flat ones, each in its own bed made of carefully prepared ground flint. The seggars are now filled, and are placed in the ovens in piles one above each other ; this must be very carefully done in order to keep the pressure perfectly even, as the slightest irregularity, when the oven is highly heated, might cause an entire pile to topple over, and so entail a great amount of damage and loss. These kilns—the exteriors of which are seen in our first illustration—seem to be of just the same formation now as they were centuries ago, presenting a

sort of enlarged bee-hive appearance ; they are constructed entirely of fire-bricks, with several exterior strong bands of iron to prevent expansion when subject to great heat ; the interiors are about 14 feet in diameter. The majority of the kilns have eight huge exterior fireplaces, the flues of which from opposite directions lead directly into the oven. On the exterior may be also seen various apertures, known as "test holes," from which the fireman can draw test cups to judge of the progress of the fire. When the kilns are filled, these test holes are carefully stopped up, and the entrance to the kiln is built in, so that every possibility of cold air is altogether excluded. An oven takes on an average forty hours to fire, about two thousand degrees of heat being then secured ; it then takes about forty-eight hours to cool. The entire burning process per kiln consumes something like eight tons of coal. After the seggars are withdrawn from the kiln the

articles are termed "biscuit"; this is quite hard, but porous. The flint is then rubbed off the surface, and a careful examination made; then everything is taken direct to the dipping room, where may be seen a number of tubs containing the different sorts of glaze suitable to the articles which are presently to be dipped. This, on the face of it, is a very

as well as those in the drying room, are enveloped in white. Then they are all taken over to the department adjoining the glost, where they are again subject to a prolonged burning. This oven takes some sixteen hours to fire, and four hundred degrees of heat is the maximum. When the ware is taken out it is stored preparatory to decoration.



BISCUIT SCOURING.

simple process, but nevertheless it requires an experienced hand, as the work must be very evenly done.

The drying room is the next department, where the glaze is thoroughly dried on the ware. Here I noticed a number of girls were employed, working in an atmosphere reminding one of Rome in July. No one will wonder that they all looked pale and sickly; nor was I surprised to hear that very few could stand it for any length of time. When thoroughly dry, everything is taken to the trimming room for removal of any overplus of glaze; this is also done by women, who,

The decorating department is without doubt the most interesting of the entire works. Here you will see the painters at work on birds, insects, figures and landscapes, in addition to the general artistic embellishments. The first process consists of putting on the dull colours; these have to be burned in, then the ware is again worked upon and burned, coming out this time with far greater definition of the objects. The colours used are made from metallic oxides: copper giving green and black; iron, red; cobalt, blue; etc. The proper manipulation and correctness in drawing require very long practice, and in all

cases the painters commence training under special instructors at the age of fourteen.

Adjoining this department are the gilding rooms, where the beautiful and elaborate gold-work is all traced by hand. Here again a very special training is necessary. To better enable the artists in the obtainment of correct circles and exact finish, a mechanical apparatus is used, consisting of a stand with a revolving top, which, receiving the article, is carefully centred. The executant rests his hands upon this stand, and applying the gold-charged pencil, slowly turns the top round, which forms the edge in a most accurate manner. The gold supplied to the works has a curious appearance at first sight, looking much like

the one where the printing is done, and I may say this has been successfully carried out at the Worcester Works since 1756; the first productions being in crude form, and chiefly in cobalt blue. This is used more particularly for the common ware, and giving the outline of the patterns it saves much time and trouble in drawing, the colouring being done by other hands, chiefly women. The actual process of this is, that the pattern wanted is first of all engraved on a copper plate, which is then charged with oil and colour. Strips of tissue paper are then prepared with a solution of soft soap. In the photograph introduced on the opposite page you will notice the men at work at ordinary hand-etching printing presses; these print the aforesaid slips, which are then passed over to the women, who cut them out and place them in proper position on the ware, the porous nature of which absorbs the imprint in a few moments. When dried, they are immersed in water, and the paper stripped off. The articles are burned in the kilns in exactly the same way as other decorative work,



THE GILDING ROOM.

grains of brown coffee; it is chemically mixed with a little flux and quicksilver, then ground for thirty hours to render it in a fit state for use. Even then it has a dark inky-looking appearance, only showing its rich brightness after going through the enamel kiln. Special kilns are arranged for burning the colours and gold suitable for the glazed china on which the objects are worked, and a proper brightness is only obtained by a very correct burning operation. The principle of these kilns is very much the same as those used by goldsmiths, and the average time for burning is about six hours.

Another department well worth seeing is

and are then sent to the colouring department to be filled in. After the second burning they go to the burnishing room. On entrance here the gold-work is of a dull yellow colour, but is subjected to a cleansing process and burnishing by means of a bloodstone or agate, which gives the proper bright appearance. In the case of patterns chased upon the gold, a fine pointed agate is used to polish



THE PRINTING OR TRACING ROOM,

certain parts, leaving others to show a colour relief of dead gold.

The work is now practically finished. It remains only to send it into the warehouses, paper it and pack it, tubs being used for the latter purpose instead of cases. Thus I have described about eighteen different processes, which even the most ordinary ornamental ware must go through before presenting its proper appearance. Apart from the extreme interest attached to the various processes, I was particularly struck with the very evident superiority of all the people engaged on the works; and when one considers the really artistic and accurate knowledge required, it will at once be seen that the average "factory hand" would be entirely at a disadvantage here. The salaries given, too, are good; special skill is rewarded by quick promotion; and, above all, every employé is on good terms with employer.

I could easily lengthen this paper with a description of the wonderful contents of the various show rooms and the museum, consisting of magnificent tea and dessert services, vases and figures—all but matchless and practically priceless; but similar things may be seen in our national museums, so here I conclude my account of one of the most

interesting manufacturing works I have ever inspected.



THE DIPPING ROOM.

JENKINS OF THE 53RD.

(A FRAGMENT.)

BY JOHN FOSTER FRASER.



T was the hardest bit of marching we ever had.

A hot wind rolled like a mist across the desert, and our eyes and ears and throats were filled with sand. There wasn't a man who didn't curse.

The brown water we had was warm. It seemed our clothing worked up our backs, and stopped there. My tongue felt as though it were as big as an egg; my head throb- bly ached just as if there was an iron band about it, and all the time we had to push on over the soft sand, with the officers yelling us to keep the square, the camels screaming as only Soudanese camels can scream, and over-head the blaze of the scorch- ing African sun trying to set us on fire, while away up the baked rocks we could discern the dervishes skipping about and occasionally waving the green flag of the Prophet.

You've seen pictures of an army going into battle—the bands playing, the banners flutter- ing, the men marching in solid lines, the officers on careering horses, and with drawn swords!

Well, we didn't look anything like that. There was no band and no flag. We were all too mad with the heat to even keep step, and were scattered about like a lot of beaters at a coursing match. Most of us had our jackets open, and some of us stuck dirty red cotton handkerchiefs under the helmets to ward off the sun. And our clothes were torn and dusty, our boots were brown and hard; none of us had shaved for a month, and for the last three days there hadn't been a drop of water to wash in.

There was no talk about the glory of fight- ing. We didn't care a hang about victory, or England, or Queen. That's all right to tell folks at dinners they give us when we get home after the campaign.

Ward was fuming about a blister he had on his heel, and wondering why the hang- ment we couldn't form where we were, and let the Soudanese come to us.

Little Jenkins was in a funk.

"It's not as I'm thinkin' I'll be shot," he said, "but my knees are just as shaky as an old nag's. I'm blessed if I can go much further. Lor', I'd give a week's pay for a 'alf pint. Do you feel dizzy like, Fletcher?"

"Oh, dry up!" I said.

I was wild with the agony of marching, the blasts of sand that met us, the shouting, the cursing when the gun-carriages stuck!

"This 'ere fightin's a rum 'un," he added hoarsely. "Would yer rather be killed wi' a bullet or a spear, Fletcher?"

"I'm not goin' to be killed at all," I growled. "Look out!"

One of the mules appeared as if it had gone mad, for it began jumping and shrieking, and the whip only made it worse.

We knew the great mass of the enemy was about two miles ahead. We could see them bobbing about among the rocks.

Away on our right, over broken ground and burnt bushwood, were about fifty of them popping at us from behind boulders. But the shots fell short, although we were march- ing nearer them.

Soon there came a singing swish through the air. Every man who heard it ducked his head. We looked at each other and grimly smiled.

"That bloke ain't much of a shot," said Ward; "he fires too high."

Then there started more bullet whizzing.

"Open out men; confound you! why don't you open out," roared the colonel, who was following up behind the face of the square.

We scattered a bit, but not much. Every- body seemed to be in everybody else's way.

"What an ass to put us under fire like this!" someone shouted a little way down the line.

A bullet caught a camel in the rump. The brute tried to rear, but it couldn't. And then it tumbled. Its eyes flashed with fright as I had never seen a camel's eyes flash.

"I guess," said Jenkins, who was trembling, "it 'ud be best to get a wipe in the arm first. Then one 'ud be able to get inside th' ambu- lance."

"You beastly little shrimp," yelled Ward, who was on the other side; "d'ye want to skimp it?"

The bullets began dropping amongst us.

There's no use denying it; I was scared. It was a miserable sort of way playing at war. When I heard one of the men down the line groan as his cheek was torn up, and saw another tumble with his face downwards, and commence biting the sand when his thigh was ripped open it was difficult for me to breathe.

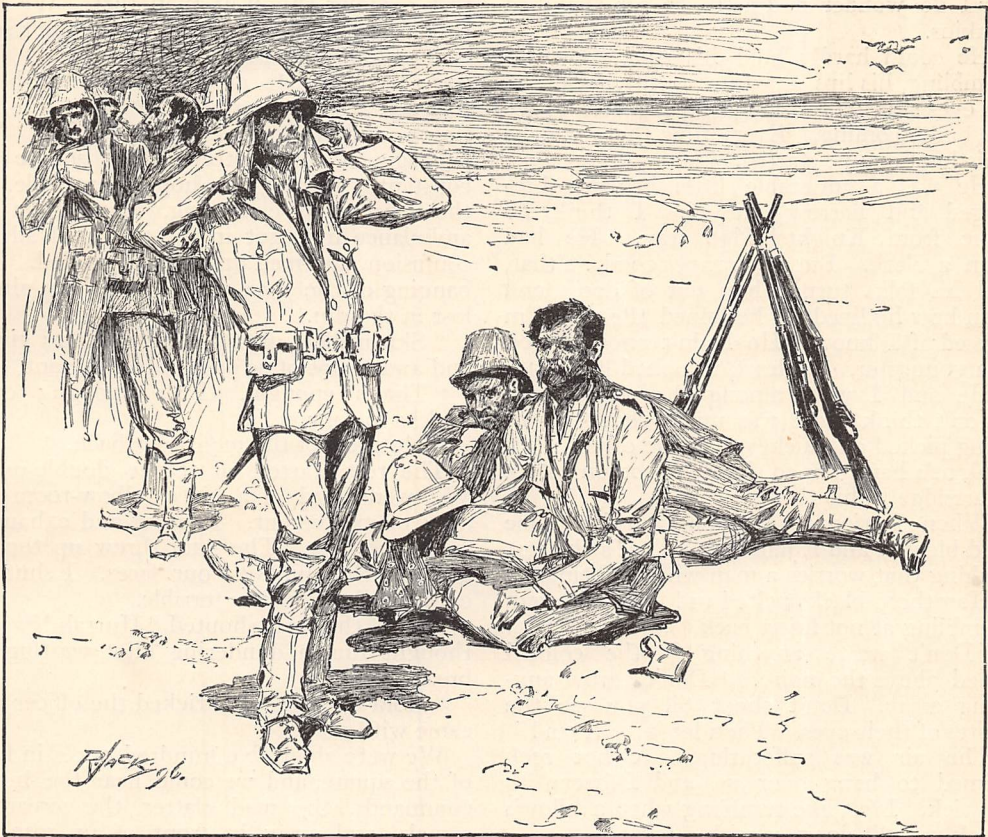
I never saw such excitement. The officers rushed about shouting until we didn't know what to do. Yet we kept moving forward over the hillocks of sand, our lips cracked, our eyes burning and glaring like balls of fire, swearing at one another, and all swearing at the cowardly niggers sheltering beyond the boulders.

"What time is it now at Knightsbridge?" asked Jenkins, his thin little face twitching.

Two of the men turned him over. He was dead.

All the perspiration seemed to jump out of me and I shivered. It just felt as if I had been knocked as weak as a kitten. There's no satisfaction being killed by a man you can't see. If I were going to be killed I would like to be close up to the chap.

Jenkins said nothing. But he kept turning round to see who had been struck. And all



"I WAS WILD WITH THE AGONY OF MARCHING."

"Same time as it is at London Bridge," I retorted with an oath.

"Look here, Fletcher, if I'm killed, will my name be put in the papers?"

"Shut up; you're too little to hit."

"'Cause," he said, "I've a gal who's a slavey, an—an—."

We both saw Ward double up. He had been hit in the stomach. He dropped his rifle and looked round as if he wanted to clutch hold of something. Then a terrible grin spread over his features and he began running like a drunken man. He hadn't gone more than four steps when down he flopped in a heap.

the while the sand was blowing over us in thin clouds, blinding us, choking us, driving us furious.

"Why the blazes can't we open fire?" one of the sergeants behind me muttered. "This ain't no fun!"

"Keep closer men, keep closer; confound you, keep closer!" roared the colonel.

"I thought 'e said we was to spread out a bit," grumbled Jenkins.

It was slow work getting forward. We were on the sandy plain, and the black fellows up in the rocks had a pretty big target.

I had always thought a man yelled when

he was ripped into with a bullet. He just groaned and cursed.

Lots of the shots fell short and knocked up little puffs of sand like clouds.

"Lord!" grunted Hempson, with the square chin, "hev I been struck?" There was a great tear across his shoulder. Somebody gave a tug at his jacket, and his grey flannel shirt was redder than a parade-tunic. "It doan't hurt; not a blamed bit."

Then he sat down and fainted.

"I do wonder if I'm to be hit," whined Jenkins.

He could hardly hold his rifle. He was trembling, his lips as white as his cheek, and his eyes shifting as though he expected to see the bullet coming. Every time there was the whistle of one he started.

He was a miserable little beggar, thin-legged and narrow-chested. I think he came from Knightsbridge way. He had been a clerk. But he was no good at that, and his folks turned him out of doors, and then how he lived till he joined the 53rd I'm blessed if I know. He hadn't enough food as a youngster. At least, it looked like that.

He and I were among the skirmishers. I don't think there was much chance of us being picked off quicker than the others; but Jenkins's hand was so shaky he couldn't stick a cartridge in his rifle.

When I tried to lodge a cartridge some sand blew in and it jammed. That's the sort of thing that worries a man when fighting.

How those blacks pelted us! We all began grumbling at not firing back.

"Don't waste anything!" the colonel yelled above the noise. "Don't throw anything away. Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes. Then let in to them!"

The air was suffocating. A hot reek seemed to hang over us, and I began to feel sick. I felt like tumbling when a fellow's cheek was slit down as with a sabre.

There was an awful row amongst the men with the machine guns. "Go on; pull up there!" and down came the thong on the mule, which would spring forward. "Hold hard, you fool; do you want to break the square?" and then the mule's head would be jerked.

"Fletcher," whined little Jenkins, "if I should be killed, you might—might let my gal know. She's a—a slavey, as lives in—Almighty!"

A bullet crashed through his helmet and went into a man's shoulder behind. Jenkins staggered as though he had been hit.

"That's a pretty narrow squeak. It's a good job you're a little un," I said, trying to laugh.

Jenkins did laugh; but rather strangely.

"That's your first taste of war," I added. "It'll put life into you like a gill of rum. You'll be all right when you get up to the blacks. You won't have time to funk it. You'll have to fight like the very devil. Buck up!"

He laughed again. And I don't think he trembled quite so much.

How terribly slow our advance was. It was a crawl. We were huddled together, first swaying this way, then that. We were tired, dirty, and bedraggled. We didn't seem to be taking much notice of the enemy. We were letting loose at one another with our tongues. There was the rattle of gun-carriages and the click of the rifles. The baggage in the centre of the square was constantly getting in a hopeless muddle, and the officers were fuming. And then the ambulance men got in the way, and all was confusion, and men dropping wounded. The banging of the guns up the rocks was almost lost in the din.

"Skirmishers out!" the order was given; and away a lot of us dashed to the front.

"That's enough! that's enough; come back, a lot of you!"

Only a few of the men went back.

The rest started off at the double-quick. We were glad of a bit of elbow-room and a bit of excitement. Panting and exhausted we pushed on. The sand threw up the hot glare of the sun into our faces. I shut my eyes, for the pain was terrible.

One of the men shouted "Hurrah!" We thought him a dundering idiot wasting his breath.

"Hold up a bit!" shrieked the officer who came with us.

We were about five hundred paces in front of the square, and we could hear the hoarse commands, the mad clatter, the screaming camels, and away in front of us rose the yells of the fanatical Soudanese calling on Allah to help in the slaying of the Infidels.

There was a strange stillness where we were: and the singing of the enemy, and the shouting of our men, and the pinging of the guns up the rocks only marked the stillness.

I could hear the hard breathing of little Jenkins, who was not more than five paces from me.

"Blown?" I asked.

"Rather!" he answered. "I wish those beggars would come out and let us 'ave a pop at 'em."

I looked at him. He was sprawling on his stomach in the sand, and holding his hand over the breech. His eyes were flaming, and his nostrils wide with excitement.

He had caught the war-fever. I had been wondering if he would.

"Frightened of being killed, Jenkins?" I asked.

"Killed be ——!"

His little body was shaking with eagerness. He was full of fight. His breathing was quick, not so much because of the exertion as thirst to come up with the blacks.

"Fletcher," said the officer to me, "I want you to go with six men along to that first lump of rock: get up it and see how the enemy are lying."

"Yes, sir."

"And if they're a good way off, wait till we come up. But if you're within range, double back."

"Yes, sir."

"Take me with you, Fletcher," said Jenkins, when I was looking down the line.

I took three of the men on each side.

The chief thing was to keep low and not offer too great a target. From the top of the rock one might see over the other great boulders that blocked the way to the enemy. They were drawing us on, evidently, for once the main body was amongst the rocks it would be impossible to keep the square. However, that wasn't my look out.

All the skirmishers started off again; but when we got about three hundred paces from the rock the majority squatted with ready rifle to cover the seven of us who went on.

It wasn't so easy edging forward. The sand was as soft as powder and as hot as fire. Somehow, although I loosened every button I could, my clothes were oppressively tight. I swore at being sent on to feel the way. There isn't any glory about it: only the chance of being killed a little earlier. The blood in my head was beating like a pump, and my tongue was as hard and as dry as leather. The one thing in all the world I then wanted was a good gulp at a quart of beer.

Some of the blacks up the rocks understood what we were up to, and we could see them jumping and dashing down to the main body to give warning.

"Shall I have a pot at them?" asked Jenkins, whose fingers were playing nervously with the trigger.

"No, you fool; keep quiet!" I bawled.

He lost all feeling of thirst and weariness. I've seen men like him before, but I've never seen such a wretched Knightsbridge clerk panting to get at the throat of the enemy, who could break his weak back before he could utter a curse.

"Let's do a rush for it before those chaps get down," I shouted.

I think those in the square must have wondered what we were doing. We scamp-ered along as fast as weary limbs would carry us. The arid desert breath brought with it the frenzied yelling of the Soudanese, and carried it away to our men. We were nearly a mile ahead of them, and Jenkins was tearing along like a maniac.

In the dash his helmet fell off. He did not stop to pick it up; but he ploughed on through the sand as though life itself were at the end of the race.

"You—you fool," I called to him. "You'll get the stroke," for he had only his red cotton handkerchief tied about his forehead.

He gave his head a slight turn. His thin, drawn face looked as if it were tied up in a knot. His lips were as tight as the doors of hell. All the blood seemed to have been knocked out of him, for the colour of his complexion was ashen. His eyes were protruding; fierce, angry, defiant, filled with hate. When a soldier gets in that state there's no stopping him.

It's not the brave men that score a victory. It's the mad men.

The war cries of the tumultuous throng away before us broke like a cannon roar upon our ears. The force of the Moslems was almost hid behind the rocks that studded the plain.

Up the sweep of the hill, however, there was a cluster, and they opened fire on us.

But we were scattered, crouching low, and speeding on swiftly, so that he must have been a good marksman who picked off any one of us.

I looked behind. The outstretched skirmishers were slowly following us up, and far away in the rear was the heaving, confused square.

The rugged, solitary heap of rock was not more than thirty yards from us when we saw a horde of the fanatics sweeping the side of the hill and coming in our direction as swift as the wind.

An oath burst from my lips.

"Let's go back, men," I panted. "It's no good. Every one of us will be cut down if we go on."

"Let us go on; let us go on," screamed Jenkins in a thin, excited voice.

I was about to reply when Bright, on the other side of me, was hit in the mouth with a bullet. For about three seconds he danced backwards, and then, when the red stream spurted from between his torn lips, he hung his head and reeled forward to the ground.

"That was a chance shot; I'll swear it was a chance shot," exclaimed Jenkins, becoming furious.

"Dry up, and don't talk like a fool!"

My eyes were filled with sand and were aching.

"They couldn't hit me like that; by heavens they couldn't"; and the little fellow with no helmet, his tunic loose and torn, his fingers clutching his gun in an iron grasp,

have liked to have hit him in the stomach with a butt-end, but he was dashing like one infuriated.

It was the wildest thing on earth to do. But we had to follow him, and all the time the bullets whistling about us.

There was no keeping pace with the idiot.



"'BULL'S-EYE!' HE SIGNALLED."

and his body shaking with the tremendous emotion that seized him, stood up under that maddening African sun and hissed, with frothy lips, defiance to the enemy.

"Back! back!" I insisted; and four of the men turned.

"Back! What's the good of going back now?" Jenkins screeched. "We can—can get to the top of the—of the rock afore the beggars get—get within a hundred yards of us. What's the good of going back?"

With a spring he was off before us. I would

Before we quite realised the awfulness of the position, he had clambered to the top of the rock waving the handkerchief he had been wearing on his head. A perfect shower of bullets whizzed about him, but he only laughed, and the rest of us crouched for an instant in the shelter of the boulders.

Another shot came tearing the air.

With his handkerchief Jenkins signalled, "Missed to the left!"

It was an awful sight, him standing there alone—exposed to a hundred guns.

Once more came the yell of the bullets.
 "Missed to the right!" signalled Jenkins.
 My heart stood still with wonder.
 Again came a volley. For a moment
 Jenkins endeavoured to steady himself.
 "Bull's eye," he signalled.
 Then he tottered and came rolling down
 the rough stones.
 I jumped to him where he lay with two
 bullets lodged in his breast.
 "You —— fool!" I shouted.
 All the animal hate had gone from his
 miserable face as he looked at me.
 "Lord!" he groaned. "I would like to
 'ave seen the fightin'. There's a gal as I

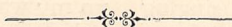
—I knows—who's a slavey, an'—an if—"
 he choked, and turned over on his face and
 died.

The rest of us started running back. And
 we did run! But we didn't run as fast as
 the wild Soudanese danced after us. It was
 a chase. None of our men dared fire for fear
 of killing us.

I could see the square closing up, and heard
 the shouting and the cursing, and all the
 time I knew the blacks were following right
 at our heels.

The whole world grew hazy just as I fell
 fainting in our lines.

Then the battle commenced.



HOW IT FEELS TO DIE FROM HUNGER.



N the winter time we often
 read the common phrases
 "dying of hunger,"
 "starved to death,"
 "perished of want."
 As a matter of fact, out
 of the five million in-
 habitants of London,
 some twenty-seven are
 annually destined to die
 of want of food sufficient

to keep body and soul together. Many times
 twenty-seven thousand, however, feel some
 of the pangs that precede actual death from
 hunger. But the great mass of the inhabitants
 of these islands never know, from one end of
 their lives to another, the meaning of the
 word hunger. The ordinary citizen, who is
 kept an hour or two waiting for luncheon or
 dinner, believes that the edge of his sharp
 appetite is hunger. It is nothing of the sort.
 The voracious craving for food, even for
 monkey or human flesh, which would excite
 nausea in ordinary life, comes only after the
 thirtieth hour of abstinence, and may continue
 until the third or fourth day. No one who
 has not fasted in health for a greater period
 than twenty-four hours knows the wistful
 longing for sustenance or the gnawing pains
 that constitute real hunger. Those who are
 young and strong might give themselves an
 object-lesson in the sufferings of too many of
 our English poor by abstaining from all food
 for a period of thirty hours.

A few years ago I had an opportunity of
 testing the sensations that accompany starva-
 tion. Needless to say, my experience of famine
 was involuntary. Having recently recovered

from an attack of jungle fever, I happened to
 be one of a small prospecting party in one
 of our tropical colonies. An unsurveyed tract
 of forest, almost unknown to white men, was
 the object of our journey. We started at
 dawn after an early breakfast, consisting of a
 cup of coffee and two or three bananas apiece,
 and a dry biscuit or a morsel of bread and
 jam. We took no food with us except a
 packet of sandwiches and a flask of whisky, as
 we expected to return to the native bungalow,
 whence we started in time for breakfast, at
 noon.

Our object was to ascend a wooded hill
 about 1,000 feet above us, take some observa-
 tions of the lie of the country, the course of
 the streams, and the character of the soil and
 the timber, leaving further observation to the
 next day. We started merrily enough. Con-
 fident of our knowledge of woodcraft, we
 never consulted the compass, but tramped
 steadily on. At 10 a.m. we sat down by a
 stream that bubbled down the slope, consumed
 our sandwiches, and finished the whisky. At
 10.30 a.m. we started again, glancing at the
 compass when it was too late. At noon we
 called a halt. The idea of our being lost was
 too ridiculous to be seriously entertained.
 One of us climbed the highest tree in sight.
 The report was not encouraging. We were
 lost. On leaving the bungalow at 6 a.m. we
 had travelled due north. Nothing was simpler
 than to travel due south. Accordingly we
 tramped southwards for four hours, and again
 called a halt. Another tree was ascended.
 The report of the look-out was the same—
 jungle in every direction. In another hour
 the sun would set; and there was no twilight.

At 5.30 p.m. it was time to prepare for the night we were destined to pass in the jungle. We were weary with a nine hours' tramp almost foodless. The jungle leeches were attacking every member of our little party, gorging themselves with the rare daintiness of white men's blood. By 6.10 p.m., the sun was set, and within a quarter of an hour we were in darkness. There was no want of water, so that the torment of thirst was not added to the hunger that began to devour us. Since dinner the previous day none of us had tasted more than a banana or two, a cup of coffee, a sandwich, and a little whisky and water. The weather was oppressively hot, but a shower of rain cooled our heated and wearied bodies. Wet through, we were unable to sleep, and passed the night singing and talking, affecting the good spirits we were far from feeling. The following is my diary for the next three days:—

6.30 a.m., 16th May.—Decided to walk southwards, as we must come to the sea within sixty miles. Aching painfully in every limb. No sleep. Cold and exhausted; a heavy gnawing pain in the regions of the belt. Started at 7 a.m. Walked or struggled through the dense bamboo and thorny undergrowth until noon, with frequent halts. 1 p.m. Have rested an hour. The leeches terrible. Their appetite voracious. Feeling weak and light-headed. Visions of roast beef and potatoes. Old dinner-parties, long forgotten, vividly present to the imagination. 6 p.m. Found an overhanging rock—decide to bivouac beneath it.

17th May, 7 a.m.—Some troubled sleep; phantoms of feasts of which one is about to partake, vanishing suddenly. The pain caused by unemployed gastric juice increasing; almost unbearable. I am weaker than the other two. I entreat them to leave me, and send help if they find it; they agree. They bring me bamboo leaves to chew.

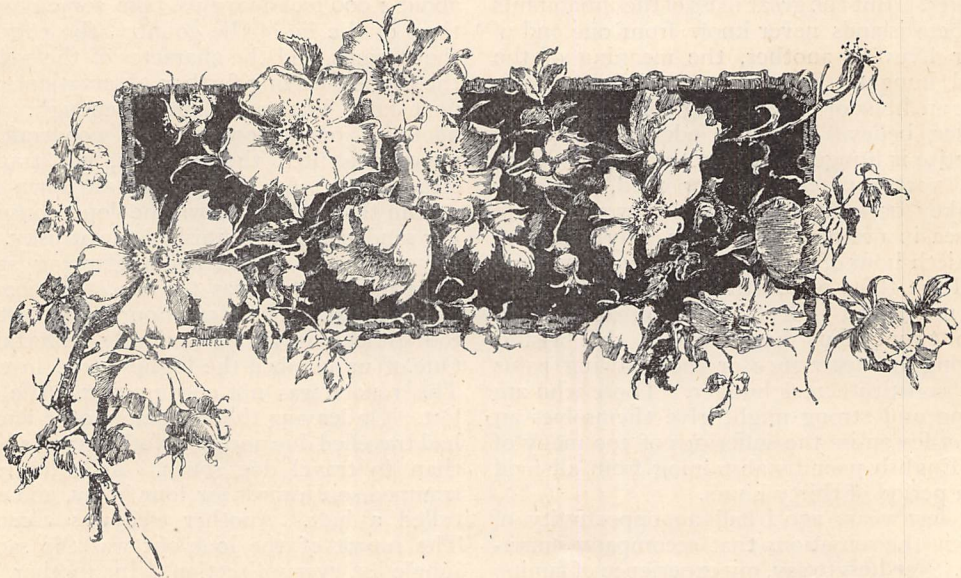
10 a.m., alone. The pain unbearable. Old scenes of childhood, so real, I lose myself. The leeches in my hair torment me. Darkness. The cries of jungle animals, monkeys, wild cat, and leopards. The night passed in alternate periods of maddening pain, frantic dreams—always of banquets and profusion of food and light.

18th May, 7 a.m.—To-morrow shall I wind up my watch? I stand up and fall down, and only long for death. Leeches on my face. I crush one with my teeth. He is full of my blood. Violent nausea. Tears, and a blank.

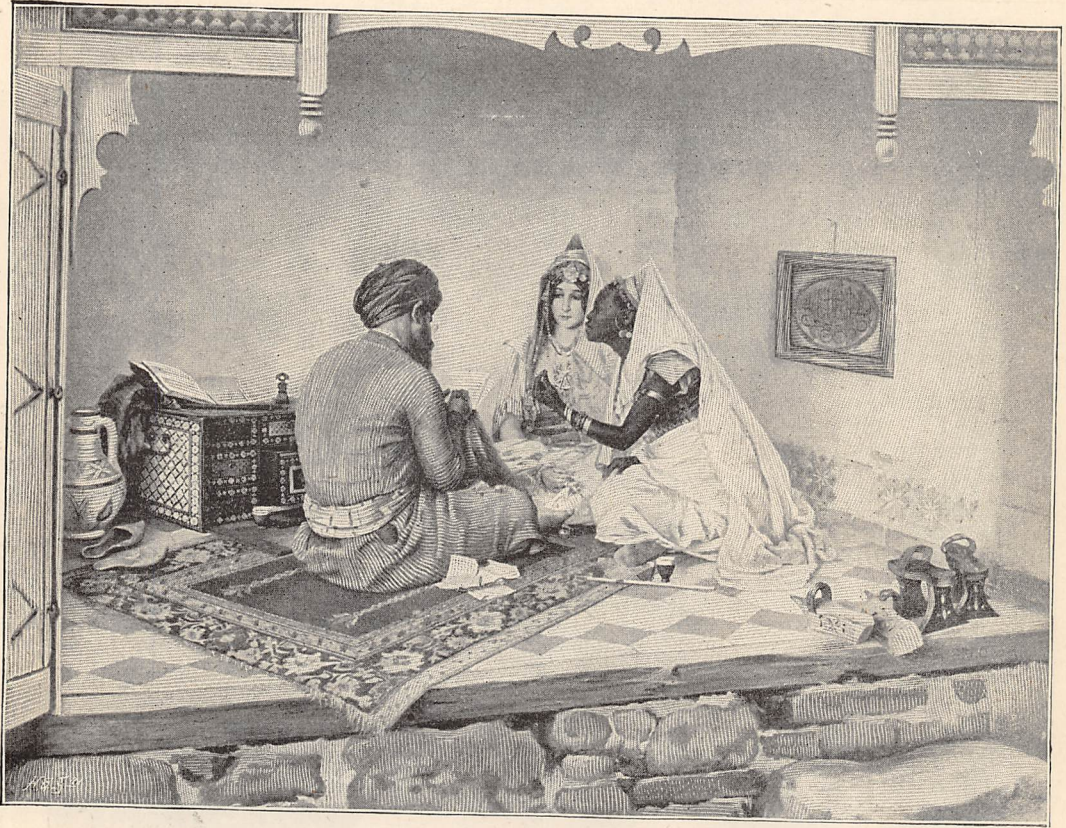
19th May.—I have a dim remembrance of being carried in a hammock, with a splitting headache, to a hut. Someone moistened my cracked lips with brandy. Rice-water and egg is placed in my mouth—I swallow. In a few minutes hunger returns.

For weeks afterwards I could digest nothing but the simplest food. The chief impression left on my mind was the justification hungry men may plead for stealing food. I would gladly have eaten my uncle. Hunger is a sordid thing—it kills the better nature. Judge no one hardly who really is hungry.

ARNOLD WHITE.

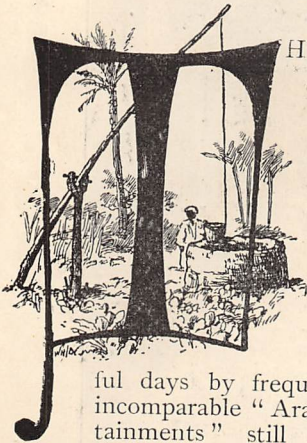


PICTURES OF THE ORIENT.



A LETTER WRITER.

(By F. M. Bredt. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)



THE East with its wealth of romance, its picturesque inhabitants, its delights of colour and natural beauties, possesses a fascination that is altogether unrivalled in Occidental imaginations. To the average mind, the air of gorgeous mystery generated in youthful days by frequent readings of the incomparable "Arabian Nights Entertainments" still lingers round that curiously compound region designated "The Orient." This has not been destroyed even in these days of rapid and convenient methods of travel, with the consequent exposures of the actual conditions of Oriental life published by competent and trustworthy

—to say nothing of the incompetent—travellers and tourists. The abuse lavished upon the unspeakable Turk, the turmoil and strife associated with the ever-present "Eastern Question," and the hard facts of Moslem misrule have not eliminated the associations of picturesqueness and languid placidity connected with the life of the turbaned Mussulman. Although we have heard time after time of the filthiness of the streets of Stamboul we still involuntarily think of the glittering minarets, "the sacred harem's silent tower," the beautiful gardens on the Bosphorus shores, the joy and song pictured by "Childe Harold."

A mere mention of Bagdad, or the sight of a picture such as that by Herr Bredt on p. 964, is sufficient to call forth visions of Haroun-al-Raschid, genies, gins, remarkable barbers, and marvellous palaces which, altogether unreal and unlikely as we know them to be, are none the less delightful to entertain. We again hear the murmurings of Scheherazade



AN ARABIAN LADY BOATING.
(By F. M. Bredt. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

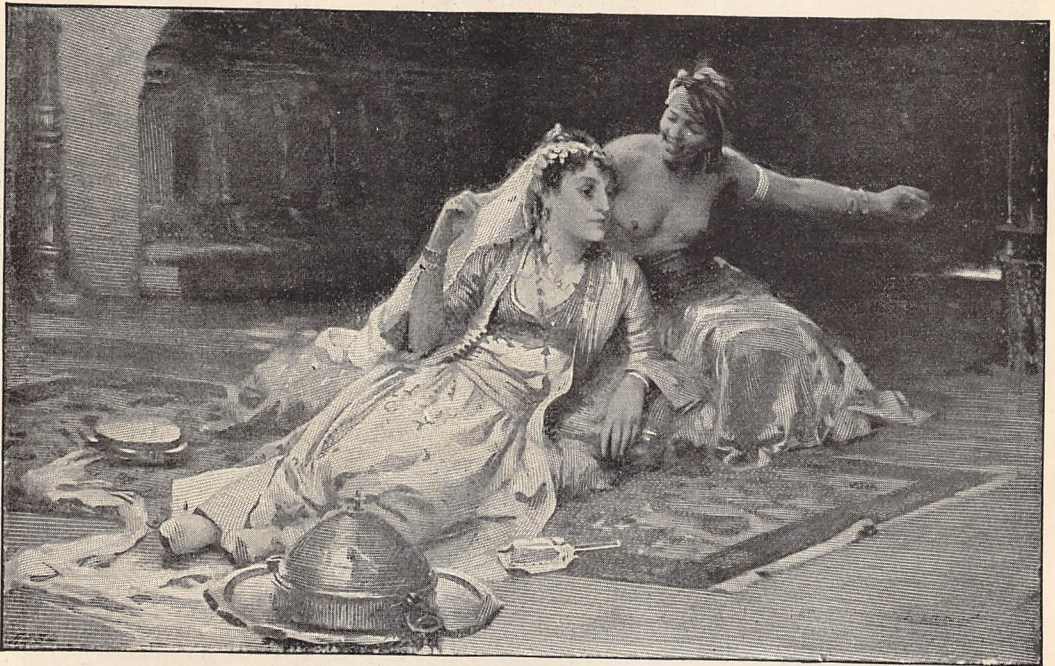
as she relates her charming stories to the despotic Schah-riar night after night, thereby earning the blessings of untold numbers of Arabian maidens, who might have been sacrificed to the cruelty of the bloodthirsty monarch.

And what shall be said of the charm of the Holy Land

"Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross"?

Surely imagination will ever people the land
with forms such as lived nearly two centuries

pictures with the deliberate intent of illustrating Bible stories, but will paint such scenes as he may find among the peasantry of to-day which unintentionally repeat incidents and groupings referred to in the sacred book. Thus, the women still take their pitchers to the wells to fetch water; they still sit and grind the corn between the stones of a hand-mill; the flocks are still taken to and from pasture as in the days of the patriarchs, with but little or no variation in the order of procedure or the costumes of the shepherds and herdsmen.



TALES OF FAIR CASHMERE. (By James Clark.)

ago. The advent of such a commonplace factor as a railway from Joppa to Jerusalem will never destroy the holy romance which envelopes Palestine.

"Where'er we tread 'tis haunted holy ground;
No earth of Thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muses' tales seem truly told."

The French artist, M. J. James Tissot, has shown us that we are justified in this fancy, for has he not illustrated the life of Christ in a wonderful series of drawings, based entirely upon sketches made in "The Land of the Book" but a few short years ago?

Mr. James Clark, the painter of the picture reproduced above, is now in Palestine with a similar object in view: except that, unlike M. Tissot, he is not going to compose

Mr. Clark has been to Palestine before, so knows that he is sure to find what he seeks. He came under the spell of the East long before he turned his attention to painting; for his father, who had spent many years in India, used to relate the glories of the country to his children in his house at West Hartlepool, which lingered in the mind of the one son at all events. After passing through a two years course of study at South Kensington, Mr. Clark went to Paris and worked under MM. Bonnat and Gérôme—the latter himself being a painter of Eastern subjects of great repute. Another couple of years were passed here, and then the artist returned to England, and devoted himself for a time to portrait-painting before he turned to Eastern scenes. He began with distinctly scriptural

subjects, but—as a matter of course—found great difficulty in getting local touch and colour, and hence his visit to Palestine. Once having yielded to the fascination of the East, he has not been able to shake it off, and since then he has painted but few other than Eastern scenes. The picture we reproduce is one of several which Mr. Clark frankly confesses are purely of an imaginary Orient. It is the east of “Lalla Rookh”—very charming but non-existent. Just as Moore built

up his romance by reading all available books on India and its people—he never visited the country—so there are many artists who paint pictures of this kind “out of their own heads”—to use a homely phrase. Plenty of models are available in London, and of course accessories are easily obtainable. This fair Circassian and her attendant negress are both painted from Metropolitan models, and have figured in several of Mr. Clark's canvases.

Let us turn now to Egypt, that land of



THE DOUBTFUL COIN. (From the Painting by J. F. Lewis, R.A., in the possession of the Birmingham Art Gallery.)

mystery *par excellence*, which fascinates the attention of artists and savants of all civilised nations; the home of that wonderful people who built the mighty pyramids; whose sculptors carved that wonder of all subsequent nations, the sphinx—to say nothing of the colossal portraits of its rulers; whose records are engraved on stone in such a manner that it is only in comparatively recent times that their wondrous stories have been revealed; who built along the banks of the Nile—

“Those ruin'd shrines and towers that
seem

The relics of a splendid dream.”

The people themselves have disappeared, but their mark on the world's history is indelibly graven on the rock, and nations which enjoy the developments of the centuries' experience stand aghast in contemplation of the mighty works wrought by these old-world inhabitants of Egypt.

Modern artists in large numbers have yielded to the spell, and travelled to “Egypt's palmy groves” to depict those monuments of by-gone days, and have found much matter beside for the employment of their skill among the present-day occupants of the land of the Pharaohs. Mohammedanism has supplanted the mysteries of the ancient worship, and standing still while the remainder of the people of the world has progressed lives the life of hundreds of years ago in total unconcern of the bustle and strife of modern existence. True it is but that of yesterday compared with that of the days when the pyramids were building; but it is sufficiently of the old-world flavour to interest us who are ever advancing in civilised methods and luxuries.

Among the first of English artists to discover the artistic possibilities of Egypt was J. F. Lewis, R.A., who years ago went out and painted the works which made him famous. The picture we reproduce on p. 966, is a typical example of his style and methods. It represents a Cairene shopkeeper testing the coin which has been tendered by the customer standing by.

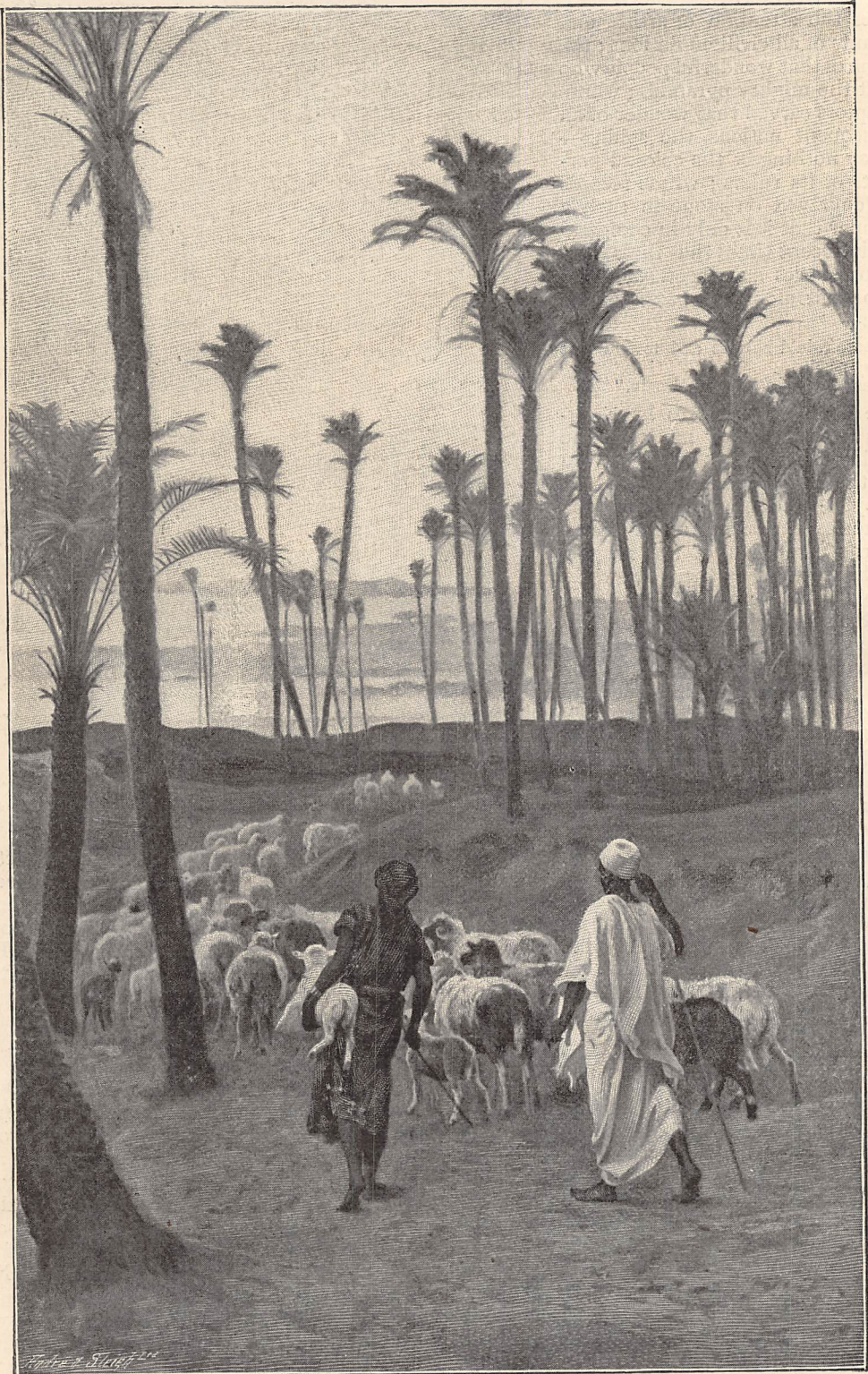
The veteran Royal Academician, Mr. Frederick Goodall, who occupies the premier position of English painters of Oriental subjects, first visited Egypt in the winter of 1858, staying out there until the spring of the



THE MISSING WORD. (By W. C. Horsley.)

following year was well advanced. But this was not until he had been painting for some years—he exhibited his first picture at the Academy in 1839, and was elected an Associate in 1853—his subjects being scenes of old English life. Mr. Goodall tells me that he was led to visit the East through the influence of David Roberts, R.A., who had brought back from Palestine and Egypt those beautiful sketches of Eastern architecture and landscape upon which his fame will rest. That was long before the “English occupation” was dreamed of, and when travelling was a far different matter from journeying to-day. Mr. Goodall went at once away into the interior, living among the Bedouins upon the very borders of the desert, and he made it his object to paint these interesting people in their wild picturesque-ness, together with the native proper of the agricultural districts on the banks of the Nile.

A visit to Mr. Goodall's studio is an interesting experience. Its walls are covered with sketches full of vitality, representing nearly every phase of Bedouin and pastoral life of the country. As the artist says, it was



THE PALM GROVE. (By F. Goodall, R.A.)



FATMÉ.

(By N. Sichel. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

necessary for him to be a landscape, figure, and animal painter, and his pictorial records are sufficient to show that he excelled in each branch. The wealth of colour, atmospheric transparency, and gorgeous sky effects, had a great charm for him, and for forty years he has found sufficient material in his sketches for each recurring Academy exhibition, and yet they are by no means exhausted. The picture of "The Palm Grove," with its brilliant sunset glow behind the trees, and its shepherds driving the sheep from pasture, is one of his most recent works, and a most successful piece of colouring. It will be remembered that in this year's Academy Mr. Goodall had a picture of Beachy Head, and he told me that he painted this to show that, in spite of having revelled in all the brilliant colourings of Eastern sky and landscape, he could yet appreciate and express the sober greys of a clouded English landscape.

Mr. Walter C. Horsley—son of Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A.—finds his delight in the ancient city of Cairo, and has for many years past in this respect followed in the footsteps of J. F. Lewis by presenting us with pictures of the life lived in the Arab quarter of the Mameluke city. He, too, has a curious story to tell as to how he came under the spell of the East. His early tastes were all for military pictures, and it was through his skill in this direction that led to his first going Eastwards. Miss Thompson—now Lady Butler—happened to see some of his military sketches, and advised him to take them to the *Graphic*. The young student—he was then attending the Academy schools

—was rather shy of doing this, but on his adviser insisting upon his revealing his ability he took his drawings to Mr. Thomas, the genial art director of the *Graphic*. The result was a commission to go to India, in company with Mr. Johnson. He went, of course, and had got as far as Delhi when to their chagrin a telegram arrived, ordering one of them to go to Egypt at once. Neither

wanted to go, but each was willing to sacrifice himself to the other's pleasure, the result being that they decided to trust their fate to the spin of a coin. Fortune declared against Mr. Horsley—as he then thought—and to Egypt he went, and was conquered at once. That was in 1872, and again and again has he been since. He rented a charming old house right in the heart of the Arab quarter of Cairo, and with his neighbours for models has recorded the curious old-world manners and customs of the people which must of necessity soon

give place to the more prosaic and decidedly less picturesque life of the pushful European. The school scene on p. 967 is a representative work from his hand. Needless to say he is enthusiastic in his subject; he is a proficient Arabic scholar, and is as welcome to his Arab friends as they are to him.

The other pictures need but little reference. The two Eastern types by M. Sichel, a German artist, speak for themselves. He was one of the first of his countrymen to paint this style of picture, and was so successful that he now has many imitators.

ARTHUR FISH.



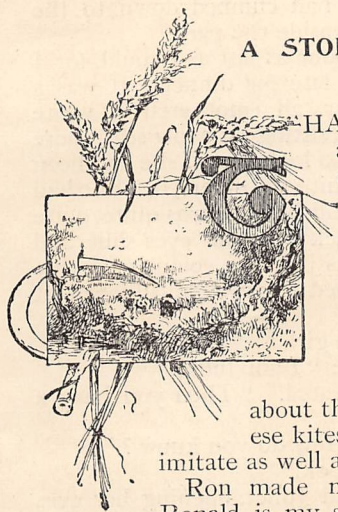
[Copyright 1894 by Photographische Gesellschaft.]

A MONTENEGRIN BEAUTY.

(By N. Sichel. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

YOUNG ROMEO:

A STORY FOR READERS WHO ARE STILL YOUNG.



THAT summer we had a rage for pilgrimages. We generally had a fresh rage every summer. The summer before we had a rage for kites; our uncle came back from Japan in the spring, and told us about the wonderful Japanese kites, which we tried to imitate as well as we could.

Ron made most of the kites. Ronald is my second brother, and he makes most of our things. When he has made them, Don tells us what to do with them.

Of course, Don is the eldest of us. He got a scholarship and went to Winchester the end of that summer, and since then we have had no more rages.

Ron still makes things, and Tim and Pat and I look on; but when Donald comes home for the holidays, he tells us what the men do at Winchester, and we try and do the same. It is grander than our old "rages," but not so amusing; and I'm very glad when Don lets me off cricket to spend the afternoon at the Hall, or when there's a nice wet day and I can read in peace.

Don likes reading, too; but he reads history, which seems a frightful waste of time in play hours, as you can do plenty of that in lesson time. I only like history when it is made up into poetry like "Chevy Chase," or "Lays of Ancient Rome," or "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury." Ron doesn't care for any books except useful ones—books which tell you how to make things, jolly things, like fireworks and invisible ink, and paste which sticks like old boots.

Tim and Pat never read anything except when they are obliged. They do exactly what Don tells them, and when Don isn't there they watch Ron till they are tired of it, and then they try who can put the other down. They are twins, and exactly the same size and weight, and they are always trying to see which is the stronger. I think they are equal, for when they have a tussle, sometimes Pat gets the uppermost and sometimes Tim. I told them so one day, but they wouldn't believe me, because they are two years older than I am; so I wanted Ron to

tell it them, because he's two years older than they are.

But Ron only called me a "cheeky little beggar," and "a young idiot besides."

"What do you want them to do?" he asked. "Why, if they settled the question they'd have nothing to think about, and might want to try experiments."

Ron is afraid of their trying experiments—they take his things and get him into rows, like when they got some of his acid on their hands and rubbed them on mother's new towels, and burnt them into large holes.

Mother didn't mind much; she doesn't care a great deal about those kind of things—she is quite different from other people's mothers.

She went to Girton and knows lots of Greek and Latin, and we all do our lessons with her. Mother taught Don till he went to Winchester, and father was so proud when Don got his scholarship.

He said it was all mother's doing, but I don't call that quite fair.

Mother is very nice for a woman, only I like men best.

We haven't any sister, and Don says we don't want one.

"What's the use of a girl?" he asked scornfully, when Dr. Quorn said it was a pity we hadn't a sister.

I like Dr. Quorn better than anyone, after father. He gave me my "Tales from Shakespeare," and lets me look at his books. Besides, he says things you don't expect.

"A girl might teach you manners," he said to Don.

"You don't think I'm equal to that part of their education?" said mother, half-laughing, but she had coloured a little, too.

"My dear lady!" said Dr. Quorn.

I like hearing big people talk, but it's rather dangerous sometimes. The next morning, when we were at breakfast, I stretched my arm across Tim to reach the mustard.

"Don't do that, Con," said mother. "I wish you'd learn better manners!"

"I would," I replied, "if I had anyone to teach me."

Mother looked surprised for a moment, then she coloured again, but her eye began to twinkle. I thought I had said something clever, and felt pleased with myself; but father was angry.

"That's not the way to answer your mother, Conrad. Go and stay in the school-room, till you learn to behave yourself."

So I lost half my breakfast, and we had hot scones that morning. Susan was just bringing them in as I went out of the room, and father had his eye on me, so I couldn't snatch one as I went out. They smelt so nice and steamy and buttery, with the delicious smell of new bread; but Tim and Pat both saved me one, so after all I got two scones, and mother only lets me have one; but then they were half cold, so that made up for it.

It was that very morning we went our pilgrimage to Ringlebury Park. We called it going on pilgrimage when we walked out on stilts. Don led, and of course I went last.

Ron made the stilts. I had found a picture of a man walking on stilts in one of Dr. Quorn's books, and then we started having them. As we got used to them Ron made them higher and higher, till at last they were so high we could look over the great wall of Ringlebury Park.

We knew there were deer in the park, but we had never seen them; the wall was smooth and high, and father had forbidden us to climb it. The Squire had quarrelled with father and hardly ever came to Ringlebury. Of course it was his fault and not father's, but father would have made friends in a minute if the Squire would have listened to him, but he wouldn't.

We began our pilgrimage by going through the village and leaving some grapes, which mother had sent to old Nurse Oliver. Old Nurse Oliver was bed-ridden and never came downstairs. Don, standing on his stilts, could just hand her up the grapes, through the upper window of her little cottage. Then we stilted right round Ringlebury Park, and saw a herd of deer, besides any amount of rabbits; and I'm sure I saw a fox, but the others wouldn't believe me. Then we passed the great iron gates, and the drive leading up to the house, and the stables, and the kitchen garden, and a shrubbery with an arbour in it. When we got near the arbour we saw something white moving about in it. Ron said it was only a newspaper which had been left there blowing about; Pat said he was sure it was a dog, but Tim thought it must be a sheep.

I thought it looked like the beginning of an adventure, and said so. But Don told me I was a little muff, and said we must be getting home. So we set off to the Rectory; but as soon as the others had got round the first turning I slipped back, and went and looked over the wall again.

The white thing was still in the arbour, but it was not moving. I rested my stilts against the wall and sat on the top of it, and watched. Then I saw some strong ivy boughs

growing up on the inside of the wall; and in half a shake I had climbed down to the bottom and stood inside the park.

I ran to the arbour as fast as I could, for I didn't want to be late for dinner. It was a pretty little arbour, all smothered in white roses, and inside it, sitting on a low seat, there was a little girl, who looked as if she had been made out of the white roses herself. She had on a white frock, and her face was quite, quite white. She lay back with her eyes shut, and her yellow hair was just the colour of a rose middle. She opened her eyes and looked at me. I said—

"You are a little girl."

"Yes," she said; "I am Juliet."

"Juliet?" I repeated. "Then you have a nurse?"

"Yes, I have. How do you know?"

"I read it in a book."

"Did you?" said Juliet, opening her eyes wider, and looking more interested. "Tell me about it."

"It's rather long, and will make me late for dinner, and then I shan't get any pudding."

"Do you care for pudding? I don't," said Juliet.

This was very interesting. At home everybody cared for pudding.

"What do you care for?—to eat, I mean."

"Nothing; I hate eating."

"Don't you get good things to eat? What do they give you?"

"Anything. Dr. Quorn says I'm to have anything I like."

"How scrumptious!"

"But I don't like anything."

"Oh, that's stuff, you know! You just try pancakes! Make them give you pancakes for dinner to-day."

"I think I will," said Juliet. "I'd forgotten pancakes. I forget all the nice things when they bother me to know what I'd like."

"I could tell you lots," I replied, as I began to climb up the wall.

"Are you going? Won't you ever come again?"

"I'll come back this afternoon, after lessons; and I'll bring the book, if you like—about Juliet and the nurse."

"No, don't bring books. I don't want a book; I've such heaps and heaps of books. I only want you."

"All right," I said; and as soon as I had finished my afternoon lessons I took my stilts and slipped back to Ringlebury. I wanted to know if Juliet had had pancakes for dinner.

I found her in the arbour; she didn't look quite so white as she had done in the morning; she had had a pancake for dinner and thought it rather nice. But she didn't care to run

about, so we sat in the arbour and talked. Then she asked me to tell her stories, and I told her she was to teach me manners.

She said she didn't know how. But I told her Dr. Quorn had said we wanted a sister to teach us manners; and, as we hadn't a sister, she would do instead. I wanted to learn manners, so as to keep out of rows.

Juliet didn't know anything about rows. She never had any, and that's rather dull; but she was very interested to hear about our rows. I explained that I didn't much mind cutting tea, as that was only a little row, but I couldn't cut lessons, or there would be a big row.

I told her everything I could think of, and Juliet said it was as good as a fairy tale; and before I went away she made me promise to come again to-morrow.

As I went home I wondered if I had learnt any manners that afternoon, and made up my mind to ask Dr. Quorn the next time I saw him.

After that I used to go to Ringlebury every afternoon. Don had just got his new bicycle and was learning to ride it, and the others used to watch him the whole time, and want to try riding it too. So nobody wanted me, and Don was glad to get rid of one of us.

I always found Juliet waiting for me in the arbour, and she used to clap her hands when I looked over the wall. I asked her once why she was always alone.

"I'm tired of big people, and I say, 'No, thank you,' when they offer to come. So my governess thinks I'm with nurse, and nurse thinks I'm with the nursery-maid, and the nursery-maid thinks I'm with my governess—but I like to be alone, or with you."

"What will you do when I don't come?" I asked.

Juliet turned quite pale. She had got a little colour by this time.

"I don't know what I should do," she said quietly. But, somehow, I felt frightened.

It was the very next day after this that I went as usual to the arbour, and Juliet was not there. I looked round about for her, and



"I AM JULIET."

W. RAINES

suddenly ran up against a tall man, who caught hold of me by the arm.

"What are you doing here?"

I didn't know what to say, so I said nothing.

"What's your name?"

"Montague."

"One of Dr. Montague's sons, at the Rectory?"

"Yes."

"Then you can take a message from me to your father—stay, though, I'll write it."

He took me up to the house, and through a glass door into the library, where he hurriedly wrote a few lines, directed them to father, and sent me off with a warning not to come back without an invitation.

I felt very scared, but I ran out, outside the park, and fetched away the stilts, which I had left against the wall, before going home and giving father the letter.

I don't think it was a nice letter. Mother read it, and was angry; and when she found I had been to Ringlebury Park without leave

she sent me off to bed before tea. But nobody knew how often I had been to Ringlebury, and I never said a word about Juliet.

The next morning mother asked me why I had gone into the park; but I wouldn't say anything, so she got tired of asking.

"Well, don't go there again, Con. Do you hear me?"

"What would you do if I did go there?" I asked.

"Oh, Con!" said mother, in such a tone. I was just going to promise I never would. But she suddenly changed her voice and said—

"If you disobey me, Conrad, I shall ask your father to whip you."

I thought that beastly unfair, as she had never asked father to whip any of the others; and I determined to go back to Ringlebury that very afternoon, in spite of everybody.

But I think mother spoke to Don, for just as I was slipping off he caught hold of me.

"Just you drop it—you gowk! I'm not going to have you sneaking off like that, you little cad! I wonder you aren't ashamed of being such a sneak."

I was used to being called a muff, an idiot, a duffer, and a gowk; but when Don called me a sneak, I knew I must have done something pretty bad.

I ran away and hid myself, and I cried.

For more than a week, Don kept such a watch on me, I could not have gone to Ringlebury if I had tried; and I heard nothing about Juliet, till Dr. Quorn came and called on mother.

"Isn't it sad about that poor little girl at Ringlebury?" he said. "I'm afraid we're going to lose her, after all. I know her father hasn't behaved well to you, but you'd pity him if you could see him now. He's wrapped up in the child."

"What's the matter with her?"

"It's an odd case. Something wrong with the digestion at first, I suppose. The child wouldn't eat or play, was like a little ghost—you might call it fading away."

"They brought her down to Ringlebury as a last chance; and three weeks ago she began to pick up, seemed to get a little appetite, and surprised them all by asking to have a pancake for her dinner. What fancies those sick children have! But she seemed to get

steadily better, till about ten days ago, when she took a sort of nervous turn, began to mope and cry, and frightened them all by saying she wanted the boy."

"Of course, there was no boy in the case—pure imagination, you know; but she does nothing but pine after this fancy play-fellow, though she can't even give him a name. She calls him 'the boy who came over the wall.' But, you know, no boy could climb over Ringlebury wall."

"Not without help, certainly," replied mother.

I said nothing till Dr. Quorn had left, and then I ran after him as he walked up our drive.

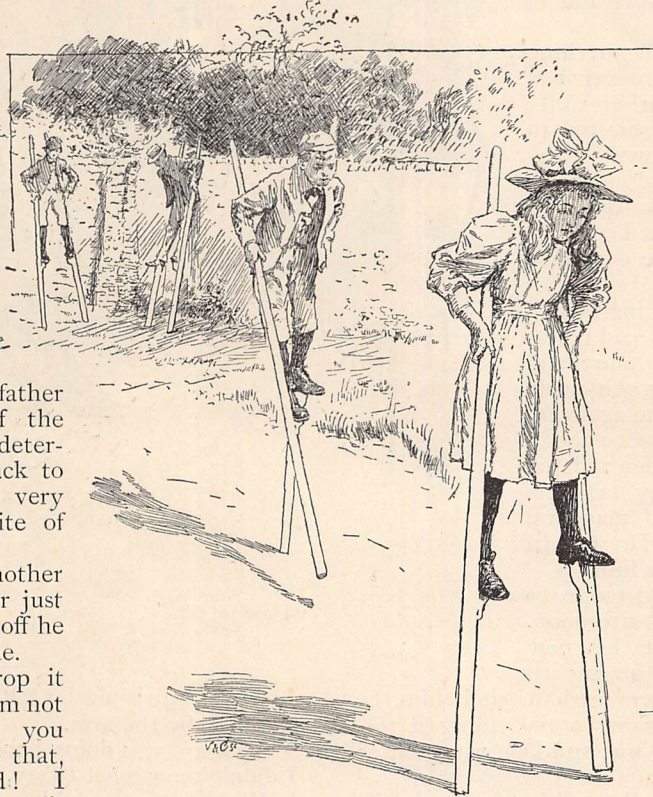
"Dr. Quorn, I am the boy," I said.

"You!"

"Yes. I got over the wall by my stilts. I used to play with Juliet every afternoon till Don stopped me."

"Well done, my young Romeo! And what business had you with Miss Juliet, I should like to know?"

"She was tired of big people, and wanted someone to play with, and I wanted a girl to



"WE HAVE TAUGHT JULIET TO STILT."

teach me manners. It's all your fault. You said we wanted a sister to teach us manners."

"So you thought Miss Juliet would do for a sister?"

"Yes."

"I shall see her to-day, and I'll tell her so."

"Take me with you."

Dr. Quorn shook his head.

"What would your father say?"

"I don't know. I don't care."

"Ah! but I do. Run home, Con, like a good boy. Do as you're bid, and I'll see if I can help you."

That very afternoon, in the middle of lessons, I heard father call me. I ran down into the study, and found him with Juliet's father.

They seemed quite friends again, for he was shaking hands with father, and thanking him for his kindness.

Father told me I was to go to Ringlebury at once.

"To see Juliet?" I asked.

"Yes," said father, "but you must remember she is very ill."

"She's not as ill as you think; but she wants *me*," I replied; and though he looked so unhappy, Juliet's father burst out laughing.

But it was true, for all that. Dr. Quorn said so himself, when he came in to see Juliet again and found us both laughing over the beef tea.

It was jolly good beef tea, too; and I was awfully hungry, for no one had remembered about my tea.

So when Juliet's nurse brought the beef tea, and Juliet wouldn't look at it, I said I'd take it myself.

It was good!

"You don't know what's what, Juliet," I said; so then she thought she'd try, and we finished the basin between us, taking the spoon turn and turn about.

You should have seen how the big people stared! and that was the first thing Juliet had eaten that day.

I stayed a whole week at Ringlebury, and did no lessons all the time. Father said he couldn't take me away, but mother was vexed at my being so idle, and said I should be quite spoilt.

But I wasn't.

Ringlebury was a dull place with nothing but grown-up people and servants, who moved about without making a noise, and said nothing but—

"Yes, sir."

"No, sir."

It's no wonder that Juliet nearly went melancholy mad.

It was jolly when I got home again, and jumped upon old Susan's back, and made her start, and she tried to box my ears, and cried out—

"I'll tell your Ma, Master Con!"

It seemed a little strange at tea-time, when I handed mother the kettle before she asked, and she said—

"I think your manners are improving, Con."

But I felt quite natural again when Don said,

"You needn't give yourself airs because you've been to Ringlebury. They only took you as a dose of medicine, after all!"

But Ringlebury isn't as dull as it used to be, now father and the Squire are friends again, and we can run about the park as much as we like.

We have made the old butler laugh, and we have taught Juliet to stilt—but we can't call her a gowk, or a muff, or a duffer, or an idiot (although she is younger than I am), because, you see, she is a girl.

So perhaps she is teaching us manners, though she said she didn't know how.



ECONOMICAL SAVOURY SOUFFLÉS.



FOR the details connected with the making of soufflés, reference should be made to a former number of this MAGAZINE.* To repeat them would take up half the space at my disposal.

There are many

soufflés of modern introduction, very elaborate in appearance, and most complicated in the mode of manufacture. To those who have never made a soufflé, such dishes would be impracticable; but by grasping thoroughly the principles laid down in the paper referred to, after a few experiments with soufflés of more moderate richness, and in the making of which less skill and trouble are involved, anyone of average intelligence should be able to turn out the highest-class dishes. Cold soufflés, sometimes iced, are a class

* "Simple Soufflés," CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, March, 1895, p. 269.

of themselves, and are not here dealt with. There are a few points about a soufflé worthy of remark. When nicely baked it is a most inviting-looking dish ; it can be quickly cooked ; a small amount of meat or fish goes a long way ; it is a welcome change from the usual run of dishes, and even from one recipe a number of others can be evolved. For example, veal, chicken, or rabbit may be employed similarly, varying the flavours as required.

It is very important that care in the little details be duly observed ; to ignore them here is to court failure literally. Then one is apt to blame the dish, and never venture on a second trial.

Oyster Soufflés.

This mixture may be baked as one moderate-sized dish, or it will serve for half-a-dozen small ones, and the latter are the easier to bake and serve successfully. Take half-a-dozen good-sized oysters, an ounce and a quarter of flour, the same of butter, a gill of milk and a spoonful over, the whites of two eggs, a whole yolk and half a second, and some seasoning. The flour and butter are stirred over the fire until blended, and the gill of milk added and boiled up. A little salt and cayenne, with a drop or two of anchovy essence, are required, and, off the fire, the yolks should be well blended after the extra spoonful of cold milk has been stirred in. The oysters, bearded, and cut in small pieces, and the strained liquor, are to be stirred in as soon as the mixture is taken from the fire. If time allows for the simmering of the beards in the liquor a short time beforehand, the flavour will be better ; it must be strained carefully. If much reduced, the original quantity must be made up with white fish stock. The whites must be very stiff ; they will cause failure unless they are. The moulds should be barely three-parts filled, and the oven must be moderately hot. From ten to fifteen minutes will be ample time. A sprinkling of brown bread-crumbs on the top, and a morsel of butter in the centre of each, should not be forgotten.

A variation of the above may be had by altering the flavour : a dust of nutmeg or spoonful of chopped parsley will be liked by some, and the soufflés are delicious steamed. They can be set in an ordinary potato-steamer over boiling water, which should be kept at a steady simmer only, and a sheet of greased paper must be laid over the top of the cases. Serve instantly.

Veal and Ham Soufflés.

Here you get a real dainty at a moderate cost. It may be served as an *entrée*. The

first thing is the preparation of the mushrooms. A couple of tablespoonfuls, measured after washing, drying, and pressing well from any moisture, then chopped extremely small, should be put in a stewpan with a quarter of an ounce of butter and a squeeze of lemon-juice, and simmered for ten minutes with frequent stirring. Then put by to cool. Two ounces of raw veal and half as much ham must then be prepared by scraping the meat free from skin, and sieving it. The yolks of two raw eggs are beaten up with it, and some seasoning : salt, pepper, cayenne, and a morsel of parsley, or in place of the latter use an eschalot, cooking it with the mushroom. It may be chopped up or put in whole, and removed after enough flavouring has been obtained, just as preferred. The next addition, for the order makes a great difference to the result, is a quarter of a pint of cream that has been well whipped, and a tablespoonful of any nice white sauce. The stiff whites of four eggs go in at last. The same directions for the cooking of the oyster soufflés apply here. You will notice that there is no "panada" for these, hence the delicate nature of the dish ; and let those who may for the moment feel inclined to grumble at the cost of the cream notice how small a quantity of meat is used. In fact, for a high-class dish, it is decidedly cheap.

A Plain Cheese Soufflé.

This is a good and cheap savoury dish. Those who are accustomed to the use of Parmesan need no reminder that it is *the* cheese for the purpose. Those who know it not should lose no time in making its acquaintance. The soufflé can, however, be made with any cheese that is dry enough to grate, Stilton, Gloucester, Cheshire, or Cheddar, for example, or half of either, with half Parmesan. Many think that the mixture ensures better results than the use of any cheese singly. For the dilution of the other materials, water or milk is used at the option of the cook, many giving the preference to water, as it is pretty generally considered that it makes a lighter soufflé. Take, then, a gill of either, or mix them, an ounce of butter, three-quarters of an ounce of flour, a teaspoonful of mignonette pepper, a hint of cayenne and salt ; the saltiness of the cheese must determine the exact amount of the latter, and if you care for the flavour, add a grate of nutmeg ; two ounces of grated cheese and three eggs make up the materials.

Melt the butter in a stewpan and fry the pepper in it. For the sake of the novice, let me add that the pepper referred to is nothing more than coarsely ground peppercorns,

obtainable through any good grocer. Then strain this butter into a second saucepan, as you want only the flavour of the pepper ; stir the sifted flour in and mix smoothly, then add the liquid and cook until the whole leaves the sides of the pan freely, never ceasing the stirring. This is called the "panada." Now, off the fire, beat in the yolks of eggs and the rest of the seasoning, and the cheese. The whites are to be whipped to a stiff froth, with a pinch of salt, and added when the mixture has cooled ; it should be only just warm. This is an important point, and so is the light but thorough incorporation of the whites. If put in with a heavy hand the soufflé will not rise. One of the yolks should be omitted ; a white more than a yolk, or in very large dishes two whites more, is a feature of a soufflé. Take care not to peep too early in the baking stage, and particularly avoid banging the oven door, or when you peep next there will probably be a hollow in the centre as if you had put your fist in it. Remember that should this happen, your soufflé will refuse to be coaxed up again, and flat it will remain. With very good luck this *may* rise to the top of the paper in baking, hence, you must be prepared for a little sinking on removal, owing to the action of the cold air ; but if properly baked, there will be far less sinking than there often is when too fierce a heat and too short a time in the oven are employed. Remove the paper very quickly, and slip the dish into the serviette, which should be warm, and so pinned that the dish will pass in easily.

Here is a dish that should commend itself by reason of its small cost. You must have good potatoes, and they must be baked in the skins.

Scrap Potato Soufflé

is its name. Assuming, then, that the tubers have been cooked by this, the mode *par excellence* for all such dishes, pass the inner portion carefully through a sieve and measure it. To half a pint, add the yolks of two eggs, an ounce of butter, and half a gill of milk ; the butter is to be melted in the milk, after it is brought to the boil. Add to the potatoes and beat hard, putting the yolks in when a little cool. Season liberally as for the cheese soufflé, with the addition of some chopped fresh herbs if obtainable, or some powdered dried ones.* The exact amount and the kind rests with you. From two to three table-spoonfuls of any underdone cold meat, chopped finely, goes in next ; some should be fat, or a little bacon or ham can be added, and in the words of an Irishwoman, if "some of the meat

* "Aromatic seasonings," a mixture of herbs and spices, is useful for all such dishes.

be game or poultry," all the better. And here is a hint worth the taking. Would you raise the dish to a high standard, although of so homely a foundation, drop in with a steady hand some anchovy essence, less than a quarter of a teaspoonful, and a suspicion of grated lemon-peel ; the veriest hint of garlic, obtained by rubbing your mixing bowl with a morsel, or putting in a few drops of garlic vinegar, raises it still higher above the commonplace. This is finished off as above, allowing an extra white of egg. It is soon baked, and the chances are that it will be soon eaten.

Such a dish as this loses half its value if alternatives are not enumerated. Space allows but a few only. Minus any meat at all, it is not to be despised, and with a spoonful of cooked onion or chives, minced to the smallest degree, it is very good. Again, any fish scraps, such as dried haddock, will give zest, and here the anchovy may be used more freely ; many other sauces and ketchups may be employed for the sake of variety. A spoonful or two of minced lobster and a little essence of shrimps will furnish a very tasty snack. A spoonful of any cheese, with a saltspoonful of pounded bay-leaf, and about the same amount of curry-powder, gives another admirable finish to the dish, and, of course, cheese alone will suggest itself.

The more sauce, the less milk, and only the condition of the potatoes can guide you to the right quantity of either. It is better to make several small ones where convenient, or in the case of a large one to test the mixture by baking a morsel ; but only the beginner need take trouble of this kind.

For small soufflés, the best way is to use the little paper cases, serving one to each person. They should be prepared by oiling them, using a small brush and a little pure salad-oil, and letting them dry on the plate-rack or in the oven. They must not be exposed to great heat, as after baking, they should be only a pale brown. Those who possess the little fire-proof china cases will, of course, use them in preference to the paper ones. They are now to be had in many pretty shapes.

In the case of so homely a dish as the scrap potato soufflé above detailed, a proper dish or tin is not a real necessity. Many cooks send such simple *plats* as these to table in a deep pie-dish ; should this be used, either pin a warm serviette round, or slip it into a pie-dish collar of any pretty colour. Never forget that with a plain dish of any sort the appearance is important. Daintily served, we have only to make believe very much, and our imagination will convert the snack into a richer and more costly one.

DEBORAH PLATTER.

HOME DRESSMAKING FOR NOVEMBER.



MATRON'S SILK BODICE.

"WHAT shall be done with the school-room now that the children are old enough to go to school?" This was the question which greeted my attentive ears at breakfast time one morning, and I eagerly asked that it might be delegated to our use for our dress-making parties; claiming the importance that they had assumed and the many pretty garments we had made and worn as excuse for so great a boon. Having won a promise in the

affirmative that it should in future be free for our use, as my married sister needs a new silk house bodice to wear at our dinner party next week, I claim your help for to-morrow." Thus wrote my girl friend; and to-day sees us all briskly cutting and stitching, with freedom from the careful protection of the carpet from strippings and cotton ends, and to-morrow will see the silk bodice well advanced towards completion.

It will be made like this sketch in black silk of a very good quality, and full vest or waistcoat of black and white check silk, the lining to be in black polonaise. It occurred to us that a very pretty trimming could be made for it by imitating the way the cloth out-door capes are trimmed; that is by stitching a band of a darker colour beneath the cape around the edge, and machining a pattern over it, then cutting away the cloth between the lines of stitching to show the dark material underneath. Therefore, having cut out the bodice and joined, pressed, and boned the seams of the back, we, before joining it to the fronts, embroidered the revers that turn back from the second front seams. Not being clever enough to transfer the design from the paper pattern to the silk; although we had been told that if we carefully pricked small holes close together along the drawn line, and then pinned the paper down on to the revers, and dusted powdered chalk over it, when lifted off the silk the white line would remain to indicate where we should paint the tracing with a tiny brush dipped in Chinese white. But we did it by a simpler method—tracing over the pattern, then cutting it close on the line, pinned it down to the revers and drew a chalk line on the silk all round the pattern. Beneath the revers we tacked a piece of white satin with the right side of the satin next to the black silk, and then embroidered the design with an outline of two rows of beads, one in steel and the other in jet, sewing

on each bead with a back stitch; when quite finished, with a sharp pair of scissors we cut away the silk, revealing the white satin in berry and leaf, veining these with lines of jet. The frills at the top of the sleeve we worked in a similar way, and in the centre of each square of the check silk vest we stitched a bead; this we thought rather a novel idea, and prided ourselves on the handsome effect. The edge of the pointed collar and the sleeves at the wrist we worked with steel beads in knots of three, and crusted over with jet a couple of silk-covered linen buttons to fasten the front strap at the waist. This bodice, which I must confess fits as well as though made by the dressmaker, will prove of good service, not only on the occasion of this dinner party, but worn with either her black crêpon, cashmere, or alpaca skirts at other times.

Our next piece of work will be one of the most ambitious we have yet attempted; it will be a winter's coat, and we have bought $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of double width cloth, ready shrunk; something of the homespun or rough surface class of make in a pretty shade of brown, and Silesia lining to line the body to a few inches below the waist, with striped tailor's lining for the sleeves—this is very smooth and glacé so that it may easily slip over the full sleeves of a bodice. Two of the girls will talk over and arrange the cutting out, as the pattern will have to be placed exactly on the right grain so that when seamed up it will set evenly on the figure, and each half of the coat cut exactly the same as the other half. When the seams have all been stitched, opened, and

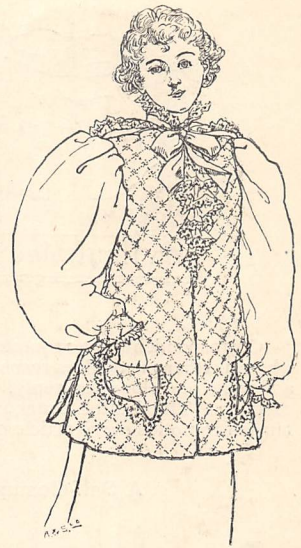


WINTER'S COAT.

damped, then pressed with a hot iron, they will be stitched each side of the seam on the right side, then the turnings cut away evenly and snipped at the waist and bound with narrow brown galloon. At the edge the hem will be turned up an inch all round and neatened with the galloon, also stitched in two rows half an inch apart. The fronts being double-breasted, the upper one only will be faced back to the width of the buttons, and a piece of tailor's canvas put between to give set and substance for working in the button-holes. At the neck we shall have one of the new stand-up collars, also interlined with canvas, and a detachable shoulder cape, faced with brown Surah silk, and fastened on the coat with two large buttons, cuffs and pockets completing our handsome garment, which we feel confident we shall make well and easily with the help of the thoughtful, industrious girls that go to make up our stitching party.

Not being willing that my birthday should pass unnoted, one of my friends has made and sent to me a cosy jacket, that will look well worn at the breakfast table, or when indulging in a chat over the bedroom fire after a party; in fact, I have even thought that it would look quite the right thing should I wear it as a "sortie" when going to a winter evening's entertainment at a friend's house. It is made in pink Viyella, so soft and pretty, and lined with a thin silky sateen tinted with pink, the edge of creamy yellow lace, and the quilting in white silk, but instead of the usual wool wadding she has used vegetable down, so beautifully light and warm, and in one or two little pleats of the cashmere inserted orris root powder to perfume the garment with a delicate odour as of violets. To make the large full sleeves quite warm they are

lined with white Viyella, but the wristbands are quilted and edged with a lace-trimmed frill. The jacket is semi-fitting, with one seam up the centre back left open six inches up, as also on the two side seams, and edged all round with a blue silk cord. When I remarked how evenly the lines of the quilting were stitched, she told me that they were all ready marked on the paper pattern, but that she had added the embroidered star in the corner of each square to give a more fanciful effect. A pretty bow of blue ribbon ties the lace-edged Viyella hood. To say that I admire the jacket is but mild praise of this dainty little present.



WADDLED MORNING JACKET.

BIZZIE BEE.

Paper patterns of the matron's bodice, with design traced, 6d. Also of the wadded jacket, 6d.; and pattern coat in first and second size, 1s. 1d. each. Address, BIZZIE BEE, c/o Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. Patterns will in all cases be sent with as little delay as possible, but an interval of two or three days is inevitable.

AMONGST FLOWERS, BEES, AND POULTRY.

NOVEMBER.

THIS is a dull month in the flower garden. A few starworts (asters) and tea roses may remain, but the great mass of bloom is over until March and April flowers again appear. November is, however, a month of work. It is the time of pruning fruit-trees, and partially lifting those making too much growth. Thoroughly trench all vacant ground to expose it to the kindly influence of frosts and rains. Plant and prune vines, and keep all growing crops clean. This is the time also for planting flowering shrubs, and I wish those who enjoy gay gardens would think of such charming flowering shrubs as *Philadelphus Lemoinei*, which is quite dwarf and smothered with white flowers in June, *Weigela Eva Rathke*, deep crimson, and almost continually in bloom from May until autumn, *Paul's double crimson Thorn*, *Cerasus Watereri*, a lovely double cherry, and many other things that could be named did space permit.

This is a splendid month for planting roses and tulips, and, indeed, all bulbs, such as crocuses, daffodils, and hyacinths, can be put in now, though October is a more suitable time. Take up dahlias, cannas, and all tender summer flowers that one wants to keep over the winter. Grow a few bulbs, such as daffodils, in pots, and none is better for the purpose than one called *Johnstoni Queen of Spain*.

POULTRY.—Many old fowls will not yet have got over their moulting. They moult later with age, and the process occupies a longer period each time. Take care that the birds have warm roosts, nourishing diet, and are fed under cover in damp, chilly weather. A little hemp seed at night, given with their grain, will be found very beneficial. It will stimulate egg-production. Remember that the winter management of poultry decides the question of profit or loss. During the cold winter months, when they cannot procure worms or insects, fowls should be supplied with small quantities of animal food, and the first meal in the day should consist of scalded meal mixed to the consistency of a crumbly paste, and given when warm.

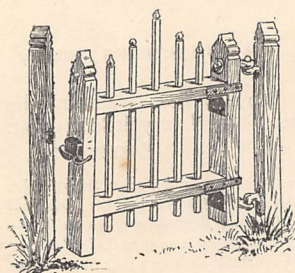
BEES.—Feeding up for winter should be completed by the beginning of the month. Put on extra quilts and coverings, leaving a passage over the tops of the frames so that the bees can pass from comb to comb. Contract entrances to hives and place a piece of camphor at the back of each. The bees must, during the winter months, be disturbed as little as possible. Make a general clearing up of the aviary towards the end of the month, and put everything in readiness for next season. See to the sale of honey and the manufacture of mead.

The GATHERER

An Illustrated record of Invention Discovery & Science

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in *THE GATHERER* may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Self-closing Gate.



The gate which we illustrate closes at once, and is therefore unlike the gates that swing backwards and forwards until the latch drops into a notch of the keeper on the gate-post. The latch in this new gate is shaped like an inverted U, and when the gate shuts it, it catches on the keeper which is held between the two ends of the U. The new latch can, of course, be applied to doors as well as gates.

Cold and Magnetism.

M. Raoul Pictet, who, with Cailletet, first liquefied oxygen in 1878, and opened a new line of research at extremely low temperatures, has been trying the effect of great cold on magnetism, and finds that artificial magnets grow stronger as they become colder. It has long been known that a magnet ceases to attract iron when it is heated to a cherry red, but it is still uncertain whether there is any limit to its strength at low temperatures.

Refining the Diamond.

As we have already stated in *THE GATHERER*, diamonds—that is to say, crystallised carbon—can be made in the laboratory, but the specimens hitherto produced by art are quite too small for purposes of ornament or industry. One might as well try to decorate one's self with ground glass as the tiny brilliants of the chemist. M. Moissan, of Paris, has been the most successful in making artificial diamonds, and his method is to heat carbon in an electric furnace, and allow white hot iron to absorb its vapours. On suddenly quenching the iron in cold mercury the carbon vapour condenses into crystals. Some of these crystals are spotted with black, like the "crapaud" diamonds of South Africa, and they are not very clear; but M. Moissan has recently given them a

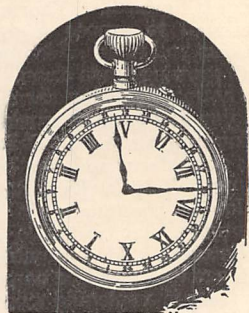
finer lustre and removed the black spots, which are only carbon, by heating the gem in oxygen gas to a temperature of rather less than that required to burn diamonds. The hot gas oxidises the black carbon and refines the crystal. M. Moissan has tried this method on natural stones from South Africa and found that it removes the black specks which tend so much to diminish their value. Therefore, his experiments are not without a certain practical consequence, but he is just as far as ever from making large diamonds.

A Remedy for Stings.

It is stated by a foreign scientific journal that the raw juice of the poppy applied to the sting of bees or wasps is a speedy cure, alleviating both the pain and inflammation. As the remedy is a simple one, it is certainly worth a trial.

A Decimal Watch.

It was part of the original scheme of the metric or decimal system of weights and measures to introduce the decimal method of reckoning time, and public clocks for the purpose were actually introduced into Paris and Toulon, but the great public preferred to have their time served out as they had been used to have it, and nothing came of the innovation. However, the decimal system is apparently destined to become universal, and when the nations agree on the matter our time will probably be reckoned in tens and tenths—that is to say, there will be ten hours to the day, and ten minutes to the hour. Meanwhile, decimal time is useful to men of science, especially astronomers, and M. Leroy, clockmaker to the French navy, has brought out a watch giving decimal time, which we illustrate, and, moreover, he has devised a dial plate giving decimal time, which can be attached to any watch when it is required.



The Sympalmograph.

Our readers are probably familiar with the fact that beautiful and complicated curves can be drawn automatically by a pencil at the end of two conjoined pendulums in full swing, as in the apparatus known as Tisley's harmonograph. Mr. Charles E. Benham has recently applied this device to the production of artificial iridescence or rainbow tints on glass and metals by substituting an engraving point for the pencil. When fine lines or striations are drawn very close together on a surface, they produce "interference" of light and rainbow colours, hence the brilliant hues of birds' feathers and the spectra of the "diffraction gratings" used in astronomy for analysing the light of the sun and stars. When a surface of glass has been engraved in this way by the sympalmograph, as Mr. Benham calls his apparatus, and exposed for a few moments to the fumes of hydrofluoric acid, a lovely iridescence is communicated, which vies with the changing tints of the opal or the decayed glass of our museums. Polished metals, such as nickel or steel, give similar effects, but in their case the polish must be as perfect as possible—in fact, what is known as "specular polish." The process is likely to be useful in the decorative arts, and it is capable of being applied to gems such as the diamond.—While upon this subject, we may add that the diamond, which has long held its own as the hardest mineral, must now give place to an artificial mineral prepared by M. Moissan, whose method of refining the diamond we have already referred to, in his electric furnace. This is a compound of boron and carbon, made by heating carbon with boric acid. It is black, with the lustre of black-lead, and cuts the diamond as easily as the diamond cuts glass.

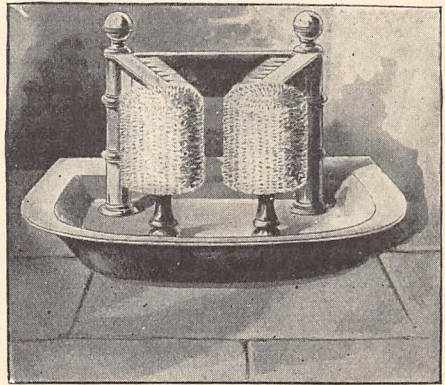
A New Red Glass.

A red glass which is clear and bright and opaque to all the blue rays of the spectrum down to those of wave-length 628, has been brought out in Germany. Hitherto, it has been difficult to get a pure red glass for optical and photographic purposes, that is to say, a glass capable of giving quite a non-actinic light.

Signals at Sea.

Those who have been to sea will have noticed how difficult it is to fix the position of a fog signal. The sound often seems to come from no particular place, at least, on one side of the vessel, and this vagueness of direction is a frequent cause of collisions. An ingenious Frenchman, however, recently attempted with fair success to fix the direction in which the sound is travelling, and the position of the signal, by means of the telephone and microphone. A sensitive microphone is placed at the bows, and another at the stern of the ship. Each is connected to a telephone, and the telephones are attached to the ears of the observer, who is isolated from every sound but that coming from them. The telephone of the bow microphone is at his right ear, let us say, and that of the stern microphone at his left. Now it is obvious that if the sound is coming from the direction of the bows the observer will first hear it through the bow microphone, and if it is coming from the stern he will first hear it through the stern microphone.

Again, should it proceed in a direction at right angles to the line of the ship he will hear it through both microphones at the same time. By a little practice he can tell the direction of the signal from the interval between the sound as heard through both microphones. Certainly his plan is the best that has been devised, and we hope it will be given a fair trial on the long ocean steamers. We also hear of a "secret signal" in the French navy which the sailors call "feu de ratière," or the rat-trap fire. No particulars of its nature are divulged, except that it enables a ship in the secret to discover a French man-of-war or squadron sailing with lights out on the darkest night, and that the rays which constitute the "feu" do not travel to the right or left, but only in front of the projecting apparatus. It cannot, therefore, be a method of telegraphing without wires after the manner described in a former GATHERER, nor can it be an application of the Röntgen rays, for these, at all events as they have been generated until now, do not penetrate the atmosphere very far. Perhaps some of our inventive readers will hit upon the true explanation.



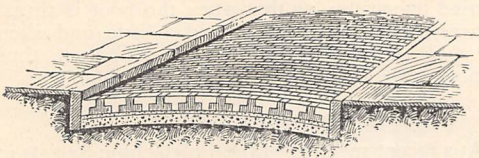
A New Boot Scraper.

The Arab shows his respect for a house by taking off his shoes on entering, and the modern Briton by scraping his boots. An efficient scraper is something of a boon in this wet land of ours, and that shown in the figure will recommend itself to ladies by its appearance as well as its action. It has the usual knife-edge scraper with a tray beneath, and in addition two brushes which are carried by springs, so that when the boot is thrust between them the brushes yield a little, and when the boot is withdrawn they press upon it, thus removing the dirt from it more thoroughly.

Purifying Wells.

At a recent meeting of the Polytechnic Society of Berlin Dr. Franck described a method of disinfecting wells, which has been tried successfully in the Rhineland. Heavy rains are apt to contaminate wells, and give rise to disease; but a well can be purified by suspending in its mouth an earthenware dish containing 50 to 100 grammes (750 to 1,500 grains) of bromine, which, being volatile in air, fills the well with vapour, and is absorbed by the water. The water acquires a slight flavour of bromine for a time, but is quite wholesome. We may also

mention here that ozone is now employed in purifying water for domestic purposes. Ozone is a condensed form of oxygen, and water being a combination of hydrogen and oxygen, it is sufficient to send a proper current of electricity through the water to separate the oxygen from the hydrogen, and produce a small percentage of ozone, which oxidises the organic matter in the water, and converts the ammonia and the nitrites into nitrates. The excess of oxygen in the water affects its taste, but this drawback disappears in a week or a fortnight. Hydrogen dioxide is also produced in the process, but this can be again decomposed by sending another current through the water from plates or electrodes of aluminium, so as to form aluminium hydroxide. The water is then filtered for use. *Apropos* of filters, some recent observations of Professor Lancaster's are worthy of attention. He declares that the ordinary filters in use do not clear the water from microbes. In order to do so with any effect, they would have to be boiled and sterilised every twenty-four hours. Nevertheless, they harbour colonies of harmless microbes, which, as is now known, kill the harmful ones, so that few or none of these are able to pass the filter. The film of "slime" which gathers on a filter bed is really a collection of harmless microbes which are inimical to the microbes of disease. In the animal system the white corpuscles of the blood destroy micro-organisms, and thus act as police. There is, therefore, a double safeguard against deadly microbes—namely, in the harmless ones and in the blood itself. Indeed, according to Professor Lancaster, it has been found that deadly or pathogenic microbes have no ill effects on the blood, unless the way is paved for them by another microbe. Thus a guinea-pig inoculated with the microbe of lockjaw is unaffected; but if it has been previously inoculated with the common microbe of putrefaction, it will die. Microbes found on rotten fruit act in this way as forerunners, and predispose the body to catch the infection of pathogenic microbes. Owing to the fact that the ordinary harmless microbes kill those of typhoid fever and cholera, impure river water may be more wholesome to drink when these diseases are prevalent than pure spring or distilled water, because it is swarming with the harmless organisms. Professor Lancaster sees no good ground for being "scared" at microbes, and probably as the subject is better understood the fears which have arisen in the public mind will be allayed.



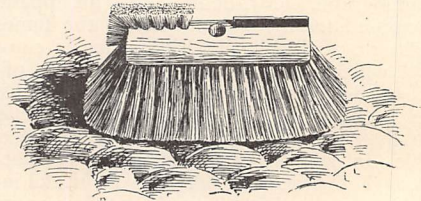
A New Brick Roadway.

Inventors are still trying to find the ideal pavement, and one of the latest attempts is that of Mr. G. E. Briggs, an American, who has recently introduced his plan into this country. Our illustration will give the reader a better idea of it than a long description. The bricks, as will be seen, are T-shaped, and lock into each other, one above, the other below, thus ensuring a compact, firm,

and solid roadway suitable for light or heavy traffic. Such a road can be quickly made, and will prove very useful in the country as well as in towns.

The Octopus Plant.

It is reported that Mr. Dunstan, a naturalist, has discovered a "carnivorous" plant of a dangerous character on the shores of Lake Nicaragua, in Central America. The Indians call the plant "The Devil's Noose," and it is described as a veritable "land octopus." Its branches are black, flexible, and leafless, but covered with suckers, and a sticky gum emitting a fœtid odour. A dog belonging to Mr. Dunstan was caught by the branches, and fairly "limed" like a bird, so that it could not escape without the help of its master.



A Brass Broom.

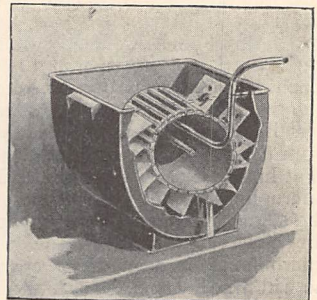
A very useful besom or broom for rough work, such as cleaning stables and stable yards, has been invented by Colonel Harbin. It is really a combination of broom, foot scraper, and brush, as will be seen from the figure, and since it is made of pure brass wire it is very durable and easily kept clean.

A Leather Gun.

The Government of the United States recently tested a cannon made on the wire-gun principle, as described in our article "A Walk through Woolwich Arsenal," but in which raw hide took the place of iron wire. The gun consisted of an inner steel tube wound with raw hide and copper wire, and covered with an outer jacket of steel. The official tests proved that it was capable of withstanding charges that would burst an ordinary gun, but, owing to the gun-carriage breaking down, they had to be interrupted. Lightness is the property aimed at by the inventor of the leather cannon, and we may add that attempts have also been made in America to make paper cannons, in which the raw hide is replaced by paper, but as yet they have not come into practical use.

A Print Washer.

A simple and ingenious little machine for washing photographic prints is shown in our illustration. The prints are set round a revolving drum or cylinder inside the washer, as shown, and a jet of fresh water is brought from the



supply-pipe by an india-rubber tube. The force of the jet makes the drum revolve and brings each print under the washing action of the water without any abrasion of its surface.

Cycle Novelties.

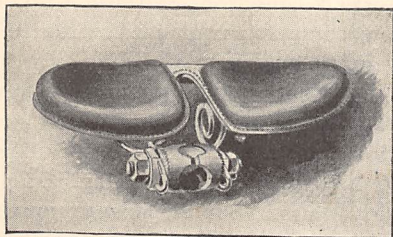


FIG. 1.

Bicycling would be much less tiring, especially for beginners and those who seldom practise it, were it not that the saddle does not yield sufficiently to the movement of the limbs. To overcome this drawback, M. Chaix, a French inventor, has devised a new saddle having two wings, as shown in Fig. 1, each wing supported on a spring which "gives" to the up and down movement of the legs. The saddle has several advantages in point of

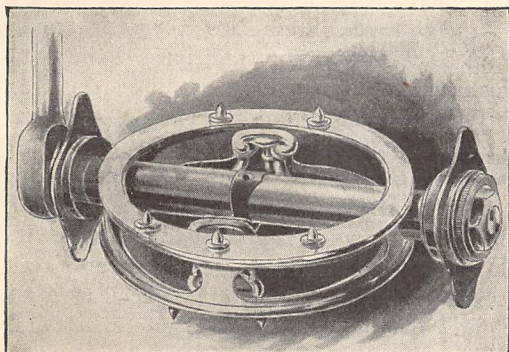


FIG. 2.

health and comfort, which cyclists will readily see for themselves, and it also adds to the speed of travel. Another novelty which diminishes the fatigue of cycling is the "moto" pedal of Mr. C. J. Morgan, which allows of a certain oscillating and lateral play to the foot, and reduces the tendency to cramp. It is shown in Fig. 2, and consists of a light ring with spikes to keep the foot from slipping, and springs which admit of the play required to guard the ankle from strain.

The Power of an Avalanche.

The avalanche which fell at Gemmi, in the Alps, in September last year, has been calculated by a French engineer to contain sufficient energy to lift 13,000,000,000 tons a foot high. Could the energy have been transformed into electricity, it would have sufficed to feed 90,000 electric lamps, each of 16-candle power, for five hours a day during an entire year. Certainly Nature seems very prodigal of her stores; but after all she really wastes nothing, and only transforms it into something else.

Petroleum Briquettes.

M. Maestracci, a French officer of marine, has found a method of making petroleum into solid briquettes like those of coal. It consists in heating together a litre of petroleum, 150 grammes of trituated soap, 333 grammes of caustic soda, and 10 per cent. of resin. The mixture is stirred as it heats, and after 40 minutes or so, when solidification begins the stirring is given up. Boiling over is prevented by adding a little soda, and the whole is run into moulds and baked in a stove. To make the briquettes more economical, 20 per cent. of sawdust and the same proportion of clay may be added to the mixture. The fuel thus prepared is portable, and gives three times the heat of ordinary coal briquettes. It is expected that by modifying the furnaces of steam-engines on locomotives and steamships, the new fuel will burn without smoke, and yield as much heat as four times its weight of coal.

A Gigantic Telescope.

The Proctor Memorial Association of the United States contemplate the erection of a great telescope on San Miguel, near the San Diego Peninsula, California. It will be made on the plan of Mr. Louis Gathmann, of Chicago—that is to say, the object glass will be built up of a number of smaller pieces so as to make a single lens of great size and power. The first telescope to be tried will have an object glass 10 feet in diameter, whereas the largest existing lens is only 3 feet 4 inches. If it succeeds, another lens ten times larger, or 100 feet in diameter, is to be made. We must not be too sanguine as to the success of these instruments, however, and we must not expect to "see men on Mars, and pick up pins on the moon," as one of the enthusiastic promoters puts it, because the "waving" of the atmosphere, which increases with the power of the telescope, may interfere with the sight.

The Latest Claims.

We hear from the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation that two more readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE have been paid compensation for burglary under our Burglary Insurance system. Both claims paid this month were to London householders—

Mr. G. PEARCE, Harlesden, £3.

Mrs. JULIA MCKISSOCK, Shepherd's Bush, £3 10s.

Full particulars of our Burglary Insurance will be found in our advertisement pages.

SUMMARY COMPETITION.

The Editor has pleasure in publishing the Award in this—the last Competition in the present series.

The First Prize of ONE GUINEA is awarded to

LLEWELLYN H. ROBERTSON,

108, Bloor Street West,

Toronto, Canada;

And the Second Prize of HALF-A-GUINEA to

ELIZA FERGUSON,

87, Montgomery Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION is awarded to the paper sent in by

AMVAS SELWYN, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

THE present volume of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE being concluded with this number, we would call the attention of our many friends to the striking changes about to mark our coming year. During the quarter of a century which has built up the history of our paper, the desire to progress has been the consistent ambition of those who have controlled its fortunes. We feel that the time has now come for yet another step in this policy of improvement. And it is our hope that the weighty enterprise upon which we now embark will be welcomed by all our many friends and by a new public quick to appreciate that which is most remarkable in the literary enterprises of the hour.

"Human nature," said Pliny the Elder, "is fond of novelty." We venture to think, however, that human nature is at best deeper and more prone to love, with old Hardcastle, old flowers, old books, old friends. The many readers of this MAGAZINE might well complain if, when next month's part was in their hands, they found it wanting in those more specific and special features which have won success for us in the past. But upon this point we hasten to reassure them. It is not in kind but in quantity that we contemplate change. We shall remain, despite our additions and our enterprise, a family magazine—a magazine for hearth and home, for young and old. The deep-seated foundations which have carried the house of our success will, we are assured, bear well the new burdens we are about to put upon them. So far as we turn from all which concerns the discussion and the recognition of new ways, new morals, new paths, we continue to be the CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE of the past.

Henceforth, each number of this MAGAZINE will contain one hundred and twelve pages in place of the eighty we have given hitherto. Such an increase, obviously, must be followed by a large addition to the number of our illustrations—and this we contemplate; forgetting none of those traditions of excellence and of art which have been our guiding traditions in the past. All the artists who have done such good work for us in this and recent volumes continue to give us their most valued assistance. Our authors are among the number of those whose names are now most prominently before the public. We shall endeavour to fill our pages with the brightest and the best of modern fiction; with articles which will appeal to every taste; with items of a wide general and family interest. Seeking no narrow public, we shall cater for many tastes; shall seek to make the scope of the MAGAZINE as wide as enterprise can make it.

Among the numerous articles and stories which we shall publish in the first number of this remarkable series, a new continued story by Flora Annie Steel calls for an especial word of comment. The power and the insight and the fine imagination which characterise Mrs. Steel's earlier works will be found abundantly in "The Gift of the Gods." It is a romance of the West Coast of Scotland; a "human document" appealing to heart and eye; a bold, dramatic, stirring story which cannot fail to win many friends for an authoress whose admirers are already numberless. Side by side with it will run a series of engrossing articles entitled "At Other Courts," wherein the life and the homes of Continental monarchs will be fully dealt with. A pretty series of papers entitled "My Horses"—in the first of which we are privileged to produce photographs of the horses of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales—can scarce fail to find many readers; and the same may be said for our interviews and our vigorous short stories and articles by Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the author of "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," Mr. Clark Russell, Mr. D. H. Parry, and Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe. "What They are Wearing in Paris" is a contribution accompanied by photographs of the latest fashions as they are seen at big social gatherings in the French capital. Every purchaser of the December part will be presented with an album of pictures by Frederick Barnard, containing sixteen of the artist's celebrated Character Sketches from Dickens. And, needless to say, the popular "Gatherer," with our other purely domestic features, are entirely retained.

In setting out this lengthy programme, and in calling attention to the very great changes and improvements we are about to inaugurate in the MAGAZINE, it is our hope that our many friends will, in their turn, give us their generous assistance in making our plans as widely known as possible.